

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

First Week of Regula



## XAOITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

HARMONIUM patrols are on the alert tonight after hundreds of Xaositects started assembling in the Lower Ward, outside the Great Foun-

dry. There is an atmosphere of great excitement amongst those massed there, but all are tight-lipped about what is actually happening. Inquiries into the nature of the gathering are generally met with a giggle. Aerieth, a spokesperson for the Godsmen was able to confirm that the Believers in the Source have received an extremely large but undisclosed sum of money from the Xaositects for a "special project".

So far, the assembly has been peaceful, but Harmonium patrols remain on standby to deal with any possible trouble. "The problem with Xaosmen is that you never know what to expect," Patrol Leader Shorrek told us.

The "project" is thought to be part of the Xaositect's traditional celebration of the New Cycle. As always, the exact nature of the project remains a closely guarded secret. Last year, Xaositects mages 'painted' the City Barracks with illusions to give the impression the Harmonium's Headquarters were built of chaos-stuff from Limbo. Factol Sarin was not amused.

(ta)

## RULE OF THREES ROLLS THROUGH HIVE WARD

FOR THE PAST several days, reports have been surfacing from the Hive Ward that describe teams of Hardheads, Guvners and Red Death roaming streets of the slum. Independent confirmation of this chant from several sources interviewed in the Weary Spirit Infirmary indicate that members the aforementioned factions have accosted berks on the street around anti-peak asking leading and 'inflammatory' questions about these bashers faction ties as well as specific questions about particular beings that might have been seen recently in the Hive Ward.

Bautol Lok, a githzerai trader doing business in the Ward said he was confronted on the way to meeting with some customers on Charnel Row. "When I told them I don't belong to no adde-coved faction they looked at me really peery-like and the Hardhead-type accused me of bein' a rabble-rousing Indep," Lok said. "Then they

started rattlin' their swords and flappin' their bone boxes about scraggin' me 'til I told them I was late for a meeting with some Tanar'ri customers. They let me alone after that." Lok said he had no idea why they stopped him but said he would keep his sword "loose in [his] scabbard" for awhile.

Another source, who requested to remain anonymous, told of spying teams of bashers in threes systematically scraggin, trying and executing berks in streets of the Cage. Though this situation has yet to be confirmed by our sources, chant of bashers being mysteriously 'lost' from their kips and cases has been circulating for the past week. Reporters from SIGIS, attempting to question Harmonium high-up and public official Tonat Shar, were turned away from the Barracks with word that the Factioneer was "too busy to answer questions" about the situation. (sk)

ATTENTION!  
CULLERS  
WANTED FOR  
S.I.G.I.S.  
MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE  
Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

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NewsChant

# TANAR'RI SEIZE PORTAL STONES

IN A SEEMINGLY monumental move, Tanar'ri forces grabbed control of the hotly contested hill in Othrys known as the Stones of Draetilus. Although located in one of the most inhospitable swamps in the multiverse, the Draetilus stones have remained one of the most coveted prizes in the Blood War. These stones reportedly act as powerful portals to numerous realms and burgs throughout the multiverse. Governor Tenemus Al Karak, second librarian of the Vault of Knowledge, told SIGIS that historical records indicate the stones open conduits to strategic places in Mungoth (on the 3rd layer of Gehenna), the Prime and even onto the Cage itself.

"There are no records [in the Vault of Knowledge] that reveal the dark of the creation or the creators of the Stones," said Al Karak. "Really the only direct chant I could uncover comes from the journal of a planewalking cutter named Lugh Lightfoot... who visited the site as a mercenary with a 'Loth company over 350 years ago. In one entry, Lugh writes of a battle over a circle made of

20 to 30 stones 'nigh taller than a Gelugon' set in a circle 60 yards across." Lugh was apparently struck by the resem-blance of the Stones to Celtic circles he'd seen in Tir Na Og (Outlands).

Of the battle itself, SIGIS cullers found few fiends willing or able to spill the chant on any part of the conflict. However, two nycaloths visiting the Lower Ward said they had the chant on the matter from Tanar'ri bashers come straight from Carceri. According to these berks, a succubus named Darkwing slipped the blinds on Baatezu with a band of alu-fiends and cambions mounted on Carceri sleds.

"Before the sods could cough phlegm, the Tanar'ri bashers busted 3 or 4 portals letting in hundreds of fiends," said one of the nycaloths. Once the Tanar'ri had the hill, they barraged the Baatezu with powerful magic disrupting their close formations and sent them reeling back into the swamps. There's even chant that the Tanar'ri even used the fabled Ships of Chaos to defeat the Baatezu forces and protect the hill. If true, this may be one of the first known field tests of the controversial war engines.

Neither of the nycaloths were prepared to comment on how long they thought the Tanar'ri might control the hill or what they'd do now they had it, but both of the 'loths said they'd signed up with the Baatezu to fight in Othrys for some stellar jink.

In local news, chant of the potential use of the Chaos ships in the battle touched off a brawl in the Lower Ward late this afternoon. Apparently some Doomguard bubbers were taunting a Hardhead patrol with slurred shouts of "Get out 'o town! The ships is comin' down!" Several members of the factions were subsequently scragged and tossed in the Barracks for disorderly conduct. The exaggerated behaviour of the Doomguard bashers is no doubt attributable to the bad press the Ships of Chaos have received over the past year. Publicised doubts as to the war machines effectiveness have been a sore point to faction members who've taken a lot of verbal abuse for what's been termed an 'adde-coved fiasco.'

(sk)

## SENSE THIS

Come and experience the ultimate in celebration:

**An entertainment extravaganza to usher in the New Cycle.**

Be warned - if you miss this party It won't miss you, berk!

**How to Find Us:** Follow the music and trail of debauchery!

**Attractions include:** Alzor the Gehennan dretch-swallower, the Lower Planar Circus, the Festival of Sixteen Mephits, Erasmus the two-headed silver dragon, the Abyssal Roulette room, Ordri's the Pandemonian Bagpipe player, beverages and delicacies to suit all exotic tastes (even Krynnish clueless!)

**Admission:** 5 stingers (free to Sensates and the clergy of Pan and Lliira).

(jw)

## Stop Press

### TANAR'RI SEIZE PORTAL STONES

SHORTLY BEFORE this issue of SIGIS went to press, new chant of the Blood War battle leaked to SIGIS. Little more than 48 hours after the taking of the Stones, the Tanar'ri forces have relinquished it under a massive press of Baatezu forces allied with yugoloth mercenaries. SIGIS culler Daaras Intwood sent word direct from the scene of a vicious battle in progress at the site with neither side in control. Contrary to previous information, Intwood saw no sign of Ships of Chaos or the reported band of infiltrators.

(sk)

### KADITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

THE EVER INCREASING throngs of Xaositects gathered around the Great Foundry seem to be undertaking some kind of construction work. At this very moment, huge girders are being manoeuvred out of the foundry and are being used to erect some kind of massive scaffolding. With this number of Chaosmen on the job, the scaffolding is being erected as fast as girders can be produced.

Harmonium patrols remain on the alert, but are baffled once again by the behaviour of the Xaositects.

(ta)

## The CrossTrader

### HIGH-UP

*The last word in Planar Fashion*

Ever wondered where the rich and powerful buy their glam rags, cutter? If so, then you obviously ain't been to High-Up.

**High-Up**, located on **Threegate Boulevard**, the most exclusive part of the **Lady's Ward** is Sigil's **Centre of Haute Couture**.

What's the rage this month? **Ioun Stones**, that's what. All the sharpest bloods have 'em, and **High-Up**'s got the **best selection** you'll find outside of Dweomerheart.

What could look more impressive than a collection of Ioun Stones whizzing around your head? It'll make a basher think twice before peeling you, that's for sure.

You name it, we've got it - **Vibrant Purple Prisms**, **Clear Spindles**, **Scarlet and Blue Spheres** - starting at **just 500 gold**, and all guaranteed magical for one planar year.

Increase your intelligence! Stop needing to breathe! Absorb those hostile spells! With **High-Up** Ioun Stones, all these amazing feats are possible. Course, not everyone's got the jink to splash out on magic items. How do you follow the fashion without pushing out the boat? Simple!

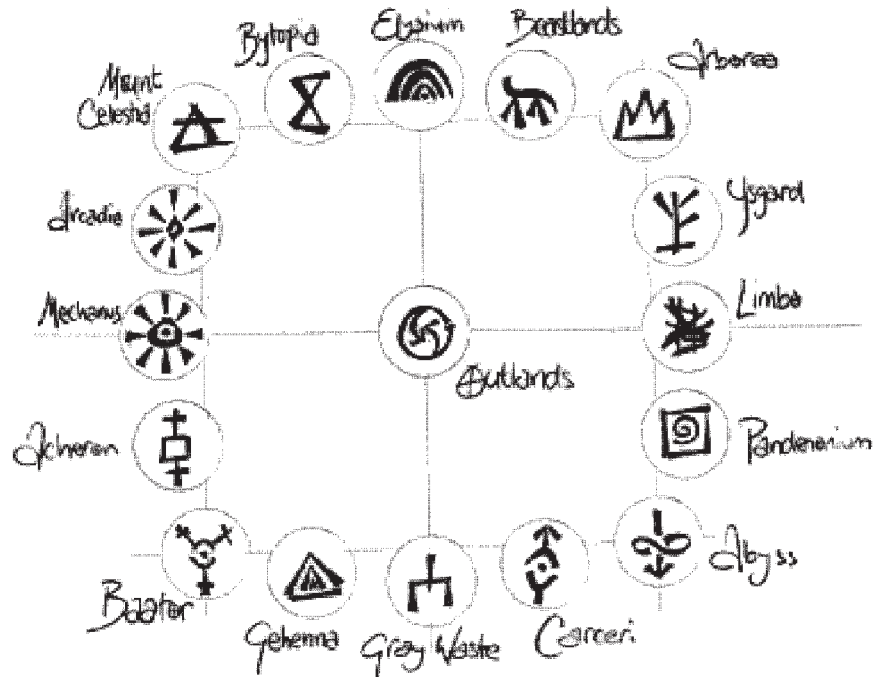
**High-Up** sells **false Ioun Stones** from **just 5 gold** each: They look and act the same but don't have the magical powers!

Amaze your friends! Perplex your enemies! Buy **Ioun Stones** from **High-Up**, the last word in planar fashion.

(jw)

High-Up is an authorised reseller of magical merchandises.

## The Chant for Clueless



This week we present to map of the Great Ring. For those who don't know or can't remember - those planes in the upper part of the map (Arcadia, Mount Celestia, Bytopia, Elysium, Beastlands, Arborea and

Ysgard) are called Upper Planes and are of good alignment. Those in the lower part (Acheron, Baator, Gehenna, Grey Waste, Carceri, Abyss and Pandemonium are Lower Planes and are of evil

alignment. Limbo is Chaotic and Mechnus is Lawful. Outlands and Sigil (you are here, berks) are True Neutral.

(bw, art by ca)

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Second Week of Regula

## ANARCHIST SCRAGGED ...AFTER 50 YEARS!

## SENSTATE PARTY LEVELS HULL ROAD



**TONAT SHAR**, Officer of Public Relations for the Harmonium, told cullers at a news conference yesterday that Hardhead patrols scragged members of the original Anarchist cell of the infamous Omar. Put in the dead-book fifty years ago by the Red Death for the crime of espionage, Omar made himself famous as a mole who slipped the blinds on the Harmonium all the way to becoming the Factol.

Shortly after Omar order-ed the Harmonium disbanded, he was scragged for acting against the rules of the organisation and subsequently executed in the Prison. Largely because of this very public embarrassment of the Harmonium, the Anarchists were

declared a "menace to the law-abiding population" of the Cage and many member of the faction went into hiding as a result.

Although Omar himself did not go unpunished, the members of his Anarchist cell, who presumably helped Omar enter the Harmonium and rise through the ranks while inside, were never scragged. But after 50 years the Harmonium has finally declared that all 9 members of the notorious cell are in custody at the Barracks and awaiting trial at the City Court.

When questioned why the Harmonium were suddenly able to get the dark on these cutters after so many years, Shar stated that several members of the Revolutionary League,

currently incarcerated in the Prison, had come forward with chant on the identity and whereabouts of their fellow Anarchists.

"We [the Harmonium] offered to lighten the sentences of these bashers with the cooperation of the Mercykillers," Shar stated. "Their prison time has been reduced and they've been awarded more privileges. In fact, several of the berks who came forward have been sent to the gate town of Fortitude to serve out their sentences under the watchful eye of those whole-some and law-abiding folk." Shar refused to give out any of the names of the informants for fear of retribution by Anarchists or Indep sympathisers.

Shar had few comments to make when asked by SIGIS if scragging Omar's cell had any connection to recent chant concerning the Bastion of Last Hope. In the past month, rumours have been circulating that the mythical hideout of the Revolutionary League, called the Bastion of Last Hope, was not so mythical after all. Moreover, the Bastion has supposedly been uncovered and reduced to a pile of ashes. Shar told SIGIS that the chant was probably "screed from Anarchists flappin' their bone-boxes" tryin' to make the Harmonium look bad.

In an attempt to uncover the chant on Omar's cell from the Revolutionary League, SIGIS interviewed a blood by the name of Fiery Polk a known symp of the Anarchists working over Cup of Freedom library in the Clerk's Ward. We asked Polk what the thoughts of the Anarchist's might be to this news of Omar's cell and how the faction members might respond.

**THE FESTIVAL** held by the Society of Sensation last week at their Civic Festhall Headquarters to usher in the New Cycle ended in tragedy and recriminations when a bubbled-up spell key merchant accidentally opened several portals to Arborea and Sylvania.

According to eyewitnesses, a mob of six dozen bacchae sniffed out the party and poured into Sigil from Out-of-Town. Apparently incensed by the Harmonium's presence at the celebration, the mob was rapidly whipped up into a blood frenzy and proceeded to demolish fifteen buildings on Hull Road, near to the Festhall.

Factor Tarony Whitewine of the Sensates told SIGIS: "It was like a scene from the battlefields of Carceri! The sodding bacchae ignored all pleas for calm and just smashed up three taverns. I'm all for a bit of a knees-up, but they just went too far. They'd have attacked the Civic Festhall too, if we hadn't fought fire with fire."

Guvner high-ups are investigating whether the combined response of the Sensate and

Harmonium was justified. Survivors reported a series of explosions as *fireballs* and *cones of cold* were used to repel the bacchae horde from the Festhall. It is unlikely any action will be taken against the mages responsible, despite angry recriminations from the priesthoods of Pan and Dionysus.

In related news, violent scuffles broke out in the Abyssal Roulette room as Zurfil, a pit fiend notorious for heavy drinking, and J'laxx, a balor in the legions of Graz'zt, played for Azzagrat and Avernus respectively. Both claimed to have won the other's home plane, but it was later revealed that both baatezu and tanar'ri were actually cheating. As their lesser companions fought tooth and claw, the two high-ups teleported away, and have not been seen since.

All baatezu approached by SIGIS cullers subsequently declined to comment upon Zurfil's erratic behaviour, or whether it is likely he will be punished by the Dark Eight for turning the fiends into a laughing stock. (jw)

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

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

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NewsChant

ANARCHIST SCRAGGED... AFTER 50 YEARS!

Polk: Such a story would be make the Anarchist's pretty sore. Omar was a real blood in the eyes of the faction, a real hero and that goes for the cutters in his cell as well. But I really doubt that this cell's been busted at all. Oh they may have scragged some Anarchists, but the original cell probably was out of touch the moment Omar was scragged. As for a response? Hard to predict, but I would watch my backside if I were a Hardhead. SIGIS: Why do you think the Harmonium would dredge this up after so many years if they hadn't scragged the cell? Polk: Lots of reasons, basher! Omar was a real embarrassment [to the Harmonium] and his cell has made that linger for fifty years. There's been lots of chant floatin' around that the Hardheads have spent a pile of jink tryin' to track down these berks and have even gone so far as to take loans from the fiends [Baatezu]. A real fiasco. Guvners have even come out publicly stating their doubts

about the ability of the Hardheads to keep order in the Cage because of it. SIGIS: Do you think there is any connection between this latest 'victory' of the Harmonium and the rumours of the destruction of the Bastion of Last Hope? Polk: The Hardheads have trouble finding their way through the Hive much less getting the dark on the supposed Bastion. But I don't doubt a connection. Rumours of the Bastion falling are probably all screed spread by the Hardheads—it's so unbelievable! Hardhead sods getting the dark on the Anarchists when a berk like Omar can ascend to factol? Ha! SIGIS: So if all of this is a load of Harmonium propaganda, what do you think the Hardheads hope to gain from it, and why now? Polk: I think it's simple really. They are trying to prove they are still masters of the Cage and no matter how long they run a law-breaker can't escape

their clutches. What they don't mention is that they have no right to oppress the citizenry of the Cage like this and that their laws, and those of Nilesia [Factol of the Mercykillers] are extremely unjust. Why now? All I can think is that they've been feeling some heat within the faction—probably all that chant of Baatezu running the Hardheads—and some high-up sod figured this'd be the way to show that the Hardheads were still as strong as ever. I would not believe a word of what Tonat Shar had to say, but I'd take home the message that the Hardheads are up to something big—watch out for you freedoms! Polk went on to say that his kip, the Cup of Freedom is looking to be shut down at any moment by the Hardheads but he said he'll fight to keep it open as long as he can. "The only reason it's still around is cause I can get stuff the Guvner's just can't find," Polk said. (sk)

RIGUS ATTACKS THOTH'S REALM

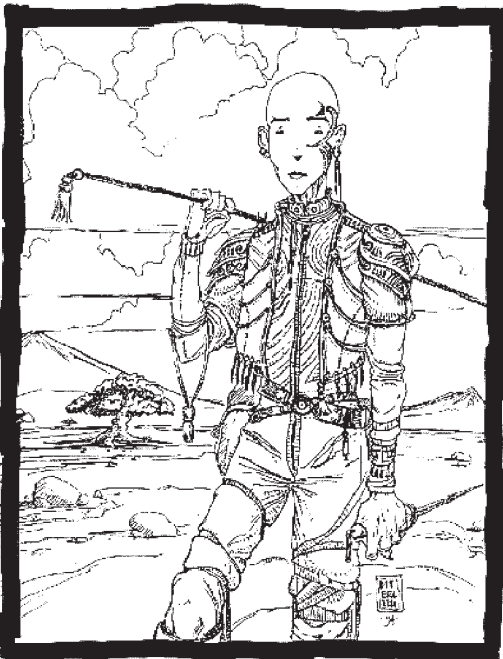
OVER THE PAST day and a half, SIGIS has received reports from the Outland burgs in the realm of Thoth of a large army marching spireward from the gate-town of Rigus. These reports describe a soldiery composed primarily of Acheron hobgoblins and Rigus freebooters who are apparently commanded by a small force of Baatezu. Sources say a Pit Fiend is calling the shots but this chant has yet to be confirmed. The estimated strength of the military force ranges between five and ten thousand seasoned warriors all of whom

are marching towards the small villages along the river Ma'at. The sudden approach of these unexpected marauders precipitated a mass exodus from many of the villages. Cutters were abandoning their cases and kips in an addled frenzied word of the battalion sent a flood of refugees streaming towards the protective walls of Thebestys. Few of the bashers SIGIS spoke with believed that all the villagers, or even the majority of them, would escape in time to safety.

"It is dry season and Ma'at is too low to afford all the vessels that are trying to flee," said Banedjedet, mayor of the river village Majtet. "Families are fleeing their homes on foot for the protection of our Lord [Thoth] leaving behind all their possessions but still they may be too late. The army is moving swiftly and marches directly into the path of the villagers. I fear that by evening my people will be overwhelmed and slaughtered."

Banedjedet had no clues as to the dark purpose of this invasion and said that his village and all the burgs on the river were caught completely off guard. "We are not a war-like people; we have few defences for such an attack. I do not understand what quarrel the town of Rigus might have with the followers of Thoth. I can only pray that blessed Thoth will spare us from this evil fate."

Thoth may have answered Banedjedet's prayers: not long after we spoke with Banedjedet, cutters in Thebestys informed SIGIS that a police force of five hundred soldiers had left the city in an attempt to protect the refugees. More amazingly, the water level in the river Ma'at leaped up by ten feet in less than three hours allowing many more vessels to give the fiends the laugh. But the situation still looks grim for the hundreds of refugees that continue towards Thebestys by foot or mounted on camels and many may be lost before morning. (sk)



Letters

The Dark of the Stones

by Tenemus Al Karak

THE RECENT BLOOD WAR conflict at the Stones of Draefius in the swamps of Othrys has, for many reasons, proved one of the most intriguing and potentially momentous battles in the last few centuries of the war. For those readers unfamiliar with the chant on the Othrys, Othrys is one of the foulest burgs in the multiverse. It is an endless swamp filled with bottomless pools of quicksand, Prime Trials, ravenous insects and disease. However, this putrid layer in doxatrophic Coraeri holds a valuable gem the fiends find worth ripping each others' throats over: the Stones of Draefius.

The Stones of Draefius are giant boulders arranged on a hilltop much like stones seen in the Celtic lands in Tir Na Og and there is much suspicion that they were scragged from the Outlands by some treacherous Power in ancient times. Now the reason the fiends bash each other into the dead-end over these rocks is that the Stones of Draefius open gateways to various strategic locations across the Multiverse.

In the past, the superior strategy of the Baatezu allowed these bashers to hold the hill for a short time, maybe a day or two, but never long enough to utilise the portals effectively. The chaotic Tanarri, on the other hand, have never managed to take the hill - at most they have prevented the Baatezu from keeping it long. Suddenly, in the past few days, a group of half-breed Tanarri led by a blood of a succubus (so the story goes) have dipped the blinds on the pattern of centuries and taken the Stones. Not only did they take the hill, but they utilised the portals to full effectiveness letting in hordes of Tanarri apparently waiting on the other side, something the Baatezu have never done with all their legendary military strategy. How could such bloody events have happened? And why, after taking the hill with such brilliant strategy, did the Tanarri relinquish it with barely a whimper?

Some cutters, especially coming from the Doomguard, say the dark of the matter can be explained by the supposed field testing of the Ship of Chaos by the Tanarri. The chant goes that anything can happen around these powerful machines. But I think the dark of the conflict is much deeper and more treacherous than these berks suggest. Only one explanation really sheds light on this addle-cove nonsense: Powers were involved. Specifically Cronus himself, the bitter Titan of the realm, had his hand in the dealings. Cronus is known to rule the Stones of Draefius with an iron fist - any time the Baatezu have kept the hill too long, he has crushed them with a decisive blow and never allowed them to turn the portals to their needs.

Thus, it stands to reason that the only berks who managed to take the hill would have to make a deal with Cronus probably through his proxies. The Power undoubtedly knows the dark of the all the portals and where they lead and may tell all for the right garnish. Other evidence in favour of this hypothesis is that the Tanarri would have to deal with Cronus to know the locations of the portals on the other side where they could arrange for Tanarri hordes to storm the hill. But just what Tanarri might have the jink necessary for Cronus to give up this much information?

I submit that only an Abyssal Lord would have the means to barter for this kind of dark. And the only garnish Cronus would probably accept is some means by which he and the other Titans might be able to overthrow their jailers and escape the infernal prison of Coraeri. What the Lord might have offered Cronus and who the Lord is remains enigmatic, and may for a long time, but that these deals have occurred can be of little doubt. Despite what the mild Doomguard wish to think, the events at Othrys were not just a simple test of their precious Ships of Chaos but rather the beginnings of a monumental partnership between Powers.

Now I have answered the first question I posed, but what of the second? Why did the Tanarri give up their victory so soon after it was achieved? Perhaps holding the hill for even a day was too much for the chaotic fiends overwhelmed by the Baatezu and Yuggoth mercenaries. I hear that the Baatezu paid a pile of jink for their services and that they are starting to feel the weight of that debt. I caution Outland burgs to be on the watch for plundering Baatezu operate for god! Or maybe the operation was just not meant to take that long. The half-breeds' an deeds were not seen by SIGIS cutters looking for a story who showed up late, where did these mysterious berks go?

Finally, we might look to infernal treachery among the Tanarri for the answer. Abyssal lords are not always known for their strong adhesion to principle and deals. Perhaps the victorious army was betrayed by other Tanarri shortly after they got what they wanted. None of these potential answers are exclusive of one another, but shedding light on the dark of this matter may take a lot more revelations than the fiends are currently willing to give.

Tenemus Al Karak is a factor in the Fraternity of Order and the Second Librarian in the Vault of Knowledge. He is a frequent contributor to SIGIS. (sk)

Stop Press

XAOISITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

THE NEW STRUCTURE begun by the Xaositects near the Hall of Records has started to take shape, and is apparently much the same as the one near the Great Foundry, now some 150 feet high, and some fear, on the verge of collapse.

It is clear that this project now involves more than the Xaosmen. Many Indebs have been sighted getting swept up in the construction frenzy, as are some members of the Revolutionary League who apparently see the project as an expression of workers' solidarity. The appearance of ever increasing numbers of Dabus near the site of the first structure

is not inspiring anyone's confidence as to how long this tower is expected to stand.

The death toll from the project has now reached eight, and there have been over twenty-five serious injuries.

Reports from the Hall of Speakers indicate that the Harmonium faction have petitioned for an injunction to render the construction of the tower illegal. This motion was narrowly overturned by the Council, who are apparently intrigued by the project.

The Xaositect representative apparently voted for the Harmonium's proposal. (ta)

# 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

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

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# DURKAYLE GRILLED OVER VIGILANTES

Continued from page 1  
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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# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Fourth Week of Regula

## BELIGIOUS BIDDING ROCKS SYLVANIA



SYLVANIA - What began as a drunken brawl between a petitioner of Arvandor and Olympus yesterday quickly escalated into an open riot as forces from both sides joined in to fight for the honour of their respective powers.

Though eventually brought under control by The Seven and temple guards, the fighting put four into the dead book, and started a fire that destroyed the kip of Master Kendrick Telmarc, one of the more prestigious wine merchants in the burg. A number of combatants have been scragged, but the cutter responsible for the arson remains at large.

The altercation began around dusk outside of the sign of the Drunken Maid when an elven petitioner of Arvandor and a human petitioner of Olympus began to shout boasts and imprecations at one another in the street. Fellow petitioners of both realms started to slowly collect in the street to jeer and boast in kind. As the words became more vicious, so did the crowd. They went from hurling insults to throwing rocks, and

finally drew steel on one another. Which side drew first remains unclear, each group claimed the other began the bloodshed.

D r u n k e n petitioners and planars from inns and taverns rushed to join the fighting, some apparently in the service of a power, while others tried to some quick jink by looting the empty kips in the mayhem. A number of the latter smashed into the dwelling of Master Kendrick, grabbing what bub they could and smashing what they could not carry. A toppled oil lamp set off a blaze that claimed the life of Master Kendrick's youngest daughter, Emily.

"It was horrible. All these leatherheads full of bub in such a frenzy to bash one another that not one of them heard the screams until it was too late", said Alil Fairfax, a bariaur who was attracted by the light of the fire and the clash of combat. "We [the bystanders] tried to get those sods to calm down so we could get through with water, but by the time enough of them had realised they needed to stop the fire, the screams had ceased and the case was in ashes."

"This won't be forgotten," Aernon the tapster added, "Not by those of Olympus, not by those of Arvandor, and definitely not by the Merchant's guild. There will be trouble. Mark my words."

- Reported by Marcanto  
Di Capella  
(rm)

## NA'TAK KARARI TRAVELS OUTER PLANES IN 89 DAYS

SIGIL - At 2 hours 17 minutes past anti-peak yesterday, Na'Tak Karari stepped through the Arch of Three Sorrows in the Clerk's Ward thereby completing the final leg of his journey in which he visited every Outer Plane in only 89 days. Upon arrival, he was greeted by a cheering crowd of 1,000 bashers who heard word of his coming as chant leaked out of Release From Care (a burg in Elysium). A bit worn from his trip, the planewalker was nevertheless in high spirits.

The incredible journey, which started out as a bet with a quadrone 90 days prior, took Karari through every plane touching the Outlands. "Bloody modron was always rattlin' his bone-box about the Great March", said Karari. "After a few pints o' bub that afternoon, I told him the real chant was that any berk with a pair of decent boots could do the same. He bet me I couldn't do it and I was just leatherheaded enough to try."

Although the stakes of the bet have not been revealed, an argument broke out almost immediately after Karari's arrival concerning the terms of the wager. Upon completion of the journey, Karari gave the modron all the gate keys he had utilised in his travels, a prior condition of the bet. After examining them briefly, the modron accused Karari of cross-trading and declared the "contract null and void."

The quadrone, number 207-148-15, declared, "Karari has failed to fulfil the terms of the agreement. He has provided gate-keys as promised, but he did not complete his trip in the requisite order. This is a violation of the terms of the

wager and nullifies the bet. The gate keys are useless to us."

This immediately angered Karari who shouted, "Barmy Box! I went to all of them! Order doesn't matter!" Karari's exclamation elicited a loud roar from the crowd and shouts of "Don't let 'em peel ya Karari!" and "Cross-trading rogue!" The two bashers continued to argue loudly while bystanders increased their booing and jeering. Just as the berks wound to a fevered pitch, the situation turned especially barmy when three fiends (Tanar'ri) strolled into the fray and attempted to steal the bag of gate keys. A whole squadron of Hardheads arrived moments later, subduing the crowd and scragging the modron, Karari and several Indeeps standing nearby for rabble-rousing.

After being temporarily released pending court action, Karari explained to SIGIS that he had bypassed Gehenna after visiting the Grey Waste and headed straight on to Baator. Later, he used an unknown gate

from Mount Celestia to travel back through the Waste and on to the Four-fold furnaces. Karari then completed his journey by revisiting Release From Care where he started his adventure. As to the intervention of the Tanar'ri, Karari told SIGIS that they apparently wanted a Succubus head back which he'd used as a gate key to the Abyss.

As to the whether the modron will have to pay the music, Mover Virdo of the Harmonium told SIGIS that they would "Let the Guvners sort this mess out. No modron's gonna try and bob them." The fiends on the other hand gave the laugh to the Hardheads, though they failed to acquire the gate keys which the Harmonium is holding as evidence. The case is expected to go to trial sometime in the next two weeks. However, the Guvners are unlikely to answer the question still on a lot of bashers minds: "What was the modron going to do with all those keys?" (mh)

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MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

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NewsChant

XAO SITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

WORK ON BOTH ENDS of the Xaositect "spoke" has slowed to almost a standstill today, with a major dispute arising amongst workers on the project.

The heart of the matter appears to be whether or not the spoke should be painted as it is being constructed, or whether it should be completed first and then painted. The Xaosmen seem almost evenly divided on the issue, and whilst

deliberations proceed the structure isn't getting any higher.

Near the Great Foundry today, three people were killed when an inadequately fastened steel beam broke away from near the top of the "spoke" and crashed to the ground. Their bodies remain pinned under the beam whilst the Xaositects squabble over when the "spoke" should be painted.

(ta)

CrossTrader

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CREATIVE ACQUISITIONS UNLIMITED currently has a large surplus of weaponry. We have short swords, long swords, maces and other devices of destruction, all marked below Great Forge prices. We stock a multitude of styles from Middle Prime to the depth of the Lower Planes for very little jink. We have short swords of all sizes, maces of various weights, and long swords a-plenty.

Just take the Copperman Way-Castlesight trade route, head Spireward though the old tunnels and it's the first kip on the right.

(cdb)

Stop Press

XAO SITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

THE DISPUTE AMONGST the Xaositects about the painting of their "spoke" project has erupted into open violence. Harmonium patrols are working overtime tonight to try and subdue literally hundreds of brawlers around both construction sites. In the meantime, the Revolutionary League has claimed responsibility for starting the

dispute in an anonymous note. As the brawls continue, the construction work remains at a standstill, while beams and girders from the Great Foundry are starting to pile up. Nervous berks around Sigil are beginning to wonder how much longer this debacle will remain free of the Lady's direct attention...

(ta)

Obituaries

BLOOD WAR CULLER KILLED IN OUTLANDS

MEPHIT RETURNS REMAINS

THE ASHEN REMAINS of culler Daaras Intwood were returned to his family from the Outlands yesterday after Intwood was lost following a Baatezu led incursion into Tir Na Og. Intwood was best known for his insightful and detailed reports on the events of the Blood War which he covered over the past 70 years. Intwood has been roundly praised by many bloods in Sigil, including several Factols, for his ability to reveal the dark on the Blood War and for his courage tracking fiendish activities into deadly lower planes such as the Grey Waste, Carceri, Gehenna and the Abyss.

Intwood was killed in the midst of gathering the latest chant on the Baatorian/Rigan invasion into the Outlands and his final missives to SIGIS indicated that he was on the verge of discovering the underlying purpose of the Baatezu-led force. Daaras

Intwood's younger sister Maija, a scribe in the Fraternity of Order, told a group of well wishers that her brother died in the noble act of researching one of the great secrets of the Multiverse - the truth behind the Blood War.

"My brother dedicated, and ultimately sacrificed, his life pursuing the nature of the conflict that has defined the lower planes for aeons," said Maija Intwood. "The people of Sigil have benefited greatly from his years of service. Do not mourn for my brother, for he has surely joined with his beloved Oghma in the House of Knowledge."

Speaking with Maija after the announcement, SIGIS learned that Daaras Intwood's remains had returned under somewhat ominous circumstances.

Yesterday, shortly before peak, Maija Intwood said she was visited by a Dust Mephit carrying a silver urn. "When I opened the urn I found a pile of

ashes and my brother's symbol of Oghma," said Maija Intwood. "I knew immediately he was lost. The mephit started speaking to me telling me his obnoxious, pompous name 'Gauntwing the something or other' but I was so upset I could barely grasp what he was saying. From my readings, I knew the mephit was a threat from the Lower Planes but I have no idea why it was sent to me or from whom. My brother made a lot of enemies on both sides of the Blood War simply by reporting the truth. I suspect some fiend recognised him and decided to put him in the dead book."

A wake will be held two days hence for family, friends and fans of Daaras Intwood at the Civic Festhall at three after peak. Daaras Intwood will be sorely missed by his companions and colleagues at SIGIS who have benefited from his wit, charm, courage and insight for many years. (sk)

Poetry

THE DEATH OF A SEDSATE by Ruin deKaye

Can you hear it? Listen gently,  
As it whispers so intently,  
Murmuring of darkened lore.

Do you see it? Watch it closely,  
As it tiptoes so precisely  
And moves to close and bar the door.

Can you touch it? Feel its texture,  
As it pours the acid mixture,  
A toast to you, and so much more.

Do you taste it? Drink it down,  
A bitter draught, without a frown,  
As it burns you to the core.

Can you smell it? Vile decay,  
As Death's fingers gently play,  
Upon the rudder to Styx's shore.

ADARCHIST'S DELIGHT by Phill Howard

Without truth, without meaning,  
Without struggle, without screaming,  
Submission to the Institution  
Homogeneous solution  
They're all against you!  
They're eating your soul!  
They're shoving you down  
A bottomless hole.

NO!

Fight back! Fight back!  
Surprise them and attack!  
Tear down their nonexistent rules  
Show the high-ups they're all fools  
Don't give in to subjugation.  
Free the oppressed of every nation!  
Start it fast or start it slow  
Revolution is the key, you know.  
The Factols want your loyalty  
To the Abyss with them! Join with me!  
Together as brothers we'll push 'em back



MAGNUM OPUS' MUSÉE ARCANÉ  
Museum of planar archeology  
Exhibits from all over the Planes! Ancient secrets revealed!



Of course, I cannot prove a word...



# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 5, Year 1

First Week of Accordant

## RIGAN ARMIES DEVASTATE TIR NA OG

**SIGIL**—Reports of pitched battles between the armies of Rigus and the petitioners of Tir Na Og have been streaming out of the Civic Festhall at a furious pace. The Sensates, who actively involved themselves in helping to protect Outland burgs (through Lady Dark-flame Montgomery's Guardianship), have turned their kip into a massive triage where shamans and priests work all hours of peak healing wounded. The cries and moans of the injured and dying could be heard throughout the ward and

the urgency of the situation has propelled bashers with still open wounds to stagger back through the portals in the hope they might save their desperate comrades.

A few of the sods too injured to return told SIGIS the chant on the invasion. They described legions upon legions of bloodthirsty goblins, hobgoblins, tieflings and even blade-lings spilling through Celtic and bariaur villages killing and burning everything in their path. The villagers, with help from the Guardianship, put up

substantial resistance to the fiend-led forces but were forced to retreat under the massive press of bodies.

"We were completely outnumbered by the soddin' Rigans," said Glin, an Indep fighting with the Guardianship. "The ground was littered with lost berks, mostly goblin and hobgoblin fodder, and still they kept comin'! The bladlings were the worst: Nothing seemed to touch those sods and they kept blowing themselves all over the place. They didn't seem to care who they hit,

friend or foe. I was lucky to crawl outa there with my hide after one of those berks blew his skin off right in front of me."

Dach Tchlorem, a Sensate high-up in the Guardianship who was critically wounded in the battle, had a very different angle on the fighting. Tchlorem told SIGIS that her regiment had confronted a deadly squad of Baatezu in the midst of a stone circle.

"I must confess to the magnificence of that sight," she recalled. "Screaming abishai dove low over the stones hurling fists of fire while barbazu charged over the hillside in a perfect V-formation, their glaives whirling and slashing and carving us up like the blades of Acheron. Magical wards and barriers staved off the Baatezu for no more than a few minutes at best. We held for a time under Glorion's leadership [archon general of the Guardianship] but we were forced to retreat when a treacherous snow made of razor sharp flakes sliced through our ranks. A trumpet archon from Moun-

Celestia said she witnessed a small band of fiendish sorcerers, I think she said amizuz, conjure up the storm. These bashers were real Blood War veterans. A lot of brave cutters were written into the dead-book on that hill."

SIGIS told Tchlorem that other bashers reported the villages were assaulted by non-fiendish forces and asked her if she knew of any reason the Baatezu would be so concentrated on that hilltop.

"As I recall, the fiends were really intent on reaching the [stone] circle," replied Tchlorem. "Once the Guardianship abandoned the summit, most of the fiends gave up the pursuit. That is with the exception of the barbazu and some abishai who were too overwhelmed with battle lust to quit. We turned the wheel [a tactical manoeuvre] on the sods down in a vale on the other side though, and the archons dealt with the abishai. I don't know why they wanted that hill so badly. Maybe the Rigans were all just decoy after all." (sk)

## MECHANT OFFER BOUNTY AS UNREST PERSISTS

**SYLVANIA**—The merchants guild announced today that a reward will be offered for information leading to the capture of the arsonists who set the blaze that resulted in the death of Emily Telmarc. The guild is offering 5000 jinx to anyone who can help them catch the berks responsible. The announcement came after Master Telmarc made an impassioned plea to the assembled Guild members to make efforts to hunt down the bashers responsible.

"My store is gone, but that I can build again for it was only made of timber and stone. It was my home and homes can be rebuilt as well. They [the arsonists] took my wine, but that too is ephemeral and there is no dearth of grapes. All this I can accept. But the bloody murderers also took my daughter, my precious and beautiful child, and for what but a

bellyful of wine?! My flesh and blood! She I can not replace, not for all my wanting and wishing. What more will they take? If they are willing to take so much for so little, what will be next? Perhaps one of your children for a loaf of bread? Please. They must be found and justice must be served!

A motion to offer the reward for information leading to the scragging of the perpetrators was passed unanimously and anyone with information related to the arson is kindly requested to contact Arlan Jacobson at the Corked Bottle. Emily Telmarc was a mere eight years old at the time of her death.

Meanwhile, the unrest continued throughout Sylvania as bashers hailing from Olympus and Arvandor continue to clash throughout the burg. The Seven have already scragged a dozen berks from both sides

and, for fear that the fighting might escalate even further, have been forced to deputise a number of locals in an attempt to cover more area. Temple guards have, for the most part, proven ineffective as their presence only tends to enrage some of the participants. For the moment, the Seven have restricted the guards to their respective temples. Both the temple of Arvandor and of Olympus are expected to lodge a formal complaint to the Guild members about the Seven's conduct.

"It's [the rioting] like tossing water onto a skillet full of grease," panted Argus Maldon, a recently deputised resident of Sylvania. "You hear the crack, you might even get burned by the hot oil kicked up, but by the time you look, the cause of it has evaporated."

— Reported by Marcanto Di Capella (rm)

**ATTENTION!**  
**CULLERS**  
**WANTED FOR**  
**S.I.G.I.S.**  
**MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE**  
 Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

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NewsChant

# XAOISTECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

**THE SITUATION AROUND** the two halves of the now-abandoned Xaos "spoke" is degenerating rapidly. Some of the Xaositects have begun painting the structures, whereas a small group at the Hall of Records side has begun to erect a

small windmill on top of the unfinished spoke.

Over one-hundred and fifty brawling Xaositects have been apprehended by the Harmonium and are expected to be charged with over thirty-four breaches of the Sigil Criminal Code. (ta)

PrimeTime

# TORIL'S TIME OF TROUBLES

**WHY SHOULD WE** planars give a flying sod about Toril?

After all, it's just some backwater prime world, unremarkable except for its greater-than-average concentration of portals and gates, and the greater-than-usual arrogance of its wizards, right?

Well, if you've heard the real chant about the so-called "Time of Troubles" that recently befell this multiversally insignificant prime, you'd not be quite so complacent, cutter. See, they say that Ao, the OverPower of the Toril Crystal Sphere got mightily annoyed at the tricks its Pantheon (a group of powers isolated from planar politics in general, but growing in influence), and cast them from the Outer planes to walk the surface of the Prime.

Now forgive me for sounding surprised, but Powers walking the Prime?! Sounds like a bit of a breach of the old planar law there, don't it cutter! That's not considering the chaos that was wreaked on the poor sodding world of Toril, or the opportunities created when several of the Pantheon's powers were actually slain. Now they've been replaced, and their corpses drift on the Astral, but when a Power dies (even if it was only a Torilian power!) planar bloods can't help but talk about it.

Here's the chant on how the factions' screed went...

*ADARCHELITZ*  
"The first blow has been struck! Rebel against the corruption of the powers and bring them crashing down from the Heavens! Destroy their plutocratic palaces in the planes! Turn their petitioners away from their brainwashed ways! Bar and shutter the portals and gates to Toril to prevent the powers from ever returning to pollute the Great Ring again!"

*ATHAZ*  
"See, even the power's are fallible! Reckon they're still Gods now, addle-cove? Perhaps Ao is a step closer to the Great Unseen Force which might exist, but even he has stooped to the level of the powers by admitting they're not totally insignificant. The only god worthy of our worship is one that, by definition, is too great for mortals to even comprehend."

*BLEAKER*  
"What's the point being a power if you've still got to do what someone else tells you to do? And if, like they say, the goal of life is either to become a power or merge with one, then that's a load of cobblers too. Forget the whole religion/ascension to godhood malarkey: Like all things in this life,

## Wanted: Labourers and Trappers

Good pay and clean work!  
Get your family out of the Hive and into a new life!  
*Spireward Trading Co.*  
is currently hiring to fill new positions in Faunel.

Openings exist for loggers and trappers. No prior experience necessary. Those interested should apply at the offices of *Spireward Trading Co.* at 12 Anvil Square in the Lower Ward. Pay for loggers is 3 stingers a day. Trappers will be paid depending on number and quality of furs acquired. (rm)

it's just a futile waste of time."

*CLITHER*  
"We do not need to think on such petty matters. Ao acted as was needed at the time, in turn setting off a chain of reactions from the powers. It will resolve itself without your bloody questions, berk."

*DODAGHARD*  
"See how the powers themselves are at war? Toril's pantheon is crumbling, the weave of magic is failing on Toril, and it's just the first of many... Maybe we could learn how to banish powers to the Prime for ourselves. If not, perhaps we could invade their precious Realms and spread the seeds of decay while the Toril powers are indisposed. Yeah: That's it!"

*DYSTAED*  
"How many powers will die before they realise they're dead already? Two? Three? Could the death of a power open the doorway to What Lies Beyond, or do they just become even more dead? The Astral Plane is becoming fast-filling up cemetery for the foolish and short-sighted young powers of Toril, and a target perfect for the next stage of a grand scheme: To raise the corpse of a power into undeath."

*FATED*  
"I heard some blood saying he knew where those Tablets of Fate were hidden. The chant

goes they're artifacts with the darks of the Torilian Powers written down on them. Imagine the jink we'd make if we got to them first and flogged 'em back to old Ao! Actually, bar that: It'd be more profitable to use 'em to take over the Pantheon ourselves. There's just the small matter of finding a cony barmy enough to try it on..."

*GODMAD*  
"As Toril has shown us, even the Mighty can stray from their path of Ascendance. This lesson leaves us doubly sure that, not only is every creature being tested, including the mightiest power, but that there is also a level beyond that: Overpower. Who can say—perhaps even Lord Ao has a master, even more secretive and enormously powerful than He."

*GUDWERY*  
"An interesting possibility: An OverPower forces his pantheon out of the planes and onto the prime. Could this be done by mortal means (spells or psionics)? How does the powers' unwritten law that none may walk the prime stand now? Is this a breach of the rules or an exception?"

*HARMODIUM*  
"The symphony of the planes has been disrupted by the forces of chaos! Let us smite them to restore the balance! (And since we're not about to go scragging powers, let's start with those bloody Indeps in the Bazaar) There's also chant flying round about a book called the Cyrini-

shad, which has the power to convince all who read it that it's true. If we could get hold of it, and discover its magic, we'd be able to promote so much peace! Heavenly!"

*INDEP*  
"Seems to me that it's about time Toril's powers stopped doing what Ao tells 'em to and start doing what they think they should do."

*MERCYKILLER*  
"Tablets of Fate? Stolen? We'll make sure some berk pays, even if he is a sodding Avatar!"

*SEDATE*  
"Imagine what it must feel like to have your divinity ripped away like that! Or to cast a spell in an area where magic has gone wild or is dead! To sing the songs of battles between gods which happened over a city! To face an invading horde of beasts from the Grey Waste! Or to come face to face with an Avatar... say, where was that portal to Toril... let's go visiting avatars!"

*SIGDER*  
"I just knew this was going to happen. I was just thinking about it the other day."

*XAOISTECT*  
"What's that? Magic's gone wild on Toril? Let's go. Let's not go. Perhaps we could push Toril into Limbo. Or Limbo into Toril. Maybe not. I'll bet the slaad/baatezu/guardinals are behind it. Or not. Did I tell you that my middle and last names are Ao?"

StopPress

# XAOISTECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

**THE LAST OF THE** Xaositects have abandoned the "spoke" project, and both construction sites are deserted. The half of the project near the Great Foundry remains dangerously unstable, however, and the Harmonium seems to be waiting for its upper levels to be dismantled by the Dabus before allowing evacuees to return to their homes in the vicinity.

Before abandoning the Hall of Records, a last contingent of Xaosmen managed to finish the windmill they were working on. So far, the Dabus have made no attempt to dismantle the structure.

It appears the Xaositects' project has finally ended, and as usual, nothing permanent has become of it.

Bookmakers are already taking bets as to the nature of next year's Big Secret. (ta)

StopPress

# MYSTERY EXPLOSION ROCKS COURTHOUSE

**SIGIL**—An explosion rocked the City Court today, killing one Guvner and injuring several others. Squads of Hardheads moved to secure the area, scragging every peery looking basher around the Court. No magical dweomer was detected around the blast site, leading investigators to believe the explosion was mechanical in origin. In a statement released just after the

blast, Factol Hashkar said, "...though we do not currently have sufficient evidence to make any convictions, we have reason to suspect the involvement of the Revolutionary League in this sordid affair."

A few bloods, who wished to remain anonymous, told SIGIS that the dark heard around the Cage lays blame for the explosion on a new Anarchist cell that has set up operations some-

where in the Lady's Ward. Calling themselves "The Cadre", they have apparently been spreading chant for the past few months about the immanence of some momentous event. However, no bashers have yet come forward to claim responsibility for the incident.

— Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 6 Year 1

Second Week of Accordant

## GUILDMASTER'S POSITION BOLD NEW VENTURE OFFERED TO QUELL UNREST BRAVES WILDERNESS

SYLVANIA—The merchants guild of Sylvania offered its highest position today to anyone who can quell the unrest in the gate-town and ensure the safety of the merchants and their shops. This offer, seen as an act

of desperation by many of the local cutters, comes after days of sporadic brawls and rioting that has claimed twelve lives and damaged kips throughout the burg.

The violence, initially sparked by the riot that placed a high-up merchant's daughter in the dead book, continues to shake the town though efforts by the Seven have finally begun to show results. Scragged sods are being placed in the public stocks or tied to the post and flogged, depending on the severity of their offence. Passion and Pain, two of the Seven spiritors, have also assumed new hosts, occupying the bodies of two of the more severe offenders.

Reflection, another spiritor of the Seven, addressed the assembled merchants and warned that any attempts to use violence within the boundaries of Sylvania, even if only to "restore the peace", would be met with as much tolerance as the rioters. He went on to reassure all those present that the Seven "...have not abandoned our posts" and would restore order in due time. After Reflection's speech, a relatively unknown cutter named Harlan Stillwater questioned Reflection, asking if negotiated means of restoring order were permissible. The Spiritor seemed surprised by the question, and said he surely had no objections to a peaceful settlement.

FAUNEL—The newly formed Spireward Trading Co. announced they will commence operations in Faunel within the week. Spireward is particularly interested in exploiting the forest for the decorative wood known as 'purpleheart' and they also plan to do a good deal of fur hunting around Faunel. Dwarven workmen in Faunel have already restored the squat, two-story, white stone structure that Spireward will use as their headquarters. Work gangs, consisting mostly of bashers recruited from the Hive, are working to clear the forest for a logging road and lumber mill.

The Spireward Trading Co. was formed by Lambert Whycote after he tumbled onto a portal that provided reliable access to both the Cage and Tradegate. Surprisingly, Wrath (the guardian of the gate to the Beastlands and the ostensible ruler of Faunel) has given the endeavour the nod despite concerns of the residents of the burg, particularly Errol Greenleaf a druid high-up in Faunel.

Errol Greenleaf was shocked by the decision and swore to fight Spireward's logging and trapping operations. "The forest is not theirs to eradicate as they will, nor are the animals of the forest. Spireward should not be here, not for wood or hides, and I will fight to insure that they get neither."

—Donald Kyng, *culler* (rm)

## HIVE FIRES BLAMED ON PRIME CULT

SIGIL—Several fires were started yesterday morning in and around the Hive Ward allegedly by agents of a prime world cult called the Zantarom. The fires caused widespread panic and destruction, though few berks inside the Hive seemed to notice or care. Harmonium patrols investigated several of the arson sites after quelling the fires but scragged no suspects. Later in the day, however, several human primes were arrested near the hive on arson charges and, though no word has come from the Guvners, chant on the dark of the fires is abundant.

Several cutters SIGIS spoke with believed that the fires were a diversion that enabled the cult to apprehend a samurai who was seen in the Cage the day before yesterday carrying a large lead-bound box. Conina Stormweather, a Sensate who had spoken with the samurai, told SIGIS that, "Mr. Mountain [the samurai] is not at liberty to discuss the contents of his package. This is a political matter of the prime world of Toril and of no concern to the people of Sigil." Nonetheless, rumours about the box persist as does the chant that a baatezu patrol roaming the Outlands near Automata is looking for a box that fits the description of the one carried by the samurai. (ar)

## THREE SIGNERS DIE IN POISONING INCIDENT

THREE MEMBERS of the Sign of One faction died last night in what are described by investigating officer Rofary Tens, a Mover Four in the Harmonium, as "situations of a Highly Suspicious nature."

The three individuals, who apparently did not all know one another, were all present in the Centre of Sigil, a tavern adjacent to the Council Chambers frequented by Signers. According to eyewitnesses, they were not all present simultaneously, and they all consumed different foods and drinks.

All three were discovered dead in various rooming houses this morning, apparently poisoned with the same toxin. Mover Tens told cullers, "One of the main problems with investigating cases involving Signers is that they're all so arrogant and antisocial that they never have friends to corroborate what actually happened."

Mover Tens later apologised for his comments, as he did not realise they were on the record. The Harmonium have not made public their suspicions on the nature or motive of the attack. (jw)

"I have no idea what he [Stillwater] expects," said Anaxer the Quick, a local leather merchant, "but if he thinks he's going to be able to rattle his bone-box at these leatherheads and get them to act all peaceful like, well, he's got another thing coming."

"Well, for what its worth [Stillwater]'s been spending a lot of time on the Prime", chimed in Larinda Evenhome, a silk merchant in Sylvania. "I don't know what barmy scheme Harlan's cooked up, but I don't think he's just rattling his bone-box."

— Marcanto Di Capella, *culler* (rm)

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NewsChant

**BARON PARACS SURVIVES ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT**

**RIBCAGE**—An attempt on the life of Lord Quantil Paracs was foiled today by the quick blade of Fritz von Turmstadt, the only son of Lord Peltar von Turmstadt, a leading senator of Ribcage. According to witnesses, the assassin, posing as a serving woman, struck at Lord Paracs with an envenomed blade during a private audience. Success was riven from her as Fritz took her hand off with a lightning draw of his sword.

The assassin, identified as a member of the Band of the Sable Star a notorious ring of cross-traders and assassins, was a trusted member of Lord Paracs's household and her treachery came as a shock to those who knew her. Lord Paracs has ordered a full and thorough investigation of his entire household staff.

While drawing a blade in the presence of Lord Paracs usually earns only a quick death of

the perpetrator, the Lord of Ribcage has instead decided to reward the heroism of Lord Turmstadt. Specifically, Lord Paracs honoured Lord Turmstadt's petition to place embassies of the upper-planar gate towns within the von Turmstadt section of the city. Another high-up senator in the burg, Lord Tandon von Hapstan, is expected to protest the decision.

When asked how he managed to draw his blade so quickly, Fritz told SIGIS that he was motivated primarily by fear, mostly of the political ramifications of Lord Paracs's death. "Could you imagine the chaos that would result should Lord Paracs be killed?", said Turmstadt. "The wolves would be fighting over the baronial seat before his body hit the floor. Given the choice between Lord Paracs and civil war, I side with Lord Paracs."

— Eber Willburg, culler(rm)

Obituaries

**HARMONIUM DIGNITARY KILLED BY FREAK WEATHER**

**XAOS**—The barely recognisable remains of Harmonium high-up Granus Hokok were discovered in the aftermath of a rain composed of anvils and brown spherical fruit which devastated the gate-town of oXas yesterday for approximately six minutes. A spokesman for the Harmonium condemned the town of osXa for encouraging the type of chaos that results in anvil/fruit storms and has informed SIGIS that a war with osaX "is imminent, as soon as the bloody burg sits still long enough for us to invade."

Xaositects living in Aoxs have refused to comment intelligibly on the incident, many choosing instead to

squawk like a gang of Arboreal milligibbons while others preferred to yell "Nyang, nyang" through rolled-up copies of SIGIS (the Xaositect's newstrag of choice).

Other resident of the town spent their time reciting, in unison, Harmonium Factol Hashkar's assertion that one should not throw all of one's eggs into a single basket. Our culler on the scene, Bleaker Factotum Eblis, witnessed both the storm and the reaction of the Chaosmen but his version did not appear in SIGIS because of emotional troubles he experienced due to the storm. As he put it, "I couldn't stop laughing." (ps)

**Outlands Weather**

A LIGHTEARTED LOOK AT THE WEATHER ON THE OUTLANDS BY SIGIS' RESIDENT PLANOLOGISTS

**SIGIL:** Citizens are advised to stay indoors as smog becomes thicker throughout the day. Slightly caustic rain in the evening.

**THE SPIRE:** Weather can be expected to stay calm for today, next week, next month, next year...

**AUTOMATA:** Expect precisely 0.5 inches of rain today and tomorrow. Winds will be in a gateway direction at a speed of 10 mph, which will increase to 11 mph at 6 o'clock anti-peak.

**BEDLAM:** The gate to Pandemonium has been letting more of the plane through of late. Expect winds of up to 80 mph and deafening noise. Citizens are advised by the Bleak Cabal to do whatever the hell they were doing previously since there's nowhere else for them to go... We recommend that travellers postpone any journeys there or equip themselves with winter clothing and earplugs.

**CURST:** Acid rain predicted for the rest of the week. Stay indoors.

**EXCELSIOR:** Hot, bright, traditional Excelsiorian summer. Perfect weather for riding. The annual tournament looks set to be successful, again...

**ECSTASY:** Light drizzle expected from 4-5 anti-peak. Experiments caused by the Wind Duke Reluthon may cause some turbulence so devas are advised to stay on the ground.

**FAUNEL:** Two days away from the wet season so all bipedal civilised races should have sought shelter or vacated the Gate-Town by now. All sentient pigeons should avoid Wrath for a few days, he's not particularly happy with you right now, and neither are the chimpanzees after spending two hours scrubbing him clean...

**FORTITUDE:** Warm weather thanks to the Town's proximity to Excelsior, mellowed by the winter currently endured by Tradegate. Nothing particularly special, although residents may wish to stay within the walls, since winds around the town have risen somewhat...

**GLORIUM:** Icy winds all the way from Muspellheim mean that it's perfect weather to go out and do something. There's nothing like a bracing breeze for making a man of someone, even a woman... any bizarre weather conditions are the result of interference from Gzemnid's realm and have NOTHING to do with the fact that they assigned a Xaositect as local planologist...

**HOPELESS:** Rain. Endless bloody drizzle...  
**PLAGUE-MORT:** All citizens are ordered to stay indoors. At 1:00 Peak the streets will be swept by flame-spellers as part of the Arch-Lector's attempt to cut down on vagrancy.

**RIBCAGE:** Expect periodic fireballs in the sky all day, and sulphurous fumes for the rest of the week...

**RIGUS:** 1:00 to 3:00 peak: Slight Drizzle. 3:00 to 3:10 peak: Rain of Scrap Metal from Acheron. Stay indoors. 3:15 onwards: As previously scheduled.

**SYLVANIA:** Hot and sunny. Party on! (Or riot as the case may be...)

**TORCH:** Temperatures remain high. Excessive pollution from chimneys will leave the place feeling like a smoke-filled glasshouse. Expect Lowries later in the day. Stay indoors, and if possible, avoid breathing.

**TRADEGATE:** Temperatures remain just above freezing, so as to permit growth of Winter luxury commodities industries. Furs recommended.

**XAOS:** Stay indoors, or wear a very hard hat. We've had anvil rain over here. It might rain anvils again tomorrow... maybe this time it'll rain upwards. Can I come home now, please? The sky's turned upside down and there are clouds on the ground...

**TIR NA OG:** Plenty of wind and rain, as usual. Daghdá's had a funny turn again...

**THOTH'S REALM:** Usual blistering heat. Loose clothing recommended. Also, plague of frogs predicted by local planologist.

(PS)

**Easy Bounty**

**FACTOL TERRANCE of the Athar**

has authorised the payment of **3,000 jinx** to any blood who can return a **necklace** stolen from the **Shattered Temple** last night.

An **additional 3,000** will be awarded upon the **delivery** of the cross-trader,

**living or lost**, who scragged the necklace.

Any cutters willing to take the job should contact

**Factotum Tagram the Defiant** at the

**Sign of the Drunken Mage on Alehouse Row** for details.

Payment will be on delivery only. **No advances.**

(rm)

WE, THE CIRCLE of Bluegem, take full credit for the explosion that occurred at the courthouse past week. Our purpose is to expose the cruel and tyrannical reign of the Fraternity of Order and hamper the futile efforts of those snivelling laughers to impose unfair regulations upon our beloved city.

We hope, with utmost sincerity, that this incident sends a strong message to the Gunners that their rule is both loathsome and unnecessary.

The explosion at the courthouse should be taken as a warning that our patriotic efforts will not cease until the Gunners relinquish their stranglehold on our city.

Signed,  
**Ares Bluegem**

**ANARCHISTS CLAIM RESPONSIBILITY**

IN AN all-too-common move these days, three separate Revolutionary League groups have claimed responsibility for yesterday's Signer poisonings. One statement leaked to SIGIS cullers read "Unless all members of all Sigil's factions immediately renounce their beliefs and leave the corrupt organisations then the poisonings will continue". The Harmonium

investigators are not pursuing the claims seriously.

Mover Tens told cullers: "The Anarchists jump on any bandwagon that can these days. It's like they haven't got any ideas of their own any more. I'd like to see the sodding revolutionaries try and outwit the Harmonium in a fair fight!"

Tens later apologised for his comments, as he did not realise they were on the record. (jw)

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 7 Year 1

Third Week of Accordant

## Carceri Firepills Medicine for Fiends!

Not enough Heartburn or Indigestion?  
Too much of that delicate tucker, that's why!  
Don't look like an archon in front  
of all the other Blood Warriors...

### Take Carceri Firepills, the Medicine for Fiends!!!

Each of these little red pearls of  
healthful pain is guaranteed by the Night  
Hag Workshop on Othrys to induce:

- † Stomach Acid
- † Heartburn
- † Indigestion
- † Trapped Wind

Guaranteed to make a man out of  
anyone, even a sodding female  
Guardinal!!

(ps)

## RIBCAGE SHIPMENTS HALT AS CARRIERS STRIKE

**RIBCAGE** - Commerce ground to a halt today as the carters and porters of Ribcage refused to work, protesting the arrival of the ambassador from Fortitude, Lord Donald map Gwyllyn. The strikers, protesting what they see as the arrival of a "corrupting influence" refused to ship any goods and instead parked themselves and their wagons in order to block heavily travelled streets, making the burg difficult to navigate. Though the Blackguard cleared the streets by mid-morning, it remains uncertain when normal cartage service will resume.

The reaction of the Senate to the ambassador's arrival was mixed. Lord Tandon von Hapstan lead the attack on the establishment of the new

embassies, claiming that "They [the embassies] will not only pollute the culture of Ribcage but will serve as a magnet to draw in outsiders who will flaunt our laws and sow dissension among the commons." He was strongly backed by Senator Fiquesh von Ivlium, who, as chant has it, is the organising force behind the strike.

Ironically, Fiquesh belongs to one of the youngest of the Senatorial families who immigrated to Ribcage less than 200 years ago. Lord Peltar von Turmstadt, on the other side, supported the establishment of the embassies arguing that "With the aggression of Rigus looming so close at hand, it is ever more important that we maintain our

## HISTORIC PACT BETWEEN RIVAL FACTIONS

**SIGIL** - After two solid hours of delicate negotiations, Factor Rhys of the Transcendent Order emerged suddenly from the halls of the Gymnasium to announce the most unlikely of pacts. "As of this moment, the Doomguard and the Society of Sensation have agreed to join forces in the Outlands in order to combat the invading armies from the gate-town of Rigus," stated the Factor. Having said her piece, Rhys motioned to a nearby Gvner, Tenemus Al Karak, to step forward and reveal the dark of the contract as she quickly retreated into her faction's kip before any of the cullers might question her.

Al Karak, a factor of the

Fraternity of Order who acted as scribe and notary at the meeting, read the contract aloud to waiting cullers. "The terms of the agreement are the following," intoned Al Karak reading from a lengthy scroll. "Approximately 3,000 Doomguard warriors, led by Doomguard Factor Ales Jehaad, shall engage the Rigan army alongside the Lady's Guardianship [Society of Sensation] under the overall command of the Guardianship.

Doomguard factioneers shall remain in Tir Na Og until either the Rigans are repelled from the land or until the Guardianship has sounded a call to retreat. The Doomguard shall maintain hold on all spoils surrendered by the Rigans over the course of the conflict regardless of their origin and the Doomguard reserves the unconditional right to retreat should General Jehaad order this necessary."

SIGIS had learned of the meeting between the two diametrically opposed factions barely an hour before anti-peak when the historic discussion

took place. Word leaked out of the Lady's Ward of a Sinker procession heading round the Cage towards the Gymnasium led by Factor Pentar herself.

A wemic courier, running between the Armoury and the Civic Festhall, paused long enough to relay some of the chant to SIGIS cullers. "Pentar sent word to the Sensates offering her faction's services," panted the courier breathlessly. "I think she saw something in it for the Sinkers and the Sensate bashers were just too desperate to tell 'em to pike it."

Not long after Rhys made her announcement, heavily armed Sinkers from all over the Cage congregated at the Civic Festhall in preparation for departure to the Outlands where they will commence operations under the command of Ales Jehaad. Jehaad, a Ysgardian giant, has apparently left her home in the gate-town of Glorium at the bequest of Factor Pentar to rendezvous with her troops in Tir Na Og.

- *Maija Intwood, culler (sk)*

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

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

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# TRADEGATE LABOURERS PROTEST NEW ARRIVALS

TRADEGATE - A collection of labourers, craftsmen and farmers petitioned the Parliament of Tradegate today to establish laws preventing transients from taking work within the borders of the burg. The request, aimed at preventing recent immigrants from "stealing" work from the locals, was spurred on by the gradual increase in the number of jinkless arrivals coupled with soaring costs of basic items such as grain and wine. Sanctions aimed specifically at Dustmen merchants, most notably Anise the Black, were also requested, as they are seen by many to be the cause of the problem.

The workers of Tradegate, particularly labourers and small farmers, have found it increasingly difficult to earn enough to survive as the number of immigrants entering

the burg has risen sharply. Adding to their fiscal woes, the cost of basic supplies such as grain and salt are soaring as merchants raise prices to match demand.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," griped Alger Bolger, a local cutter. "I'm not so badly off as some, since I've got my land. My grain brings good price, especially with all the thrice-cursed Dustman jink floating around, but I've only got a half yardland. I was counting on hiring out to the larger holders, but with all these foreigners, a cutter can't rightly hope for much."

Many of the townsmen, like Alger, blame the Dustmen merchants for their current problems. A number Dustmen have set up their kips in Tradegate and are actively trading hefty sums of jink for a basher's afterlife, though there

are unconfirmed rumours that the deal requires the sacrifice of more than mere gold. Anise the Black, the most public of these merchants caters almost exclusively to the new arrivals, making her an obvious target of the Tradegate collective. Black maintains that she has done no cross-trading and that she is perfectly within her rights to spend her jink in this manner.

"Way I sees it," snapped Anise heatedly when question by SIGIS, "those bubbers just can't stand the competition. If they can't make the cut, they should cry in their bud instead of to Parliament and leave honest merchants like myself alone."

Parliament has not issued any decision as of yet, but a compromise on the matter is expected.

- Jacob of Adelmere, culler (rm)

# Jinggor's Curios

Fresh from the Silver Void...

**Buy a piece of the greatest thing since last Modron March. Direct from the Deep Astral, Jinggor and Pahel'orse bring you... Dead Gods!**

Yes, gathered by some of the most skilled cutters in Sigil, these are piece of the greatest philosophies out there. There are certain properties of these pieces a clued-up blood can use to his gain:

- ✗ Strange healing powers!
- ✗ Siphon mystic energy!
- ✗ Pray to it - Get spells (!?)
- ✗ Wear it as a fashion statement!
- ✗ Is it a gate key?
- ✗ And many more uses!

Don't be the last berk to get one, buy your piece of history today. All are guaranteed to contain at least 50% Dead Power!

- ✗ Jewellery - 7 jinx and up
- ✗ Small chunk - 10 jinx
- ✗ Large chunk - 25 jinx
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- ✗ Dust - 5 jinx

Also examine our selection of planar artifacts and gate keys. Arborean weapons, water clocks from Mechanus, Abyssal art-works, Baatorian text, and taxidermy from Mt. Celestia. All cutters bearing a copy of SIGIS containing this ad will receive a 10% discount.

Jinggor's Curios - on Flayed Man's Walk next to Vaugle, Vaugle, Drakalar, and Spittle Bookkeepers. 24 hour service. Knock first.

Stop Press

# IS AOSKAR DEAD?

SPIREWARD OF FORTITUDE - Chant of an unbelievable nature has filtered in from several Indep villages near Fortitude. Apparently, many bashers claim to have seen a priest by the name of Crellis, who purportedly worships the lost god Aoskar. While this in and of itself is not surprising, what is unusual is that he appears to be receiving powers such as a priest of Aoskar would. This has caused great confusion in those who have witnessed the event, causing them to wonder if Aoskar is truly dead.

Several other priests who witnessed the Aoskian's appearance confirmed the fact that Crellis did, in fact, cast priestly magic when he formed a gate to the plane of Radiance just outside of town. So far, the gate has shown every sign of being perfectly stable.

Town officials are worried, and with good reasons. First, the portal to the plane of Radiance has yet to disappear, and it is a two way portal. Secondly, even if Crellis is not a priest of a supposedly dead god, his ability to open a, perhaps permanent, two-way portal is evidence of extraordinary power and he may pose a threat to the town. Thirdly, it appears that the priest's activity has attracted some plant life, in that a few large growths of the strange plant called Aoskar's Folly have appeared in the area

around the portal and have started spreading toward the burg. One resident was heard to comment that, "We have a supposed priest of a dead god and we have his plants showing up within a day. If his mutts show up, I'm making a break to the safety of Sigil!"

Reactions have been mixed to the possibility that Aoskar has returned from the dead. A local factioneer of the Athar swore that if "that cosmic deceiver" was drawing down divine power, he was probably drawing strength from Janus, a Prime god of portals, while making the rituals for Aoskar. He seemed very flustered by the possibility that one of the "great deceivers" might have come back into power. The local Dustmen were of the opinion that, since he was already dead, he could very easily return. The Harmonium officer present commented that Crellis would be allowed to preach as long as he did not break any laws.

Town officials have posted rewards for any information on the priest's background, or on the nature and location of the Isle of Aoskar in the Astral. They are also willing to pay those who help keep the Folly saplings pruned away from the city. Further developments on this story shall be provided to SIGIS exclusively as it breaks.

- Khadarkhol, priest and wanderer, culler (cjr)

# SEVEN MORE SIGNERS KILLED BY POISON

ANOTHER SEVEN MEMBERS of the Sign of One are dead today. Unlike the first assassinations, these are all believed to have occurred at different times and in different places: There is apparently nothing to link them together except for their faction allegiance, and the fact that each of them knew one or more of yesterday's victims.

Mover Tens refused to comment to SIGIS cullers on the case. His deputy told cullers that food poisoning had been ruled out and this was certainly a case of multiple murder.

The Sign of One has offered a reward of five thousand jinx for information leading to the capture of the assassin, and allegedly employed a team of priests and psionics to probe into the matter.

(jw)

# ASSASSINATION FEVER GRIPS CLERK'S WARD: SIXTEEN MORE DIE

IN AN HORRIFIC acceleration of the assassin's pace, 16 members of the Sign of One die yesterday, all showing symptoms of poisoning. The case is particularly disturbing considering half of these individuals were the psionics and priests employed by the faction to investigate the matter. According to sources in the faction, the Harmonium are no closer to finding an answer.

Rumours as to the nature of the attacker are rife in the Clerk's Ward. The two most frequently-stated refer to the Bleak Cabal, long known to

dislike the Sign of One, and the Lady of Pain herself, retaliating after the recent formation of the controversial Will of the One.

Pristine, water genasi and high-up in the Will of the One commented on these allegations saying: "The Lady Flays. She does not poison. Find someone else to pin your blame on, berks! Besides, none of the Will of the One are among the victims. Go figure!"

A number of Bleakers are said to helping the Harmonium with their inquiries, and the Harmonium's Barracks are full to bursting with Signers seeking protective custody. (jw)

WE ARE IN SEARCH FOR INTERIOR ARTISTS FOR UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS

# ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

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# SIGIS

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 8 Year 1

Fourth Week of Accordant

## SINKERS - SENATES FORCE RIGAN RETREAT

**OUTLANDS** - After five continuous days of fierce fighting, the invading armies of Rigus retreated from Tir Na Og yesterday leaving several Celtic towns in smouldering ruins. The arrival of more than three thousand Doomguard cutters, under the command of the giantess Ales Jehaad, early in the third day of the fighting appeared to tip the scales in favour of the Celts and the Lady's Guardianship (a Senate military organisation based out of Sigil.) Together, the Senses, Sinkers and Celts loosened the Rigan's hold of the Outland burgs, Delany and Gwyllach, and put thousands of Rigans in the dead-book.

"I was pleasantly shocked at the ease of which we [the Guardianship] were able to coordinate with the Doomguard," said Dach Tchlorem a Senate commander in the Guardianship. "I trust my Factol implicitly but I was more than a little peery of allying my command with several hundred violent cutters whose beliefs are such the antithesis of my own. I thought for sure we'd be paying the music but I couldn't have been more wrong. The Sinkers were magnificent warriors - they planned exquisite strategy, executed brilliant tactics and really put the fear into the Rigans. A few of the Sinkers were a little too bloodthirsty for my liking but the faction made an enormous difference in the battle."

According to sources within the Celtic militias, Doomguard general Ales Jehaad used the natural and supernatural hazards of Tir Na Og against the Rigans to deadly effect. The Sinkers, allied with the Celts, used false retreats and ambushes to trap large numbers

of the Rigans in dead-end canyons and in front of deep caverns where they were quickly put in the dead-book.

In a masterful stroke, Jehaad herself led a charge from Westcote that caught a large Baatezu-led battalion completely off guard, throwing them to the veritable mazes. Jehaad's warriors and mages forced the Rigans down some slippery slopes into the Power Morrigan's Bloody Field where nigh-invincible petitioners ripped them to pieces. (Witnesses say the Bloody Field seemed inordinately large as if the conflict caused it to swell far beyond its usual dimensions. Some told SIGIS they felt Morrigan's field "hungered" for the slaughter but this chant may just be barmy screed.)

Although the Rigans were eventually repelled, they wreaked extraordinary devastation on several Celtic burgs. The towns of Delany and Gwyllach on the edge of Loch Finn were hit the earliest and the hardest of the lot. All of the buildings and homes in both burgs were scorched to the ground after being looted of every saleable item. The burgs of Muirthead and Donall also suffered tremendous devastation and few kips in either town stood after the fighting ceased.

Brion Corwyn, a priest of Nuada living in Gwyllach, returned only to find his case a pile of ashes. "The bloody fiends bobbed everything not bolted to the soddin' walls. When I heard the chant that the fiends were making for Delany, I sent as much of the temples valuables as I could off to Muirthead with some of the parishioners. We're pretty isolated here in the [Out-]

Lands; we don't get the chant you bloods from Sigil do so this really came as a shock to us. Within a few hours the fiends were all over us. It wasn't until this morning that I discovered what the sods had done to my kip."

*[For a more detailed and personal account of the battle from a Celt's perspective, catch culler Maija Intwood's in-depth interview with Brion Corwyn brought to you exclusively by SIGIS. - Ed.]*

Although the people of Tir Na Og suffered greatly from the Rigan assault, there are many signs that these hardy bashers will make a quick recovery. "This isn't the first time we've been hit by fiends and it probably won't be the last," said Kelron, Delany's chieftain. "We're a tough, leatherheaded bunch of cutters and, mark my words, we'll have our kips and cases rebuilt well before the next harvest."

- Maija Intwood, culler (sk)

## BOOMBERRIES

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**STATUTORY HARMONIUM WARNING:**

We have been notified that Boomberrries can adversely affect many races - indeed, they only seem to not harm Tiefslings. Any other being ingesting a Boomberry is in danger of having it swell up in their throat (or comparable biology) and cause suffocation. This matter will be investigated further. (jaw)

## SECOND ATTACK ON COURT DEVICE RECOVERED

**SIGIL** - Another bomb attack rocked the City Court today killing ten, including a Harmonium officer named Gullen Berkwitz. In a calculated move, the perpetrators set off explosions on both sides of the City Court's exterior courtyard. A third incendiary device detonated in the centre of the courtyard, injuring those who attempted to flee the other blasts.

Twenty were treated for burns, many severe, and wounds from shrapnel. Amazingly, a fourth device,

also believed to be incendiary, failed to go off and was recovered by the Hardheads after a through search of the premises. No word yet on what this device might yield to the investigation, but Captain Havrm Ghex had this to say:

"With the death of one of our officers, the Harmonium will redouble its efforts to find these cowards. The recovery of an intact explosive device, as well as some other lines of investigation, have given us solid evidence to support the chant that the Anarchist group

known as the Cadre is behind this incident. If any of them are reading my quote, know this: We are coming for you and there is no escape. You may flee to the deepest pits of the Abyss, and we will still scrag you. The law will be upheld, on this you can count."

Captain Ghex had no comment when asked how the Cadre managed to set the explosives while an entire battalion of Hardheads guarded the Courts.

(pw)

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# SENATOR FIQUESH ASSASSINATED!!!

**RIBCAGE** - Senator Fiquesh was murdered late last night by a member of the Sable Star shortly after entering his private bath. The Senator had just joined his most recent mistress, Gretchen Edelburg, in the heated spa when a bolt of lightning arced down through the bath's impluvium. Senator Fiquesh and Gretchen were electrocuted instantly. Members of the deceased's bodyguard stormed the roof only to find the assassin dead from poison. Pinned beneath the body was a blank scroll and the assailant's hand clutched an empty vial of poison. He was identified as a member of the Sable Star by a tattoo of that order he had on his left shoulder.

"There really is no need for an investigation," stated Wilhelm von Erfurt, the Commander of the Baron's Secret Service. "It is quite obvious that these fanatics are attempting to eliminate the

Senatorial caste one by one, and are quite willing to die to achieve their goals. The purge ordered by Lord Paracs, though it will slow our investigation into the recent rash of missing slaves, is the only way to ensure the safety of the Senatorial families."

The purge alluded to by Commander Wilhelm is but one of the measures taken by Lord Paracs to ensure the continuity of the bloodlines of the elite families of Ribcage. In addition to ordering a "comprehensive sweep of the city" by the Blackguard for "the purpose of discovering and eliminating any members of the infamous Band of the Sable Star", Lord Paracs has graciously offered the protection of his personal fortress to a number of Senatorial heirs. The most notable of these wards is the only son of Lord Stelton von Graz, the successor to Senator Fiquesh, in whose safety Lord

Paracs has taken a special interest:

"We must work to ensure the continuity of the ruling class at all costs," Lord Paracs told Lord Stelton. "The search for the Band of the Sable Star will be successful but you must exercise patience. Until we find them, we must ensure the survival of our heirs. I have taken the liberty of ordering your son escorted to my stronghold, Lord Stelton. I think you'll agree that such an arrangement is safest for everyone, and you do have but a single heir. I assure you that with such precautions and the efforts of the Blackguard, we will bring an end to the threat, and we all want such assassination attempts to cease, do we not Lord Stelton? I know I can count on your full support and understanding in this matter."

- Gustav Torun, *culler* (rm)

# VERDANT GUILD ATTACKS LOGGERS

**FAUNEL** - Loggers employed by Spireward Trading Co. were driven from their labours earlier today by a rain of arrows as members of the Verdant Guild struck at logging crews around Faunel. The attackers, lead by the druid Errol Greenleaf and Jonathan Forrester, fell upon surprised labourers, killing one and wounding several others.

The wounded were carried to the Dancing Bear, a local tavern converted hastily into a field hospital by its ursinal owner, William Barr. As of this time, only attacks on the loggers were confirmed, though a number of trappers are missing and presumed lost. The assaults by the "Guilder's"

are commonly believed to be reprisals for Spireward's recent culling of the forests around Faunel. Master Whytcote, Spireward's high-up, publicly offered a bounty on both Greenleaf and Forrester amounting to 3,000 jinx a head and has promised to hire guards to defend the workers. Most workers have agreed to continue logging if guards are provided, but all were clearly shaken by the encounter.

"It was awful," recalled Talen Marnek, a worker wounded in the fighting, "It was like one o' them dreams where time goes real slow, like. One second, I'm raising up me axe, the next I got's an

arrow stuck in me shoulder and I got time ta think 'they's an arrow in me shoulder' and then the pain hits. The next un gets me in the hip, and I'm down, the world twistin' crazy like, and then they's on me, kickin' me, beatin' me with me own axe. Ekart, he tried ta stop 'em, and they wrote him into the dead book. Saw him catch one in the groin I did, bloody bastards, then they done stuck him again' in the chest ta shut him up but good. His screams I be hearin' still. I want ta beat them bastards. Stick 'em with some arrows, see how they be liken' it. Master Whytcote, I hopes he done find us someone good ta do it, too."

- Donald Kyng, *culler* (rm)

# Spellslingers and Swordswingers

wanted for long term employment. Cutters must be wise to the ways of surviving and fighting in **the Astral.**

Healthy jinx will be offered to cutters who're tough enough. Enquire at the **Red Lantern** in the **Lower Ward**, and ask for **Grax**, a tiefling. Clueless, githyanki and

(tr)

# SIGNERS QUARANTINED AS DEATH TOLL RISES

**AS ANOTHER 28 DEAD** were announced today (half of them Signers in the Harmonium's custody), the Harmonium mysteriously sealed off the entire Signer faction headquarters, imprisoning as many faction members as they could find inside the walls. Nobody is being allowed inside or out - one of SIGIS' cullers (herself a member of the Sign of One) is inside, and has not been allowed to send word to us.

According to sources in the Harmonium, the high-ups

investigating the case selected several hundred factioneers to guard the Council Chambers, and specified that the least imaginative members of the faction were the first to be chosen.

The Harmonium has also called for any non-Signer wizards who know the forget spell to come forward. A flat rate of 100 jinx per day has been offered to any and all such cutters, though strangely, priests and healers offering poison neutralising services for free have been turned away. (jw)

## Announcements

# "NO REASON TO PANIC" SAYS FACTOL SARIN

**FACTOL SARIN** of the Harmonium this morning announced that there was no reason to panic over the recent spate of assassinations, and dismissed reports of the ever-increasing number of dead as exaggerated and irresponsible. "The sooner this fuss dies down, the sooner it will go

away," he said, enigmatically. The Factol also stated that "the threat to safety has been neutralised."

Factol Sarin has been heavily criticised by both the Sensates and the Xaositects in a rare joint statement as "covering the true situation with a tapestry of lies." (jw)

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NewsChant

HOLY SITES DEFACED AS NEW RIOTS ERUPT

SYLVANIA - Rioting began again in the burg after a short period of relative quiet when some bashers discovered that a vandal (yet to be identified) had desecrated a shrine to the Power Labelas Enoreth. The shrine consisted of a sapling silver oak planted on holy soil which the vandals uprooted and burned. Worshippers of Arvandor responded by assaulting supplicants of the Greek pantheon throughout the city.

A statue sacred to Demeter was shattered, presumably in retribution, which only served to inflame the rioting further. Priests of both pantheons were puzzled, as the Powers seemed either unwilling or unable to

reveal the identity of the perpetrators. Some have taken the silence to indicate approval of the strife.

Today the rioting took a much more serious tone and battles are being pressed viscosly throughout the burg. Disgusted by the fighting, the Council of merchants has announced plans to patrol the streets of Sylvania and has hired a number of modrons to construct barracks and renovate an old amphitheatre. When pressed for details, guild members would only say that any efforts on their part would not "compromise the so-called peace."

- Marcanto Di Capella, culler(rm)

Planar Chant

LOOKING INTO THE DARK OF THE ILLITHID EMPIRE

LOOKING INTO THE DARK OF THE ILLITHID EMPIRE  
Perhaps today in this phase of time you might ask, "What's the soddin big deal with all those Mind Flayer Rubes?" Other than the fact that it is in fact you that happens to be the rube, the deal is this... The Illithids have vast power at their potential, and control untold numbers of worlds through out the prime's crystal spheres. While those encountered outside their territory seem few in number and hardly enough to be a significant threat, there's one thing that remains true is that everyone of them is potentially quite dangerous. And here's one thing that will frighten you berk... The Illithids had far more power than they have in the past. Back in those time the Illithids were a huge empire, they not only controlled a huge portion of the prime, they also rules in the Astral and Ethereal planes. You see that Eladrin and Baatezu, Archon and Tanar'ri, Modron and Slaadi alike were threatened by the Illithid Empire. This very ancient empire had the power to make the residents of the planes beyond the Astral and Ethereal to be peery of them.

I'll try to attempt answering some of the questions of the mysteries left behind the Illithid Empire buried in the flow of time. Believe me, following around your githzerai friends on Rrakma hunts does not tell you much about the Illithid, and I do know what they're capable of as I've been a part of Rrakma hunts.

For this publication, I hope to possibly take another look at what past greybeards like Ronassic have done. My research has been done with the help of looking into possible past locations of Illithid cities, reading Githyanki and Githzerai historical accounts, and digging through resources pulled from the City Courts, the Hall of Records, the Anarchists Information Underground, and from Kesto Brighteyes owner of the Parted Veil.

And there is one last word before I start, I do not guarantee this chant to be any bit accurate.

JUST WHEN DID THOSE JODS HAVE THE ENTIRE?

Well its certainly a long time ago, before many prime worlds even existed. We know through that the human race did exist during the time the empire existed, as humans were often used as slaves and livestock. You see a particular bunch of human slaves rebelled under the name of one called Gith.

And it is around the time that the Githyanki and Githzerai races were formed the Illithid empire fell. The Githyanki were especially ruthless in their vengeful war against the Illithids, they certainly didn't stop when they drove the squids out of the Astral. Its said they even went into the Ethereal (not likely in my opinion) and on to the prime to exterminate them.

Now as to when the empire was created is the big mystery. Its confirmed in most cases that the Blood War was being fought when the Illithid Empire rose, so they aren't that ancient. Its often difficult to determine just what was the dominant racial empire on the prime at any given time, even today while many say human (I shudder to think of that fact), many others point to the "goblin" races being far more numerous. A source on the prime said they came in after the Reigar, Juna, and Thri-Kreen empires. But there are many objections to this. Its possible that the dark of the disappearance of the Juna was indeed due to the appearance of the squids themselves.

So how many years does that make it? I say a lot.

JUST WHAT WAS THE ENTIRE TOTALLY LIKE?

Its well known that Illithids have telepathic abilities and therefore they share their thoughts together quite often. Its said an Illithid's thought are always open in the public for all to know. Taking this into consideration they are a completely peaceful and harmonious bunch, which makes me completely sick to even think about. Of course they're not harmonious and peaceful to their slaves. They way they treat slaves is even far worse than how humans treat farm animals as the members of the Verdant Guild would say.

The Illithids are fascists, while they don't have the Baatezu's reputation for fascism they're still very cruel. Think of an empire as being one that combined a lot of the worse habits of the Harmonium and the Baatezu together, and then you'll begin to think what its like.

WHAT DID THE ENTIRE HAVE?

They had great accomplishments greater than most things, humans have done today. They lived in huge cities that were said to reach the skies of their planets. Many had specialized magically created servants to each to a job of expertise. Huge monuments and other artwork existed to

boast the strength of their empire. And they went across the prime in either a complex network of teleportation circles, and mighty ships many said to rival planets in size (don't go thinking the Nautilus class ships were the only ones they had).

They certainly ruled the prime. In the Astral one of their huge cases is what is now known as Tu'narath, the current Tu'narath is but a small fraction of the one in the past (I know, I know they're very inaccurate terms to use referring to the Astral).

THE ORIGIN OF THE ILLITHIDS?

Some chant says the Illithid were once were from a Crystal Sphere now known as the Astromundi Cluster. An ancient human civilisation fought a war against the non-humans of the world Astromundi, to get back at the humans the non humans brought curses on humans. Mutant children were born and they were thrown out of their society, eventually becoming the Illithid. Its also said the Tanar'ri were actually the ones that wiped out the remaining humans.

I find this origin to be a bunch of screed, as there is evidence that points to the Illithid being older than that. Its very possible they existed around the spheres long before that, before humans even existed. There are two theories at work here the first one is evolution, as time goes on creatures do change, they grow into something else over countless generations of breeding. While I won't provide the full details, its said that from squids and other mollusks is where the Illithids evolved from, while some other mollusks eventually evolved into fish, then amphibians, then reptiles, and then various mammals. Humans are said to have evolved from apes by the way, while orcs evolved from boars.

This goes along with the theory of parallel development which is where things in different places are the same as they are everywhere. This explains why there are humans, dogs, cats, dwarves, elves and goblins on so many prime worlds. Thus it can be said Illithids were around before, the Astromundi Incident at the most created another type of Illithid, the curses brought on those humans probably came from elsewhere, either a coincidence that follows the parallel development theory, or perhaps it was an ancient

Obituaries

SIGIS CULLER FOUND HANGED

RIBCAGE - SIGIS correspondent Eber Willburg was found hanged today in his kip on Wheelwright St. The body, discovered by a messenger, dangled from the rafters of his small attic apartment. The Secret Service declared the incident a suicide despite the fact that the body looked severely battered. When asked to explain this discrepancy, Gunther Linz, the officer in charge of the investigation, indicated that Eber had fallen many times in his attempts to hang himself and declared that Eber was probably "deranged".

"You should have seen the number of ropes hanging from the rafters," said Linz. "Most had loops far too small to fit

over his head; perhaps no more than a wrist at best would fit through those. Only an idiot or one deranged would try to kill himself with something like that. And the floor below was battered and bloody as if he had hurled himself there repeatedly! We in the Secret Service suspected Eber was not in his right mind when he suggested that Lord Paracs, may he live long, might be 'losing his grip on the reigns of power'. Apparently, Eber did not realise he had sunk this far. Only the seriously disturbed would say such a thing, don't you think?"

I found myself agreeing heartily.

- Gustav Torun, culler (rm)



Planar Chant

## LOOKING INTO THE DARK OF THE ILLITHID EMPIRE

Illithid method of assimilating non-illithids into their own.

## THE ROLE OF THEIR TOWERS?

The Illithids were said to not have much of a belief in the way of the planes, they had very little in the way of gods, and only knew of the planes by discovering it. So therefore the Illithids beliefs did not have a significant effect on the planes, but the squids did have some gods though.

There were two Illithid powers, Illsenine the supreme Illithid god who is one of the most powerful and mysterious of all powers. The other is Maanzecorian, quite possibly a Illithid that ascended to godhood, its unfortunate that the god isn't around anymore.

One theory points to the fact that Illsenine was part of a extremely ghastly Baatezu experiment committed on my "people" tieflings. It's said their dead brains were all thrown into this pile, and that pile became Illsenine. And thus Illsenine either created the Illithids, or it found them and they started to revere him.

Another says that Illsenine just is, much like how many other powers are said to be.

Now here I go backing the Athar up that powers aren't all that divine. Another bit of chant I hear is that the squids wanted to make a "supreme brain," perhaps they wanted to do so to create a massive telepathic network that could span across crystal spheres, and planes. Or perhaps they needed a ruler, one that would rise above them because they saw conflicts in ambitions for the power of a particular Illithid individual.

The creation of Illsenine in this theory was said to be the greatest achievement by this ancient empire. Certainly Illsenine is said to know almost all their is to know of in the multiverse, every Illithid is also said to be a proxy of the elder brain, as it can see through every Illithid (and Cranium Rat).

Maanzecorian was an individual among the squids that rose to the rank of a power. It became a rival to Illsenine, but never approached Illsenine anywhere near the elder brain in power or influence. Its truly said that its life ended.

## THE FALL OF THE ILLITHID EMPIRE?

Graybeards on the prime as clueless as they are, often attribute the fall of the empire due the Beholder race uniting after realizing the threat of the Illithids. They nearly wiped out the squids but its said by them that stopped when the hatred between the various beholder

nations divided them again.

I say its an highly unlikely cause for the fall of the Illithid empire. It can be more likely attributed to the slave uprising lead by Gith. When she rose up against the Illithids, many followed, on other countless worlds many other slaves did the same thing as Gith's followers. The Illithids depended on their slaves to do most of the labour for them, not because they were lazy as we'd like to think, but because they were said to lack the strength and endurance to do so. And when their slaves turned against them many of their masters fell to them, but many more slaves were also slain by their masters. Nevertheless without their slaves, the squids couldn't really do a sodding thing. Their cities and their empire fell apart.

Some say that the fall of the empire, was done by the combined attacks from many sides. Its probably true in some way that the beholders and the followers of Gith fought against the squids, And that the plane-borne races say an opportunity to attack. Its not that the Blood War paused between the Tanar'ri and Baatezu, but that the two races diverted some of their forces to deal with the squids. Eladrin agents are said to be responsible for some of the slave uprising, and its said that the Eladrin also helped Zertimon form his convictions against Gith who they saw eventually taking the same route that the squids were. Let's not forget the inner planes as well, they were also threatened by the Illithids as well. The genies were said to have really been responsible for the fall of the Illithids in the Ethereal plane.

Strangely enough some point their fingers at the Dhour as one of the factors in the fall of the empire. But its thought that the dhour are a relatively new race to the planes, the blobs of amorphous slime that roam the Astral and Ethereal are said to be only around for a few decades. I find the theory on the Dhour involvement to be unlikely.

## THE ILLITHID TODAY

Well they certainly aren't as powerful as they were before. Their great empire has fallen, and most of their major worlds too have fallen. They live in countless numbers of prime worlds but not many of the planets they live on do they rule. Some chant says there is a few Illithid worlds have the former glories of their past.

On many worlds Illithids have been hunted down by humans, elves, goblins and

other surface dwellers. Before Illithids would usually live on the surfaces of planets, but know they have almost all been forced into the underdark of many worlds. Its said that years of living in underdark have made the Illithid uncomfortable in conditions on the surface. But other accounts say, that they were always like that, its just that the past empire was able to control the conditions on the surface to their taste. One possible world is Ssirik Akuar a place where I went with a Rrakma band, the planet's rotation has been stopped and there is one side that's eternally dark and cold, and another that's bright and hot.

But stopping a planets rotation was one of their cruder methods, its said they used forms of darkness spells and control magic to make their planets suitable.

The Illithids have gotten themselves a lot of enemies today, almost everyone hates them especially the Githzerai and Githyanki. The most common races Illithids deal with are Beholder, Drow Elves, Neogi, Aboleths, Duerger, and Derro. Another thing noted is that its said that cranium rats didn't exist during the time of the empire, but now they are spread through out the planes, especially in Sigil, in fact they may very well be more of those rats in the cage than there are people.

## RELATED RACES

Well there are Illsenine's Zombies which can be found in the Caverns of Thought which is the Elder Brain's realm, they are created by sods who've actually decided to go there. Then there's the Cranium Rat vermin, which scurry along everywhere through out the whole soddin cage. The Cranium Rats do serve Illsenine, and worse yet the more of them that stick together the smarter and more powerful they become. Some worlds on the prime are said to have fallen due to plagues that Illsenine's cranium rats have brought.

Next on the list are the Eaters of Knowledge, the walking heaps of brain matter and other guts that personally seek knowledge for Illsenine. They are like celestials to the squids, something that they look up to. They go around physically absorbing the brains of sods they come across. Some advice from a blood like myself is avoid them at all costs.

Grell in some way look a little like how Illsenine looks, but they have no connection at all to Illsenine or to any of the squids. Kraken are what some rubes think are just giant

intelligent squids may in fact be wrong, but they're said to have nothing at all to do with the illithids. And then there's the Krakenuta that look awfully like illithids except they have octopus heads and they're about 80 to 100 feet tall. The similarities can't be all dismissed, as in many ways they do have the same intentions, except they act more like Tanar'ri. Perhaps they were once Illithid, or they are

just a race that evolved along them, much like giants and humans. If any of these races do have a connection to the illithids its that they evolved from the same source which are mollusks.

- from Janus Nguyen a planewalker, chivman, boomstickman and spellslinger for jink, and a part time researcher of darks.

(ju)

Stop Press

## CADRE PROMISE MORE ATTACKS

JUST BEFORE press release SIGIS obtained a letter from the infant Anarchist cell known as the Cadre. This is the cell presumed responsible for two separate bombings attacks on the City Court over the last two

weeks. Though less than specific as to their future actions, the Cadre makes it clear in this (almost incomprehensible) message that they seek a unified destruction of anyone with jink:

## Jink is Power

*"The Cadre has but one mission: Destruction. We aim to pull down the walls that compress the torus of Sigil and turn us all into gears of an infernal machine. Those that steer the machine are the guilty bashers. No one has asked these self-proclaimed plotters to guide us into wilful destruction. We the Cadre have taken the honourable role of mutineers. Mechanical break-down is our goal. Fire is a cleanser to scour these slavers from their dens. Wherever there is jink, there is guilt and there will be the Cadre with a confessional. Know that death is the only absolution we give. We do not seek the jink of others. We seek only the destruction of power by striking at those with jink.*

As of this writing, the Cadre has not identified any of its members and the investigation by the Harmonium continues. Given the rather barmy chant of this peculiar message,

however, we here at SIGIS believe that members of the Fated would do well to keep their guard up in the coming days.

(pw)

## STATE OF MEMORY LOST IN CLERK WARD

REPORTS ARE EMERGING that a large number of individuals have suffered partial memory losses over the last two days. Most cutters so affected recall an encounter with a Harmonium door-to-door patrol, then remember coming to with a splitting headache. Of the missing minutes (hours?) in between, nobody has a clue.

No more deaths due to poisoning have been reported for two days. Have the Harmonium actually managed to catch the assassin? The Fraternity of Order have uniformly refused to comment on whether an individual or group has been arrested or

brought to trial. A spokesman said "The Harmonium have placed an injunction forbidding any official or unofficial comments from our faction on the situation."

It has emerged that the rumours linking the Bleak Cabal with the assassinations were spread by Anarchists. All Bleakers held by the Harmonium have been released without charge.

Fresh chant is beginning to circulate that the assassinations were initiated by the Harmonium to eliminate unsavoury elements in the Sign of One.

(jw)

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 9 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

First Week of Retributus

## SRUBUDOR SPEAKS OF TIR NA OG DEVASTATION

BRION CORWYN returned to the burg of Delany the day after the last of the Rigans fled Tir Na Og only to find his case a pile of ashes. Corwyn, a priest of the Power Nuada, battled the Baatezu-led Rigan army alongside his people for five continuous days while they raided, pillaged and burned their way through the realms of the Celtic Powers.

Now the battle is over and the Rigans have deprived the petitioners and planars living in this beautiful realm of their possessions, their homes and, in many instances, their lives. Corwyn and the stoic Celts must rebuild their existence out of the wreckage of this little war, something they have done many a time over their long history.

Although there is little doubt that these stalwart peoples will recover from this tragedy, memories of the devastation shall last a long time indeed. I asked Corwyn if he would tell his tale so that others might learn from his experience.

"What happened to you in the battle?" I asked. "What was it like to face the advancing hordes of fiends and their Acheron minions as they brought carnage and destruction into this beautiful land?" Corwyn paused several minutes before he answered, his eyes squeezed shut and his hands clasped to his forehead as if my words inflicted him with tremendous pain. Then, slowly, he sat down upon a soot stained wall, opened his eyes and began to tell his tale.

"The bashers I was with waited for the Rigans just outside [the town of Delany] atop Yr Olwyn overlooking the river to Tir Fo Thuinn. We'd heard chant that the sods were making the run up the river and Kelron [Delany's chieftain] thought we could peel the leatherheads by ambushing

them from above. The weather was really nasty—heavy fog and drizzle, pretty normal for the season I guess. We thought that would work to our advantage since fiends don't see that type of weather too often in the Lower Planes. We convinced ourselves we could bob 'em better in a real Celtic stew.

"After what felt like an eternity of waiting and agonising, we finally scragged sight of the Rigans. By Nuada! I had never seen anything so endlessly large and hideous in all my years. Our hearts sank lower than the deepest sewers of the Abyss. There must've been thousands upon thousands of those bashers stretching practically to Oghma's House, though that may have been a trick of the fog and nerves. Winged fiends flew in impeccably straight lines of red, green and black heading for our little burg which seemed tinier and tinier in each passing moment.

"Kelron kept us waiting on Yr Olwyn for ages; at least one blood hadn't gone barmy at the sight of the Rigans. All this while, us berks were getting quieter and quieter as the noise of the marching and the war drums grew deafeningly loud. I know for sure a bunch of the locals, the farmers and traders of our lot, were ready to turn stag on us at any moment and who could blame them? We were all wondering how we'd make it through this mess without getting lost. Only my faith in Nuada kept me from turning tail.

"It was then we heard the chant that lifted our very spirits as if the Powers themselves had laid their hands on our souls. Our very own Erin Montgomery was sending throngs of warriors to fight by our side! The stir this caused within my heart sent blood pounding into

my ears and I could feel the need for battle surging through my limbs. Alaric [a bard from Westcote] belted out a raucous war song of which we all knew the words from childhood and with a tremendous roar we surged down Yr Olwyn into the midst of their ranks! I remember calling on the might of Nuada to strike the fiends from the sky and I remember engaging the enemy but the battle quickly became a blur of blood and fire.

"Kelron's plan worked for a time and we did some heavy damage to the Rigans until their bodies were piled waist deep over the hill. But the leatherheads just kept on coming, frothing their battle lust and screaming in their guttural tongue. We steadily weakened under the fiend fire from above and the endless sea of goblin flesh. A number of us were soaking the hillside with our blood and with half our numbers in the dead-book Kelron sounded the retreat. With Nuada's help, I bought us a few more minutes with another lightning strike as we fled into the forest."

At that point, said Corwyn, things went from bad to worse for his badly out-matched band of Celts. Baatezu chased the weakened warriors deep into the forest of Mag Mell, joyfully slaying any poor sod they could lay their claws into. "I ran heedlessly, in tremendous fear for my life until I collapsed deep in the forest. I remember clearly that much of the woods were on fire by that time. I knew, though, that the Daghdha [Celtic high Power] protects his own and as I blacked out, I could feel the drops of a heavy rain fall all about me. When I came to I was being carried out by some bashers I found out later were from the Guardianship. They dragged my sodding carcass all the way

to Westcote where I was healed and where I rested until I was again able to lend a hand."

For Corwyn, his fight was mostly over and he spent much of the rest of the conflict tending to the wounded both physically and spiritually. When asked about the roles of the Sensates and the Sinkers, Corwyn had nothing but praise for their efforts. He told me that the intervention of the Sensates saved several towns, including Westcote and Muirhead, from

complete destruction and that the arrival of the Sinkers really threw the Rigans to the mazes. From his rather limited perspective, Corwyn had little light to shed on the reasons for the invasion into the peaceful lands of the Celts. Indeed, this may be a question best addressed by the philosophers and academics who follow the Blood War and the insidious reasoning of the Baatezu race.

— *Maija Intwood, culler (sk)*

## CADRE'S "DEATH SPIDER" THREAT ENACTED

SIGIL—A third attack on the Lady's Ward today drew hundreds of spectators to the Noble District. In a break from their normal routine of using hidden explosive devices, the Cadre continued its reign of terror in an even more hideous fashion. Bezen Hempstock, renowned founder and owner of the Genteel Robier, Sigil's finest apparel shop, was found dead today, strung up in an Abyssal-like contraption out of a nightmare.

Bezen's limbs and head were detached from his torso and piked on to a giant steel and gear spider contraption which actually walked down Lord's Row, chanting the phrase: "Theft no more, theft no more" over and over again. In front of the Palace of the Jester, the construction collapsed, though it continued to chant the strange phrase. (Hempstock was presumably put in the dead-book before he was attached to the metallic spider.)

Hardhead patrols quickly dispersed spectators and continued their investigation in this strange twist to the Cadre's repertoire of terror.

Measure Three Ghex, now the special investigator in charge of this case, had little to say on this latest development. Looking haggard and a bit perturbed, Ghex said, "Again we are doing everything we can to bring these barbarians to justice. We have confirmed that the Cadre is behind these incidents and continue working to expose members of the cell. Other than that, I cansay no more."

A citizen's action group, the Ladies for Justice, in the Lady's Ward has called for swifter action in this case. Julia Hempstock, Bezen's widow, has donated much of his fortune to the group. Fara Lin, the group's chairwoman, told SIGIL, "It is obvious that these attacks come from unfortunates living in the Hive and other lesser wards who envy our success and stature. These animals must be made to suffer for disrupting our lives. I hope the Harmonium scrag them quickly and let the Mercykillers make them pay the music and we will do everything in our power to make this a reality."

— *Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)*

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NewsChant

# SIGNER QUARANTINE LIFTED!

THERE WAS MUCH rejoicing this morning as the Harmonium's quarantine on the Council Chambers was lifted, and several thousand members of the Sign of One were allowed to go home. Many of them seemed to be unaware of the events which had occurred. SIGIS culler, and member of the Signers, Gil Centris told us:

"The wizards have been working overtime blanking the memories of as many Signers as possible, while a handful of the Harmonium's highest-up archmages weaved a powerful spell to negate the crisis. It seems that the assassinations were started by some cutter who'd created a psychic poison so potent that merely imagining

it was enough to be affected by it! Naturally, as Signers have more active imaginations than most, it was a particularly deadly threat to our faction.

"Once the idea'd been introduced to a handful of Signers that the assassin was doing this, the sod must've left the cage. Rumours and hearsay did the rest of the dirty work for him: Those poor cutters who tried using magic to determine the assassin's nature were instant victims of the poison, of course.

"Anyway, the crisis is over now, as the mages managed to neutralise the poison, wherever it is. Makes a body think, though: If the imagination's powerful enough to do some-

thing like this, maybe the plan to revive dead powers ain't so barmy after all!"

The nature of the assassin is not known (and no psychic's prepared to risk their life finding out, either). It's been speculated that Illsenske might be behind the attempt, or the githyanki, both being users of psionics. A motive, however, has not been established, and frankly it is unlikely the mystery will be resolved.

The Fated are left to pick up the bill for the operation—an estimated fifty thousand gold. A tax office spokesperson warned that an increase in the basic rate for individuals and businesses was now likely.

(jw)

NewsChant

# SIGIS EDITOR RESIGNS!

SIGIL—In an open letter to the staff of SIGIS, Seamus Keller formally resigned his position as Regional Editor of Outland News. Keller was promoted to the position only a few short months ago from his previous job as lead correspondent in the Gate-town of Torch. Keller's

resignation comes amidst the turmoil brewing in Ribcage and, in his letter, Keller cites the untimely death of SIGIS culler Eber Willburg as the main reason behind his sudden resignation. With permission of the author, we print Keller's letter below:

NewsChant

# DEATH OF THE KRYNNISH GODS?

SIGIL—Heated debate is still underway following last week's announcement in the Trianym of the pending demise of the Krynnish Powers by Athar Factor Anrid Chagr. "The Krynnish Powers are dying. They have abandoned their home sphere, which has now become inaccessible. They are cut off from the power supplied by their worshippers, and they are even now starting to degenerate. We have scouts out looking for them now, so we can watch their final death throes" he was quoted as saying.

"The whole idea is ludicrous," Factor Harim of the Fraternity of Order told SIGIS cullers. "Factor Chagr's conclusions are based on faulty data. Krynn is not inaccessible, merely difficult to reach following the mystical upheavals which have occurred in the wake of the Second Cataclysm."

Members of the Sign of One also disagree: "The Krynnish Powers still have worshippers," one Signer was quoted as saying. "As long as the idea of those Powers remains with the people of Krynn, they will continue to keep their gods

alive. Belief and faith are not dependent on dimensional portals, since they are the stuff which comprise the multiverse."

Factor Chagr remains undaunted. "They are going down," he insisted in a later debate, "It is just a matter of when. I may have been misinformed about the inaccessibility of Krynn, but the powers are still dying. All portals to Krynn have become intermittent and highly unstable, so the so-called 'Powers' from that sphere have minimal and unpredictable contact with their misguided worshippers.

"They can't last very long like this, anymore than mortals can last very long with insufficient food in unpredictable quantities. All that's happening is that they are taking a little longer to get written up. They will be in the dead-book, and I intend to be there to see it when it happens."

The philosophical discussions in the Trianym seem unlikely to subside for some time. Indeed, as news of the discussion of the powers of Krynn spreads, more cutters from an ever increasing number of factions arrive to add to the

rhetorical flood that has already swamped the Trianym's usual business.

Sura Ekness, the Guvner who runs the debating hall told cullers: "I don't understand what's come over the Cagers. All of a sudden all they want to talk about is the Krynn situation and the implications for the factions and the Great Ring which the Second Cataclysm threaten. Before this, nobody was interested in the barny little world—now every berk and his pet ethyk reckon they're experts. I tell you, if someone doesn't think of a new topic soon I'll have to bar the lot of 'em!"

Rumours leaked from the Shattered Temple speak of an Athar-sponsored expedition to Krynn to probe the events surrounding the departure of the powers and to ascertain whether this withdrawal of divine presence is a temporary or permanent affair. If the latter, it seems likely that the Athar will attempt to establish a stronghold on the Prime World, perhaps with a view to converting primes to their way of thinking, and maybe even win some new recruits for the cause.

(rg & jw)

To the Cullers and Editors of SIGIS,  
I, Seamus Keller, hereby resign my position as Outland Editor of SIGIS. In my duties as editor, I demonstrated a serious lack of responsibility that lead directly to the death of culler Eber Willburg a short time ago in the gate-town of Ribcage. As an editor, it was my duty to insure the most accurate accounting of events around the Outlands, including speculative comments when appropriate and, for the majority of my tenure as editor, I was successful. However, a true blood of an editor, especially one who is responsible for stories coming from the volatile Outlands, needs to carefully understand the contents of an article and their potential ramifications. In this respect, I was truly complacent and my alterations to Willburg's piece on the Ribcage assassinations helped put this culler in the dead-book. When I added the line to Willburg's article "Paracs may be losing his grip on the reigns of power" I exercised little of the restraint an editor in my position should have and that lack of restraint ended in the brutal torture and murder of Eber Willburg. I sincerely apologise to all the family and friends of Eber Willburg and I beg their forgiveness for my incompetence. The hard working cullers of SIGIS deserve better than a cross-trader such as myself.

Signed,  
Seamus Keller

Before Keller left the offices of SIGIS, he told his closest friends he was leaving on a pilgrimage to the Pandemonium burg of Windglum where he planned to join the Bleak Cabal. Although we at SIGIS certainly understand and respect Keller's

decision, we believe his self-proclaimed blunder to be completely innocent and know that he is not to be blamed for the death of Eber Willburg.

Long-time culler Jerryla Perroli will replace Keller as Outlands editor. (sk)

# CULLERS AND ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

WE ARE IN SEARCH FOR INTERIOR ARTISTS FOR UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS © REMAINS WITH THE ARTIST

# THE DARK OF THE CADRE'S BOMBS

by Callamez, Smith of Clan Damage, Godsman

IT'S BEEN NEARLY a fortnight since the Harmonium recovered that device from out in front of the City Courts. That's more than enough time for them to have figured something out about the cursed thing, even if it's only how to set it off. But still the Hardheads ain't giving any chant. So, in the interest of preventing any premature conclusions, I am forced to share part of the dark they're holding back.

How do I know anything about the device? Well, I'm the cutter the Harmonium talked to shortly after they recovered the device. Specifically, they wanted to know what the case was made of and where it came from. Why me? I'm something of an expert on metals. Any dwarf worth his ore can tell one grade of steel from the next, but I've spent a few decades in the Dwarven Mountain learning from the best of the petitioners there. However, the piece of the device the Hardheads brought me has got me stumped. And for 'security reasons', they wouldn't let me take it to my friends in the Mountain.

Even though I've only seen a small part of the shell of the device, that was enough of a look to let me know what that bomb is NOT. It's most definitely not normal, that's for starters. The easiest way to make a device that could do what was done at the Courts would be to surround a timed release fireball with a shell of spikes. It's a simple matter to loosely connect the spikes in such a manner that they are thrown outward along with the fire, shreddin' the target just before it gets burned. However, given the number of blasts, and the close coordination in timing, it seems unlikely to me that a single spellslinger, or even a team of 'em, could coordinate their spells so closely—especially given the trouble it would take to get 'em in place. And even if the wizards were skilled enough, such capable arch-mages surely have better things to do with their time and power than to kill people unfairly from some hidey hole.

I suppose it might be possible that a fire elemental could have been contained within such a shell as I mention. This would allow for both a long delay prior to the release of the fire, as well as a bit of intelligence as to the timing of multiple blasts. But the fact that the Harm-

onium was able to recover one of the devices leads me to believe that this more elegant option was not used; either that or else the elemental within the bomb was quite stupid. Personally, the recovery is only one reason why I do think these bombs were not anything conventional. The metal fragment I was shown leads me to other, more unusual conclusions.

See, the piece of metal I was given wasn't really metal—at least, not completely. The outside surface certainly resembled highly refined iron—same colour, feel, taste, and the like. But the interior was naturally warm and rubbery. While the colour of iron was there, the other properties were not. And even though the sample was quite thin, the interior contained a number of voids and fissures—far more than there should be in pure metal. Overall, the whole gave me the impression of bein' a bit of skin rather than a sliver of steel. There's only one race that I know of that has metallic skin—the Modrons.

But how does a piece of Modron flesh come to be a sample of a bomb? The possibilities do not give me reassurance. The first idea that came to mind is that the bombs themselves are somehow Modrons. Unless Primus has suddenly changed his game plan, these objects would have to most certainly be Rogue units.

The Guvners have catalogued the existence of every single type of modron in existence, so I doubt very much that the bomb is a previously unknown variety of modron. But if the objects are not suicidal rogues, how did the device come to use modron flesh as its case?

A more disturbing thought is that the Cadre controlled a Modron that was not only insane by modron standards, but by humanoid ones as well. Could this rogue somehow be capturing the base modrons of its former kind and transforming 'em into deadly devices? Or is it merely acting as some barny necromancer, using the dead bodies of its fellows as shells for the incendiary devices?

But, the multiverse is a vast place and the darks it holds are infinite. Surely it is not impossible to think that there is another race with the same mechanical flesh as the Modrons? After all, the bladings

of Acheron can be taken as proof of the possibility. The trials they have faced in Life have reformed 'em into their present form: flesh and bone which grows daggers as easily as others grow hair.

The Rule of Threes would hint that a third race of some form must live somewhere out there—maybe in the vastness of the Hinterlands. Just hear me out before you call me barny for believing in living, explosive, metal creatures. It could be that this race has tumbled to the Truth of the multiverse much as we Godsman have. This race knows that their present existence is merely a test, a chance to prove themselves and move on to a higher state, forging closer to the Source of All.

Where we are forced to live out our years, independent of when—if ever—we reach our full potential in this life, this proposed race of mine has no such limitation. Instead, this race continues to live until they have reached their potential. Then, instead of hanging around to muck up perfection, they reforge themselves into a new form and continue their Ascension. The heat and shrapnel are merely unintentional byproducts. Granted, it seems very much past Hercules' Pillar to think that the Cadre could have timed the Ascension of such creatures to fit their needs. Maybe some form of magical compulsion was to forced them to reforge before they were ready, or else to hold off on the reforging until a certain time. Either way, I'm sure that if such creatures exist, they are being duped by the Anarchists.

However, even I was forced to admit that my previous two guesses could be so much barkle. There is a third, and much more plausible, possibility. Unfortunately, while this idea is the most likely, it also has the most disturbing implications. I have heard rumours of a new weapon seeing use in the Blood War—objects of great destructive power used by the fiendish armies to clear away the opposition's cannon fodder, allowing more immediate access to the true combat forces. But these devices are usually acid-based, as most of the fiends are immune to fire in fashion or another.

Regardless of the effects, these rumours and the bombs seen in the Courts sound remarkably alike—far too alike

DEAR EDITOR,

YOUR RECENT SERIES OF ARTICLES describing the invasion of the RIGAN ARMIES into the Celtic realms of TIR NA OG were extremely informative and well researched. However, in true Sigilian fashion, I believe the WRITERS OF SIGILS OVEREMPHASISED the role of Sigil's factions and factols in the skirmish (e.g. the title "Sensate/Sinkers Force RIGANS FROM TIR NA OG") while belittling the bravery and heroism of the Celts who did the majority of the fighting and dying on their sacred land.

Just because a basher lives 'out of town' does not mean she is incapable of defending herself or helpless without the precious factions and politics of the Cage. Please remember this when reporting on future happenings around the Multiverse.

Signed,

Swgeneth  
Tarsbridge  
Gloriam

[SIGILS regrets our failure to emphasise the bravery of the Celtic people. Some of that surely comes from the fact that we lost one of our most important Blood War cutlers, Daaras Intwood, prior to the invasion into Tir Na Og. Most of our information came indirectly from chant gathered outside the Civic Festhall so it was natural that we reported more on the comings and goings of Sigil.

However, we take exception to a couple of notions in Turbridge's letter. First, the factions are not confined only to the Cage but span the entirety of the Outer Planes and beyond (notice for instance that the general of the Sinkers, Ales Jehaad, came from Ysgard.) Secondly, we point to the interview of a Celt by Maija Intwood which helps confirm the importance of the factions and the agreement by the Factols in the ultimate shaping of the conflict. Though we can make greater efforts to gather the point of view from a local perspective (which we most often do in our many articles) we do believe we reported on critical elements of the invasion and got to the dark of what eventually turned the tide of the battle.] (sk)

to dismiss the idea out of hand. If these bombs are indeed modified Blood War weapons, the Cadre could be more dangerous than a mere heavily armed group of Anarchists. This could indicate that one side or the other of the War is about to come to Sigil, and the notes sent to the Harmonium are so much smoke designed to distract Sigil's protectors until it is too late. Even if the Cadre are not fiends, they could be backed or manipulated by 'em. Either of these options still make for grave consequences should they prove true.

However, the Blood War does not seem to provide an adequate explanation for the organic nature of the metal I was given. Unless, of course, that the shell of the device was an evil petitioner. I have heard

rumours that the fiends often use the souls of the dead that have not yet reformed themselves as raw material for weapons and other material objects, rather than waiting for them to become new members of their races. It could be that the shell of the bomb was such an unfortunate sod. I know that this is possible, for I personally (on an ill-considered trip into Avernus of Baator) have seen a vast road whose cobblestones were brick-like petitioners.

Overall, I ain't got any answers, only insights and guesses. Unless the Hardheads let me look at the original device, I can't say what's right. All I do know is that the device had no ordinary origins and, at some point in its existence, it was alive.

(kl)

# Edges of Infinity

**An Original Play by Palzari,  
Produced by the Masquerade**

Fresh-faced from the Prime, a group of inexperienced cutters are flung to the very **Edges of Infinity** by a rogue portal in the Cage. They must face their own selves projected onto the land around them, and during this sojourn of the self the group must come to terms with their minds, bodies and souls.

"Edges of Infinity" was inspired by the true story of a group of young philosophers who tried to probe the depths of the Hinterlands. The events were reconstructed from **Speak with the Dead** spells and githyanki Memory Hunters who've combed the Astral for the memories of the cutters.

**Here's what the critics said  
about this glorious production:**

"You'll be amazed, spellbound, hypnotised...the psychic dreamstorm sequence might literally blow your mind!"

—Fandango, **Indep Psionicist**

"Even I couldn't guess the conclusion!"

—Axarax the **Augur**

Performances every night for the next month, at the

## Théâtre Broulliard

located in the **Deep Ethereal**; portal in the **Silver Arch, Wailing Row, Clerk's Ward**. Admission two stingers, one for Signers and Sensates.

### HARMONIUM WARNING:

Cutters with psionic ability are advised to keep their mental defences active during the entire performance. This performance contains concepts which may be distressing to particularly Clueless Primes.

(jw)

Stop Press

## SLAADI GATHER AT SPAWNING STONE

LIMBO—Reports are arriving from several sources of a massing of slaadi at the Spawning Stone in Limbo. While large gatherings of slaadi at the site are by no means unusual (it is believed that the race uses the Stone as a mating and breeding ground), usually only one colour of the race is present at any time. In the past, rival gangs of slaadi have been observed battling one another from control of the Stone.

Planewalkers are usually eaten if caught within a several mile radius of the Stone, but for the last week, the usually aggressive slaadi have been relatively placid. It appears that greens, blues and reds may have cast aside their differences for the time being.

Via a psionic link to the halfling burg of Barnstable, our culler in the field, a githzerai trainee anarchist named Laxuli Phae sent SIGIS an exclusive report:

"I can see the Spawning Stone from my vantage point

*right now... the slaadi seem to be ignoring me... they're forming orderly lines radiating out from the Stone, perhaps a mile long in every direction... there appears to be a presence on the top surface of the Stone itself, though the chaos stuff is thick here and it is hard to make out its exact form or nature... wait... the slaadi have started to sing... it's a mournful, rhythmic sound quite unlike any sound I have heard them utter before... most unnerving... the queues seem to be moving towards the Stone... three pulses of bright light... the slaadi have changed direction, and appear to be forming an attack formation not dissimilar to that of a legion of Baatezu... I believe this area is no longer safe..."*

It is not known why the slaadi are behaving in this uncharacteristic manner, but estimates from Limbo suggest upwards of three thousand of the creatures have massed at the Stone. More news as it arrives.

(jw)

## ALLIANCE BETWEEN ATHAR AND BLEAKERS

SURPRISE AND downright shock ran through the Cage today after Factols Lhar of the Bleak Cabal and Terrance of the Athar emerged from the Shattered Temple clutching copies of a treaty which confirmed a temporary alliance between the two factions. Both Factols expressed concern and loathing over the interest The Sign of One reportedly has in resurrecting the dead power Aoskar. In order to better foil the Signers, the factions put aside their differences to present a united front against any action that may help resurrect the God of Portals.

Factol Terrance told cullers, "Factol Lhar and I have spent the past six hours in deep discussion about the unnatural interest of Darius the Veyl in helping Aoskar return to 'life'. We hope to bring this situation under control before the Harmonium feels compelled to become involved, or worse yet, that Darius should find herself in the Mazes."

Factol Lhar, on the other side, agreed to work with the Athar despite their agreements with the Godsmen. He commented, "Hells, we work with the Sinkers at times and they've had affairs with the Godsbodies... so what?"

Other factions expressed shock at this alliance, especially the Harmonium, who are trying to find some legal basis for breaking up the association of these two factions. However, Mover Four Tonat Shar, when asked for his opinions on the Signer's interest in Aoskar, declined any comment. In a thinly veiled threat, Factol Terrance made the Athar/Bleaker position perfectly clear: "We have no objection to the Sign of One being interested in the body of some dead power. But if they try to bring [Aoskar] back, will do everything within our ability to prevent them from doing so." As to what actions they might take, Terrance declined the opportunity to elaborate.

(ps)

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# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 10 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

Second Week of Retributus

## HARDHEAD CORPSES FOUND IN HIVE SLUMHOUSE MERCENARIES SHATTER GUILDERS RESISTANCE

SIGIL—The bodies of three Harmonium officers were discovered in a abandoned Hive building around peak yesterday. One of the officers was still breathing when several Harmonium factioneers found him and the others played out across the floor of the kip. Before he succumbed to his injuries, the officer gave descriptions of his attackers to his fellows who put out a warrant for their arrest. Apparently, in a routine raid of the Hive searching for the infamous (and almost mythical) Gatehouse Night Market, the Hardhead patrol stumbled upon several bashers engaging in some nefarious trade. According to the Harmonium, the patrol was immediately set upon by these dangerous cross-traders who used powerful magic items to defeat the patrol.

Harmonium spokesman Tonat Shar told SIGIS the threat these bashers posed to the innocents of Sigil could not be underestimated. "The three [Harmonium] bloods who perished were some of our finest young officers. They fought valiantly against these murdering scum and, rest assured, the Harmonium will not quit until those sods have been scragged and thrown to the justice of the Prison. Be warned: these cross-traders are extremely dangerous and armed with powerful magic. Posters with their mugs and a reward for their arrest will be scattered throughout the Great Bazaar. Any information leading to their capture will net some serious jink as well as the gratitude of the Harmonium."

Although on the surface

this seems a simple case of a Hardhead raid gone sour, sources inside the Harmonium reported that several oddities were discovered at the scene of the crimes. These included: a dead tridrone in the alley behind the building, excessive amounts of cranium rat droppings and a nearby portal. Layered upon this strangeness is chant that the Hardheads were searching for something other than the Gatehouse Night Market. In fact, squads of Hardheads had been seen scouring the Lower and Hive Wards for two full days prior to the assault on the trio of officers. Indeed, SIGIS cullers discovered a rash of complaints filed in the City Court assessing abusive behaviour by the Harmonium officers patrolling the Wards.

"Yes, we've had a number of complaints against officers by folks in the Lower Ward whose kips and cases were searched by the Harmonium," said Bureau Chief Jamis of the Ad Hoc Bureau of Courts. "Most of the complaints assess the Harmonium proffered fake warrants for the search and seizure of property in these various kips and some bashers allege the officers damaged their property in the search. The Fraternity of Order plans to assess the veracity of these claims and issue fines ordering restitution by the faction when appropriate."

Taran Gly, a dwarven metal-smith working in the Lower Ward, told SIGIS that the officers who raided his kip were almost frantic with haste. "These berks showed me a piece o' paper with some barny screed on it and said

they was gonna search my kip for Anarchist traitors I might be harborin'! I couldn't believe me ears! Then they push me aside and started rippin' me case apart, moving all the furniture and feeling up the walls with some sort of magic rod they had. I tried to tell 'em to pike it, but one of them meaty bashers just pushed me aside and told his pals to keep on working. Then, just as soon as they came, they stomped on out leaving me case an utter shambles. You can bet I filed a complaint with the Guvners!"

At this point, it is unclear just what the Harmonium were searching for and what connection it might have to the lost officers. For the moment, the Harmonium is sticking to its story and will begin a search for the perpetrators of the crime.

(sk)

## CADRE INVESTIGATION TEAM EXPANDS

YESTERDAY AT A PUBLIC meeting, Factol Sarin of the Harmonium told an assembled group of citizens and cullers that three days ago they assigned a new investigator to the case, a cutter known as Christopher Verdue. Although citizens were peery about assigning a new blood to the case, especially a fresh recruit who has only been in the faction a short while, Factol Sarin assured the public that "...the assignment of Special Investigator Christopher Ver-

due will help speed the investigation along. The Harmonium is convinced that assigning him to the case will insure that these heinous crimes are brought to justice." SIGIS was unable to arrange an interview with Special Investigator Christopher Verdue, but according to unnamed sources, Inspector Verdue is actually a powerful human psionist, probably a clairsentient, capable of reading objects for information of their former owners.

(af)

loss of their leader, Errol Greenleaf.

"Now that [Greenleaf] is gone," stated William Barr, "people won't be so bold when they challenge Spireward. Oh, they may wish to, but they'll find it hard to recruit after the lashing we gave the Guilders. Some of these berks will even take this as proof that unified action is the wrong way to go, which is what they believe anyway."

The lumbermen, despite their losses, are jubilant tonight, toasting the mercenaries and swapping stories of the conflict.

"Sure I was there! Even gots meself one!" bragged Drell Delvar, a victorious logger, "When the first arrows whistled in, I thought ta meself: 'Drell, yer in fer it now, ya are!,' 'cause them mercs looked a motley bunch, but they done all right by me. The skinny old blood, and the little one with the butterfly wings, they jumped right up and let loose with blasts o' fire. Them trees, they got so hot, they blowed up! Guilders was running about with they hair an clothes all afire. They been screaming ta' eat the berks in Baator! The troll an' the tiefling, they roared by me then, swingin' away. I ain't never seen nothin' like it! He [the troll] was swinging his blade about, cuttin' through branches and men without even slowin'. Even that stumpy, walking advertisement fer the Harmonium [the dwarf Farim Copperbeard] was wading into it. When I saw 'em [the Guilders] startin' ta run, I chased em, an I done fer one, too!"

—Donald Kyng, culler (rm)

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# Sensate Sinker Celtic Celebration!

Follow the **Rule-of-Threes** down to the **Civic Festhall**  
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**Three full days & nights of**  
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Live Celtic music & dance, sculpture from the famed  
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&

**"The Crumbling Spire"**

Plus the award-winning Sensate play

**"Long Live the Bacchae!"**

in which live actors roam the streets for your  
entertainment! (No actual Bacchae will be present at  
the festival.)

**The festivities will also include:**  
a Celtic bard spinning first-hand tales of the conflict,  
a mock Rigan Invasion of the Clerk's Ward,  
dance troops,

singers,  
artists,

and rum food and bub from around the Multiverse!  
So take a hike over to the Sensates pleasure palace  
for an extraordinary time and **'Feel the Entropy!'**  
**Gives even a Bleaker a reason to be!**

(sk)

NewsChant

## PLAGUE MORT ON SLIDE AGAIN: RESIDENTS FLEE

PLAGUE-MORT disappeared yesterday from the face of the Outlands. The duration of its absence is unknown, and it is entirely possible that this incarnation of the burg became the latest to fall onto the Plain of Infinite Portals. This time, the slide has been blamed on the activities of a bizarre chaos blood cult that had set up a camp and a shrine just outside the burg.

As is usual with gate-town disappearances, a new gate appeared near the location of the missing town. Locals camping around the new gate reported that numerous high-ups, including several powerful Hounds, fled prior to the disappearance of the burg. Also missing is a figure known as the Great Cambion, rumoured to be the offspring of a balor and a she-ogre, who was working out of a house in the "upper-class" part of the slums. Chant is that the cambion is moving his base of operations to Sigil, although a Harmonium spokesman, Measure Two Odion Cozurai, stated that there was no of-

ficial information regarding the whereabouts of this known subversive. Sources close to SIGIS have managed to learn that Guardian agents are looking for the cambion, and may have had more success than the Harmonium. It appears that he is planning to rent accommodation from Shemeshka the Marauder, although as no-one knows which buildings are owned by the King of the Cross-trade, her involvement cannot be confirmed. Guardian agent Clarion, a known opponent of the Marauder, was unavailable for comment.

As for the Arch-Lector, he has gone missing with the burg and is presumably trapped inside as Plague-Mort hangs in null-space waiting for the final shift. The blood cult have disappeared too, and chant has it that there may be elements within the burg who might attempt to prevent them from continuing their practices so that a new Plague-Mort may be created once again on the Outlands.

(ar)

## SYLVANIAN RIOT QUELLED

AN IMPENDING RIOT was cut short today in Sylvania as troops from the Merchant's Quarter subdued the rioters with a vapour weapon. The grey-skinned troops, who call themselves the Pacificist Order, unleashed cyclones of stun gas on the crowds by the order of the Merchant's guild. The cyclones rendered the rioters unconscious and drained but otherwise left them unharmed. Most expressed nothing more than a desire to sleep afterwards.

"Its like the morning after I've drank a lot of bub," mumbled Chaldon the Short, a rioter routed from the roadway by the Order. "I don't feel like doing much of anything but sleeping off the headache."

The Merchant's guild, headed by the newly elected Master Harlan Stillwater, de-

creed that "destructive and lethal violence will no longer be tolerated within the boundaries of Sylvania" and has promised patrols by the Order to enforce this edict. The priests of the burg protested this "unseemly arrogance" on the part of the merchants and were met with flat stares and the statement:

"The Seven have already approved of a non-violent resolution to the rioting. If you wish them to deny us the ability to suppress further rioting, thereby making themselves oath-breakers, I would suggest that you take the matter up with them. Until such time, it is the decision of this council that the Order hold the peace in Sylvania to the best of their ability."

—*Marcanto Di Capella, culler*  
(rm)

# CULLERS AND ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

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UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS  
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## Editorial

## KRYNN? WHERE? WHY? SO WHAT?

YOU'D BE FORGIVEN for dismissing the Prime world of Krynn as 'just another prime', another place where cutters who ask silly questions come from. If the Prime world of Krynn is known for anything at all, it is for producing the most clueless Clueless in the multiverse. By the time they get out here, your average Prime at least has some conception of how the Planes are set up and what Plane is where. The Krynnfolk, on the other hand, believe that every plane that isn't the Prime is the Abyss.

In spite of this, Krynn has been a favoured destination of merchants looking to make some jink. Until recently, that is. Current events on Krynn have made travel to and from the world a gamble in whether or not it will be there when you arrive and when you try to leave. It's a matter of considerable interest to Sigil's factions—in fact, of late the Trianyms' been awash with talk of the New Age of Krynn. Here's some of the chant...

*Cmot Divler, a Fated merchant, speaks on the strange state of Krynnish economics*

"Krynn used to be a great place to make a pile of jink. See, most places on Krynn use steel for jink, just like Acheron. If you played it right you could rake in an outrageous profits, and you wouldn't even need to peel anyone. It's all in how they value things.

"How'd it work? Well, it don't really matter, so here's the dark of it: take a regular steel longsword. Costs what, 15 jinx, right? Well, take that sword to Krynn and sell it. You'll get around 200 of their steel pieces for it, which you take and trade for real jink before you leave. Depending on the location you'll get around 2000 gold in jinx or merts. Play it right and you could be rolling in jink in one trip.

"I'd be peery about trying it right now, though. They just finished up another Power-started war, only this time they had a chaos-Power running around down there. Smashed everything up right, it did. Now the portals don't work right. Try going there and you could end up out of town permanent-like. I don't take risks that can get a body lost."

*Janos Volkerina, Independent spell-sword, on the races of Krynn*

"Forget what you've heard, basher. Don't worry about the dragons or the Death Knight or the new chant about Chaos Fiends (whatever those are). Watch out for the Kender and the Gnomes. They're really dangerous.

"Strewth. The kender, they aren't afraid of you or the Balor over there. And they're all thieves. Every last little one of 'em. They'll get ya into more trouble than a Hardhead Paladin with an attitude, and when ya get out of it they'll do it to ya again. Ain't no reasoning with 'em, either.

"Ya really gotta watch out for the gnomes there. If you're smart, you'll kill them on sight. If you're smarter, you'll never get near one ever. Whadda they do? They invent things. Useless things. Things that could work, but typically blow up or attack you. Imagine what would happen on Mechanus if the Chaosmen took over. That's the gnomes.

"I'd rather have a Hardhead Deva watchin over my shoulder, than either of those things around."

*Factor Garmi Rarnva of the Fraternity of Order, on the existence of Krynn*

"Following the event known locally on Krynn as the Second Cataclysm, Krynn no longer exists entirely within the Multiversal Structure to which we are accustomed. It is currently in the process of oscillating between the Prime Material Plane and an as yet unidentified Someplace Else. It does not yet have the energy it needs to escape the multiverse entirely. However, each period of disappearance lasts exactly 3.3 minutes longer than the previous interval, a fact which suggests that it is gaining inter-dimensional momentum. It is currently unknown just how much momentum or energy will be required to leave the multiverse permanently, but as Krynn's movement shows no signs of slowing there is every reason to hypothesise that this will occur.

"The current situation of Krynn is comparable to a reverse of the events that led to the appearance of Mystara in Prime Material Plane. Originally, Mystara was in an entirely different Multiversal Structure which bore a faint but superficial similarity to our own Multiversal Structure. At the time in question, there was no conventional way to reach Mystara. There were no natural or magically-created portals to this other Multiversal Structure (as indeed there could not be, due to the differences in natural laws between the two Structures), and it was unreachable by both Astral and Ethereal transit. Not even a Wish or a True Dweomer was powerful enough to breach the barriers between

the two Structures. Only an unusual phenomena known as a Reality Shift, which translated the individual(s) utilising them into a status in which they could survive in the new Structure, could bridge the gap. These Reality Shifts occurred naturally only under very rare circumstances, or could be created by a number of Powers acting in unison.

"For unknown reasons, possibly due to the occurrence of these Reality Shifts, Mystara began to oscillate. It would intermittently appear in our Multiversal Structure and then return to its own. As the duration of the oscillations became longer, Mystara remained for longer periods of time in our Multiversal Structure, until it acquired enough momentum to remain permanently. The same thing is occurring and will occur on Krynn, but in reverse.

"This is the reason that the portals to Krynn are functioning at irregular intervals. When Krynn is in our Multiversal Structure, the conduits 'ground out' at their original destinations. When Krynn is in its other Multi-versal Structure, the conduits have no place to go and empty into the Astral Plane. As the conduits cannot reach into this other Multiversal Structure, Planewalkers upon Krynn will find themselves stranded until such time as Krynn oscillates back into our multiverse. Each time it oscillates out may be the last, so use caution when travelling to and from Krynn."

*Factor Ambar of The Godsmen on the current difficulties of the Krynnish Powers*

"If Factor Rarnva is correct, the Powers of Krynn are in for some hard times. As we all know, a Power is sustained by the faith of his believers. Even though the Krynnish Powers no longer respond to their faithful, the Krynnfolk still believe in them. This provides the Powers with the belief they require to survive.

"However, when Krynn vanishes to this hypothetical 'Somewhere Else' it must take the populace with it. During these times, the Krynnish Powers must sustain themselves with their stored power and what they receive from the comparatively small numbers of worshippers they have on other worlds and planes. This may be likened to going from a great feast to short rations of hardtack and water. It will sustain them for a while, but eventually they will begin to starve if Krynn does not return.

"Contrary to Factor Chagr's emphatic declarations [see

## Letters

## To Whom it May Concern

*I think you SIGIS gods should really listen up to this here chant I've got. Right, well the other day I was taking my morning constitutional out from the Sanatorium (hey, berk, I know what you're thinking but I ain't no barmy! I just work there as a guard under Priestess Darkfleece, so you can just pike it!) when I walk by Bleakshadow's case [Bedlam's high-up man] and I notice the top third of his bloody tower is missing! Gone! Off to the Happy Hunting Grounds!*

*I peered around the area and I noticed that pieces of stone, kinda like the stone in the tower, were all over the place like they'd been blasted apart by a Baatorian fireball! "What's the dark of this?", I ask myself. Why don't you leatherheads at SIGIS have any chant on it? The sodding high-up man from THE gate-town to Pandemonium gets his case ripped a part by Powers know what and you don't even mention it in your poor excuse for a newrag?*

*[At this point, the author begins a three page rant on how leatherheaded the cutters of SIGIS must be which we decided to omit since it did not seem relevant to the story. Needless to say, we disagree with the author's assessment.—Ed.]*

*Anyways, since you berks can't find the bloody time to visit our little out-of-town burg, I decided to fish out the dark of this matter on me own. So I dropped by the tower entrance to chat up them lame excuses for guards Bleakshadow has kicking around his kip. As you can see, they were less help than a monodrone on a mission from Primus!*

*Me: So, cutters, [pointing to the tower] what's the chant on the high-up man's case?*

*Sod 1: [Looking up at the tower] No idea.*

*Sod 2: [Shrugs shoulders] Search me, berk.*

*Me: Well did either of you hear the loud "bang" when the kip blew apart?*

*Sod 1: [Pauses] Don't think so. How about you Karl?*

*Sod 2: Nope. Must've been off duty.*

*Me: [Getting pretty irate.] Well what about the other leatherheads who guard this sodding excuse for a kip you purple-pantalooned pelunias??!!*

*At this juncture, they decided that instead of answering my question they'd rather chase me around the burg trying to put me in the dead-book. Thanks to my cunning and dexterity, I managed to slip the blinds on the morons down by the Citadel. Otherwise, SIGIS'd never have this rum chant! Listen up "cutters": some serious cross-trading's going down in Bedlam and you better get yourselves down here to check it out!*

Lars Moller  
Bedlam

*[Lars is a former SIGIS culler who was placed on long-term assignment in the "windy city" several years back. SIGIS plans on sending another culler to Bedlam (on temporary assignment) very shortly in order to assess the veracity of Sir Moller's story.—Ed.] (sk)*

SIGIS issue 9], the Krynnish Powers are not dying. Not yet, at any rate. If Krynn does vanish forever before they build a sustainable base of worship elsewhere, however, they will begin to. When (and if) this occurs they will begin to degenerate into 'lower' categories of Powers (greater to intermediate to lesser to demi-) until they either 'starve', gain worshippers and/or become part of another pantheon, or are destroyed and cannibalised by stronger Powers seeking to increase their Power at the cost of another, or they die and are found one day floating in the Astral.

"There is one more option. They may continue to dwindle, sacrificing power for existence, until they are little more than disembodied voices craving and begging the worship they once commanded. I sincerely hope none of them follow this last option. For beings once so close to the

ultimate glory to degenerate in this fashion would be both degrading and heartbreaking. It would be better to choose death and begin anew."

THE FACTIDY' VIEWS  
OF KRYNN  
ATHA#

"This place just proves what we've been saying all along: the 'Powers' ain't gods, just really powerful mortals. After all, they had a mage—Raisen, or some such—who had actually accumulated enough power to kill Takhisis, their ruling Power of Evil. He didn't, though. Lost his nerve at the last minute. We shoulda gotten hold of him, set him straight. Hey! Ain't he being held prisoner in the Abyss somewhere? Hmmm..."

*BELLEVERERS OF THE SOURCE*  
"The whole world of Krynn is on the verge of ascending from the Multiverse, and yet it returns again and again. It must be that the world as a collective is ready to as-➔

Editorial

# KRYNN? WHERE? WHY? SO WHAT?

ascend, and yet there are individuals who are not. Each time Krynn returns, it strives to be free from those individuals who hold it back from its ultimate goal. That is why the Powers of Krynn left; not because they chose to, but because they were rejected by the world itself. When this occurred, it began its attempts to ascend. Now each time the world returns, it rejects more who ain't ready to ascend. Someday, only the prepared will remain and then Krynn will no more return to the Multiverse.

"Krynn must be studied to learn what we must do to ascend, but only from afar. Let no more who are unworthy return to that world, so that it may ascend unhindered by we who are not yet ready."

**BREAK CABAL**

"Ya really think there's a point to anything? Ya really think the Powers care? Well, look at Krynn. Their Powers have all kinds of devoted followers, and what do they do? All the Powers—good, neutral, and evil—get together and decide to drop a mountain on 'em. Yep. Killed millions. Then they just up an' leave for 300-some years.

"Just when things are settling down, the Powers come back just so they can start a war. They stir things up, kill a lot more people, and leave again after trying to throw the whole sodding planet outta the multiverse. And ya think there's a point to that?"

**DOOMQUARD**

"The whole planet is disappearing? Good. One less thing to decay, and one step closer to total oblivion.

"Krynn's always been good for entropy anyway. War, intervention by the Powers, famine, all entropy in action. I'm surprised it's lasted this long."

**DIRTYDEAD**

"Those poor Krynnish sods. If I could, I would pity them. All their pain and misery, and they still cling to the delusion that it is real life. The world itself, though... it's fading in and out of existence is the final stages of its purification, and it will soon achieve True Death.

"What of the Krynnfolk when this occurs? Their stubborn refusal to admit the truth will force them to begin anew the process of understanding Death on some other world, as it is unlikely that any of them truly understand what is happening. They are losing their chance to achieve

True Death. I do not pity them."

**FATED**

"Clueless or not, you have to admire the Krynnfolk. Disasters, wars, direct intervention of their Powers, no matter what happens to them they keep on trying for their goals. They have a good, self-reliant attitude there."

**FRATERNITY OF ORDER**

"How Clueless can the Krynnfolk truly be? They represent the only Prime world I am aware of which is aware of the existence of the Rule of Threes—evident in the nature and number of their Powers—and, to an extent, the Unity of Rings (a fact which may be demonstrated by the use of their King-Priest's old temple, which caused the Powers to withdraw from Krynn, as the foundation of the Temple of Takhisis, which marked the return of the Powers to Krynn).

"Their only real failing was to fail to take advantage of this knowledge as a framework to understand Reality. Still, this may not have been their own doing. It is known by those who have studied the subject that the Krynnish Powers invoked the First Cataclysm because this King-Priest of Istar claimed equality with them. It may be that he had uncovered a law of the universe which, when properly applied, would allow a mortal to become a Power. The Powers of Krynn would then have destroyed Istar to prevent a, in their opinion, 'mere mortal' from doing so.

"A study of surviving Istaran records dating to just prior to the First Cataclysm would prove enlightening, and would present a method to test this hypothesis. Those interested in participating in this examination should inquire at the Office of Personnel Management in the City Courts."

**FREE LEAGUE**

"Heh. Try and get this straight, berk. I don't even pretend to speak for the entire 'Free League', all right? This is just me rattlin' my box about my opinion. Krynn's a good place. I've been there. The bashers what live there got their own opinions and beliefs, but they respect yours if you think different. Seems like the Factions could learn a thing or two from them, hey?"

**HARMODIUM**

"Krynn needs some enlightenment. They had the right idea at first—the Lawful, orderly peace loving types got together and fought against the forces of Evil. But then, when they were

winning, they got some barmy notion about 'Preserving the Balance' and stopped. Just stopped! If they'd really understood what was important, they could have cleaned up their entire world, and made it safe for decent folks. But they stopped.

"Maybe when we get Oerth cleaned up, we need to go there next. Get people shaped up and straightened out; teach them some discipline, and bring harmony to Krynn. So what if the planet is leaving the multiverse. Wherever it goes, they'll need us. We know what's best, after all."

**MECHYLLIES**

"Chant is, Krynn has the right idea about justice. Justice is always served, and the punishment fits the crime. A barmy emperor tries to lead the entire planet in rebellion against the Powers, and the Powers punish the planet. A Knight betrays his oath and family, and is sentenced to relive his betrayal every night for eternity. I respect that."

**REDUINDUARY LEAGUE**

"The Revolution has begun, and on a Prime world! They have already cast out their corrupt Powers, and struck off the chains that were put on them in the name of obedience to their 'betters'! Their rallying cry has become: 'Power to the people! We don't need the Powers! Now is the Age of Mortals! We don't need you!'

"We must take the example of the Revolutionary Heroes of Krynn. Down with the Powers! Down with the ruling elite! Power to the people!"

**SIG OF DUE**

"A wonderful dream, Krynn. Filled with glorious struggles against overwhelming odds, stories of heroes, and containing all the best elements of a great tragedy. Still, all dreams—even the most fascinating—must come to an end. I wonder what I will dream about next?"

**SOCIETY OF JEANATION**

"I've been to Krynn. I've experienced some of what it has to offer. I know it is there. But if the Gwuners are right, it won't be there forever. Seems a pity, for it was truly lovely—for a Prime. Still, I have experienced it, and as long as I remember those experiences it will still exist for me."

**TRADUCEDEENT ORDER**

"The people of Krynn obviously think too much. Look: the more you think, the more you overrule your instincts. The more you overrule your instincts, the more you separate yourself from the multiverse. Krynn is dis-

appearing from the multiverse entirely. Sounds like they think too much to me."

**ADULTECTS**

"They had raw Chaos loose there three times: before Krynn was created, when the Greygem was unleashed, and when the Chaos-power was loose just before the Second

Cataclysm. All three times, they tried to impose order on it. No wonder they're having problems—they oppose what's normal! Sheesh!"

— or —

"Krynn? Isn't that one of those things like a really broad smile?"

(rg)

## Acanoluthon's Introductory Lectures on Chaos Theory

**Anacoluthon the Xaotician** will be repeating an updated version of the lectures he delivered to the **Hall of Speakers** on his arrival in the Cage. These acclaimed talks from the **exiled mathematician** have already boosted membership of his sect, the Xaoticians, simply by word of mouth from those who were there. By popular demand, he has uncovered his notes and has revised them for fresh presentation. Talks will also be given by **Zaromex the Artist**, **Fenris Cassre**, an expert on chaos in nature, is planning to make an appearance later in the course. Tickets are **2 sp** each, and each lecture will be given twice. The first lecture is **tomorrow at 2 AP in Xaos Kollege**, the former **Dunnikindiver's Guildhall**, and will be repeated two days hence at **5 AP in the Kollege**. This schedule of lectures will proceed on a weekly basis. Each lecture stands alone, but they build on one another over the weeks to give the listener a full understanding of this **revolutionary way of looking at the Multiverse.**

(ar)

## Stop Press

### SLAADI RAVAGE LIMBOAN BURG\$

**THOUSANDS OF HUNGRY** slaadi are ravaging the plane of Limbo, attacking settlements and travellers alike. While the race is not normally peaceful, Limboan natives say they have not observed rapaciousness like this in centuries. It appears the slaadi are gathering as much food and equipment as possible, and returning it all to the Spawning Stone.

The halfling village of Barnstable has already repelled three slaad attacks in as many days, at great cost of life to the villagers. Reports also claim that the githzerai burg of As Thou Wilt has born the

brunt of slaad aggression this past week.

Since slaadi do not require food as part of their spawning cycle, it is still a mystery as to the purpose of their actions. It has been suggested that these events are just another random cause for the frog-race to follow, but there appears to be method in their chaos to me.

In any case, the number of slaadi in the area swells daily, to at nearly six thousand at the last count, of all colours. Serious trouble is expected very soon.

— *Laxuli Phae, culler* (jw)

### CADRE INVESTIGATION HITS BLIND\$ AGAIN!

**JUST TODAY**, Special Investigator Christopher Verdue held a public meeting detailing what he had discovered over his first few days of investigation. "According to my research, the [explosive] devices used by the Cadre cannot be traced back to their original owners by either magical or psionic methods. This demonstrates a great deal of planning and cunning on the part of the Cadre. Apparently, the bombs are protected by some sort of non-detection spell."

When asked to list his reasons why he was chosen to be on the investigation when he was only recently recruited by the faction, he replied, "I have many years experience as an investigator on my home world of Krynn. I am proud to be allowed to continue my work under the Harmonium and I think they see the value of my skills and experience." When asked if he was, in fact, a psionist, Verdue declined all comment.

(af)

# SIGIS

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 11 Year 1

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Third Week of Retributus

## TENSIONS ESCALATE IN RIBCAGE

RIBCAGE – The impending threat posed by the Rigan army marching slowly through the Vale of the Spine towards Ribcage, has flushed the barmies out of their cases and into the streets. Throngs of bashers tore through the Baron's Market late last night, looting the stands and setting fire to several kips. The riot seems to have begun in a local bub-house near the Temple of Dark Secrets. Apparently, the sods were peeved that they had to pay some extra jink for watered-down bub and took their attitude to the streets. In these times of preparation for siege, Baron Paracs has naturally ordered that non-essential items be rationed including ale and liquor.

Because of the siege preparations, the short-handed Black and Gold militia were

forced to subdue the cross-traders using magical stinking clouds and blunt-tipped crossbow darts. Several of the most violent offenders that refused to surrender were lost after they attacked the Blackguardsmen and attempted to put them in the dead-book. Sergeant Pog Brusttackle, head of the Black and Gold, told SIGIS that his cutters were forced to kill a few of the rioters. "We tried to get these berks to back down peacefully, but they kept lobbing bricks and heavy ale-mugs at my crew so we were forced to retaliate with heavier weaponry. You'd think in a time of war and chaos these sods would spend their time helping to defend their own homes, but alas, they seemed more interested in bub than in their families."

In related news, it seems the Flamen Clergy at the Temple of Dark Secrets took it upon themselves to incite more discontent in the burg. Flamen Pontifus, high-priest of the temple, preached a message of "deliverance before the Baatezu warriors who've come to save our burg in the name of the Dark Eight!" Although the Flamen have little proof of the Rigan's good intentions towards Ribcage, their words had a strong effect on the populace: many hundreds of berks have flocked to the Temple over the past week seeking "spiritual guidance". Meanwhile, the busy task of preparing for war continues in the Citadel and the Council Quarters where the Baron and the Senators work diligently to spare their strategic home. **sk**

## SINKER-SENSTATE PACT FOSTERS DISCONTENT

SIGIL – The recent alliance between the diametrically opposed factions the Doomguard and the Society of Sensation seems to have engendered a good deal of resentment among a number of Cagers in both factions. Ruin, a spellslinging Sinker tiefling (and one of my more reliable sources) had a few choice words to say on the recent chumminess that Cager Sensates and Doomguard have been showing.

"Mazes, berk, you think I'm happy about this Sinker/Sensate alliance? You've got fuzz between your ears if you do! I'd have liked to see the battle in the Outlands last a little longer, but my main complaint is that this barmy treaty's stuck! What good's a bunch of bashers sitting around, dabbing their sensitive little fingers in whatever comes their way? Especially when nothing 'new' will ever

come out of permanent entropy!

"I'm not the only one steamed, berk. Not by a long shot. I wouldn't be surprised if the screed about this psychic poison was started by one of the unhappy Sinkers I've been chanting with. You watch, you listen, and you'll hear it too: We're not happy about this, and I'm for the bleeding mazes if I let it stay this way!"

Several Sensates we questioned also expressed their concern over the consequences of the pact. Ulla Fowlsdotter, a lillend Sensate touring Sigil from her native Ysgard, told SIGIS she'd heard of the pact around the time Ysgardian Sinker Alles Jehaad (the general who put the Rigans to the mazes in Tir Na Og) was recruited out of Ysgard. "I was problemed, how you say?, by, ah, the Jehaad working with my

faction," said Fowlsdotter, struggling with the local cant. "Jehaad is bad news in Ysgard. Many, many problems have we had with her there. Big threat to Sensate Society in my home area."

Fowlsdotter worried that the Sensates would pay the music by working with Jehaad and were unprepared for the destruction and chaos she could sow. Fowlsdotter said she would not have been surprised to hear that the Sinkers turned stag on the Celts and Sensates in the midst of a battle just to increase the overall amount of destruction and decay. However, when pressed on what she thought of the alliance now that the battle had ended, Fowlsdotter expressed her relief that nothing terrible had happened and said she really rather enjoyed the victory celebration.

In order to get more di-

## SIGIS SALE CHANT PURE SCREED

CONTRARY TO common chant heard around the Cage these days, SIGIS has not been sold to a bunch of halfling Prime sorceresses known as the "Superlative Seven". Nor have we been blown to Baator by the Cadre or been sacked by a new psychic poison. This issue is just late. Period. We here at SIGIS pride ourselves on presenting only the very best

and newsworthy stories. If we have to wait a bit for them to filter in from around the Multiverse, then we wait to give you only the best.

It is possible that these rumours do apply to the Tempus Sigilian (published out of the Lady's Ward) but we cannot confirm this chant.

Newly (re-)appointed Editor in Chief, Seamus Keller **(sk)**

## SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR DISMISSED FROM CADRE CASE

SIGIL – In an explosive development in the continuing case of the Cadre, Harmonium officials announced today that Measure Three Havrm Ghex has been dismissed from the investigation and is currently being sought for questioning. The office of Tonat Shar had this to say: "Measure Three Ghex failed to live up to the expectations demanded by this case, and has been reassigned to a less volatile position. He has not reported in for several days, and is currently being sought for questioning in an unrelated matter."

From various leads associated with the case, including those close to the newly appointed special investigator, Christopher Verdue, SIGIS has learned that there was a

level of mismanagement related to the Cadre case which was criminal in and of itself. Lost files and leads on the Anarchist cell, paperwork and evidence misplaced or contaminated, and, in one instance, it is rumoured that as Hardhead officers prepared to seize the mastermind behind the Cadre, Havrm Ghex may have personally allowed him to escape.

Of course, this rumour also suggests the Harmonium have known who the Cadre are and from where they have been operating for some time. There has been no other official word on this strange twist in the Cadre case, nor have there been any further attacks on Sigil by the infant cell.

– Zeines Pauch, independent culler **(pw)**

## BLOOD WAR PRISONER EXCHANGE SCHEDULED

RELIABLE SOURCES report that a prisoner exchange will take place in the Blood War for the first time in over a millennium. A group of Yugoloths have arranged for a select group of Tanar'ri and Baatezu to meet in the Bleak Wasteland, in the Hinterlands

beyond Hopeless, to repatriate the Balor Pleshnerkri and the Pit Fiend Loz'gok'k'lova. The Guardinals have agreed to act as neutral observers. Both fiends have been captives for some considerable time, and have presumably been "interrogated". **(ar)**

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# HARMONIUM FAILS TO BREAK BLEAKER-ATHAR ALLIANCE

HARMONIUM HIGH-UP Tonat Shar left the court yesterday with his nose in a sling when his attempt to prosecute factols Lhar and Terrance under the controversial 'Security of Sigil Act' fell through. In a long, impassioned, and somewhat obtuse speech, the factor urged the court to declare the alliance illegal, basing his claims on the Harmonium's belief that the alliance between the two factions was formed out of hostility towards the Signers, and was therefore geared towards causing civil disorder and criminality.

Terrance's cross-examination of the case was simple but effective. He asked only one question of the Harmonium Factor: "How many factions of Sigil are currently listed as civic threats by the Harmonium and why?" Shar replied by naming over half of the factions in Sigil and giving (in great detail) the Harmonium's reasons why such factions posed a danger to the Cage. Shar's positions and reasoning not only failed to impress the Magistrates, who dismissed his suit, but also made the Harmonium sound more than a little paranoid. The panel remarked that, "The Athar-Bleaker coalition has done nothing as yet to threaten Civic security, Mr.

Shar. They have merely announced an alliance based on their belief that the actions of the Will of One are in themselves a threat to such security. Whether or not they are is yet to be decided. In the future, try not to treat every political machination with a knee-jerk reaction. Such behaviour is much more appropriate for a Cipher..."

After the decision was handed down, Shar was observed leaving for the Barracks, refusing to comment on the affair, although the scowl on his face apparently summed his opinion up nicely enough. Lhar was the second to leave, accompanied by a couple of Bleaker factotums, and he offered this comment to SIGIS, and any other newsrag cullers in the vicinity: "So we won this case. So what? The Hardheads'll try again. They always do. Couldn't care less if they won or lost, really. They can go pike themselves for all I care."

Terrance was in somewhat better spirits after the hearing. He told SIGIS, "The Athar-Bleaker coalition is of course extremely satisfied with the results of this hearing. I had, of course, expected the Harmonium to attempt this sort of move, and I wouldn't have expected anything less from them."

Hopefully when they realise the threat posed by the actions of the Will of One, they will be moved to declare the actions of these cross-trading Signers illegal, and take the appropriate action. Their concern is misplaced: the Will of One is the real threat to the Cage, not the Athar and the Bleak Cabal."

When questioned by SIGIS on the actions the Athar-Bleaker Coalition will likely take, Factol Terrance said, "We must not let ourselves become complacent. I have written at length to Darius the Veyl, urging her to clamp down on the actions of the Will of One, before we bring our case against them. Given her talents as a seer, I have little doubt that she will soon see the error of her subordinate's ways."

"On another front," continued Terrance, "I have entered into discussions with my long-time friend [Factol] Ambar the Godsguard, attempting to win his support for our cause. He is as yet undecided on the matter, but I hope to numb the animosity between his faction and Lhar's long enough for us to present a united front until this business has been dealt with."

- Dasein, culler (ps)

# THREE RINGS LTD. FILES FOR DEBT PROTECTION

**SIGIL** - Three Rings Ltd. a Sigil based holdings company has filed with the City Courts for debt protection. The primarily Fated backed company owns several estates about Sigil, the most renowned of which was the Genteel Robier, founded by the late Bezen Hempstock. Bezen was likewise founder of Three Rings Ltd. In a statement released today, Gregare Heute, accountant for the firm, had this to say:

Due to the tragic loss of our late founder and the sub-sequent removal of his funds by his wife, Three Rings Ltd. will be hard pressed to maintain solvency through the rest of the year.

"We have filed for debt protection today, to hold off peery backers who want to recoup their investment, until we've had time to recover from the loss of Mr. Hempstock, and time to sell off our holdings in Sigil."

Hempstock was the victim of a bizarre attack by the Revolutionary League cell, calling themselves 'The Cadre' earlier this month. Three Rings Ltd. is currently seeking buyers for its real estate in the Hive Ward and the Lady's Ward.

- Felicity K. Ghwar, Trades culler (pw)

# KRYNNISH REFUGEES FLOOD THE CAGE

SIGIL - A veritable flock of wasters flooded the streets of the Cage yesterday as around 350 refugees from Krynn poured through a portal down near Merkhantis Lane in the Clerk's Ward. According to Harmonium reports, the primes apparently had known of "...a magical gate leading to the realm of Paladine."

All the Ringwalkers were cagestruck as they peered about the burg, some getting that nausea that turns primes green when they first look out at the ring of Sigil. The Harmonium put Measure Two

Karas Razorbite in charge of sorting out the chaos. He told SIGIS that, "These Krynnish folk will be under Harmonium care until they can be relocated. The Harmonium will do all it can to help them sort out their new lives on the planes. No refugee from Krynn will be turned away from our hospitality."

The refugees will be held in the Clerk's Ward under Harmonium protection until they are able to relocate all the refugees. Guvner Marissa Brokson commented that this particular portal shifted bet-

ween several destinations, one of which was Paladine's realm in Mount Celestia. She also noted that the portal probably will not reopen for quite a while, citing Factor Gadmi Ramvais treatise on the nature of the Krynnish shifts. "The Krynnish refugees most likely stuck here for the rest of their lives. The portals are becoming harder to locate, and, according to several sages, it looks as if the whole crystal sphere plans to turn stag on the Prime."

(af)

# SINKER-SENSATE PACT FOSTERS DISCONTENT

irect chant on what the pact itself entailed, we tried to arrange an appointment with Guvner Tenemus Al Karak, a frequent contributor to SIGIS who helped author the agreement. Unfortunately, he was unable to speak with us directly, but he did manage to draft a letter which answered our questions.

He wrote, "Over the past few weeks a good number of addle-coves from both factions have pestered me on the terms of the Sinker/Sensate contract. I give them the same answers I give to you: 1) the pact is a matter of public record in the City Courts, and

2) the alliance hit the blinds after the Sinkers were given the garnish from the battle spoils. It amazes me how most berks in this city would never think to waltz on over to the City Courts or even visit a library to find out a few facts that are readily available."

Though this statement should bring relief to the minds of many factioneers, a few said they still had reason for concern. Basically, if this could happen once, why not again?

And where might it lead next time?

- Maija Intwood, culler (sk)

# CULLERS AND ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

WE ARE IN SEARCH FOR INTERIOR ARTISTS FOR UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS © REMAINS WITH THE ARTIST

Editorial

# EXPLORE: THE DARK OF THE "GLITTERGLEE"

by Yuarl Armson, independent culler

TORCH – In one of the darkest out-of-town backwaters in the Outlands, comes the seemingly harmless drug known to cutters around the Outer Planes as "Glitterglee". This substance, known on the street simply as "glee", has quietly diffused through many Outland burgs and gate-towns without much fanfare and no regulation of any kind. Most bashers aren't really even sure what they are taking and even berks that sell the drug have little idea how it is made.

Apparently, this substance is produced by capturing the dream images of sleeping humans and elves. These dreams are tailored by berks known as "mind-benders" (a pun in more ways than one), and the essence is captured in a psionically active powder matrix derived from a swamp plant that grows in and around Torch.

In my time researching this chant, I learned that several of the cross-trading gangs in Torch, and several powerful and organised crime groups from outside the burg, have set up "Glitterglee farms"—barracks full of sleeping people whose dreams are being manipulated to create the enjoyable, deviant, weird and bubbish substance. These dreams can be tailored to what ever desire strikes a basher.

As one cutter in the dark told us, the Astral's the limit.

"Ever want to kill someone but were afraid to try?" said this basher who declined to be named, "Try Glitterglee. Want to join an orgy? Glitterglee. This bub is the literal essence of the Multiverse and it's a lot easier to scrag than those pretty chunks the Sensates pass around."

According to the dream-farmers I chatted with, the dreamers are treated fairly well as long as they are creative, and, as the dream world lets them work out their desires, they tend to become increasingly sedate and stable.

The crime lords, for their part, have harmonised the regions of the burgs they control, and maintain decent order (or as decent as Torch gets) as they do not want their jink-machine slaughtered by chaos or some upset high-ups in Torch proper. An interrupted dream is useless to the mind-benders and loss of dream-sleep means serious loss of profits for the farmers.

Well, this all sounded good and well: a charming little harmless time-killer for those who can't take their bub and even an enhanced peace and security in parts of a burg known for its murderous element. But what are the any consequences, if any, for the sods sniffing glee dust? As it turns out, my investigation revealed a little known dark. Glitterglee, you see, has an unfortunate side effect: After 15 doses, there is a chance

that the induced dream becomes reality for the user. Living that murder fantasy with Glitterglee? Surprise! The fantasy just became reality as you wake up to find you put your poor wife in the dead-book. Join an orgy? Wake up arrested for rape or find you have a funny itch around your privates.

What are the long term consequences of this dangerous drug? What happens when this little dust of glee dances its way into the Cage and beyond? Clearly, no one knows the dark on this, but it is potentially true that the fate of many a Gatetown hangs in the balance. Consider the following scenario: some basher takes it upon herself to sow the seeds of dream-chaos in Fortitude causing the burg to slide into Gehenna or some other infernal pit. Or some other barmy tries to glee himself into being the high-up man of Ribcage! These ideas seem ludicrous, but after what glee-realities I've witnessed, I would not wonder if such events came to pass.

At present, the most apparent and dangerous threat of Glitterglee is personal. That is, the threat of unintentionally becoming a knight of the post and hurting yourself or others around you. But, in this cullers' opinion, the threat of the glee is much more significant and may threaten the underlying fabric of the Multiverse. (rm & sk)

Chant for Clueless

## CANT DICTIONARY A-E

### A

**Air dancer**  
Another term for air elementals. Air Genasi usually take offence at this term.

**Anthill, the**  
Another name for the hive ward in Sigil.

### B

**Bally**  
Crazy, silly, bizarre, obscure. "Bally sod!" The term is used more by upper class Cagers and high-ups than by your average tout or quipper. The latter tend to use sodding; bally is less crude.

**Barkle**  
Originally, nonsense, or something that would be laughably passed off as such. Recently, though, it has become a term used by skilters and Indeps for the psychological babble of those who do belong to a faction.

**Barrikin**  
Chatter, shouts or shouting: "Where's that barrikin coming from?"

**Bauble**  
Electrum coin.

**Be open to**  
Be wary, keep track of, stay on guard, keep your eyes open or peeled "Be open to that one, he's a scribe".

**Believe well**  
Goodbye, farewell.

**Belly of the (Brick) Beast**  
Dungeon. "Throw all the knights of the post, cross-traders, and barmies into the belly of the beast, and Sigil will be emptier than a CIPHER's head."

**Biter**  
Anybody very short and very, very mean. Insult. "Don't mess with Urdlen's proxies. They're vicious biters."

**Bleed**  
An expression of distaste or disgust. "They've put me on Hive patrol? That bleeds!" Additionally, a bleeder is a reference to anyone the speaker dislikes. It's also the name given to members of the Society of Pain, a Gehennan sect.

**Blek (sometimes blex)**  
In polite company, faeces. Also, dirt, slime, sewage, or any other disgusting smelly material. Derived from the name of the Tanar'ri Lord of Slime, Jubilex. "You might want to scrape your boots, it looks like you've stepped in a pile o' blex."

**Blitz**  
To go through a portal, usually hastily. It's not the best thing to say to any experienced blood, if you

value your ears.

**Bloodbath**  
A gathering of powerful high-ups and bloods, usually indicating that something dangerous or important is happening. Wise cutters avoid 'em. Ambitious cutters seek 'em out. Chant goes this term originated in the Steam Rooms of Ribcage, and spread.

**Bloodlust**  
A romantic attraction to one of the less pleasant fiendish races (ie. chasme, piscoloth, gelugon, etc.: "He's got the bloodlust for Tazmould the Thorned." Bob up To raise the price of something anticipating or during especially high demand of an item. Such as the following: "Zounds, ever since that last brawl with the Harmonium broke out here, seems Akin's been bobbing up the jink for his wares, ain't he?"

**Bookburners**  
Derogatory name for the Athar, derived from their treatment of holy books and religious libraries. Born with a sneer Overly cynical, said by many a prime about all planars!

**Brick Beast**  
Any very massive and ugly building. "Timson just got scragged by the Hardheads; they're taking him down to the brick beast!"

**Bridle-cull**  
Highwayman, Outlands bandit.

**Bub-bawling**  
Phrase used to describe the scree that passes a bubbers lips when their tongues are loosened by the drink. As in "Stop your bub-bawling berk, the rotgut's got a hold on your tongue."

**Bubbed till the pitchers' empty**  
Very, very drunk. So drunk that the bubbler's actually sweating out the bub through their skin. A particularly common state of consciousness for the labourers at the Red Pony alehouse.

### C

**Cagestruck**  
The expression of cluelessness which newcomers to Sigil always exhibit.

**Catch a skeg**  
Get a look: "If you catch a skeg at the portal key, be sure to let me know."

**Chessboard, The**  
Another Name for the Lady's Ward. So called because of the chequered marble floors in the high up's houses of that same ward.

Letters

[The following letter was delivered to the SIGIS offices in Sigil's Undercity by a grim-looking skeleton, which disintegrated as soon as the letter was accepted:]

To Fellow Sinkers and Cagers alike:

Lady Pentar, in all her wisdom, states that allying with the Sensates was not anywhere near the top of her priorities as she assigned our contingent of three thousand soldiers to the protection of Tir Na Og. I repeat: there was no intent to cement any permanent relationship with the Society of Sensation.

As any soldier that had returned will tell you, it was refreshing to get out into battle. We haven't had a war like that for a couple years, and have been cooling our heels. The factol saw this as an opportunity to give some soldiers a chance at flexing their sword-arms and running a couple of berks through as a preliminary to the Modron March. Oh don't look so surprised, it's no real secret that's what Factol Pentar's about.

Anyway, in the council meeting of the Doomlords and other faction high-ups, a few argued that we should side with Rigus, but Pentar felt that there wouldn't be much challenge facing a couple Celtic sods and those lousy "Lady's Guardianship." With the backing of Ely Cromlich, the faction Weaponmaster, the council gave in. This is not to say it didn't take a while to calm everyone down (I personally think that Lady Pentar spent days in preparation) enough to talk to the Sensates. The fact that we got first pickings of all the spoils is because we would have had a very disgruntled group of bloods out there, and it would look sort of silly to have them going money-barmy in a land they just fought to protect, no?

Take that to your newsrag, and go tell the Sensates and the Cage the truth, even if they don't want to believe it. Entry was served, and in the long run will be served further. Thank you for this chance to comment.

May entropy guide you to your destiny.

Regards,

Sir Twist  
Sinker

(db)

Chant for Clueless

CANT DICTIONARY A-E

→ **Clean as the Foundry**  
Used in reference to illegal or illicit goods and services. Often used sarcastically when a cross trading berk sells to a clueless prime.

**Conduit Riding, Conduit Rider**

Planewalking to the Prime Material Plane, or one who does so often. "Brax doesn't know the Gray Waste from gray paste, but he's one hende conduit rider."

**Cordance, Planes of The**

Mechanus—Outlands—Limbo triad of planes. Between the Upper and the Lower Planes; the Law/Chaos equivalent of the Planes of Conflict. Also called the Cordants or the Purgatories. Formally, Mechanus is the Plane of Concord, Limbo the Plane of Discord, and the Outlands the Plane of Concordant Opposition (which suggests maybe those primes aren't quite so clueless after all...)

**Cordians**

A collective name for the Modrons, Rilmani and Slaad; Planeborne creatures who are neither good nor evil in morals. It's not a term that's used often, because it's rare that

anyone needs to refer to these three races in the same sentence.

**Coster**

Stall holder in the Great Bazaar (particularly a food stall). Also costermonger. Cross Piking Planewalking via natural ability, such as the Githzerai planeshift, or teleport without error. "You know, I haven't seen the fiends cross piking much lately." Crow Feeder

**Crude**

An executioner or assassin. Someone who kills for another. Inner planar slang for a Prime.

**Cut his/her knees out**

The act of humiliating someone who thinks they are high and mighty. Taken from the following occurrence: A prime elf doing an intricate sword dance and smirking; an ice mephit leaning down and shredding his legs below the knees with his breath.

D

**Deadman's Tree**

A term referring to any gallows.

**Diabolote**

A baatezu of pit fiend status or higher, especially one of the real high-ups in the Dark Eight, or a Lord of the Nine.

**Diced**

When a body takes a chance, she is said to have diced. You can also take a dice. "Lierna sure took a dice when she blitzed through that Limbo portal."

**Doughty Up**

To dress up, disguise, or impersonate someone. "Doughty up as a tout and we can go bob some poor berk blind."

**Drape**

To betray a body to the Hardheads. "Kig had better not drape me now that I've told him all about our plan."

**Dreamer**

Inner planar slang for an Outer planar.

E

**Empty Bubbles, The**

A good description of Agathion, last layer of Pandemonium.

*This dictionary will be continued in future issues of SIGIS. Don't miss it, berks!*  
(by various cullers)

Letters

[The following letter was found pinned up at key locations in Sigil the day after the last issue of SIGIS came out.]

To all the citizens of Sigil:

I read with interest the article in yesterday's issue of your fascinating news-sheet that described the slide of Plague-Mort into the Abyss. There were one or two small inaccuracies. In it, I was described as 'The Great Cambion'. Flattering, I'm sure, but nebulous and inaccurate. I am in fact Don Julio, and I wish only to be a peaceful citizen of this remarkable city. As for the description of me as a 'known subversive', I would like to express my regret that the view of the beleaguered townfolk in Plague-Mort is so coloured by its (increasing) proximity to the Abyss. My apologies extend to the Harmonium for any mistaken impression they may have gained of me.

I am your prospective fellow citizen,

Don Julio

[Comments overheard by SIGIS concerning the letter of Don Julio.]

HARMONIUM MOVER THREE, JAMLO TEALYBUCK:

"I'm not sure I fully trust all the sentiments expressed in this letter, but I am impressed by the spirit of civic unity in which it is delivered. My best wishes go to Don Julio if he carries out his declared intentions."

CLARIDO, AD AAZIMAR TO THE GUARDIANS:

"If I thought for one moment that this cross-trader means all that he says, I'd go and welcome him myself. But I have watched the berk in action in a recent act of desecration on the Prime which was surely not prompted by any ties he might have to the Athar. I recommend that the Harmonium scrag this sod double time before he wreaks any more havoc."

A GITHZERAI NAMED LUCIB:

"I think that what Don Julio has done is thoroughly noble and he's a real blood. See, if all cambions were as open-minded and thoughtful as he is, we'd have a much nicer city! Compared with Rule-of-Three for instance, Julio is a real honest blood."

[Follow-up Report:]

Three days after the posting of his letter, Don Julio was arrested for loitering with intent outside the Barracks, but was dismissed without charge. Mover Tealybuck said: "There seems to have been some sort of misunderstanding in this case, and the Harmonium apologised to Sir Julio. We were acting on the chant of an anonymous tip-off which we are now attempting to trace."

(ar)

Stop Press

PRISONER EXCHANGE GOES AWRY

AS THE PRISONER exchange reported earlier concluded, and both sides were supposedly reunited with their leaders, it came clear that the Tanar'ri prepared a complex illusion to make Loz'gok'k'lova the Pit Fiend appear present.

Immediately after the exchange, the Baatezu discovered they'd been peeled

when the Tanar'ri side revealed the only thing they truly brought with them to be a mutilated corpse (presumed to be that of the Pit Fiend). Surprisingly, the Baatezu seem to be doing nothing about their embarrassment, and the Tanar'ri appear to have given their eternal enemies the laugh.

(ar)

"GREAT CAMBION" ARRESTED AGAIN

THE CAMBION Don Julio has been arrested once again, this time for the attempted murder of a githzerai in his employ. The event allegedly took place in a burg named Waterdeep, on the prime world of Toril, but following Don Julio's announcement earlier that he wishes to be considered a Sigilian, the Harmonium have decided to take up the case themselves.

The arrest took place at half-

past antipeak this morning, as the cambion left a tavern in the Hive to make his way back to his lodgings. The Mercy-killers are thought to approve of the arrest, although a Harmonium official who wishes to remain anonymous expressed bewilderment at this sudden keenness of his faction in prime affairs. SIGIS hopes to have the dark on this chant early next week.

(ar)

Stop Press

THE SQUARED BAR DESTROYED BY INFERNAL MACHINE

SIGIL - The Cadre's reign of terror continued, as the Square Bar in the Lady's Ward was demolished early this morning by a mechanical contraption resembling a prime world creature called a rhinoceros. Fifteen berks were put into the dead book, and twenty others were injured, as the mechanical rhino exploded on impact with the bar's outer wall. Several witnesses saw the machine chugging down Doomguard Walk, at antipeak, belching great torrents of fire and smoke. A Stone Prince, Qaz, was almost smashed by the explosive-laden rhino as it sped past the Prison:

"I was considering the next place I could scrounge some bub, when was faced with a creature spouting fire from its eyes and mouth, and rumbling the ground like an earthquake! I was lucky to step out of the way as the contraption barrelled down the street... I thought some berk had slipped me some [glitter]glee in my bub or somethin'!"

The machine took a right turn after the Prison and smashed into the Square Bar, a place frequented by members of the Mercykillers, Harmonium, and the Fraternity of Order. Several factors and factotum were killed, raising a cry from within each faction for a more cooperative effort in rooting out the Cadre.

In a statement released early this morning, newly appointed special investigator in charge of the Cadre case, Christopher Verdue had this to say: "After consultation with several specialists on explosives and mechanics, as well as other lines of investigation, the leader of the Cadre has been identified. At this time we are not releasing the spiv's name, but, rest assured, this scum will be in the hands of the Harmonium before antipeak tomorrow."

This culler has learned from those with the dark, that the Anarchists themselves have given up the leader of the Cadre, as his last move destroyed one of their farthest

reaching plans to date. It is believed that up to four cells were in secret meeting in the Square Bar when the attack came. It is unknown how many of the Anarchists were killed. One Anarchist who barely escaped the attack was willing to talk to SIGIS under the auspice of anonymity. The berk had this to say:

"The Cadre ain't no soddin' Anarchist Cell, berk. Some barmy clueless dirt-devil from a prime world has some soddin' dreams of glory in his bone-box. Now, I ain't speakin' the berk's name, mind, but others will, or have. If the Hardheads keep their ears in certain sectors, and they will hear the chant, I'd bet the Lady's corset on it..."

At present, the Harmonium have not released the name or whereabouts of the Cadre's leader, but there is increased Hardhead activity all along many alleys and side streets of Sigil.

-Zeines Pauch,  
independent culler  
(pw)

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 12 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

Fourth Week of Retributus

## MERCENARIES TURN STAG

**FAUNEL**—In a bizarre turn of events, the entire crew manning the Spireward tanning operation were put in the dead-book, apparently by the mercenaries who so recently fought to protect them. The bodies were discovered this morning by Jacob Alderman at the kip of Lyle Lackwit, the village idiot, who had not reported to work. Seven bodies in all were located, among them Adam Tanner, the Master of Spireward's tanning operation, and Lyle himself. The bodies showed signs of armed conflict and had been searched and stripped. Scattered among the corpses were symbols of The Paingivers, as well as a number of Vile Hunt tokens.

The mercenaries hired to protect the loggers were pinned as the killers by tell-tale

markings on arrows found on the site, a torn strip of cloth and a clear set of tracks. When attempts were made to locate the mercenaries, investigators discovered that the mercs had brazenly collected their pay in the small hours of the morning and made use of Spireward's portal to Tradegate to slip the blinds on the law. A reward of 4000 jinx is being offered by Spireward to anyone who can bring these berks in to stand trial.

"I just can't understand why they would do something like this!" ranted Lambert Whytcote, head of Spireward Trading. "It's not like I didn't pay them! I don't like those knights of the post giving me the laugh like this. I want them to stand trial, and I want to see them pay for what they have done!"

Some think otherwise. "I don't care about payment, or trials," stated Ivanna Shirehorn, a fire mage and one of a number of bloods collecting at the grave of Errol Greenleaf to say their final good-byes. "That's too much effort to waste of these stag-turning sods. I just want them lost. Preferably by fire. A number of us think that way. Mind you, we agree on precious little else, but we agree on that. See, Errol died with more than one blood owing him a favour. The lot of us don't necessarily find each other the best of company, being from different sides of many a moral fence, if you catch the dark of it, but we all do pay our debts. So, we've started a little collection, to kind of... encourage people to look up this group of berks

and, well, inquire politely about why they made such a mess of poor Errol, if you know what I mean. I expect that it might be a bit more than that pompous ass Whytcote is offering."

In other news, chant about Faunel has it that Wrath was seen to move one of his fingers. Wrath has refused to comment on the incident.

(rm)

## CAMBION ARREST: HARMONIUM DISCORD

**SIGIL**—Following our report in our last issue that the cambion Don Julio had been arrested for attempted murder, further developments in his case have sent chant swirling around the Cage concerning the importance of this case to the Harmonium. The day before we last went to press, Don Julio was arrested by an Harmonium patrol outside P'charni's Bar in the Hive Ward in the aftermath a brawl. Subsequently SIGIS revealed that although Don Julio himself had not been involved in the brawl, his presence at the bar alone may have incited the violence.

The actual reason for Don Julio's arrest was declared to be the attempted murder of a githzerai named Franz who had been assisting Julio in what was described as covert operations of a suspect nature by Jasmin Tealybuck, the Harmonium Mover Three investigating the case. Although the crime took place in Waterdeep, on the Prime world of Toril, the Harmonium said that due to Sir Julio's keen desire to be a Sigilian and the apparent involvement of at least one other faction in the crime (it was not stated which), the case would be tried in the Cage.

Clarion of the Guardians and Fenris Cassre of the Xaoticians spilled the chant

exclusively to SIGIS that, in fact, the Harmonium really wanted Don Julio for Blood War conspiracy activity. The story became even more complex four days later when it was revealed that Franz, the victim, had died of his injuries, and that the investigation was being upgraded to a murder inquiry. An Anarchist source told SIGIS that there was a cover-up in progress, and, following a number of disturbances, the Harmonium decided to move the trial back to Waterdeep of Toril to be free of faction influence.

The trial begins in three days time and, although it will be tried on the Prime, the Harmonium and Guvners will be participating fully in the court process. "It's a ztitch-up" said Kzzz Bzzzurzz, a chasme-blooded tiefling following the case closely. "The Hardheads are getting worried that they'll be implicated in a conspiracy of their own so they moved the trial to an out-of-touch cluelezz Prime world to cover it up. It's outrageouz—I hope you cullerz make your way to that backwater Prime to keep an eye on those zodzzz."

Further reports will be released as soon as possible and SIGIS is even now sending a reporter (at the bequest of Sir Bzzzurzz naturally) to Toril to witness the trial. (ar)

## PLAGUE-MORT RETURNS

**OUTLANDS**—Much to the dismay of many berks who wished it good riddance, the Outland's least popular gate-town came staggering back just under a week ago. Chant around the burg hints that the chaos cultists whose bloody religious war had triggered the slide have been put in the dead-book by the Hounds. During an in-depth investigation, SIGIS discovered that before the time of the disappearance two separate cults had established strongholds near the Gate-town (these were dubbed the "Kaos Kult Kamps").

The two sects turned out to be vicious enemies and their brawling escalated into a full-scale war. The burgher curymushy looked set to burn the place down, and it was about

that point that the burg vanished. According to witnesses in the burg, during the disappearance the Arch-Lector ordered the Hounds (Plague-Mort's militia) to kill as many cultists as they could, orders the Hounds carried out with great relish.

This savage act of bloodshed could have easily sent the burg spinning down into the Abyss were it not for the self-sacrificing actions of an unknown paladin, who started a fire in one of the Kult Kamps drawing the warring barmies out of the city.

Although many believe that the Arch-Lector wished to see Plague-Mort join Broken Reach on the Plain of Infinite Portals, the Hounds apparently were too caught up in their mania to further the Arch-

Lector's goal. Instead, they pursued the cultists back to camp and shortly afterwards the city rejoined the Outlands. Fifteen Hound officers, including three alu-fiends and a cambion, are missing, along with a *posse comitatus* of about thirty locals. Chant from Broken Reach tells of a new settled area about three days walk from the town, which is thought to be the remnants of the Kult Kamps. If this proves true, this would be only the third documented occasion of part of a district switching planes rather than a Gate-town, and the Fraternity of Order are planning an expedition to both Plague-Mort and the Abyss to investigate this possibility.

—Dharvash Smig, SIGIS culler based in Curst (ar)

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Editorial

# SECOND CORRESPONDENCE FROM THE CADRE

SIGIL—In the continuing saga of the Cadre's terror attacks on Sigil, SIGIS has received a second correspondence from the Anarchist cell. Though the style seems dif-

ferent (i.e. more coherent) the letter still places blame on any cutter in the Cage with jink. Interestingly, the Cadre finally announced threats aimed directly at the Fated,

Sigil's beloved tax collecting faction, and depicted them as the true slave drivers of Sigil.

What follows is the statement, in its entirety:

*Slaves to Jink*  
by the Cadre  
**CENSORED!**

**Note from the Editor:** At press time, the Harmonium told SIGIS that the letter from the Cadre was the property of the Hardheads for explicit use in their ongoing investigation, and thus unprintable. Undue pressure was placed on our offices, and we were forced to capitulate or lose our press license. Instead we substitute Zeines Pauchs commentary on the Cadre letter, and the Harmonium censorship incident.

## Commentary on "Slaves to Jink"

While we laboured to bring this edition of SIGIS to our readers, we were confronted by those who vow to protect the Cage from the harmful forces of entropy and evil. With our presses rolling, these self-proclaimed saviours burst into our offices, scragged the lot of us, and seized our property in order to "shield us" from its harmful influences. This is all well and good, and our beloved editor is keen on the way his face looks, so we did not put up a physical fight. However, we are determined to get all the dark out there that we know, so I continue with my impressions and excerpts from the Cadre letter, entitled Slaves to Jink.

As mentioned earlier, the style is more coherent than the previous Cadre letter. However, the letter still fails to delve into the real philosophy or reason for the choice of methods used by the Cadre. While it is true that they have caused considerable harm to many Sigilians, their statements and views do represent a sentiment shared by

others in our infinite universe. In fact, we at SIGIS regularly give ear to Anarchists views as a whole, and should not discount that some of their points are within reason. However, their methods are generally cowardly, misplaced, and in the Cadre's case, deadly.

The Cadre, with this statement, have crystallised further their views that there are a few berks in the Cage who hold all the jink and all the power. This is not a new philosophy, as anyone who's had to do without a meal or desired some object which was denied for lack of money will attest. The one point that disturbs most who examine the Cadre's views is that they offer no alternatives. They have not called for a redistribution of wealth. (They claim they want no jink for themselves.) Mainly, they seem to be calling for a universal cancellation of the idea of money as a whole. While a Signer may be able to wish jink away, we know that this is not at all a very likely thing to happen.

In the final sections of their letter, they outlined a convoluted plan for deposing those who they claim are the real slave drivers of Sigil: the Fated. By destroying valuable properties, the Cadre believe that the tax base of Sigil will begin to decline and this will cause a full-scale economic depression. They also call for the Fated to:

"...dispense the yoke on our Sigilian's, cease your continuing theft of our souls."

In the final sentence, the Cadre have made another of their cryptic threats:

"Heartless they may be, and fire is the cleanser. The ring is round, and the fire comes from the air."

Is there a solution for these misguided philosophers? Or is there a deeper meaning to all this violence and terror? If the Sigil justice system has its way, we will never know. But rest assured, this culler is on the trail of the truth and you will know the dark of this sordid affair as I come to know it.

—Zeines Pauch,  
independent culler (pw)

## DON'T GET WRITTEN ONTO THE DEBT POST

If you owe jink to Zadara the Titan, now's the time to wash yourself clean!

A **one-month amnesty** has been declared by the **Titan of Commerce** for all sods who owe her jink but haven't been posted.

If that's **you**, basher, then **don't be slow!**

The new residents of **Jangling Hiter** can lann any berk to the **consequences of turning stag** on one of Zadara's contracts.

Payments accepted by either **Gog** or **Kubriel at Zadara's Tower**, between peak and dusk.

**All jink must be Free League approved.**  
**No kender coins accepted.**

NewsChant

## FULL DARK ON RECENT PRISONER EXCHANGE

SIGIL—Following our exclusive report last week on the death of Loz'gok'k'lova the pit fiend as a result of Tanar'ri treachery, a further tragic development has overtaken those involved. With characteristic precision, the Baatezu who had been fatally peeled had stuck to the letter of their agreement whilst pulling a fast one on the Tanar'ri. Pleshnerk-ri, the balor whose release had secured the alleged freedom of Loz'gok'k'lova, had been infected with a specially engineered contagion whilst in captivity, and died in "writhing agony three days later" according to a Tanar'ri we managed to pin down.

With this second bit of cross-trading, the recent decline in Blood War confrontations will certainly come to an end. Both sides are rumoured to be massing fresh armies, and the Field of Nettles and Avalas are likely to be ravaged by vicious combat in short order. Loz'gok'k'lova was a trusted aide to one of the Dark Eight (which of the Eight is

not known), and his position is likely to be taken by his deputy, Galzephon. However, Galzephon was not available for comment and an Abishai in his employ said that he had gone away on business and that he did not know when Galzephon would return.

However, a pit fiend was sighted near Plague-Mort shortly after its return to the Outlands [see the *Plague-Mort feature story in this issue*] sparking rumours that Galzephon was about to turn stag on the Baatezu. Yet, it seems that the presence of a pit fiend in Plague-Mort, if confirmed, would only be a sign of renewed fiendish interest in the burg not necessarily a betrayal. (An Arcanaloth was also seen snooping around the day after the burg rejoined the Outlands.) In any event, it'll be a tick before any firm announcement about promotion comes out of Baator, so there's time yet for other ambitious Baatezu to try to impress members of the Dark Eight.

(ar)

# CULLERS AND ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

WE ARE IN SEARCH FOR INTERIOR ARTISTS FOR UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS © REMAINS WITH THE ARTIST

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley



# CITY OF SHACKLES SOLD

Jangling Hiter Purchased by Titan of Commerce  
by Malacyst Mord, Lower Planar correspondent

**MINAUROS (Baator)**—Zadara, the reclusive Titan of Commerce, today announced that she had purchased outright, down to the last smallest link, the Baatorian burg of Jangling Hiter. In an exclusive interview with SIGIS, the titaness confirmed that she not only bought the city, she would be moving it as well! A short trip through a portal to the town itself, dangling above the swamps of Minauros, confirmed the chant. Evacuation and apparent dismantling of the City of Chains has already begun. Kyttons, the mysterious native inhabitants of the burg who act as the local police, are now swarming about the place, picking apart the locks and bindings that suspend the burg above the ooze of the third layer of Baator. The chains that comprise the city are now falling.

Normally avoided because of their tendency to kill, rather than scrag, lawbreakers, the kyttons are in places being attacked by other frightened Hitters. "It ain't fair," said Blandon Belfry, a three-month inhabitant of the burg. "That hamatula high-up what runs this burg, Pollus Windscream, he gave me a contract what lets me and my heirs export all the chains we can, for as long as Hiter hangs here. Only now them barmy Kyttons are tearin' it down! Well, they ain't gettin' my case without a bash in the brain-box, that's sure as Sigil!"

The majority of the residents however, both fiend and non—, are instead packing up their kips and fleeing into the freezing swamps rather than face eviction at the hands of the kyttons. When asked about Mr. Belfry's allegations, and the sale in general, Windscream had this to say: "Mr. Belfry is getting only what he was promised, and has no reason for complaint. Furthermore, he really ought to have read more closely the wording of our agreement. He is not just allowed, but required to export all the chains he can, and if he should stop before the last chain of Jangling Hiter falls, then he and his children are in default. At that junction the standard clause becomes enforceable."

"As to the sale of the city, I can only say that I am no longer in charge of the fetid place. I've acquired a huge number of souls recently, in such quantities that I am now being promoted directly to Styx fiend. Let some other pathetic sod deal with these chain-wrapped runts!" Windscream then vanished in a puff of sulphur.

In her interview, however, Zadara the Titaness was more forthcoming. When asked about the details of the sale, she said, "Well, cutter, even as good a business woman as myself sometimes picks up a deadbeat who won't pay her what's owed. And over the millennia that I've been doing

business, I've accumulated a few IOUs. So I decided to cut my losses and trade all the contracts I've got on my default list for something of value. And that Pollus Windscream, well, he had just what this high-up was looking for. If you don't think my contracts allow me to sell people that default on 'em, then you'd better think again, berk! Who was it you think taught them baatezu how to negotiate, eh?"

When questioned about why she had purchased Jangling Hiter, the Titaness replied, "Well, I must have a mighty big market for chains, eh? But then, most of what I've got is 'mighty' and 'big.'" She declined to comment on the subject further.

Finally, many must wonder why the normally aloof Titan of Commerce decided not to conduct this business in the dark, as is her wont. Zadara said, "This interview has a price, cutter, like everything around the Spire. Firstly, I wanted this story to get about town. I don't expect too many Cagers to try and bob Zadara the Titan after this. But mostly, I'm getting two free ads in this penny-gushing screamer. Two for one, that's my motto. And your 'one' is over." Rest assured dear readers, that SIGIS's coverage of this hell-shaking event is not over. Further news of the move will be reported as it occurs.

(Mr. N)

## Bloods Wanted!

### BIG JINK FOR BIG BASHERS!

Are you joten-sized or bigger?

Need quick jink?

Then look no further!

A Titanic hauling project needs your muscle now!

**Bags of merts** are going to the first cutters who can Get the Job Done!

See the planes and participate in possibly the **most gigantic moving day** in a turn or two!

**Travel required, resistance to cold and life-drain helpful.**

See **Kubriel** or **Gog**, at **Zadara's Tower**.

(Mr. N)

# SCARLING BIRD ATTACKS ON RISE

**SIGIL**—Three deaths and eleven disfiguring infections have been confirmed due to attacks from a disease-causing bird introduced to Sigil over a year ago. This starling-sized bird, dubbed a "scarling" by some, has increased its numbers from only a few mated pairs to several hundred since it was first spotted near the Mercykiller's headquarters, The Prison.

The sooty-grey bird prefers to nest in cavities near the Great Bazaar, where it is commonly seen picking at garbage. Merchants and property owners attempting to clear away Scarling nests have been attacked by adult birds defending their young. The birds attack the face and eyes, but only deliver superficial cuts and scratches. The scarling is so dirty, however, that these scratches quickly become infected and can lead to death if not treated within twenty hours of an attack.

Even curative magics used to stop disease and heal wounds do not prevent horrid scarring, as one prime druid attested. Caryai Meadowgrass, a druid of Sylvanus living near the Great Bazaar, treated several scarling victims. "Infected wounds left untreated for only six hours after a scarling attack will produce permanent scarring," said Meadowgrass. "Perhaps healing magic more powerful than mine can prevent this, but I have had no successes preventing it so far."

Scarling disfigurement has deeply affected one former prime priest of Sune, now a member of The Dispossessed, a sect originating from Pandemonium. Since his fateful encounter with a scarling nest

and subsequent facial scarring, he was ejected from the beauty-worshipping priesthood of Sune. This Chipper, who asked to have his identity protected, blames the Mercykillers for introducing the scarling into Sigil; "See, they got this nasty bird from the Lower Planes! Baator, I'll bet. You can see nest boxes up on the walls of The Prison. They put the scarlings up there as protection."

Accompanied by Druid Meadowgrass, I went to the Prison to confirm the Chipper's statements. Nest boxes housing scarlings were indeed spotted on the perimeter walls of the Prison. Meadowgrass pointed out that scarlings were also nesting within clumps of razorvine that covered the Prison's walls. They appeared to be unaffected by the vines' sharp stems, and were maintaining nests and broods successfully.

"Many prime bird species are able to nest within the spines of desert cacti," Meadowgrass states. "It is no wonder they have spread across Sigil. No one dares disturb their nests or young, and they thrive on the garbage of Sigil's inhabitants."

Faction high-ups and merchant leaders have met to discuss the scarling problem and resultant fatalities and injuries. Action on how to address the problem have not yet been determined. Dabus cells have not been observed removing scarling nests. The chant is that the Lady does not care that another source of pain has made itself part of the Sigilian landscape.

—Barrett-by-the-Spire,  
Special to SIGIS  
(jb)

# PHILDSOPHERS WITH SWORDS

**SYLVANIA**—A new tempering technique for blades has been discovered in Sylvania that is causing the local smiths to beat plowshares into swords, for a hefty mark-up. A new tempering agent, developed by the proprietor of Addleman Alchemy, Xavier Addleman, has allowed the local smiths to turn out blades on par with the finest green steel. Among his other achievements, Xavier produces all of the specialty intoxic-

ants for the Dipping Dragon Tavern, has been hired by the Order to recycle their alchemical cyclones, and has supplied a number of prominent citizens of the burg with specialty items. The demand for blades created with Xavier's new tempering solution is a great boon to the weapon smiths of a town that has suddenly found itself pacified under the Order.

"It's a real blessing." Said Aleron Xanthes, working his

forge. "A week ago you could barely give the things away. Now, merchants from all over the Outlands are showing up looking for anything that will cut. Swords, axes, knives... I just can't keep up. Its all a foreign market, mind you, and that's the best part. I don't know where they go, but I'm just glad its out of Sylvania."

—Marcanto Di Capella,  
culler  
(rm)

Obituaries

# LOZ'GOK'K'LOVA

RAISED TO the Diabolat\* in the reign of Soretta the Spider, Loz'gok'k'lova had been a gelugon in the service of Levistus before his promotion, a well-deserved one by all accounts. Combining an admirable strategic talent with a ruthless cruelty that bought him respect in the eyes of all his equals, he commanded armies for the Dark Eight for many decades. Two years back he was captured whilst personally leading a foray deep into enemy-held territory in Minethys, Carceri. Some suggested that his deeply loyal deputy, Galzephon, had betrayed him to the Tanar'ri, but Galzephon travelled to Sigil specially to make an appeal for his release, and paid moving tribute to a commander he described as firm but fair.

In the two years that followed, Galzephon campaigned tirelessly for an agreement that would free his chief. A seeming break-

through came last month when the Guardinals and Yugoloths together persuaded the Tanar'ri that a partial suspension of hostilities might benefit their longer-term cause. Although many Balors were angry at this, the Marilith Taramanda maintained it would serve them well, leading many to be apprehensive about the bona fides of those striking the deal. As it transpired, the doubters were correct, as Loz'gok'k'lova was dead upon arrival at the exchange area. He will be missed by his troops, who looked up to him as an exemplar of the techniques that have made Baator great.

*[Note: The views displayed here were intended as a fair appraisal of the true talents of the late Loz'gok'k'lova, and are not to be construed as a political statement on the part SIGIS.]*

\* Diabolat is a formal name for those of pit fiend status or higher. (ar)

Stop Press

## HARMONIUM PURGE HOUSE

SIGIL—Sources inside the Barracks have told SIGIS today that up to 10 intermediate bureaucrats within the Harmonium faction have been dismissed from duty or detained for criminal questioning. In the aftershock of the dismissal and disappearance of Measure Three Havrm Ghex, Harmonium Internal Affairs launched a blitzkrieg investigation late last week. Our sources tell us that possibly up to 5% of intermediate administrators working in influential

or sensitive departments had taken bribes, performed personal favours for friends and family, and in 2 cases, were actually agents for another faction. It is thought that the investigation continues, and more demotions and dismissals could be forthcoming. No official word on the organisational shake up has come from the Harmonium Public Relations Department.

— Serafined Lache, staff culler (pw)

## LIBATIONS HOLDINGS COLLECTS BIG JINX

SIGIL—Over the past week, Libations Holdings Ltd. collected on an Assurance and Protection Agreement it held with a Fated-owned company for the destruction of the Square Bar in the Lady's Ward two weeks ago. Some bashers in the dark have whispered the pay-out might be to the tune of 200 thousand jinx.

If true, this would be the largest insurance pay-out in

recent Sigil history. The partners of Libations could not be reached to verify this as the amount. Last week, Libations Ltd.'s parent company, Three Rings Holdings Ltd. filed for debt protection with the City Courts. It is unknown at this time how this will affect the Three Rings suit.

— Felicity K. Ghuar, trades culler (pw)

Letters

## Sensate response to official Sinker letter by Sir Twist

To the Readers of SJGS,

I read with some amusement the official Doomguard response to its own members questioning Factol Pentar's decision to ally with the Society of Sensation. In his letter (apparently meant to soothe the trouble countenances of Sinker factioneers), Sir Twist asserts that the high-ups of the faction wrestled over which side they would fight for: the Rizans or the Celts.

Although this makes a nice little story, I find the merit of Sir Twist's assertion questionable at best. Two unalterable facts lead me to this conclusion. First, it is no dark that many Sinker factioneers believe the Multiverse is decaying (I might say evolving or altering instead, but I guess that is why I'm not a Sinker) at far too rapid a pace and more must be done to slow the rapid rate of entropy. By itself this is not noteworthy, but combined with the fact that the faction plans to put the Modron March in the dead-book, these very same factioneers surely would be upset at the thought of generating even more destruction by allying with the Rizans.

Second, it is also well-known that one of the main high-ups in the Armoury is a Tanar'ri. How might his Abyssal siblings respond to the notion that Ely Cromlich's very own faction allied itself with Baatezu trying to recoup their losses from that Blood War fiasco in Carceri? Personally, I don't even think that the possibility of siding with the Rizans ever even came to the floor in this meeting Sir Twist alludes to. (What kind of leatherhead would propose such an idea to a Cambion master swordsman?)

It is a pleasant enough thought to imagine the Doomguard succumbing in a faction meeting to its own philosophy with Cromlich putting a few sods in the dead-book, but the only berks who might have wanted to side with the Rizans probably mumbled this in the back of the hall under their breath. However, reading between the lines of propaganda in Sir Twist's letter (and listening to the chant in the Cage), I concluded that there was much dissent from Sinkers who can't stand the idea of allying with the Sensates. Their Factol no doubt convinced these berks that a little exercise would do them good in preparation for ending the Great March. Moreover, fighting to save Tir Na Oz probably appealed to the Sinkers who think the Multiverse is decaying too rapidly.

Indeed, I find it amusing to see canny Factol Pentar spinning the chant with such skill and playing both ends of the Sinkers so well. But what I find most humorous is the inability of the Sinkers to learn and grow from their experiences in Tir Na Oz. In his baffle, the beauty of the land and its people were juxtaposed against the violence and terror of war, a situation which threw into sharp relief the significance of the Blood War to the entire Multiverse. To myself and other Sensates, that resonates far more meaning than any field exercise ever could.

Dach Tchlorem

Guardianship Commander  
Society of Sensation

(sk)

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SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 13 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

First Week of Narciss



Slaad musing on Harmonium's latest setback

## HARMONIUM HIVE PLANS HIT THE BLINDS

SIGIL—At a press conference two days ago, Harmonium spokesman, Mover Four Tonat Shar revealed plans to locate a permanent presence of the

faction in the Hive Ward. Shar told a group of stunned cullers that the Harmonium has begun refitting a decrepit Hive slum-house for eventual use as

faction offices and soldier barracks.

"Harmonium patrols have always been the main force for law and order in the disreputable Hive," Shar told the assemblage. "Now for the first time in many decades, the Harmonium will work from within the Hive itself. This new bureau, which we call the 'Encampment', will be our beachhead to an island of cross-trading scum. Knights of the post, Chaos-men and Anarchists beware! The Harmonium is ready to scrag law-breakers at all hours of peak and we won't need to run half-way round the Cage to do it."

A culler from the Tempus Sigilian asked where the new kip will be built. Shar replied, "The Encampment will stand on the very ground where three officers of the law were recently lost. It will serve both to honour the sacrifice of those true bloods and remind cross-traders that the Harmonium avenges its own."

However, less than a day after Shar's speech, the Hardhead proposal ran into some snags down at the City Courts. It seems that several Guvners took exception to this plan and found some legal grounds on which to challenge the new construction. A clerk down at the Courts told SIGIS that the Harmonium may not have filed the proper paperwork in order to secure building permits at the site. "In fact," commented the clerk who wished to remain anonymous, "chant is that another buyer, a Fated basher, already made a strong bid for the property. From what I've skegged, I think the Hard-heads are going to have to dig deep to find the jink to match that cutter's offer." Although we were able to confirm the chant on the bid (if not verify the identity of the

bidder other than the basher is a high-up Heartless) our investigation also revealed that the building injunction was the pet of Guvner factioneers and had nothing to do with the bid.

Why is there so much interest in a sodding pit of a Hive kip? Chant out of the Hive Ward says the dark of the matter centres around some facts SIGIS reported last issue about a lost Tridrone and a hidden portal near where the Hardhead officers were put in the dead-book.

"It's obvious," slurred a Slaad basher quaffing bub in a Hive tavern. "The Modrons want that portal and they're using the Guvners to get it for 'em. The Hardheads are just spittin' screeed about law and order—they just want the portal under their thumb. The Fated probably figure it's gotta be worth some serious jink if the Guvners and the Hardheads are squabblin' over it." (This surprisingly edifying conversation came to an abrupt halt when the barkeep announced bet-taking over which faction would scrag the kip.)

A quick trip down to the Harmonium's new case suggested that the Hardheads weren't too willing to wait for building permits. Construction had begun in earnest and red-leathered soldiers littered the streets of the Hive around the kip keeping the riffraff at bay while carpenters and stonemasons worked their trade. "They're building a bariaur standing nearby. Whatever dark hides behind those newly thickened walls, it seems that the Harmonium, at least, is willing to risk the anger and resentment of their normally close allies to keep it to themselves.

— Maija Intwood, culler (sk)

## STYX FLOOD TOUCH: BLOOD WAR BLAMED

TORCH—Threatening to engulf half the burg, the River Styx flash-flooded through Torch last week putting dozens of sods in the dead-book and causing hundreds more to lose their memories. Although the marshes surrounding the gate-town have often flooded in the past, the River Styx typically confines its meandering to the Lower Planes. Therefore, the residents were thoroughly surprised when a powerful flood of inky black Styx waters surged out of the Hinterlands.

The flood struck with little warning, according to local bashers, who said they were forced to claw their way up

pipe. The tiefer got really torqued off and stung the addle-cove with some kind o tail she had hiding in her pants. The berk started jerking and twitching and fell off into the Styx. Leatherhead should've known better than to mess with a tiefling."

The most amazing chant came from witnesses who say they spied a cutter dancing on the backs of two dead fiends floating in the river. "He was trying bloody hard to keep his balance while these bloated fiends was bobbin' up and down in the eddies," said one witness. "Can't figure out how the berk got there. Lots of bashers standing on the rooftops were cheering the sod on as he floated past them—one bubber started yelling so hard he lost his balance and fell right in the Styx!"

Most of the witnesses to this amazing story thought this basher was just trying to keep his head up, but one cutter said she actually saw him willingly jump on to the dead fiends from safety! "I swear by the her majesty, the Maiden of Pain herself, this addle-cove jumped out of a tower right on to the deaders," said Solla Becken, a priestess of Loviatar. "He must have been bubbled up on glee or something [Editor's note: see previous SIGIS for more information on the drug known as Glitterglee].

I clearly heard singing as he leapt out of the tower; he seemed to be enjoying himself."

In the aftermath of the flood, it became clear that many fiend corpses must have been available as canoes for the added to jump on. Hundreds, if not thousands, of broken Tanar'ri, Baatezu and Yugoloth bodies washed into the marsh around Torch after the Styx receded, making grotesque, driftwood sculptures that immediately began sinking into the mud. This fuelled speculation that the flood was a consequence of a particularly fierce Blood War confrontation in Gehenna (or possibly the Hinterlands).

Massive numbers of fiends perishing in the Styx may have caused the river to overflow its banks, or the sheer malignancy of the conflict may have altered the course of the river, spreading the Blood Wars evil off into the Outlands. If the cause truly proves to be aftershocks from the Blood War, Torch may be in for a lot more trouble in the near future. Chant is that the War has escalated to previously unseen levels after recent prisoner exchange went sour, and our sources say there seems little chance of the battles abating anytime soon.

— Maija Intwood, culler (sk)



Char Downes, prepared for more trouble

buildings, over rocks and even around each other to avoid getting lost. "Berks were going barmy trying to get away," said Char Downes, a long-time resident of Torch. "I saw one sod crawl right up over this tiefling hanging on to a drain

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# REVELATIONS OF THE RIGAN INVASION

by Tenemus Al Karak

RECENTLY, I was blessed with a little time off from my duties at the library, and I figured that it was about time to take a holiday. Being the old man that I am, you would think I'd have the sense to take a real break and relax in the forests of Elysium or enjoy a fine ale in the Dwarven Mountain with some (even older) friends. But I suppose my curiosity got the better of my sense, and before I knew it I was shelling out the jink, and the chant, for some portal keys to Tir Na Og.

Now, the Tir Na Og I remember was a land of rolling green pastures, ancient stone circles, kind-hearted petitioners and glorious Powers beyond compare. I was truly looking forward to the trip, and I had almost forgotten about the recent devastation suffered by the Celts at the hands of the Rigans. (Besides, surely the stalwart Celts have rebuilt their cases and regained their livelihoods by now!)

Therefore, I was entirely unprepared for what I witnessed upon stepping out the portal into Tir Na Og. After arrival, I just stood staring ahead, open-mouthed with shock and dismay, my eyes filling with tears at what I saw. Destruction, filth and death were ubiquitous! Villages were in ruins, and bodies of Rigans and Celts alike lay in huge fly-infested piles everywhere I looked. Whole swathes of forest parted open like gaping black scars on the earth and funeral pyres burned away (all day and night as it turned out). The air was a soot filled smog reminiscent of Sigil on a bad day.

My shock lasted well into the first night of my visit, but I managed to recover enough to find my favourite kip, The Golden Ram, in Delany [Editor's note: a burg in Tir Na Og]. Derek, the owner and a long-time friend of mine, pulled out a cask of fine stout that managed to survive the Rigans, and we had a long chat about what happened.

Derek dropped me the chant on battle heroes and lost locals and we even debated the dark purpose of the fiends visit. All this and more we passed before us, but it was precisely what we didn't discuss that I dwelled upon late into the night.

All through the conversation with my friend, a little voice whispered incessantly, one question: "Where were the Powers?" Where were they during the invasion of Tir Na Og and the destruction of their realm and petitioners? How could they let this happen? I suppose one of the Lost might have a ready answer for me, but I wanted to go beyond faction scree to the real crux of the matter. The Celtic Powers had made a decision not to interfere while their lands were put to the flame and I wanted to know why.

Mind you, invasions of Tir Na Og are not a new thing. Many a time has a fiend patrol made an incursion and been beaten back. But never has a Blood War army forced the Celts to pay the music so loudly. Even the aloof Egyptian Power Thoth protected his realm better than The Dag-hda! How could this be?

Over the next two days, I discovered that none of these Outland bashers wished to talk of their Powers, not even the priests! As soon as I mentioned Oghma's name or The Dag-hda, whomever I happened to be speaking with would just change the subject. At this point the little voice in my head (sound like a sodding Bleaker don't I?) started to ask quite another question, one for which I had no immediate answer: What could be so bloody important that the Celtic Powers would sacrifice so many of their believers and so much of their realm for?

Since I wasn't getting any answers from the Celts, I went to the next best source of information on the battle: the culler Maija Intwood who dropped chant of the battles on the pages of SIGIS I had to travel back to the Cage to

track her down, but I am very glad I bothered because the chant Intwood slipped me helped put the pieces of this puzzle together. Cornering her in Fortune's Wheel, I asked if there was anything particularly odd in the behaviour of the Baatezu that led the army against Tir Na Og. After pondering the question for a minute or two, Intwood said, "Come to think of it Tenemus, I do remember scratching my head over one strange fact I learned of the invasion. Every basher I interviewed told me they'd brawled mostly with goblins, Rigan mercs or other creatures from Acheron itself. Rarely did I hear of actual toe-to-toe battles with Baatezu.

"Except, that is, for the one dramatic encounter I reported in SIGIS where a group of high-up fiends took their attitude to a decrepit looking circle of stones. They were met in force by the Sinkers under Alles Jehaad and many were put in the dead-book, but I had to wonder why the Baatezu were so intent on this region since it did not seem to hold any particular strategic importance."

I asked Intwood if she could lead me back to this particular circle so that I might try and ascertain the dark of the Baatezu's plan. She readily agreed to the task, being as curious about this situation as I, and brought with her a most important journal—that of her lost brother Daaras Intwood. (Some of you following the story of the Rigan invasion may have skerged Daaras Intwood's name as the culler following the Rigans through Thoth's realm who was put in the dead-book.)

Daaras Intwood was famous for his reporting of the Blood War, which he managed for decades, and he took far more notes on his travels than ever were printed in the pages of SIGIS or the other Blood War rags he wrote for. Maija figured (correctly it turned out) that these may come in handy. Armed with his notes,

and a bit of divining magic, we set off to uncover the dark of the Rigan invasion.

The stone circle proved to lie not far from the burg of Delany, only a half-day hike. There was nothing really special about the circle itself except that it was clearly very ancient. The once enormous rocks had been shrivelled down to boulders, and many had fallen apart or cracked. But that, in of itself, was curious—most of the stone circles used in ceremonies still stand upright and tall and serve as shrines to many of the Powers. (As I said, this was curious, but not unique, because other circles in Tir Na Og are old and little used.)

Although the stones were old, there was enough left of them to uncover an extraordinary connection: according to the journal of Daaras Intwood, these stones were in exactly the same configuration as the Stones of Draetilus, one of the most famous and contested sites of the Blood War! These Stones, located in Carceri, act as portals to strategic points around the Multiverse and would be quite some prize for the combatants of the Blood War.

Now the dark was finally coming to the light. In the last known battle at the Stones of Draetilus, a group of Tanar'ri slipped the blinds on the Baatezu and used the Stones for their own nefarious purpose. The Baatezu never were able to take the Stones for themselves afterwards. Thus, it seems that the Baatezu needed another means to discover the purpose of the stones and what the Tanar'ri might have used them for. Here, in Tir Na Og, they had a mirror image of these stones with not a lot of Tanar'ri in the way.

Is there some direct connection between these stones and those in Draetilus? My limited knowledge of the arcane arts wasn't able to answer this question fully, but I did detect the faintest trace of magical energy and the hint of a portal nearby. This leads me

to suspect that there may indeed be connections between the circles, either directly or from an ancient time. Perhaps the stones in Draetilus were once in Tir Na Og and some cross-trading Power lifted them to Carceri. Or perhaps they were made to duplicate the Tir Na Og stones, and in that way used to siphon off the energy of those stones. They may have even provided a Power the means to escape the infernal prison of Carceri.

Now we know the dark of the fiends purpose, but we still haven't an answer for the Celtic Powers neglect of their realms and petitioners. What did they hope to gain after losing so many of their believers and some of their faith as well? The heart of this dark I believe also lies with the Stones. I suggest that these stones were scragged right under the noses of the Celtic Powers (or a Power, most likely the Dag-hda). Some cutter (probably a Power) slipped the blinds on the stone's maker and bobbed them off to Carceri taking a most valuable prize. By the time the Celts tumbled to the dark, the new circle was cut off from Tir Na Og and likely had already been utilised for escape. (I also suspect that the fugitive was originally imprisoned by the Celts themselves...)

My guess is that the Celtic Powers want this circle back under their thumb, and they needed the sacrifice of a few fiends to make this happen. (How they used the Baatezu sacrifices, of course, is beyond my ken.) It is true that they also asked much sacrifice from their loyal believers, but this can be justified in the great cosmic struggle for precedence among the Powers and greater things may hang in the balance. Now all these bashers have to do is strike a deal with Cronus and they'll be all set!

[Editor's note: the stones are in the Titan's realm in Carceri] (sk)

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# HARMONIUM RELEASES CADRE REPORT

SIGIL—In an uncommonly forthcoming move, the Harmonium today released detailed reports of their ongoing investigation into the mystery

of the Cadre. Christopher Verdue, chief investigating officer in the case, gave this statement:

"While I realise that this is not normal Harmonium procedure, my office has decided to break with tradition to let the people of Sigil know that

we are still on the job. Indeed, we have managed to make some fairly astounding breakthroughs in this landmark case, and in light of the general

mismanagement perpetrated by Measure Three Havrm Ghex, I felt it best that we clear the air on this investigation."

## OFFICIAL HARMONIUM INVESTIGATION REPORT

**Security:** For Release—Public  
**Submitted:** Christopher Verdue, Chief Investigator  
**Approved:** Office of Tonat Shar  
**CASE REPORT II-1145**  
**Perpetrator:** Unknown  
**Faction Allegiance:** Revolutionary League  
**Cell:** The Cadre  
**Priority:** Red Three  
**Warrants:** Destruction of Property (20 Counts), Disruption of Public Thoroughfare (30 counts), Dissension (20 counts), Murder (15 counts), Threat to Life (50 counts), Threat to Property (60 counts), Destructive Use of Magic (3 counts), Possession of Illegal Substance (20 counts), Espionage (10 counts)  
**INCIDENT REPORT:** Accordant 1st Week, 1st Day, 2 B.P.  
**Incident:** Unknown assailants bomb the City Court killing 1 and injuring 10. Infant Rev. League Cell Cadre suspected (see: INTELLIGENCE REPORT II-1099).  
**Suspects:** 3 unknown transients scragged. Questioned and held for 3 days and released.  
**Evidence:** Unknown mechanical device in pieces. No magic detected. Complex design using mechanics and chemicals. Rogue modron design probable.  
**FOLLOW-UP REPORT:** Accordant 2nd Week, 1st Day, Antipeak  
**Incident:** Investigating officer Havrm Ghex discovered pieces of a second device, which may have detonated the bomb. Pieces are analysed, but are of indeterminable use.  
**INCIDENT REPORT:** Accordant 4th Week, 1st Day, Peak  
**Incident:** Unknown assailants attack City Court for a second time, evading a battalion of S.O. [Editor's note: S.O. stands for "Special Operations"] officers. Two separate devices detonated on opposite sides of an exterior courtyard (see ATTACHMENT I: 1145). One of the devices was incendiary, the second was shrapnel based. One Harmonium officer was killed (see REPORT II-1149) 20 persons were injured. A third incendiary device which was un-detonated was recovered.  
**Suspects:** None

**Evidence:** Pieces of both devices match the original attack. The un-detonated device was examined and it was determined not to be of Modron origin. The skill with which the device was constructed did not match known Modron methods.  
**Notes:** Havrm Ghex assigned Special Investigator to CASE II-1145 (See: PERSONNEL REPORT: 1098-1025)  
**INCIDENT REPORT:** Accordant 4th Week, 4th Day, 6 A.P.  
**Incident:** Sigil-based newspaper publisher, SIGILS, (See INTELLIGENCE FILE: 19996-0005) publishes correspondence received from those claiming to be the Cadre. Culler Zeines Pauch (See INTELLIGENCE FILE: 18888-00055) reports recovering the letter from contacts he declines to name.  
**Analysis:** Indicative language and style points to a non-Sigil origin, possibly, the author was from the Outlands or the Prime. Threat of a spider attack, being researched, at this time.  
**INCIDENT REPORT:** Retributus 1st week, 3rd Day, 6 B.P.  
**Incident:** Business man, Bezen Joloc Hempstock (See INTELLIGENCE FILE: 18888-00015) killed by Cadre. Body was decapitated and limbs were cut off with serrated blade. Body parts were attached to a machine shaped like a spider. Magical energies were detected around the machine.  
**Suspects:** None  
**Witnesses:** Haim Hunt, local tradesman, reported hearing the machine chant the phrase: Theft no more. (See WITNESS STATEMENT: II-1145-99909NE)  
**Evidence:** Spider machine was of both mechanical and magical origin. Design and function are dissimilar to the explosive devices previously recovered. Machine is still under analysis at this time.  
**Addendum:** Explosive device similar to the incendiary devices previously recovered found in the inner workings of the spider machine. Analysis indicates that the device was constructed by the same person as previous devices recovered.

**INVESTIGATION REPORT:** Retributus 2nd week, 2nd Day, 2 B.P.  
**Incident:** Recruit Christopher Verdue (see PERSONNEL REPORT: 1000-9924) assigned to assist Measure Three Havrm Ghex in investigation.  
**INVESTIGATION REPORT:** Retributus 3rd Week, 1st Day, 2 B.P.  
**Incident:** Measure Three Havrm Ghex reassigned from CASE: II-1145 to CASE: III-1000. (See INTERNAL AFFAIRS REPORT: II-1145-1AR)  
**INCIDENT REPORT:** Retributus 3rd Week, 6th Day, 6 A.P.  
**Incident:** Measure Three Havrm Ghex has not reported in four days. Team dispatched to investigate his whereabouts. Last seen in Hive Ward questioning contacts in CASE: II-1145.  
**INCIDENT REPORT:** Retributus 3rd Week, 7th Day, 9 B.P.  
**Incident:** Square Bar (See LOCAL REPORTS: 7718, 7710, 10999) destroyed by second machine attack from the Cadre. Machine (See INCIDENT ATTACHMENT: II-1145-R3X09IA) exploded on impact. 20 persons killed, 2 factors of the Fraternity of Order killed. 40 persons injured. Suspected Rev. League members in attendance (See INTELLIGENCE FILES: 99999-000030, -000033, -000045, -000099).  
**Witnesses:** Qaz, Stone Prince, (See WITNESS STATEMENT: II-1145-R3X09WR)  
**Suspects:** (See SUSPECT REPORT: II-1145-R3X09SR)  
**Evidence:** Majority of machine was recovered. Analysis indicates that the machine was manned by a humanoid creature of small size. Design similar to that of spider machine. Clockwork magerly has been suspected (See SUSPECT PROFILE: II-1145-SP5) as magical energies were detected and believed to power the vehicle. Possible that a clockwork mage and accomplice are the perpetrators.  
**Addendum:** Rev. League contacts have come forward with identity and location of Cadre operations and safe houses. Patrols have been mobilised.  
**Addendum:** Leads followed up on, additional evidence recovered. (See EVIDENCE REPORT: II-1145-R3XER).  
 (pw)

# SIAAD EGG INCITES BAZAAR RIOT



Artist's Impression of Bram Bloodheart

SIGIL—A riot broke out in the Great Bazaar today when Bram Bloodheart, a Doomguard high-up, started wading through the crowd angrily swinging an axe handle and cracking skulls. Bloodheart apparently became enraged when a fist-sized siaad egg sailed out of the crowd and struck him in the chest. In his frenzy to right that offence, Bloodheart injured approximately 25 bystanders with the axe handle, scragged from the nearby Arborean Imports booth, including Lord Peltar von Turmstadt, a prominent Senator visiting from Ribcage. Lord Peltar was actually pulled from his litter, and suffered a severe blow to his face as well as a broken leg before his minders fended off Bloodheart.

The riot that followed Bloodheart's attacks spread quickly throughout the Bazaar, killing at least 15 and injuring hundreds. Soon afterwards, Harmonium patrols poured in and scragged everyone within reach. But the Hardheads actions served only to further anger the already furious Indep merchants, who then threw stones, and whatever else they could get their hands, on at the Hardhead patrols. "That ain't no way for a berk to treat a chicken, even if he is piked off," said Haris Laslough, owner of Laslough's Luscious Livestock. Laslough reported that one addle-coved berk bobbed a fine hen out of his stalls, and started smacking an officer about the head with the poor creature.

The barrage eventually forced the Harmonium to retreat, but not before they scragged several dozen rioters, including Bloodheart. A witness to Bloodheart's arrest, who requested his name be withheld, reported that the Sinker repeatedly screamed, "Never pike me off, you sodding berks, or I'll put you in the dead-book!"  
 "They was beatin' him like he was a deva walkin' in on a party at the Styx Oarsman," said the witness. Other anonymous sources claimed that the Harmonium also used the riots as an excuse to specifically target members of the Free League for arrest. These allegations were roundly denied by the Harmonium who said they only scragged knights of the post participating in the riot.

Eventually, the riot dissipated, but not before heavy losses were sustained by many of the merchants. Many booths were heavily damaged, and others were nicked by opportunistic cross-traders. "I been peeled for all me stock, with nary a green to show for it," exclaimed Marcus Brundle, of Brundle's Beaded Baubles, one of the businesses hardest hit during the chaos. Brundle and other Bazaar merchants hope the Fraternity of Order will be on their side when they try to recover lost jink directly from the Armoury. They plan to argue that the Doomguard faction fosters beliefs that lead to the riot in the Bazaar, and they should be held financially responsible for the damage that it caused.

—Malachaius von der Morgenstern, culler (sc)

Letters

TAKE A BREAK FROM THE RING

Has the infinite "majesty of the planes" got you stressed?  
**Silverahm Verlikot's Bilyard Parlour** may be just the place for you to unwind. We specialise in the **entertainment** needs of a civilised Prime man. **Bilyards, pool, snooker, cards and more!**  
 We import your **favourite ales and spirits**, too! Drop by in the **Clerk's Ward**, near the **Civic Feshhall**.

(Fully Licenced by the Harmonium)

(db)

NewsChant

SLAAD CAUSE CHAOS IN XAOS

OXAS—The slaad masses have suddenly moved! Readers following the situation in Limbo several weeks ago must doubtless have been wondering what the growing number of slaadi at their Holy Spawning Stone have been doing. It appears we are one step closer to finding out their dark, for earlier this week the now nine-thousand strong army of slaad began to swove [Editor's note: "Swoving" is the primary mode of transport on Limbo, a cross between swimming and walking] in a disorganised bunch away from the Stone. Shortly afterwards the whole gaggle simply disappeared into the swirling soup, which appeared far more chaotic than usual.

Their trail reappeared in the Outland gate-town of asoX, when all nine-thousand slaadi emerged from the burg's randomly shifting portal. The process took the best part of a day, during which time the portal shifted several hundred times, liberally spreading slaadi across the burg and throughout the countryside surrounding it. In fact, at some point in the afternoon the entire burg vanished from the Outlands, presumably sliding into Limbo as the concentration of chaos grew too much for the Outlands to keep a grip on the burg. oXAs

was dragged back by a horde of slaadi, apparently using ropes made from razorvine.

Eyewitness zoBvrix Barley-Mac later told me: "Them slaadis, they were hammering in bolts of chaos-stuff through the burg and into the ground. Once they did that the buildings stopped their shriekin' and quietened down, almost like they were happy to stay in the Outlands."

The slaad army ravaged the burg for supplies, and the soXan locals were only saved from starvation by a fortuitous hailstorm of cabbages which blew in through the portal. As abruptly as they had appeared (ie. not very), the slaadi dispersed, in a disorderly line formation, heading towards Glorium. Well, most of them; several hundred apparently changed their minds, and doubled back, towards Bedlam, and a group of three greens consulted an ethroscope they had acquired in aXos before making a beeline for the Spire.

Curiously, many of the creatures appear to be carrying bulging sacks, containing an unknown cargo. This culler, for one, was not particularly eager to question the slaadi close up, so does not know what they might contain.

—Laxuli Phae, culler (jw)

Lost Yet Found

Tired of all the petty holy wars between the powers?

Feeling left out by those "omnipotent" Gods who don't seem to have all the answers for you, or even the time to listen?

Want to spend your life in pursuit of the Real Truth, the Great Beyond?

Then come visit the **Shattered Temple** and open your mind to a new realm of possibilities. We have the Faction for you.

**The Athar!**

(bm)

Esteemed Dach Tchlorem,

Despite your skepticism on my assertions that we were undecided as to which side of the fight we would join, let me give you one word of advice: Get Your Head out of Your Flabby Rear End, you worthless Sensate, and pay attention, because this is the only time I will repeat myself for the benefit of someone who evidently wants to experience Entropy firsthand.

The views of our faction members on the rate at which entropy is coming are generally well known. There is actually a relatively small proportion of those that would see Entropy slowed, and their influence is relatively limited because of their small numbers. Also, you seem to ignore the fact that the Modron/March is still some way off, and its only connection to this little Celtic drama is that this battle happened to provide field training for our soldiers.

Next, just because Cromlich is a Tanar'ri, does not mean we don't have Baatezu in our ranks. Moreover, Cromlich himself has to initiate them! Your point as to his influence over the decision is quite moot because, despite his fiendish nature, Cromlich's loyalty to Factol Pentar is unswerving. Foremost dedication to the forces of destruction is imperative to becoming a high-up in the Doomguard.

I would now like to return to Factol Pentar's reasoning for siding with the Celts: this battle was basic field practice, and our armies needed to face a task to which they were equal. Oh I recall correctly, the Rigan forces outnumbered the defenders, yet we still managed to fill volumes of dead-books with their names. And who, may I ask, did all the work?

Even by your elated Guardianship commander's report, the Sinkers were the ones that went with not just ferocity, but also skill far superior to anything you pathetic Sensates could muster. You talk about all these experiences you claim to have gained at the battle, but the only experience I think you really discovered was the thrill of being on the right end of the blade while your opponent looked in your eyes with a mixture of hate and pleading as their life-force faded into that reservoir of inaccessible energy.

Your reasons for writing your own letter are much too obvious: as a Commander in the Lady's Guardianship, your envy has got the better of you regarding our skill in combat. Your sense of the pleasure at the thought that Cromlich may have turned our meeting into a bloodbath is perhaps understandable, but I must ask.

On closing, I would like to mention that there was little we learned from the minor skirmish out on the Outlands, other than our tacticians are slightly weak on the defensive, our warriors and mages combine their skills well together in battle, and that the next leatherhead to mention the Society of Sensation to Factol Pentar is going to have the pleasure of being personally executed by our glorious leader.

May you find Entropy,  
 Sir Twist

(db)

Stop Press

HARMONIUM HIVE PLADS HAVRM GEX HIT THE BLINDS FOUND DEAD IN HIVE

LATE BREAKING NEWS—At least one of the bashers accused in the murder of the Hive soldiers has been exonerated by the Harmonium. The Harmonium say they made a mistake when they fingered a Mercykiller by the name of Kamene, and all searches and rewards leading to the scragging of this individual have been retracted. However, the other two cross-traders implicated are still giving the law the laugh, and the Harmonium still requests any information leading to their capture. (sk)

RIOT AFTERMATH

IN A SHOCKING development in the wake of the Great Bazaar riot, the bodies of the six Harmonium officers assigned to escort Bram Bloodheart, the Doomguard who started the riot, were found hanging from the outer wall of the Palace of the Jester shortly after antipeak. Mutilated almost beyond recognition, the bodies were facing the City Barracks with their mouths drawn back in hideous grins.

Bram Bloodheart was nowhere to be found. Factol Sarin, when reached for comment, responded only that these acts "would not go unpunished." Cullers sent to the Armoury to inquire as to the whereabouts of Blood-heart were met with a barrage of threats and insults. Uncharacteristically, Jeremo the Natterer, the Lady's Jester, kept his infamous bone-box shut. — Malachaius von der Morgenstern, culler (sc)

SIGIL—The body of a transient found in the middle of the street in the Hive Ward today is believed to be that of ex-Special Investigator Measure Three Havrm Ghex. The corpse had been partially immolated and is believed to have been planted in the street just moments before a Hardhead patrol happened by. There has been no official announcement as to the identity of the body since its recovery last night. Havrm Ghex was reassigned several weeks ago from the Cadre case and was being sought by the Harmonium Internal Affairs Department for questioning in an unrelated case.

—Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 14 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

Second Week of Narciss

## REFUGEES OVERFLOW HIVE

SIGIL—Thousands of refugees from the recently dismantled city of Jangling Hiter continue to fill the Hive Ward beyond the capacity of city services to deal with the influx. The already-crowded streets of the Ward are now completely blocked in places by squatters and barmies bumped out of their kips by new arrivals. Sanitation facilities and cleanup, which are marginal at best on in the Hive, have utterly collapsed. Even the Dustmen are having difficulties keeping up with the increase in population (and the subsequent increase in deaders).

"We're just a stone's throw away from a soddin' riot," said Fleagle DeMitt, of the seldom seen Harmonium Hive Patrol.

(Dreg the Damned, a suspected Anarchist, was even heard to remark, "Where's a good-sized rock when you need one?") After being spied sneaking out the back of the Marble District Precinct, Sergeant DeMitt blustered, "Maybe we don't have the bashers ready to scrag all these lawbreaking berks right now, but we will soon! You mark my words, cutter!" He and his squad then beat a hasty retreat into the Lower Ward, where Harmonium troops appear to be massing.

The Bleak Cabal, assisted by priests from several of Sigil's Upper Planar temples, have launched an all-out effort to find kips for the newcomers, and dampen the threat of accidental arson from the

many additional cookerries being set up throughout Hive Ward streets. Allesha Sheevis, noted Hive Ward philanthropist, said, "I just wish some of those jink-ridden rats from Hiter that've settled in the Market Ward would take a moment to think about their less fortunate compatriots. There'd be plenty of space and food for everyone if only some of those wealthy bloods would donate some of their precious time and effort. Perhaps even Zadara might think of lending a few greens to the cause, since it was her acquisition of Hiter that caused so much of the uproar in the first place."

While the majority of Hiter refugees have settled in the Hive, many new merchant

stalls have opened up in the Market and Lower Wards, manned by the wealthier Hiter immigrants. None of these high-ups agreed to speak openly about the overcrowding in the Hive, however. Indeed, only a single fiend, speaking on condition of strict anonymity, spoke with SIGIS. "Don't worry about them berks, mate," this cutter told

SIGIS. "The Kyttons will pummel any Hiters that get bumptious, even if they ain't in the City of Chains no more."

Several Kyttons have been reported in the Hive Ward recently, but, as yet, none have made themselves available for comment.

—Gert Rood, *Hive Beat Culler* (Mr. N)

## SLAADI HORDES RAVAGE OUTLANDS

OUTLANDS—As hundreds of straggling slaadi continue to pour erratically from the Chaos gate in aXos, it has become clear to this culler the intentions of this rapacious race.

Xanxost, a blue slaad, told me to report this message: "Hello mortals! It is time now to learn what we slaadi are up to! Yes, readers of SIGIS, we have decided to go on a Great Chaos Tromp around the Outlands! If the modrons—the cursed lawful modrons—the hated...

"If the modrons can march around the Ring, we slaadi can too! Oho yes! And with so much more style! Xanxost is spreading the happy word of Xaos, no, aXos, no, soXa—the happy words of chaotic things, so when the boxy croke men (who taste as bad as vocks... Xanxost has chewed their arms off many times) march their march (their hated, lawful march) they will see we are the greater!

"Xanxost does not know what the other slaadi are doing, though. He thinks they are following him, oho! Although some of them have

gone the wrong way. See you at the party in Automata, SIGIS reader-berks!"

The majority of the so-called frog-fiends have marched anti-clockwise around the ring of gate-towns, missing out Glorium but descending upon Sylvania and Faunel in great numbers. Lines of information have been completely disrupted by fluctuating zones of wild magic and portals which were once considered reliable have drifted at both ends. It seems the sacks carried by the beasts contain pure chaos-stuff, which have warped space and probability around the horde. However, it is believed that hungry slaadi have devoured most of each burg's food supplies, and several locals too. It appears the hordes intend to traverse the whole of the ring of gate-towns. A further troop of slaadi have reportedly reached the sixth ring in, on their tromp towards the Spire. Unconfirmed sightings of the Guvner sage DeMiro the Erattic place him either amidst or close in front of the slaadi.

(jw)

## LIBATIONS HOLDINGS FLEES FATED TAXMEN

SIGIL—As Fated tax enforcers closed in on the offices of Libations Holdings, Ltd. early this morning, the Principals of the organisation fled through a shifting portal. According to witness, who wished to remain anonymous, these high-ups were accompanied by porters bearing large sacks, chests, and hand-carts full to bursting with jink, gems, and other precious items. The Principals apparently left a document behind which was recovered by Fated and Harmonium investigators. This document marked the official dissolution of the organisation with a lump jink payment that had effectively purchased Libations Holdings

from their many creditors and backers.

A Fated spokeswoman, Milla Watsgood, released this statement concerning Libations Holdings: The Principals of Libations Holdings Ltd. are wanted for tax evasion and fraud, including the failure to pay transactions taxes, awards taxes, sales and deed taxes, as well as defrauding backers, and possibly defrauding the Fated in false Assurance and Protection claims.

When asked to expound on various points, Ms. Watsgood declined to comment.

Libations Holdings Ltd. received a large settlement on a Protection and Assurance Policy a week ago, some

200,000 jinx in gold, when their primary holding, the Square Bar, was destroyed by the Revolutionary League cell known as the Cadre. Further investigation has revealed that the Principals spent the last week selling off all holdings in the Cage and in several Outland burgs, which consisted mostly of bub and flop houses. The Principals of Libations, Ltd.'s parent company, Three Rings, Ltd. are currently being sought by Harmonium and Fated investigators for questioning. No spokesperson for Three Rings could be reached for comment.

—Felicity K. Ghwar, *trades culler* (pw)

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# CONTROVERSIAL OPENING

THE LADY'S WARD— Sigil's best-kept worst-kept secret reopens this week after several years of closure. The Musée Arcane disappeared from the back-alleys of the Lady's Ward after a series of rulings from the City Courts banning its curator, the medusa Magnum Opus, from opening its doors due to "Potential Threat of Flaying from Her Serenity the Lady of Pain". This ancient law is invoked by the Gvnners when they fear the Lady may take offence at something in the Cage and slay any berk unlucky enough to be near it at the time. Protected by a gaze reflection spell, culler Toloshti Harbran asked Magnum Opus why the Musée had been closed in the first place.

"Well, cutter, seems the Law-Makers didn't like some of the darks I was spreading around," the medusa replied. "Particularly the ones about the Lady of Pain's history. They shut me down, so I took an extended jaunt around the

Great Ring, researching some leads I'd unearthed."

Magnum Opus claims she does not know where the Musée itself went during this period, though it apparently reappeared on her return to the Cage, its rooms rearranged and very much cleaner. "Perhaps the dabus took it away for a good dusting", quipped the medusa. "It'd been years since that old thing saw a lick of paint, and now she looks sparkling new."

The Musée reopens this week, according to Magnum Opus, because in her absence the closing order issued against it seems to have disappeared. When asked how this happened, Magnum Opus, a prominent Signer factor, smirked, "When I want something enough, sometimes it just happens".

However, the Harmonium Mover Malkalotl has been pushing for a reinstatement of the closing order, on the grounds the Musée is unsafe for mortals and cutters not protected by heavy-duty ab-

jurations. In a statement before the City Council he claimed: "That place is a deathtrap, and no mistake. The barmy medusa herself admits it's got a banshee, a dangerous gargoyle, lurkers above and even vicious mimirs inside! There's no way a dungeon like that should be allowed to open to paying customers, even in Sigil!" This culler believes the Hardhead's just bitter that he wasn't invited to the grand opening ceremony.

Magnum Opus reassures bashers hoping to visit and learn some darks the Multiverse would rather they didn't know that there is no danger from the Lady of Pain "I removed her exhibit...for now", and little danger from the monsters alleged to lurk inside. "In three years of opening I only lost six visitors. Bet the Hardheads couldn't say the same for their Barracks, eh?"

The Council has not decided on a course of action as of going to press. (jw)

# VERDUE REPRIMANDED "GHEX CORPSE" IDENTIFIED

SIGIL—In a press statement, Harmonium Mover Four Tonat Shar sought to exert some apparent damage control in the wake of last week's press releases published in SIGIS. The statement was seemingly made with the intent of alleviating some sort of discord within the Barracks. It also directly threatens cullers and newstrags, particularly myself and SIGIS, with reprisals should we publish more false reports about the Harmonium. Here follows an excerpt:

"This office has not, and will not, condone the actions of Special Investigator Christopher Verdue in relation to his unauthorised release of confidential Harmonium documents to the public last week. Verdue has been reprimanded and placed on temporary suspension with-out pay for these actions. Effective immediately, Measure Four Rhyns Hawtant will take over the Cadre investigation in his stead.

As to your story last week of the recovery of the body in the Hive Ward: This corpse was never identified as being the body of Ex-Special Investigator Havrm Ghex by this or any other Harmonium office. It was, in fact, learned soon after recovery to be the body of a newly arrived Prime criminal named Yancy McGuine. Your blatant disregard for the truth in this matter has sent a powerful message to this and other offices of the Harmonium. Let it be known: The Harm-

onium will no longer stand by while we are maliciously slandered in the press.

"Signed—Tonat Shar"

Although Shar denies in this statement that he approved the release of Verdue's Report that we printed in the last issue was clearly approved by his office. Does this signal some dissension in the ranks of Sigil's most trusted enforcers of Order? Only time will tell. However, one would opine that the Cadre, and every other Anarchists', ultimate plan of tearing down the structure of Order could be working better than some of our Law-bound factions might admit.

—Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)

# Complaint About Bloodheart's Rampage

Readers of SIGIS,

*There they go again! Once more, the criminal acts of the Sinkers disrupt the Harmony of our fair Sigil and lead to the death of innocent citizens. Bram Bloodheart's recent escapades in the Great Bazaar are an abomination; the berk is clearly addle-coved and should be locked up in the Mercykillers Prison. But once more, the Doomguard help some barmy, crazed killer (who by all rights should be housed in some Bleaker madwing) escape justice!*

*Does a faction that protects, nay encourages, such gross behaviour belong in the city that is the Nexus of the Multiverse? How come these sods persist in giving sanctuary to these terrorists, and why do we, the citizens of the Cage, let them?*

*Already a high-up from a prominent gate-town has been grievously injured and almost killed. How many more wealthy high-ups will the Sinkers be allowed to bash in their drive for disorder and decay? These actions threaten not only the lives of Casers, but the livelihood and the economy of the Cage itself!*

*I urge the Harmonium, the Gvnners, the Mercykillers, the Fated and even hip-owning Indeps and Sensates to pressure the Sinkers to release this Bloodheart into the hands of justice. We must show these berks that such behaviour will not be tolerated in this city.*

Signed,

Sir Omar Tyl

Merkhant Guild

Outland Trade Consortium

# CULLERS AND ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

WE ARE IN SEARCH FOR INTERIOR ARTISTS FOR UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS © REMAINS WITH THE ARTIST

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley



# CAMBION MURDER TRIAL COMMENCES ON PRIME

**PRIME (Crystal Sphere of Toril)**—Following our report two weeks ago on the arrest of the Cambion Don Julio, the case has taken some bizarre and unforeseen twists. We were prevented from reporting on the events last issue because of a Harmonium/Mercykiller news blackout, and the fact that our reporter, Blaze 'Blondie' Bluthheim, was temporarily detained for 'questioning'. She arrived back in Sigil two days ago with this report:

Here in Waterdeep, on the Prime world of Toril, justice is, apparently, a rare commodity. On the morning of the Don's trial, I managed to gain admittance to the very small visitors' gallery at the court, which was within a case known as Castle Waterdeep. (This is a fortress which seems to be designed to impress upon the people the might of the city's masked Lords.)

In the trial dock, the Cambion, Don Julio, sat silently throughout the three hour proceeding. The judge (known quaintly as a "Black robe") and his advisors heard evidence from a number of Sigilian sources concerning the circumstances of the assault, and the subsequent death of the victim, a githzerai named Franz. A member of the Xaoticians, who was native to Waterdeep, presented a death certificate from the Dustmen,

which, after a thorough examination, was deemed sufficient to verify the death of Franz. (The black robe remarked on the absence of a body, and had to be briefed on Dustman protocols.)

During the proceedings, the court heard the tale of how Don Julio had purchased a fiend's heart from a Sigilian merchant named Seamusxanthuzenus's at the Parts and Pieces on the evening of the murder, and how he used it to activate a little-known portal to Waterdeep. Julio and his confederate slipped through the portal, but were observed by one of the key witnesses to this affair. I have been asked not to name this basher, but I can report that she is a high-up of a prominent Sigilian sect. Apparently, this basher pursued Julio through the portal and witnessed the events of the next few minutes. (Why she did this remains unclear, though she claims she was, "unable to avoid being caught up in it all." Amazingly, the black robe had no arguments with this aspect of her testimony.)

After following the pair through the door, she claimed that she overheard the githzerai asking for payment for his aid in the cambion's mission. While he was counting his jink, however, Julio took the opportunity to trap the sod in Shifter's Manacles

and proceeded to shoot Franz in the face with a wheel-lock pistol. Finally, Julio pushed Franz into the harbour in an attempt to cover his crime. The witness promptly summoned the local watch, who were able to fish the grievously wounded victim out of the drink. At this point, the judge inquired what the cambion's business was in the so-called City of Splen-dours [i.e., Waterdeep]. He was told by a Harmonium member representing Mover Three Jasmin Tealybuck, the presiding officer, that that information was classified under Sigilian law.

While local officials attempted to resolve this impasse, the court retired for a short lunch recess. This was when the chaos really blew from Limbo. As I ate lunch in the same room as the witnesses, two of the witnesses and their compatriot, a half-ogre who had been in the gallery with me, slipped out of the case. Minutes later, the whole area was roused to arms by reports of a struggle in the detention cells. I quickly followed the guards who responded, and witnessed a terrifying spell-battle that left three women (whom I had not seen in the court) dead or critically injured. As the fog cloud cleared, Don Julio was briefly seen making a run for a descending staircase, with

broken manacles flying about him.

In the aftermath, a Myoshiman rakasta (cat-man) was arrested, as well as all civilians present, including myself. We were then detained for questioning for quite some time. It transpired that, all in all, three bashers had slipped the blinds on the courts—the same three people I had earlier spied leaving the dining hall. After my release, I asked a few questions of the local militia and learned that the stairs down from the scene of the fight lead to a burg known as the "Undermountain", a huge underground complex linked to the Grey Waste. Since this area is so incredibly vast (at least by Prime standards), the clueless decided that it was a waste of effort to pursue Don Julio and his fellow cross-traders. However, the Harmonium representative present issued an immediate 'dead-or-alive' mandate for the cambion's apprehension.

I stayed in town a few days past these events in order to garner as much as I could about the case before the news blackout was lifted, and see if any new interesting events transpired. Indeed, it wasn't long before more planars showed up in town. On the second day after the trial, some Mercykillers claimed to have arrested the cambion's accomplices and

thrown them into the "dungeon of Undermountain" as punishment. This seemed barmy to me, and later proved to be complete screech. The next day, I met Clarion the Guardian [ed note: see previous SIGIS for chant on this basher] in the northern quarter of town, and he claimed to know the dark on the case, but declined to stay and chat. Also that day came the news that the arrested rakasta (identified as "Nine Auspicious Rabbits", a dis-graced former Mercykiller rumoured to be working for the Baatezu) had committed ritual suicide in his cell under suspicious circumstances. The Harmonium and Mercykiller officers involved returned home yesterday as did I, thinking it best to return to Sigil to await further developments and mull over the strange events in this case.

—Blaze 'Blondie' Bluthheim, *culler*

[Ed. Note: As this issue went to press, we are investigating claims that the witnesses who fled with the cambion were Xaoticians, and that they have recently arrived back in Sigil.

We are also following up chant that Don Julio has been seen locked in chains in the city of Dis in Baator. We'll be sure to bring you more dark of these events in the next issue.]

(ar)

## Obituaries

# BLOOD WAR ADDS VOLUMES TO DEAD-BOOK

**OUTER PLANES**—Intense fighting in the Blood War over the past two weeks has kept scribes of the dead-book busier than ever. Uncounted thousands, perhaps millions, of fiends have perished in the numerous conflicts. The extreme savagery and blood-letting of the renewed fighting comes at the heels of a treacherous double cross trade in a prisoner exchange gone sour [ed note: see previous SIGIS articles for details].

Although sages hardly consider this round of conflict more severe than another recorded period in the War, this level of intense warfare has not been witnessed in several centuries. The fighting has even affected the course of the River Styx which has flooded, most unnaturally, into the Outlands particularly around the gate-town of Torch. (Chant of another flood near Hopeless has yet to

be confirmed.) Interestingly, another couple of gate-towns, namely Ribcage and Rigus, have benefited enormously from the fiends renewed vigour in very different ways. In Ribcage, the Blood War relieve the burg from a siege by the Baatezu-led Rigan army, which lifted abruptly due to the Baatezu's need for additionally troops at the front lines of the war. The high-ups of Rigus have also benefited enormously from the conflict in quite another way: through bountiful cuts of jink off a booming merc trade with the Baatezu.

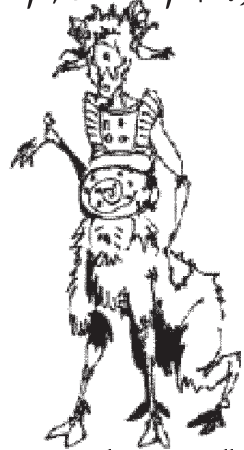
Naturally, the battles have taken a greater toll on the Tanarri than the Baatezu, though both have suffered extraordinary losses easily equalling the population of many a Prime sphere. Below we list a number of high-up fiends that chant has are swinging from the leafless tree in the windless air of the

Waste (among other Planes). Many more are likely corpses by now, but information of the deaders in the War is most difficult to come by, particularly among the Tanarri. (Their lack of hierarchy makes it almost impossible to confirm chant of any kind. In fact, it is more than likely that the Tanarri high-up death count is at least ten times higher than our figures indicate.) Thus, for both sides, we print only the names of the most high-up deaders for which we have good, solid dark. However, given the difficulty of procuring this information, and the true lack reputable sources, we take no responsibility for any inaccuracies, and we suggest that readers affected by this news seek out the dark for themselves. We also wish to express our sincere sorrow to the friends and family of all those who have perished in the conflicts. (sk)

## DEAD-BOOKED MISSING TO ACTION

BAATEZU	BAATEZU
Duke Allocer	Marquesse Cimeries
122nd Division	12th Section G
Marquesse Aandrealphus	Knight Ipos
30th Battalion	Division of the Pits
Duke Bune	Knight Aryas
34th Division	Division of Steel
Earle Gusion	Duke Procell
578th Section B	88th Battalion
Earle Morax	Earle Flauros
901st Battalion	6th Court Army
Marquesse Naberius	Duke Vepar
64th Battalion	555th Battalion
<b>ТАРАР'И</b>	<b>ТАРАР'И</b>
Forai—Bolor	Guthurg—Bolor
Paimon—Bolor	Zazq—Bolor
Ose—Bolor	Wegthy Bathot—Bolor
Gogothy—Bolor	Furth—Bolor
Ruam—Bolor	Demmmm—Marilith
Purson—Bolor	Blackscale—Marilith
Haagentii—Nalfeshnee	Geth—Nalfeshnee
Ronove—Nalfeshnee	Tor Guam—Mobydeus,
Xroy—Marilith	38th Layer
Focalor—Marilith	Alreth—Bolor
Gaap—Marilith	Durge—Nalfeshnee

HIVE HARDHEADS PLAGUED BY XAOSMEN



Agares, almost pummelled by nervous Harmonium

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—The fact that Xaositect faction members tend to create havoc comes as less than a surprise to most planars. But the intensity of the saox being inflicted on the Harmonium in their new Hive Ward kip, may give even a Cipher reason to reflect. The daily bombardment of magic, insults, buzzing insects, refuse and razor-vine has taken an obvious, and tremendous, toll on the Hardhead morale. Scuffles have even broken out among the lower ranks, calling their continued allegiance to the principle of Harmony into question, and fuelling chant that multitudinous defections are imminent.

In order to better comprehend the stress of the situation for the Hardheads, I spent two days last week observing the activities surrounding the kip from a secure location. During my observations, I witnessed at least thirty xoatic incidents, varying from minor annoyances to life-threatening situations. The guards posted

outside the case were subjected to swarms of flies and mosquitoes, projectiles of burning trash, magical fogs (complete with haunting 'spectres' and firecrackers), caltrops, oil slicks and even repetitious dirges sung by talent-less berks from surrounding rooftops. (After the fifteenth version of Morvun and Phineas' "Ode to the Bones of a Dead Tridrone", I was about ready to sign up with the Bleakers myself!)

And the officers inside the kip fared little better. On several occasions, I spied high-ups streaming out of the building with cloths over their mouths and hands rubbing their eyes. Smoke or greenish, foul smelling gases made the case so unlivable, it was a wonder that the poor sods even went back inside. (The most disgusting incident I witnessed must have been caused by a broken sewage pipe flooding the downstairs around anti-peak.)

True to form, however, the Xaositects attacks (I assumed most were Axosmen, but there could have been a few Sinkers and disgruntled Indeps in the lot) have proven entirely unpredictable. As a case in point, on the fifth day after the founding of the encampment, the were no incidents whatsoever from peak until the following peak. This actually served to make the Hardheads even more jumpy, since they had been so continually edgy from all the previous attacks. One cutter, an unusual looking bariaur named Agares, said he was accosted and almost pummelled by the Hardheads that day. "The sods came up to me quick like and started asking me all sorts of leatherheaded

questions: 'Why are you here, berk?', and 'You have anything to do with the noodle episode?' I told these bashers to pike it, I'm just a tout, but they brought me inside for some more addle-coved questions. I tell you basher, the kip smelled something bad."

After this continual barrage, it's a wonder the faction high-ups don't order a full retreat. After my observations, I no longer wonder how the faction came to be labelled the 'Hardheads', though I admired their focus and determination given the circumstances. Chant persists that the faction has alternative motives that keep them hanging on at least for now, and this motive may be related to the sounds of construction behind the kip that can be heard for blocks. Whatever is going on back there (and the faction ain't talking) it must be enormously important to put up with this kind of abuse, especially now that, on top of everything, the Hiter refugees have flooded the Ward in massive numbers (see Refugee article this issue).

Most bashers on the street believe the Saoxmen are getting their revenge after the comments of Harmonium Mover Four, Tonat Shar (see SIGIS Issue 13), and this is there way of saying 'Stay out of our Ward.' Although these comments may have been the initial spark igniting the fire of xosa in the Hive, I think most of the Xaositect factioneers causing trouble are now just out to have a little fun.

—Maija Intwood, culler (sk)

Stop Press

FIRE IN HARDHEAD HIVE HOLE



Zchtolmolkov Atinar Xoll III

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—Last evening, a few hours before anti-peak, a raging fire broke out in the Hardheads new precinct putting three factioneers in the dead-book. The blaze apparently resulted from the explosion of a small fire-bomb that ignited inside a drain pipe under one of the newly renovated offices.

VERDUE REINSTATED AS REAL GHEX FOUND

SIGIL—From sources inside the Barracks, SIGIS learned that Christopher Verdue has been reinstated to the post of Special Investigator on the Cadre case after he and an unnamed associate detained, arrested, and possibly wounded, Havrm Ghex. Though no official word of the capture has been released from the Harmonium, this culler has learned that, in fact, Ghex may have been secretly meeting with members of up to Ten Anarchist Cells in a Lady's Ward kip known as the Humble House.

The proprietor and owner of the Humble House, Cot Winsnot, reported that he recognised Ghex when he arrived at the bar with a large group of people. Winsnot immediately sent his servant to find a Hardhead patrol. Before they arrived, however,

Verdue and his associate, a burly Bariaur of black hair and skin, barged in and started a row. The patrol arrived as Verdue and the Bariaur were dragging the kicking and screaming ex-Investigatior out into the street. Mr. Winsnot says that Ghex might have been wounded in the row, and had no recollection where Ghex's companions made off to.

All this leads suggests that the Anarchist's have deeply infiltrated the Barracks once again. Could the purges of two weeks ago have had something to do with that as well? Are the Cadre actions a grand distraction to further a deeper Anarchist plot? Rest assured faithful reader, this culler is with the story to the end. You'll know the dark as I do.

—Zeinas Pauch, independent culler (pw)

THREE CASUALTIES AT MUSEE ARCADE

OVER THE LAST WEEK there have been three casualties in Magnum Opus' Musée Arcade, including a tiefling whose tail was amputated in an explosion. Harmonium Mover Malkalotl has repeated his demands for the Musée to be shut down, following reports of several injuries. Magnum Opus shrugged off accusations of the Musée being a deathtrap, saying "If cutters touch stuff they're told not to, they should expect

Bad Things to happen. The tiefling was caught in a delayed-blast fireball designed to deter thieves in one of my galleries. The mishap was entirely his fault. And reports of the death of a kender are greatly exaggerated. The pike merely lost his eyebrows and most of his hair."

Cutters visiting the Musée are warned to go adequately protected and not to touch anything that looks singed. (jw)

GODSMEN STAY OUT OF WILL OF ONE CONFLICT

SIGIL (Lower Ward)—After lengthy discussion with Ambar, Factol of the Believers of the Source, Factol Terrance of the Athar emerged from the Great Foundry expressing deep disappointment to waiting cullers. In a general statement, he announced that:

"We are of course disappointed by Ambar's refusal to involve himself in our attempt to curtail the actions of the Will of the One. We had hoped that he would use his inestimable reason and influence to help us redress the fragile balance of our city, but alas this does not seem to be possible."

When asked about Ambar's reason for taking this decision,

Terrance is reportedly said, "He did not consider taking the action I recommended to be compatible with the philosophy of his faction."

Lhar, when interviewed on this matter, seemed similarly close-mouthed. His view of the affair?

"Well, I hate to say I told him so, but, well... obvious really. 'Faction Philosophy' my tusks... they just didn't want to work with Bleakers, is all. Fine by me. I reckon the Bleakers and the Defiers have enough clout of their own to carry this case through, and if they don't, well, so what?"

SIGIS will carry more news of the Athar-Bleaker campaign as it occurs.

(ps)

# SIGIL'S

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 15 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

Third Week of Narciss

## FIRE IN MORTUARY, DUSTMEN DARK REVEALED!

SIGIL (Lower Ward)—Last night, three hours after Anti-peak, a fire broke out in the Mortuary's library, burning books and scrolls in one of the oldest sections of the ancient building. For some unknown reason, a large section of shelves caught on fire and the intense blaze wound up collapsing a wall before it was extinguished. Now Dustmen officials reveal that, as a result of the blaze, a secret, long-forgotten chamber was laid bare. It was in this chamber that factioneers made a most amazing and portentous discovery: the remains of an ancient scroll (almost crumbled to dust) detailing events that occurred the early days of the Dustmen faction.

Jergoth Rauhic, the newly appointed Official Spokes-

man for the Dustmen, told cullers that, according one of the scrolls found in the secret chamber, the words and prophecies of the faction's founder were long ago written down in a book which was hidden in a cave just outside of Plague-Mort. According to several sages I contacted, this book sounds similar to a mythical tome of yore that prophesied the future, and ultimate fate, of the Multiverse.

However, one of the cutters I spoke with (who wished to remain anonymous) said he heard otherwise about the location of the rumoured tome. "According to an very knowledgeable sage I've contacted on this matter, the former Plague-Mort gatetown mention in the ancient Dust-

## DOOMGUARD AND DUSTMEN COME TO BLOW

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—A pitched street battle broke out several hours after Anti-peak last night as a group of drunken Doomguard, headed by a philosopher of entropy, passed the Mortuary. Only one basher survived the fight. Preferring to remain anonymous, the basher told SIGIL cullers that the philosopher had run across the idea that the Dustmen believe that Death was eternal, which was contrary to the Doomguard belief that nothing lasts forever. "So we started shouting up at 'em: 'Nothing lasts forever, not even death!' we ses. And we ses not to give us

those straight faces, cos we knows wot's going on in their 'eds, you sees? We knows that they knows that we're right!"

According to several eyewitnesses, a large group of Dustmen and zombies emerged from the Mortuary, and indifferently asked the offending Sinkers to leave. That was when the Sinker philosopher called the zombies abominations of decay. "He sed that they were s'posed to stay gone now that they had joined entropy," noted the survivor. The sober Dustmen then proceeded to pound the Sinkers into the ground.

Factol Pentar of the Doomguard was unavailable for question-

## CASE DISMISSED IN COURTROOM BRAWL

THE BLOOD WAR inadvertently spilled into the Courts of Sigil today, as Baatezu and Tanar'ri advocates came to blows whilst arguing a case before Chief Judge Crux, known commonly as the 'Eye of Justice'. In the case, junior attorneys of the Chessboard Advocating Firm of Abnegazar, Rath, and Ghast defended Estavan of the Planar Trade Consortium (PTC) against a charge of cross-trading brought by five Tanar'ri. All the plaintiffs were denizens of the Mountains of Flesh in the 661st layer of the Abyss and they alleged that Estavans PTC peeled their home layer out of the rare and valuable Mountain of Flesh oil. However, in short order, the court case turned stag on the plaintiffs who were denied recompense. But when Judge Crux granted the defence motion to dismiss all charges, the Tanar'ri started screaming "The Garnish is on!" and leapt towards the defendants, trying make sure Estavan's advocates paid the music.

Chief Judge Crux, the 'Eye of Justice' (a term referring to both his Observer nature and his insightful interpretation of the law) was not well-disposed to the fiendish antics. When the complaining Tanar'ri drew their chivs and charged the defence team, Crux bellowed for order and threatened to hold them in felony contempt. He was clearly hotter than Balor breath. Scribblers and defendants four courtrooms away heard the basso profundo 'Bar That!' as it issued forth from

the Court Bureau Chief's maw. The Tanar'ri berks totally ignored the Court's orders, much to their peril.

Judge Crux then started blasting the ladywatching Tanar'ri with beams from his eye stalks and lethal psionics. Harmonium guards and turnkeys entered the fray, and the ensuing mayhem spilled into the hallway beyond the courtroom. Meanwhile, Felicia Fall, an Erinyes and chief advocate for Estavan, ordered her Barbazu minders into a furious counterargument seldom seen in the City Court.

Of the Tanar'ri, the two Vrocks were canned outright by death beams, the two bargura were transformed into mindless gibbering husks, and Brztt Brekth, the Chasme leader of the troupe, was scrubbed senseless by Harmonium turnkeys before being tossed into a Court birdcage. Both Barbazu assistants of Lady Fall were written into the Dead-book before the Court could impose order, and Lady Fall herself was later heavily fined for participating in the clash and clatter. Neither Lady Fall nor Chief Judge Crux were available for comment.

After the brawl, Estavan graciously agreed to be interviewed on the matter. He told SIGIL, "I don't know how those addle-coved fiends thought they could dance into the Cage and start accusing me of cross-trading. Everyone knows that there's not the shadow of a shade on the Planar Trade Consortium. Their Slaad-stories wouldn't have peeled an outsider."

When asked about the oil allegedly bobbed from the Tanar'ri, Estavan replied, "Those 30 barrels of decalcifying oil were all quite legally pumped from an unclaimed pore. Gelatinous herself, the Adiposal Lady of the Layer those dog-faces came from, gave us permission to procure it. It is an extremely rare and valuable oil, and the Consortium sees great potential for its use in reclamation efforts in the junkyards of Thuldanian [*ed. note: a place in Acheron*]. Anyone interested in its unusual restorative qualities should contact me at my office in the Clerk's Ward."

On the other side of the case, we were able to chat with the Chasme Brztt Brekth who warned that the court decision would cause a froungy frenzy of retaliation from enraged denizens of the Mountains of Flesh. "Mark my wordzzz, cutter, this izzzn't over!", said Brekth. "When the Crows wouldn't zzzcrag that zzztagmeister Estavan for his crozzzz-trading, we thought like berkzzz we could get the know-nothings to zzzee the truth. But Judge Crux wazzz worse than any bubbled-up addle-cove! Now he and that kroofroodi Estavan will zzzee what crozzzing a righteous Tanar'ri getzzz them!"

Chief Judge Crux has since added defamation of a court officer and attempted extortion to the charges being brought against Brztt Brekth. His trial is scheduled for next week.

—Uffley Bailift, Court Culler

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NewsChant

QUADRONE ARGUES MODRON CASE FOR HIVE KIP

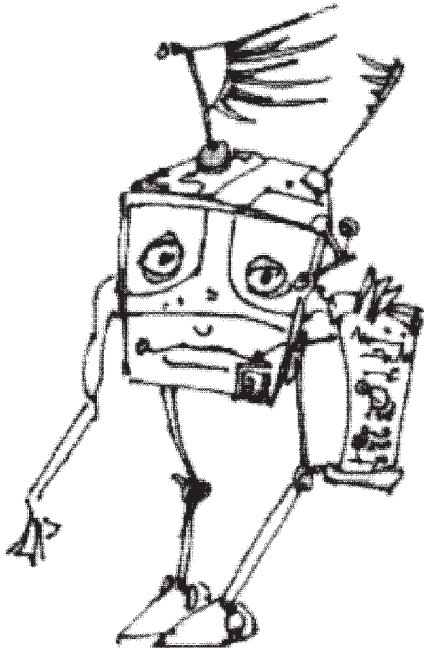
SIGIL (Clerk's Ward)— Yesterday, in the early hours of peak, a bleary-eyed council of Guvners heard a complicated mathematical argument that purported to explain why the Harmonium's new Hive kip rightfully belongs to the Modrons. R73Q01A, a quadrone, came before the panel armed with a scroll packed with equations. But barely a minute into R73Q01A's argument, the head of the panel, Judge Torthen Howler, called for a recess and sent a Court scribe to find a Mathematician translator. An hour later, the scribe returned with Patrice Leclerc, a member of the Mathematician sect, and an occasional Modron translator for the Courts. With her help, R73Q01A went through the equations and, point by point, Leclerc explained what each of the derivations meant and how they related to the situation in the Hive.

Amazingly, the equations represented a complicated "proof" that a small section of the Hive Ward (right in the

middle of the Harmonium's case), is really a part of Mechanus. Quite frankly, few besides Leclerc and the Quadrone actually understood the arguments and the proof, but Leclerc assured the Guvners, and this culler, that the results were incontrovertible. "R73Q01A presented a brilliant and irrefutable proof that a small portion of the Hive is really part of Mechanus," said Leclerc. "I reviewed the derivations thoroughly and found absolutely no flaws. The Fraternity of Order needs to review the legal ramifications of R73Q01A's proof, but there is no doubt that the plane of Mechanus intersects with the Hive in this particular location."

Meanwhile, the Harmonium refused to comment on this development until their own factioneers have had time to review the document. A lengthier hearing has been scheduled by Judge Howler for later in the week.

— Maija Intwood, culler (sk)



Quadrone R73Q01A with its proof of Hive Ownership

NewsChant

DOOMGUARD AND DUSTMEN COME TO BLOWS

their usual spokesperson, Sir Twist, did deliver a statement:

"Although our bashers were pretty leatherheaded to go around bad-mouthing the Dustmen and were truly preparing themselves for Entropy, we cannot allow the

members of other factions to go around systematically whittling down our numbers. This is enough for a declaration of war between us and the Dead. This aside, there are those among us that believe that in this case Entropy has been served too quickly, and

that such a wrong must be righted."

When this culler brought this news to the Mortuary, he was confronted by a surprisingly fresh-looking zombie (with Sinker colours), who handed me a scroll bearing the following:

"Official Dustmen Response to the Doomguard attack last night:

The Dustmen faction denies all of the Armoury's claims of foul play and manslaughter on the part of our factioneers. In the most recent confrontation between members of our two factions, Dustmen members correctly responded to the misguided and offensive action taken by official Doomguard namers who threatened and ridiculed our faction and its undead allies.

Factol Skull has ordered an immediate investigation by the Fraternity of Order, and we have hired an official Attorney, Lared Frok, also from the ranks of the Guvners.

These are the conclusions of the investigation committee with the aid of our Guvner Lawyer. Our official charges and responses:

1. The members of the Doomguard faction were being offensive and blasphemous, in attempt to start a riot and disturb the peace on official faction grounds.
2. The Sinkers had ridiculed our faction's longtime allies, the undead, whose honour we are sworn to upkeep and defend.
3. The Doomguard offenders had entered the gate in the wall surrounding the Mortuary, and thus were trespassing on faction grounds without permit.
4. Since the Sinkers were trespassing and did not make clear their intentions, we could not determine whether or not the Doomguard were to be aggressive. However, as there have been countless precedents of Doomguard violence, we condone our factioneers' actions as done in self-defence.
5. The Doomguard Namers were breaching protocol (both official and customary) when they entered the Mortuary grounds without a tour guide or in a coffin.

The Dustmen faction demands the immediate arrest of all Doomguard survivors of this incident on the charges of breaking and entering into the Mortuary grounds unsupervised and uninvited, and of slaying Dustmen faction members. Factol Skull sends his deepest thanks to Factol Pentar for providing new corpses which are in repairable condition and will be put to immediate use as menial servants in the Mortuary.

Sincerely,  
Dustmen Official Spokesman,  
Jergoth Raulic  
Factotum of the 3rd Circle

This constitutes two major violent acts on part of the Doomguard in two weeks! Indeed, some are calling for

the people of Sigil to petition for the revision of the Doomguard as an official faction immediately. This sort

of capriciousness should not go unchecked.

— Sco'rut Morthus, Culler (db & da)

FIRE IN MORTUARY DUSTMEN DARK REVEALED!

men writings is now already a millennium deep into the Abyss. How do the Dead propose to go and get this Book hidden there? What about the Tanar'ri? I don't suppose they'll be too keen on a gaggle of Dusties roaming the Abyss—unless they're feeling especially hungry that is."

But this possibility doesn't seem to have dampened the Dustmen "enthusiasm" in any way. Shortly after the disco-

very, Factol Skull issued a call to all of the Dustmen factotums, factioneers and namers to come to Sigil and gather for some kind of grand meeting in the Mortuary. Never before has a Factol used his right to call in the entire faction, let alone in Sigil! (See advert this issue.) The streets are now filling with Dustmen on their way to the Mortuary. With all the refugees and the chaos surrounding the Hive recently, the Ward will prove a most

interesting place to be over the next few days.

Factol Skull was unavailable for questioning, but the Dustmen's official spokesman, Jergoth Raulic, told SIGIS, "The time has come for us to regain such a treasure of our faction, lost to us in the mists of time, and we will take it by any means necessary..."

— Reginald Ecantyr, new culler to SIGIS (da)

CULLERS AND ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

WE ARE IN SEARCH FOR INTERIOR ARTISTS FOR UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS © REMAINS WITH THE ARTIST

Readers of SIGILS,

I am writing this letter to make Cagers aware of a particularly oppressive situation happening on the Primeworld of Toril. I've been spending a fair amount recently of time in one of the larger burgs on this world—a quaint city known as Waterdeep (a harbour city, and one of the largest burgs on the sphere). This city is controlled by a sect of bashers known as the "Lords of Waterdeep", and these are the sods that worry me.

Now lots of prime and planar burgs have some sort of monarch or ruling class that likes telling berks what to do, and in the majority of cases all their subjects know who these high-ups are. But not in Waterdeep, oh no! The exalted Lords of this city literally hide themselves behind strong illusionary masks of magik (which I am a witness to) so that no one but the other Lords know their identities. This is outrageous! What are these pikers so afraid of anyway? The only time you will ever see their faces is when they give up their post as Lord for some other secret basher to take. And who, you might ask, elects these bashers? A "democratic majority" of the other Lords of course.

To top this all off, the only outwardly recognised Lord is an incredibly rich paladin Hardhead-type named Lord Peregrin. Makes me suspect that the rest of the Lords are all a bunch of rich nobles who have all the money and all the power. Who speaks for the little folk, I ask?

This wouldn't be all that bad, I suppose, if these Lords left a basher alone and minded their own business. But the laws, particularly against magik use, are so oppressive, they make Ribcage look like Mt. Olympus! And this is not just my feeling on the matter cutters. Another friend I ran in to in the city thought the same thing about these so-called "Lords". He told me he had a good time gaming in the little burg, but he said he noticed that, "the Lords seem to have an iron grip over whatever goes around in the city. The Hardheads can only dream of such control."

"Even worse," he continued, "a spellsinger comrade of mine cast a minor spell only to be approached by some official berks demanding for him to register, warning him that no magic could be used without permission. It almost makes a blood glad to be back in the Cage!" Indeed. Could you imagine the Guvners trying to register all the wizards in Sigil? How preposterous!

As you can gather from all this, Waterdeep is really a pretty down-trodden little burg. The rich and powerful oppress the masses, and all the while they stay hidden under impenetrable masks to keep their crimes dark as they go unpunished.

But the saddest thing is, the citizens seem to have swallowed all the screed about "keeping the peace", and the "might of the Lords", and they wilfully bow to their governance like they were powers or something.

It is a shameful situation to say the least. I know that I, for one, will dedicate my future time in this world to help lift the shackles of oppression from its citizens. I hope others would join me in this righteous endeavour.

*Author's name not supplied (sk & tr)*

## MUSEE ARCADE: DEATH TOLL RISES

SIGIL—Rumblings have been sounded once again by Harmonium Movers concerned about the safety of Magnum Opus' Musée Arca-ne. The kip was only reopened last week, and reports claim seven cutters have now met variously gruesome demises. Medusa historian and curator Magnum Opus remains characteristically nonchalant about the alleged dead-bookings. "Listen basher, visitors only need to read the sign above the door to be reminded there's things in my Musée that'll happily eat 'em alive. Who am I to stop people when they ignore that?"

Unconfirmed chant whis-pers there's a pack of voracious shadow fiends coupled up in the Cellar of Dark Secrets, while still darker chant goes that Opus has taken to gazing at her visitors, turning them to stone, and devouring them whole. When pressed on this point, the veiled medusa only chuckled and said "No comment, berk."

Are these deaths merely the result of carelessness, or is something more sinister afoot? Upon leaving the establishment, this culler spotted a small covey of Dabus repairing the Spire-ward wall of the Musée with marble blocks and magical glue. I asked them their

business, and according to the rebus translation Millori gave me a few weeks back (a wonderful present for your loved ones, may I add) they reckoned the building had been blasted by multiple disintegration magics.

I returned to the Musée's vestibule to find Ms. Opus enjoying a meal of roasted measel. At first her manner was friendly (she invited me to join her, but I declined, for I never eat during the daylight hours), but when I pressed her on the damage to the building her tone grew low and menacing. "Write not of this in your newsrag," she hissed, "It is not of your concern." While I was not threatened per se, it was more than implied. I did not like her manner one bit, so I left post-haste.

This culler believes the chant that more than meets the eye is going on behind the Musée's ever-open doors, but declines to speculate what. It's more than his life's worth. However, with the Harmonium trying their utmost to close the Musée via the Council and with extra patrols advising cutters in the Musée's neighbourhood of the perils of approaching the building, the question may turn out to be a moot one.

*—Lothlar Nosfer,  
culler (jw)*

## GUVERNERS LAUNCH BUILDING PROJECT

SIGIL—Tomorrow, Bureau Chief Fan Shu Tzu of the Fraternity of Order will lay the foundation stone of an eleven story pagoda to be constructed on the edge of the oriental district known as Blossom Town. The decision to build the tower came after the discovery that the stone circle in the market was actually a hibernating clan of ancient Galeb Duhr. Fan Shu Tzu explained the reasoning like this:

"You must understand that all the planes are governed by laws. One such law is the Feng Shui Principle, which says that the houses of the living and the dead must both be harmonious. If they are not, dangerous disharmonies can arise. Now here in Sigil we have very good Yin Feng Shui, that is to say, to do with the dead, because the Dustmen, despite being frowned on by many in Blossom Town, do a

good job of taking care of the dead. However, being entirely artificial, and built without any kind of structure, Sigil seems to be the Multiversal centre for bad Yang Feng Shui—that associated with buildings. We had thought that this was compensated by the fortunate presence of a stone circle in the Market. Standing stones are good for Feng Shui of both kinds, and the circular configuration was a good match for the shape of the city. However, since the discovery that the circle is actually a family of galeb duhr, we have had to recalculate, and have decided that a pagoda would be the best way of promoting good Feng Shui, as well as providing a focus for community action in Blossom Town. We've chosen the Market of Peaches for the site because the old shrine that stood there was wrecked by Doomguard vandals last year."

Not everyone was as pleased as the Guvners to hear of this increase in universal harmony. Ely Cromlich of the Doomguard said "They're just trying to get back at us because we evened up the entropy in Blossom Town. It's so bloody ordered. We think we livened it up doing what we did."

Ranjail the Cynic, of the Free League, said this:

"The Guvners are clearly barmy. They got all steamed about the Xaosmen building a tower, and now they're trying to build their own. Sounds like a load of fluff to me. On the other hand, it may be good for trade, so even I can't grumble too much. It just seems a mite hypocritical."

The pagoda, which in accordance with tradition has an odd number of floors, should be finished in time for the Lantern Festival later this year. (ar)

## Justicars & Bounty Hunters

**Rorty jink** is being offered to anyone capable of scragging numerous stag-turners who have failed to honour their contracts with one **Pollus Windscream**.

Several debtors have not reported to the former site of **Jangling Hiter** as required by their bonded word, and have fled to obscure lemon trees.

Applicants must be **well-travelled rounders capable of self-initiated conduit travel**. All payment will be on delivery of said cross-traders. Standard contracts apply.

Interested parties should contact **Minister Zapan** at the **Baatorian Embassy** in the **Lady's Ward**.

# DARK OF THE GLEE MACHINE

TORCH (Maygel) — Several issues ago, the editors of SIGIS brought you, our faithful readers, the chant on the deadly dreaming drug known as the Glitterglee. This substance is apparently distilled from the dreams of humanoids, and partaking of this whitish powder allows a

berk experience the very same dream of the dreamer at any time of the day or night. In fact, glee, as it is known in the Outlands, can be tailor-made for the customer. Peddlers give you your fondest wish in a little glass vial (for a hefty sum of jink, I might add). Harmless enough, right? But, as our

faithful culler explained, sometimes the glee-bubbers do more than just dream the dream: they actually act the dream out, often with dire consequences.

But the thrill of the glee is overwhelming its bad reputation in more than one Outland burg, and the dreaded powder

is making its way around the great ring faster than the Modron march. (Sylvania, in particular, has suffered under the influence of the glee, and much of the recent rioting has been blamed on the substance.)

SIGIS was proud to be the first Cager paper to spill the

chant on the glee, and here we go one better. Through some remarkable culling by one blood of a culler, we now bring you the dark on the sods that produce the glee and insights into how it is made. Here we print a letter from this culler on the dark of what he calls the Glee-machine.

Dear Seamus,

As you well know, I have been rather busy over the past few months here in Torch, angling for the dark-shark (pardon the expression) on the glitterglee. I know you remember Torch well from your early days as an Outlands culler, so I won't bore you with the dreary details of the daily garnishing and bullying I've had to do to dig up the chant in this wretched little burg. (Suffice it to say, I spent a good deal out of the account you set up with C...)

To get straight to the meat, I found by shark all right, and the berk almost ripped my leg off. But now I know the secret of the glee: where it is made, how it is made (for the most part), and who's been making it. The good jink you paid me has gone to a worthy cause. I haven't been able to reveal any ulterior motive for making and selling the glee (though I suspect one), just the basic desire for jink and mischief. But I believe the dark I've shed light on will be more than satisfying to your cullers blood.

First, I'll answer who's been making the glee. This was probably the easiest of the three questions, at least on the surface. The cross-traders making the illicit white stuff never made a secret of their presence. They swaggered around Torch on the back of a Goristiro like they owned the place, and, truth be told, they pretty much did! Everyone I chatted with knew of these newcomers: Kaxamanos, the Marquis Cambion, and his sister (lover?) Orias the alu-tiend. Their arrival to the gate-town coincided nicely with the first appearance of the glee, and the disappearance of many residents of the burg. The suspects were identified, but the dark of where they made the glee and how it was made remained enigmatic. (Regularly, you could see these two riding their Goristiro pet to the top of Maygel towards the Inn of the Falling Coin, and what addle-cove would stop to ask them questions?)

I also learned that many of the local knights of the post, like the Grey Orb, the Kindred of Yoj and Tiamal's Chosen, [ed. note: notorious thieves guilds of Torch] worked for Kaxamanos scragging sods off the streets. But as you might guess, these pilcers weren't going to be any help either. No, the only thing I could fathom doing, barmy as it was, was to follow the glee bashers until I knew where they were going. And the only way to do that, without getting put in the dead-book immediately, was to get scragged!

OK, I'll spare you the gory details of that incident. It was pretty leatherheaded, and involved paying one of the Kindred of Yoj enough jink to sell me to the fiends while allowing me to stay conscious and alert. In this way, I was able to get myself down to the depths of the swamp and into Kax's case where I found out most of what was going on. However, if it wasn't for several bloods, apparently as barmy as myself, who worked their way into the Tanar'ri's kip and scragged my sorry rear outta there, I wouldn't be telling you anything. I owe them everything—certainly I owe them enough to keep their names in the dark.

So what did I discover that prompts me to write? As you have surely seen, I included with this letter a diagram of what I call the glee-machine. This is the home of the glitterdust, the hiding place of Kaxamanos and Orias (and, I believe, a Dalleshnee high-up—their father?) buried in the disease-ridden swamps around Torch. The swamps by themselves would be enough to keep any sane bashers away with their killer toads, bonespears and ghouls. But the Tanar'ri had one more trick to keep the curious at bay: this kip of theirs, burrowed under the deadly swamps, was alive! That's right my friend, the whole soddin' kip was a living (breathing?) entity! I don't know where such a thing came from, or how the Tanar'ri made it their home, but all the tunnels, caves, pits and things better left unnamed, were carved out of living flesh. Told ya this was good!

I know this must all sound barmy from your cozy seat in the Cage, but, I swear by the blood of Lugh, all I describe here is the honest truth. You may do what you wish with this information, but don't bother trying to contact me for awhile—I'm taking a long vacation to a nice place. However, I must say it is frustrating to know that I leave so many questions unanswered about the glee-machine: How does it move? Can it teleport? Is it growing bigger? Who made the bloody thing, or is it just one more nightmare that crawled out of the Abyss? Can it change shape? Does it think?

Well, some other culler, braver than I, will have to search out the rest of this dark. For now I give you all I know and hope you find it of use and interest.

Your true and faithful friend,  
[Name withheld.]

There is a lot more to the place than what I have, but here are the darks of the case that I was able to uncover. Much of this came from descriptions given to me by other bashers who managed to survive the trip, but a lot of their descriptions were really vague, and I recorded a lot of conflicting impressions in my journal. I trust that the overall layout I had drawn by a sketch artist is accurate, but I doubt

my information on the nature of some of the rooms and caves. Maybe some other planewalker will take a crack at this in the future.

E — The entrance to the establishment. Enormous rows of teeth, each 5 long and 2 feet in diameter at the base. The fiends somehow entice the jaws to open by reaching through a juicy pore near this mouth. Don't ask me how berk!



Editorial

# DARK OF THE GLEE MACHINE

**V** — Lots of these valve-like doors around. They were some kind of mucousy flaps that the fiends literally pushed their way through. Sort of like doors. Non-fiends touching these caused the walls to react in a most unsavoury fashion.

**D** — The place of the Dreamers. This was the biggest cave of the kip. All sorts of poor sods were kept here in sacks that looked like bloated and stretched larva skin. These dreaming humanoids were hooked up to all sorts of fleshy tubes that passed fluids in and out of the dreamers. I suppose that both kept them alive and sucked out their dreams somehow. The ceiling of this cave was kept up by long wooden poles with sharp ends. These ends literally stuck in the top and bottom causing the cave to bleed. I'm sure the Tanar'ri loved putting those in.

**G** — Home of the Goristro. Found this out the hard way—fortunately the sod was sleeping after a big lunch.

**C** — Ciliate walls. These were really strange. Instead of those fleshy flaps, some of the caves or tunnels had entrances that were walls with writhing cilia (tentacle-like projections) moving all around like a medusa's hair. The Tanar'ri residents would walk right into these walls and be pulled through slowly. One pulled me through and it was like being in bed with a bunch of slime-covered worms. Yum.

**P** — The pools. Many of the tubes from the dreamers came out into these caves filled with liquid of a multi-coloured hue. I think that this is where the glees was actually distilled, but how is a mystery to me still. Given the magical nature of the pools, and the general aura I detected about them, I suspect they were made by some creature from the Upper Planes though I was never able to confirm this. Leaves a basher to wonder though.

(sk)



## BYTOPIAN FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

The Council of Yeoman in Bytopia invites you to the annual **Festival of Lights** — a friendly competition of illusion and fireworks held between the opposing layers of **Durrock** and **Shurrock**.

This amazing festival is a yearly celebration of the hard work and dedication of the people of Bytopia.

There will be plentiful **entertainment, food** and bountiful **bub** from around the Multiverse, and you get to enjoy the fine hospitality of Yeoman and its residents for a **mere stinger!**

So come one, come all to the great festival happening the entire **fourth week of Narciss** with the big display at the end of the fifth day. Remember to bring your good disposition and cheer!

We also take this space to put out a call for **competent illusionists** and **alchemists** for the various **light shows**. Excellent **jink** will be had for your hard work. Bonuses will be paid for **creativity**, and food and bub are all included.

(sk)

### Letters

To the citizens of Sigil:

I must respond to Sir Omar Tyg's outrageous request that we, the Doomguard, release Bram Bloodheart. Although I, personally, do not condone his actions in the Great Bazaar, there are those among our ranks that do. Hence, we must debate what must be done with him. But this is an internal matter, and one that I will neither openly debate with the public, nor bring to their further attention. Leave it said that justice will be served, but it will probably not be in accordance with the petty laws of those in the Lady's Ward.

As for the Cage itself, must I remind you that the whole sodding burg is filled with bashers similar, or worse, than Bloodheart? We allow Slaadi to walk the streets, eating as they feel the need to imbibe. Tanar'ri and Baatezu step along our boulevards, and they often break out in large brawls (woe to those caught in the middle!) And you are worried about a single, ill-tempered man? Look back: what about the Cadre? Please, where is justice? And yet amongst all this violence we have a thriving economy. There is no way that one little incident like this will change anything about Sigil. Entropy must be allowed to continue unchecked, we should just go with the flow and allow ourselves to be swept along in the river of decay. It's much easier that way.

I too could sound a call to arms to the Revolutionary League, the Xaositects, and the Free League, but that would be petty. Not only can we hold our own, but we shall not stoop to the level of other, less confident, factions and sects. Remember who supplies the burg with their weapons after all!

May your destiny rest with entropy.

Regards,

*Sir Twist*

Public Relations

(db)

# THE PARTED VEIL

Deep in the heart of the Lower Ward not too far from the Shattered Temple, sits an inconspicuous little bookshop called the Parted Veil. While it may not be the Civic Festhall on the outside, this little kip holds more darks on the Multiverse than there are Monodrones in Mechanus. Well that might be a slight exaggeration, but not according to kip's owner, a well-lanned gnome by the name of Kesto Brighteyes. Brighteyes

will tell you straight away, there's nothing he can't get a basher in this shop of his. "My work is all about empowerment. If I get a basher to use his brain-box even for a moment, and question some simple 'truth' he's held so dear about the Multiverse, my mission is complete. Now if you excuse me, I have a few more books to stack before Peak..."

This is, of course, precisely why SIGIS has invited Sir Brighteyes to write for us. Our

cullers continue to bring you the latest chant on all facets of the Outer Planes, and even the Prime, and now we go one step further: with Kesto's help, SIGIS digs down into the old (sometimes ancient!) journals, diaries, tomes and texts of the greatest planewalkers and philosophers the Multiverse has known.

So read on, bloods! In Kesto's words, what you read may just "blow your head open wider than a Cadre bomb!"

## Feeling Back The Multiversal Veil

by Khesto Brighteyes

### INFINITE GEHENNA: TALE OF THE LOST MOUNTS

Welcome, cutters, to the wisdom of the Parted Veil! I've already had enough of an introduction from the Editor of SIGIS that I won't bore you these details once again. Let's jump straight to the meat!

If you've been hanging around some of the less reputable bub-houses of the Lower Ward (not that I do, mind you, too busy!), or in the halls of the Trianyum, you might have heard a rumour that there is much more to Gehenna than the four simple Mounts everyone's told you about. Indeed, I've had a couple of bashers in my case lately that have heard this very same chant, and, cutters that they are, they came running to me wanting to know the dark on the matter. I confess, it took me a might longer than usual scrape the dust off a few old relevant tomes, but I managed to find some references that did shed a bit of light on the chant.

The information I found was limited and scattered; no basher seems to have put the whole picture together (except maybe the chant-monger running around the Trianyum I suppose, and he's slipped the back!). The first related reference I stumbled came from the journal of a planewalker named Lugh "Lightfoot" Giraldah. While climbing one of the highest peaks on the third mount of Gehenna, on the run from a yagnoloth whom Lugh had peeled, Lugh witnessed and extraordinary event:

"I secured the final bolt in a crack that looked somewhat stable, when I decided rest. I'd given the fiend the laugh so far, no addle-cove was barmy enough to try this route, so I figured the sod would call me lost and head back to Portent [Kesto notes: Infamous burg in

Mungoth]. Hanging by my thread on the lee side of the peak, I congratulated myself for packing that cold protection scroll and had a little chuckle at the yag's expense.

"But just about the time my tears of laughter began freezing into my beard (which is to say a millipeak or two), I was brought up short by the most astounding sight I've witnessed in my 58 years of planewalking. Out of the black nothingness in which the Mounts of Gehenna drift, came a fiery meteor the size of the Nimicri moon hurling towards Mungoth as if hurled by Zeus himself! [Kesto notes: Zeus—highly doubtful!] The sodding piece of rock thrust into the snow like a hot poker into cool water, and caused a tidal wave of snow and mud to erupt like a burst boil. I hung upon the cliff, my jaw slack and drooling as an avalanche of acidic snows rushed up cliff below me. My shock finally turned into panic, and I managed to snap my jaw shut and climb my way into a crack to safety while the mud and rock surged up the mountain."

Powers, hurling fiery rocks of retribution across the plane? Or could this have been the result of the Power-dwarfing processes that form new Mounts in the black void around Gehenna? After perusing some of the old letters I'd received from Daaras Intwood (a former Blood War Journal culler and dear friend of mine), I came across a letter Intwood wrote where he mentions that bashers from Gehenna had sighted strange shapes in the void. "At first I thought these bashers just spotting the moon Nimicri," writes Intwood. "Or perhaps they spied one of the other layers. But these cutters had seen Nimicri before, and the

angles were all wrong for the other mounts. I mean to follow this up when I get back from the Hinterlands next week."

Intwood didn't make it back to Gehenna for three years, and never wrote me again about these 'sightings', but I wonder: could these have been other mounts, abandoned by the Powers aeons ago, drifting cold and lifeless in the void? The brain-box fairly bursts to think of the treasures these frozen mounts might hold, or the hidden secrets of the so-called Powers.

Finally, I turn to the writings of the famous Signer sage and philosopher Sara Svati from her masterful work Inner Sights of the Outer Planes. In her chapter on Gehenna, Svati describes intense visions of the plane she had during one of her meditations:

"At first I thought I was visualising the strings of beads that is Carceri, but as I relaxed into the trance I saw that the beads were actually misshapen and scattered across the pool of space. Then the "beads" slowly coalesced into stones of varying shades—blood red, to ice blue and black. I suddenly realised these beads were not the prison caves of Carceri, but some were actually the fiery mounts of Gehenna."

So there you have it cutters! Visions from sages, and journals from planewalker that make a basher real with the possibilities. And all from a little book store in the Lower Ward.

[Editor's Note: Kesto wishes to remind readers that the Parted Veil can be found a few blocks from the Shattered Temple on Forgotten Lane, and that all his books are very reasonably priced indeed.]

# CANT DICTIONARY F-Q

## F

### Feeding the Crows

Killing for hire. "I've just got a job feeding the crows for Trav'll the Loan Shark. Seems he needs an example made of some berks."

### Fhorgers

Derogatory name for the Believers of the Source. The pun should be obvious, linking forge masters to the planar warthog, but there's a second meaning which implies that Godsmen also cheat on their many life-tests.

### Flam

Idle stories, useless information: "Watch out for that tout Skorrig, He'll fill your brain-box with flam."

### Foam, foaming, to foam

Disturbed, annoyed, angry, modelled after a rabid yeth hound 'foaming at the mouth', eg. "That berks foaming, better swath him."

### For the Mazes

Absolutely and completely fed up. Meaning a blood would rather be in the Mazes than the position they're in now. "I'm for the mazes if the Sinkers-Sensate alliance sticks!"

### Fourish

Stubborn, refusing to listen to new ideas: "Don't be so sodding fourish!" From the close-mindedness of Inner Planars, many of whom refuse to believe in the Rule of Threes, pointing instead to the "fourishness" of the Inner Planes.

### Ful

Very, extremely, completely and utterly. "Those baatezu Hardheads were ful angry when we gave them the laugh!"

## G

### Gannet

An indiscriminate eater, particularly referring to someone not of tiefling descent. Implies that the eater is a glutton and would eat or consume anything placed in front of them. Woolly Cupgrass has been described as a gannet by some. Anyone not of pure fiendish ancestry who eats the food from Comstock's Kitchen is a gannet (or just tired of living).

### Gelt

Money, jink, usually referring to small change (greens, stingers and the like). It ain't usually used for larger amounts.

### Gleaming pip

A worthless small-time thief or a pick-pocket. It's considered an insult to both

honest cutters and thieves who see themselves as a cut above the rest.

### Glooming

Depressing: "There's some real glooming news in SIGIS this week."

### Godswalk

Toril, coined after the Avatar Crisis.

### Godvoid

Athas, Krynn, or the Athar faction, depending on who you ask.

### Gour

Head chef, abbreviated from 'gourmet chef'. "That gour at the Styx Oarsman's an ugly cuss—chant goes he's a vaporighu spawn. A real thing of no bowels."

### Grail

False information: "That addle-cove speaks nothing but grail."

### Greased Pigs, or Greasers

Derogatory term for the Mercykillers, implying that they can be easily greased or bought off.

### Great Void

The Quasi elemental Plane of Vacuum.

### Green

Copper coin.

### Grunner

Colloquial term for a Mimir, as in "Hold it there grunner—I want the chant on who to be peery of and who to garnish. Not some damn slaad-story of yours."

### Groke, The

Elusive, not quite definable. Those who're dead or appear to have lost their memories (to the Styx) and are otherwise unable to be identified are sometimes referred to as 'Groke' much in the manner of 'John Doe'.

## H

### Half-a-turn back

A while ago, long enough ago to be difficult to be precise, but still in recent memory. Typically used to describe anything that occurred much less than a turn or two ago. See also a turn or two.

### Half Head

Not all there, a few bricks short of a wall, a half wit.

### Halfspire

A plan or endeavour that would by its very nature would attract extremely strong opposition. Also, to embark upon such an endeavour. Supposedly inspired by a famous quote, though nobody remembers what the quote was, or who said it.

### Happy as a Gehreleth's bride

In a very foul mood indeed. If you can't work that one out, you've clearly not seen a gehreleth! ↩



Chant for Clueless

Prime Time

## CANT DICTIONARY F-Q ATHAS: THE LAND OF THE DARK SUN

## Hende

An adjective meaning a real blood. "She's the hendest tiefling this side of Baator, and no mistake." Unhende is conversely worse than addled, clueless and leather-headed put together!

## Hercules' Pillar

The absolute limit of what's plausible (on the planes, this can be a long way): "I've got nothing against what the Dustmen do, but their screed about being dead already really is past Hercules' Pillar."

## Hotter than a Balor's breath

Being so angry that you want to put everybody in a ten-foot radius into the dead book.

## Howl

Particularly loud or obnoxious rumours, especially from barmies or mephit-men: "Ah... don't mind Drango. He gets a pot of bub in him and he always spouts the howl." Also, to profess particularly loud or obnoxious rumours. Derived from the noises of the winds in Pandemonium: "Hells' bells! That imp's been howling about the Lady for hours. It's a wonder he's still standing."

## I

## It's a demi-plane

Meaning "I don't know" or "I don't care" e.g. "Hey, umm... 'cutter'... where's Thoth's Laboratory?" "It's a demi-plane."

## Ivories

Powers. Cager Rhyming Slang: Ivory Tower = Power.

## J

## Jangled up

Generally refers to the state of being both upset and confused, but can be used for either one of them alone for example, "I'm going to jangle him up a bit," or "You look awfully jangled up." It's normally only used for relatively minor cases, and as such is sometimes be used to say that you're in pretty good shape, given the circumstances, as in "I'm pretty jangled up, but I'll live."

## Jarkman

Forger.

## Jinglings

Coin purse "You best keep your jinglings close, berk, if you plan on going to the bazaar."

## Jinkskirt or jinkshirt

A prostitute. The term refers both to the price such bashers can be had for, and to their habit of jinking their skirts up or unbuttoning

their shirts to attract customers. There are further variations: a greenshirt is the lowest kind of male street-walker and a merts skirt is a high-priced, Lady's Ward doxy. A bloodskirt caters specifically to fiends (cf. Bloodlust). A fireshirt caters for Tieflings (cf. Firewalker).

## Jink

Gold coin

## K

## Keynapped

Similar to tunnel-jacked, but this term only refers to instances when a cutter's been hipped by a random portal switch.

## Knifespider

A retriever—a monstrosity of the Abyss.

## L

## Ladies in Waiting

The Dabus, so called because they seem to be the Lady of Pain's handmaidens. There's also a dark rumour going round that they're all aspiring Ladies themselves, and when the Serene One gets written into the dead book, one of them seem-lessly takes over her role.

## Lady's Grace

Hello, good day. Derives from: "There by the Lady's Grace go I," a poem praising the Lady for her portals and the Cage. The writer was found flayed, but still the saying caught on! There's no accounting for taste.

## Lady's Word

Like 'mum's the word', with a darker connotation. It implies secrecy, conspiracy—with a twist: To break the Lady's word is to write your own name into the Dead Book.

## Ladywatcher

A berk doing something especially foolish, likely to get them put in the Dead Book. Like worshipping the Lady of Pain, for example.

## Lathly

Terribly, terribly, ugly. So ugly that even a fiend would be scared.

## Laugh, The

This is another example of rhyming slang: Laugh and Giggie = Sigil. It's an old term used to refer to Sigil, older than "Cage," and is the basis for the phrase, "giving the laugh." Originally, an escape to Sigil from some dangerous arch-fiend or power whom the Lady prevented from entering the city was known as giving the laugh, and the phrase has since expanded to include

Athasians are about as welcome in Sigil as a Hole in the Head.

They're violent, with the strength to back it up; dangerous, with weird magic that destroys the land and psionic powers that'll blow your brains out. It's a Blasted place: The land's blasted hot, the people are blasted tough, and the Sorcerer Kings blasted awful. The Crystal Sphere in which Athas lies is sealed, so Spelljammers can't get in. Even Astral travel ain't easy... and nobody really knows why. One thing's for sure, the Lady don't seem bothered by it all, 'cos she's quite happy to open and close portals to the place in her random way.

But hey, don't let that put you off taking a visit there. Do, however, let this fact put you off: Most planewalkers who take a jaunt to Athas are never seen again, and that ain't just 'cos their portal gets closed, neither. Don't say I didn't warn you...

## ADARACHAIST

"Athas? Athar! That plane got infiltrated long ago by the Athar, trying to impose their corrupt philosophies on whole worlds! It's actions like that which we fight against, berk! Next time it might be another faction: The Harmonium have their little police state of Ortho all regimented and harmonious. What next? Tear 'em all down, that's what we say!"

## ATHAR

"Berk, those Athasians are amazing! See what can happen to a world when the primes renounce the powers? I mean, would you mess with an Athasian in a dark alley? Exactly! Sure, the place is a bloody desert, but that's the fault of the Sorcerer Kings. Guess what: They reckon they're as good as gods. Can you see a pattern emerging here?"

## BLEAKERS

"Bloody awful place, that. Land ravaged by magic, people twisted into strange abominations, every man and his pet kank with sinister mental powers: It's madness. It's wonderful. Besides, you'd have to be barmy to want to go there."

## CITHERS

"Don't think! Do! Well, with a few exceptions. You'd be a fool if you jumped through a portal to Athas without thinking, berk. In fact, if you gave it some thought and then jumped through, you'd be a

fool too! Believe me: Most layers of the Abyss are less nasty.

"Forgive me: I exaggerate. Make that some."

## DODAGHARD

"Athas is a world on the brink of destroying itself. The land decays under the touch of magic like no other place in all the planes. If we could find the secret of this "defiling" power, perhaps we could use its power to hasten the coming of the time of entropy."

## DUSTRAED

"Well, everyone's already dead, you know that. The poor sods on Athas know this better than anyone: Death is part of life in that harsh land. The strange connection between Athas and the plane known as the Grey is interesting indeed: It would seem the spirits of Athasians who 'die' are trapped there. They may be denied the release into whatever lies beyond, or perhaps they have found the final goal. Who can tell? Whatever it is, we should also notice that the walking dead on Athas are very different to those on other primes. Could Athas hold the key to our previous lives?"

## FATED

"Athas is a fantastic opportunity to make jink, if you're tough enough. It's a world without iron, so you can import the stuff and flog it for huge piles of jink. Trouble is, the clueless sods pay in bits of ceramic: Pah! A clued-up blood demands payment in psionic items: They're two-a-penny there, but rare in the rest of the planes. Anyway, why am I telling you this? Go pike it: Athas is my golden goose!"

## GODMIED

"The Athasians would appear to have passed through one stage of trials to find themselves faced with even greater ones. Most of the common cutters have mental powers, which suggests perhaps the population as a whole is transcending. Further, the sorcerous rulers of their societies have discovered powerful transfiguration magics which elevate their physical forms to quasi-power levels. Surely Athas is an example in hand of our philosophy."

## GIVDERE

"Fascinating place: Shielded from the planes at large, imbued with psionic powers but forgotten by the powers. Unnaturally low quantities of

the ferric and precious metals, and a great abundance of vastly powerful monsters. Why should this prime world be so unusually different from so many others? Further research is needed."

## HARADOLLA

"We're contemplating a strict policy of arresting Athasians in Sigil on sight. They're more trouble than they're worth, what with their psionic powers, defiling magic and super strength. If we had our way, we'd seal up all the bloody portals to that gods-forsaken plane.

"That'd stop the blood-thirsty berks from disturbing our peace!"

## JOPETS

"If you want to go there, that's your look-out. just don't expect any of us to risk our hides coming to get you out of trouble, berk!"

## MERCYVILLE

"Athasians are trouble, and no mistake. I can't tell you the number of the bloody sods who've killed prison guards with their bare hands trying to escape. They're not so chirpy now, though: We made sure their cells were lined with lead so their poxy mental powers couldn't get at us. Unfortunately, Athas is becoming a popular destination for run-away criminals of all planes of origin: The sods have learned that Justicars are unwilling to follow sods back there."

## JEATHATES

"Feel the heat of a dying sun blistering your skin! Taste the sand of a shattered world as it scours your face! Smell the sweat of a thousand gladiators tearing an army to pieces!"

"Oh, heavens no, don't go there... we've got it all recorded in our Sensorium. No need to leave the comfort of the Festhall at all, cutter."

## JIGDERE

"If I imagined the whole multiverse, there'd be somewhere I'd never want to go. Somewhere where the everyday struggle for survival was a matter of life and death. It would not be like the Abyss, because at least the Abyss has belief to make it valid. No, this place ain't even justified, it's just dying, and dragging everyone who lives there down with it.

"When I imagined this place, I called it Athas."

## KADATECTE

"Athas? What's that? Never heard of the place. Oh sorry, didn't introduce myself, did I? My name's Rajaat. I'm the first." (JW)

Chant for Clueless

# CANT DICTIONARY F-Q

↳bobbing or evading anyone, anywhere.

**Leafer**

A tome or book. More specifically, an old or particularly boring book. "Hey, cutter, flip through this leafer and you might find that spell you're looking for." Originally used to describe spellbooks, now just a generalised term.

**Lemon**

Prime. Cager Rhyming Slang: Lemon and Lime = Prime. Confusingly, a lemon is also a person who deals with time and time travel, such as a chromancer. It's another example of rhyming slang: Lemon and Lime = Messing with Time.

**Living book**

A blood, or someone with a lot of darks stashed away in his bone-box.

**Lovelorn**

Someone who is romantically inclined toward erinyes, incubi, and similar creatures: "I hear Poison Lips has another lovelorn. Wonder if she'll behead this one or just hang him?" Also the state of being romantically inclined to these creatures: "Sure as Sigil, Jenny's gone lovelorn over that incubus, Blaycker

Tendon."

## M

**Maniarch**

Xaositect high-up. From 'hierarchy' and 'maniac'.

**Marionette**

Any berk who deals with a yugoloth—because of their fame as manipulators.

**Melt**

Spend: "Let's go and melt some seriousjink!"

**Mephit**

Pathetic, stupid, or worthless person (who not used to refer to a real mephit, of course). Insult: "The dabus and their Lady are a lot of mephits!" (NB. this person was later found draped over the sign post of a cobbler's shop, flayed). Just don't use it in this way anywhere near a real mephit... they get cross...

**Mibix**

Chant goes this was once a slaad word (is there such a thing?) translated loosely as 'unpalatable rubbish', e.g.: "You expect me to eat this mibix?" Also an expression meaning 'screed', e.g. "A liberal Hardhead? There is some mibix that I just won't swallow..."

**Mindless**

Derogatory term for the Transcendent Order, belittling their goals. ('Zombie' was once tried as an insult for the Ciphers, but the Dustmen squelched the phrase and its creator before it ever caught on.)

**Modron headache**

The feeling of helplessness and frustration incurred by waiting for your turn in an official process—in queues for appointments, to fill out forms (in triplicate), or in the Guvner's Courts for a trial. It's especially used by the more chaotic planar races.

**Mert**

Platinum coin.

## N

**Not for all the jink in Shurrock**

No way, never. Commonly used phrase when discussing whether to slum it and eat out at the Styx Oarsman tavern.

**Not the shadow of a shade**

Morally and politically immaculate. Used to describe particularly worthy paladins, archons or guardians by their allies.

## P

**Parochial God**

A power with worshippers

**Stop Press**

## SLAADI HORDES HIT TRADEGATE

TRADEGATE—The usually peaceful Bytopian gate-town was today wracked with a storm of Slaadi, which literally fell from the skies like rain. Merchants and shoppers received scant seconds warning as clouds of broiling chaos-stuff spewed seemingly from nowhere to blanket the burg and surrounding fields, before the frog-beasts began to rain down.

Stalls were crushed and three market squares were evacuated as, according to a Hornung's Guess made by sheltering wild mage Prax "Wilde" Evercell, some three thousand Slaadi descended upon the burg, hopping and pillaging and devouring anything they came across. "It was as if Zeus himself started lobbing thunderbolts at the burg", shouted Evercell above the chaotic clamour, "Nobody knew what was happening; it was wonderful!"

Residents of the burg seemed less enthusiastic. "It's going to cost me a great pile of

on only one world.

**Penny-gush**

Exaggerated stories or tales, especially if written: "That piece in SIGIS about the Anarchists was just cheap penny-gush."

**Philosophise**

A Cager term for a dead power. Note: It's a good idea not to use this one around priests.

**Pincher**

Hardhead or some other overzealous scragger of sods.

**Pit Fiend promise**

A promise, begrudgingly made, likely to be twisted.

**Playing Mimir**

An informant or plant within an organisation. "I was followed here, but I managed to lose 'em. I think someone's playing mimir in our cell." Usually used by Anarchists.

**Planeborne**

A member of one the nine native philosophical races of the Outer Planes; the Archons, Guardinals, Eladrin, Slaad, Tanar'ri, Yugoloths, Baatezu, Modrons or Rilmani. It's like saying "Celestials and Fiends and Cordians" all at once. There's some debate in greybeard circles as to whether the Aasimon are really planeborne (if they are it breaks the rather compelling rule

of three cubed), and it's generally accepted that the Gehreleths ain't planeborne (though nobody really knows what they are instead).

**Post-monger**

A cutter who's well-lanned when it comes to the cross-trade, specifically fences, knights of the post, fraudsters and other shady cony-catchers. Also post-mongering, to possess these 'qualities'.

**Prod**

Troublemaker; a real pain in the neck.

**Purgatories**

The Cordant Planes (between Upper and Lower, ie. Mechanus, the Outlands and Limbo). Neither won-drous nor terrible; a sort of bland somewhere-in-between.



**Quipper**

Slang for a beggar. There's a whole bloody guild of quippers in Sigil, and they're one of the best sources of information in the Cage. Why? No one thinks to shut their bone box around a beggar, and no one's poor enough not to be able to afford to garnish 'em well.

*to be continued  
(by various cullers)*

## Dead Call

If you are a **Dustman** and haven't heard the **call** yet, **Factol Skall** has issued a total **Faction gathering**.

All Dustmen are to head directly to the **Mortuary** as soon as possible **Bring your own equipment and weapons** as well, and come **prepared for some arduous planewalking**.

As incentive, the first pieces of the **Ancient Scrolls** can be **found** right now, on display at the **Mortuary**. These scroll fragments have been preserved and translated from the ancient tongue they were written in.



Sincerely,  
Dustmen Official  
Spokesman,  
Jergoth Raulic  
Factotum of the  
3rd Circle (da)

# S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 16 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

Fourth Week of Narciss

## CAMBION ABDUCTED TO BAATOR

**TORIL (City of Waterdeep)**—Following last week's report on the trial of the cambion Don Julio, further developments have become clear. According to a statement from Harmonium Mover Three Jasmin Tealybuck, Julio was abducted from his cell in Castle Waterdeep, on the Prime World of Toril [see previous issue of SIGIS] by a group of mercenaries in the pocket of the disgraced Mercykiller named Nine Auspicious Rabbits, a rakasta who hails from the minor Prime World of Myoshima [Ed. note: a moon of Mystara].

Apparently, Rabbit's original intention was to take Don Julio to Baator, where the baatezu wish to question him

concerning arms deals with the tanar'ri. However, during several interviews, I discovered that one of the mercenaries was a githzerai Anarchist who was intent on foiling the mission by freeing the Don. As the kidnapers tried to force their way from the Castle into the infamous dungeon of Undermountain beneath, the githzerai attacked the rakasta and attempted to strike off the Cambion's chains.

The githzerai was lost in the ensuing melee, but before he was put in the dead-book, he freed the Don who escaped into the dungeons beneath the burg. According to the local Hardhead types, Don Julio was then pursued by three

adventuresome bashers, among whom was the noteworthy the Xaotician expert Fenris Cassre. What stake these individuals have in the Don Julio case remains unclear, though they may have some past grievance with the cambion dating back to several encounters in Plague-Mort.

The events following the escape are not completely understood, but my frequent source on this case, Clarion the Guardian, revealed that he had personally travelled to Toril to find out the dark of the matter. He declined to divulge his own interests in the case, but said he had had an enlightening interview with Kappiyan Flurmastyr,

a Waterdhavian mage of some local repute. "I learned two important facts from Flurmastyr," said Clarion. "Firstly, that a powerful fiend, of unknown racial stock, appeared briefly in Undermountain on the evening after the trial, leaving magical traces a dwarf could feel. Secondly, Flurmastyr also related that at least some of those who fled into the dungeon remained on

Toril." After some clever planewalking, Clarion learned that the Cambion had been abducted to Baator by a summoned pit fiend (identity unknown). Sadly, Clarion declined to reveal the names of the adventurers, except to confirm Fenris Cassre's involvement.

—Blondie Bluthiem, culler (ar)

## DOOMGUARD-DUSTMEN STRIFE CONTINUES

**SIGIL (Lower Ward)**—For the past week, the Doomguard have been finding the bodies of dead Sinkers on their front steps every morning. And every morning, they have found the same note pinned to each corpse:

"Destruction is not all, but Death." The chant goes that the Dead are retaliating for the recent insult to their faction that resulted in the slaughter of several Doomguard factioneers. Where the Dustmen find time to pass along such messages, if indeed the Dustmen are responsible, in the midst of their mobilisation to find their lost artifact in the Abyss remains a mystery [see this issue of SIGIS for details].

So far, all the bodies have been fresh, but several sources suggest that the deterioration of bodies increases every morning. "It's quite disgusting having to walk by a mound of stinking Sinkers that have been gone a couple days," noted one denizen of the Lower Ward.

The battle between the Doomguard and the Dustmen has boiled over into the Hall of Speakers, with the Dead gaining support while the Doomguard are forced to

fight alone. Sir Twist, who has been Factol Pentar's aide at the city council this week, has requested that the Dustmen cease this action.

"It is intolerable that Factol Skall condones this action. So far, we've been cleaning up their mess, but the Doomguard promises that if the bodies continue to appear outside the Armoury, we will leave them there to rot. Knocking people off with a little disease never really bothered us." Pentar also intimated that if she doesn't gain support soon, the Armoury will stop supplying Sigil with weapons.

Sir Twist also released a statement to SIGIS, saying to the effect that if the Dustmen would like to fight openly, there are many disgruntled Sinker bashers looking for someone to introduce to Entropy. "I would like to ask that the Dustmen reconsider their course of action," wrote Twist in his statement. "We do not wish a repeat of the incident at the Bazaar with Bram Bloodheart. For the sake of the city, I entreat all involved to find a way to avert bloodshed by this very violent and uncontrollable faction."

—Sco'rut Morthus, culler(db)

## XAOISTECTS PETITION FOR MARTIAL LAW

**SIGIL (Lady's Ward)**—In a flabbergasting move during yesterday's Council Session, the Xaositects asked the lawful triad of Sigil to actually impose greater amounts of law and order in the Hive ward. The Xaosmen it seems, are fed up with the ex-citizens of Jangling Hiter camping on their turf, and are demanding that the law do something about it. Xaositect agitators had been gathering at the Hall of Speakers for the past week, clamouring to be heard, but were generally ignored or shunted to the Triany or one of the lesser council chambers. Typical Xaositect behaviour was met in the typical fashion. But when three Xaosmen brought forth the chaos faction's seldom-seen official council spokesperson, Silent

Lucidity, Speaker Darius immediately granted her the podium. After unwrapping Lucidity from her straitjacket, the other Xaosmen stepped aside, and she recited:

"Jangling Hiter's/In our face;/We want them gone,/ Out of our case!/Lawful screeds,/They hate our home/ You make them pay/We'll make more poem!/Law's in tatters,/We'll let it in/Make the Hive/All fun again./ Martial law/for Xaos's sake;

"If you don't get them sodding cruel, nasty Hiter's out of the Hive we'll run rampant all over your side of town, just see if we don't!"

She then started foaming at the mouth and tap dancing, so her handlers removed her from the podium and carried her back to the barred room

she calls kip in the Hall of Speakers. It seems poetic recitations and dancing are becoming more common among Xaositects as a means to communicate. We wonder if this might be another trend among the Chaos-lovers begun by the Factol, (see Hall of Speakers article this issue.) [Can't be any worse than sodding scramblespeak—Editor]

Debate is flaring even now about whether or not to grant the request, but with both Factol Darkwood and Factol Montgomery seeking to curry favour with the notoriously apolitical Xaositects, martial law conditions to curb the Hiter refugees seems almost certain to pass the Council in record time.

—Ordnin Balaclavas, Legislative Beat (Mr. N)

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# RITUAL SACRIFICES MARK JANGLING HITER GRAVE

**BAATOR (Minauros)**—After weeks of concentrated effort, the City of Shackles, Jangling Hiter, no longer hangs above the swamps of Minauros. As reported in SIGIS issue 12, the Baatorian burg was sold outright to Zadara the titan, who had it dismantled and moved, selling the chains that made up the city to buyer(s) unknown. The site of Jangling Hiter now lies cleared. Nothing remains of it save middens and a stinking hole in the swamps beneath. Giantish crews, working alongside gelugons, a troupe of mercenary yagnoloths, and, to the trepidation of many at the site, a handful of maruts, together rent the town asunder in record time. Even Blood War battles have taken longer to raze a burg to the firmament, and Hiter was not simply destroyed, but picked up and moved.

About the remaining gargantuan cavity in the gelid muck, the former native inhabitants of Hiter, the mysterious Kytons, are engaged in what appears to be sacrificial rites. The chain-wrapped, silent Kytons have unearthed altars of apparent great antiquity, and have placed them at regular intervals around the periphery of the vanished city of chains. The Kytons have allowed no one other than themselves and other former inhabitants of Hiter near the altars.

The mortal inhabitants of the city who did not flee in time have been gathered together in a shivering herd and are being seized one by one by the Kytons. Their fate remains unknown, but blood has been glimpsed on the altars from afar. Close inspection thus far has been impossible, and the Kytons haven't spoken. But it seems clear that the wretched masses trapped by the swamp, or their own unwillingness to move, have become victims in a lengthy and deadly blood rite.

Dreadclaw, a hamatula keeping an eye on the whole affair for the Baatezu high-ups, speculated that the ceremony is intended to somehow 'desanctify' the location. "Those Kytons were always a little too stitch-mouthed for my tastes," he said. "They kept their burg all separate and clean like our laws weren't good enough for them. They smell like religious fanatics to me, and act like it too. But the only one that'll know the real dark is old Windscream himself."

Other victims arrive daily as justiciars and bounty-hunters deliver debtors to the Kytons' pen. (As reported previously, the price of the city included an exchange of souls owed from Zadara to the previous lord of Jangling Hiter, the cornugon Pollus Windscream). None seem aware of the fate that awaits them.

"Sure, I turned stag on that interest what I owed that big bit; who wouldn't at her prices?" said Elmour Gunt, one of the enforced immigrants. "But I been 'twixt the Lady and the 'Loths before and I got out of it; this ain't nothing I can't wag my way free from."

Flint Harrold, a Mercykiller bounty hunter who delivered five screaming debtors to the Kytons, laconically commented on the situation. "Oh, them chain-wrapped sods are scraggin' 'em, sure as justice triumphs. These deadbeats are finally gettin' what's owed 'em. Heh." Harrold went on to say that the Kytons' rituals may last some time, as he had two more weeks in which to round up more 'debt-polers'.

Where the uncountable number of chains that made up the city of shackles have gone, remains unclear. It's well known that much of the tonnage involved has been passing through Sigil, particularly the Great Foundry. Godsman smiths have been working peak to anti-peak repairing breaks and damage

done from shipment. But where the fixed chains have gone afterwards remains a mystery. One source, a Godsman namer who spoke only upon conditions of anonymity, was able to shed a tiny bit of light on the mystery. She said, "You know all those small chains? We've been forging them together into big ones, longer than Sigil is round. But I dunno what the high-ups are doing with 'em."

Wide ranging sources have reported tons of chains being

moved through many diverse means: Through major portals into Ribcage and on to the Outlands; Ferried by amnizu and then marraenoloths across the Minauran swamps and onto the Styx; Transported through secret portals in Baator itself. Some parties have even claimed to see githzerai companies of plane-walkers picking up chains and cross-piking them directly out of Baator. But no destination has been reliably confirmed. The chains seem to have

vanished from the very Ring itself.

[*Editor's Note: Culler Mord, a Gwvner with some obsessive tendencies, has vowed to shed the light on the mystery of Jangling Hiter, no matter the cost or the danger. Against our advice, he has left Sigil to interview Pollus Windscream. Should he survive, SIGIS will publish whatever dark he brings to the fore.*]

—Malacyst Mord,  
whistles culler  
(Mr. N)

## BAATEZU STAGE RALLIES TO QUELL MORALE PROBLEMS

**BAATOR (Dis, Minauros and Grenpoli)**—The Baatezu have staged many massive military rallies in their main cities, officially to mark their recent progress in the Blood War. Reportedly, twenty million abishai descended on Minauros last week for one such rally, which lasted for 36 hours and packed the streets of the city with columns of marching fiends. Speaking to the assembled masses, Ranashiel, a spokesman for Azazel of the Eye Standard [*Editorial note: Azazel is a prominent Baatezu noble, and the Eye Standard is his re-giment, named for the famous battle flag he bears*], said:

"Fellow Baatorians! At this time we stand on the threshold of a great new era of our glorious history. Our recent triumphs against the rightly hated tanar'ri are going to net great gains. Even now, your faithful brothers and sisters are marching to portals that will take them as far afield as Acheron and Carceri, to take the Blood War ever closer to the enemy's territory. We confidently expect to bring back not just treasures and honour, as ever, but layers or even planes. The time is right, o worthiest Baatezu, to snatch what has ever been rightfully

ours from the talons of our fleeing foes! And against the obstinate modrons and weakling archons also, we are driving forward our columns relentlessly. There can be no other outcome to so marvellous a struggle but our inevitable victory."

The propaganda continued for another two hours, at the end of which Ranashiel raised high his own standard, bearing the ever-watchful triply-armed Eye of Baator, aloft whilst before him were paraded captured banners of other races, including the Martyrdom Flag of Auriel, taken many years ago by the last major Baatezu force to reach Excelsior. The assembled fiends, urged on by cornugons, chanted slogans of victory to their commanders on the platform.

However, behind all the triumphalist talk and pageantry, the truth is a lot less exciting. The Baatezu have gained only as much as they have lost, and a recent attempt to sign a treaty with the Rakshasas of Acheron fell through after territorial arguments resurfaced about control of the River Acheron. The deaths of two Baatezu Dukes in combat has weakened the command structure

further after last month's prisoner exchange debacle. The true purpose of the rallies is to calm rumours among the lower-ranked Baatezu that their glorious armies have suffered setbacks. The true likelihood of a layer being moved by even ten times the level of military mobilisation presently engaged by the Baatorians is slim indeed. Records show that the speech given Ranashiel is a transcript of one given by Azazel himself just before the Battle of the River Ma'at, at which the Eye Standard nearly fell and an avatar of a then Lord of the Nine was destroyed.

Nevertheless, Baatezu military rallies are terrifying to behold, and the recent spate of them can only stir up racial hatred against races such as bariaur and githzerai amongst Baatezu sympathisers here in Sigil. The Harmonium is warning everyone to be on their guard against civil unrest, but in fact the Baatezu's allies are more likely to operate through 'official' routes, and no amount of helpful advice will save innocent victims of their manoeuvring.

—Blondie Bluthheim,  
culler  
(ar)

MAGNUM OPUS' MUSEÈ ARCANÉ  
MUSEUM OF PLANAR ARCHEOLOGY

# DUSTMEN START BLOOD WAR

OUTER PLANES (Abyss)—SIGIS has just received word of intense fighting in the Abyss that, for once, has nothing to do with a Baatezu invasion. The Dustmen faction, after more than a week of gathering its factioneers and arming itself at the Mortuary, finally invaded the Abyss. The faction was intent on recovering a rumoured Codex of the Dustmen hidden long ago near the ruins of an ancient Plague-Mort predecessor, which had been swallowed into the Abyss ages past. They were met by tanar'ri forces head on, but the Dustmen had the element of surprise on the less than organised mobs of fiends, and they defeated wave after wave of the sods. The Dustmen apparently mustered a vast force of Dustmen factotums (both living and dead), mercenaries, undead, and a troop of maelephants to striking at the heart of the first layer near the remains of an old gate town.

According to Jergoth Rauhic, our frequent contact with in the Dustmen, the faction moved quickly, destroying all opposition, until the forces of three powerful Abyssal Lords arrived, and then they started losing ground. But a supposedly brilliant tactical move by a Dustmen leader, Leej McGarred, and his special force of Dustmen turned the tides of the battle. According to Rauhic, "This small army of both living and the dead (many recruited from among the fallen Dustmen and tanar'ri) emerged from behind 'enemy lines', so to speak, and wrought terrible damage to the Abyssal forces thought to have been sent by the tanar'ri lords." (Verification of the affiliations of these tanar'ri mobs has been difficult, but Jergoth Rauhic assured SIGIS that Abyssal Lords were involved in the conflict.) It was that attack which seemed to turn the tide of the battle and brought a quick and decisive end to any Tanar'ri resistance, at least for the moment.

The Dustmen forces have now set up their kip within in the ruins of one the ancient gate-towns, and are now recruiting more forces with supplies and building materials. The military leader of the Dead in this invasion, Leej McGarred, told SIGIS that they are now bringing in a labour force (or perhaps

raising one from the remains of the battle?), and that they intend to begin the construction of a permanent stronghold in the Abyss. Many such attempts to maintain keeps on the Plain of Infinite Portals have been made before, mostly by tanar'ri, but only the burg of Broken Reach has maintained consistent rulership under the thumb of the succubus high-up known as Red Shroud. The Dustmen do seem determined, however, to hold on to their little slice of hell at least until they recover the Codex.

As for the Codex, it seems that the Dustmen's treasure, according to McGarred, is well buried somewhere in a series of subterranean caverns beneath the Abyssal layer. Due to the immense vastness of this labyrinth, however, the Dustmen will have to remain some time on the Abyss until they find their book, hence the need for a stronghold. Chant is that this cave-system is "infinite" in size, which, even if only half-way true, means the faction better be prepared to tote along a particularly potent scrying device.

## COMMENTARY ON THE ABYSSAL VICTORY

This victory of the Dustmen may not be so surprising when all the details have been examined. Most cutters among the Dustmen attribute the victory over the tanar'ri mobs to the tactics of Factotum Leej McGarred of the Dustmen, and his usage of his relatively small, elite crack force which turned the tide of the battle. McGarred himself won't speak of his tactics, and no one among the Dustmen will share the dark on their special forces, but thanks to a conversation overheard by SIGIS, do we know some dark on the leader of this force dubbed the "Death Corp". It seems that McGarred was a former Blood War mercenary, and had been called out of semi-retirement to lead the battle. According to reliable sources, 20 years ago, when McGarred was only 17 years of age, he was already fighting in the Blood War fighting alongside the tanar'ri, and was later reported as training their troops (a difficult thing to do with such unruly fiends). This may explain his knowledge of Abyssal warfare, which apparently aided the Dustmen victory in the Abyss. (da)

## SMITHS WANTED AT THE GREAT FOUNDRY!

Here's your chance to meet the challenge of a lifetime! If you can work chains and forge links, the Believers of the Source have a job sure to test your mettle. Immediate openings available—Fair work will bring fair Reward. Applicants must bring their own tools; food and lodging included in pay. Interested parties should inquire at the Clinker Gate of the Great Foundry, at any time.

**See the smith on duty!**

(Mr. N)

## NewsChant

# BAATORIAN HIGH-UP, FOUND MURDERED IN AASIMAR'S CASE

SIGIL (Lady's Ward)—Around three after anti-peak two days ago, Harmonium investigator Christopher Verdue was disturbed from his restful slumber to visit the scene of a homicide in the Lady's Ward. Anytime Verdue (chief investigator of the Cadre case) is called upon for his psychic talents in a case, it's a sure bet that the crime is a difficult one. But this one proved even stranger than most: this time the victim was a pit fiend, and the scene of the murder was none other than the kip of the well-known aasimar trade merchant, Spiral Hal'ought.

As many Cagers know, Spiral Hal'ought has long been recognised as the blood to visit when negotiating trade with Celestials, though a cutter best bring along a purse full of jink. Thus, finding a high-up baatezu (a pit fiend no less) bloodily murdered in hte case of Hal'ought is extremely disconcerting, particularly to upper planar clients, and certain to draw substantial attention across the Cage.

I learned about the murder the same night as Verdue, when a courier friend with connections in the Harmonium saw fit to summon me to the crime scene. I showed up only an hour after Verdue's own company, but was greeted with less than open arms by Hal'ought's stone-faced halberd wielding aasimar guards. After a half-hour negotiation (in which my pleas fell on deafears), a couple Harmonium officers, under orders from Verdue, persuaded Hal'ought's personable employees to let me in his kip.

Once inside, the officers led me through what seemed miles of enormous and richly

adorned passages, past uncounted art objects of tremendous value much of which clearly originated from Elysium, Mt. Celestia or Arborea. Finally, we reached the scene of the lost fiend, in a huge, stately dining room adorned with gilt. And what a scene it was. Drops, pools and rivers of Baatezu ichor were everywhere about the room, often with pieces of scaly flesh or bone thrown into the stew. You can't possibly conceive the enormous volume of blood inside a 12 foot fiend (unless you're a Blood War merc I suppose) until you see it splattered around a high-up's immaculate state room. Terrible destruction was wreaked across the room: hardwood tables and chairs were splintered, paintings were ripped and scattered, vases powdered, and the list went on and on.

Yet for all this destruction, it still seemed the fiend went down easy. There were no obvious signs of powerful magic, and most of the destruction was contained in only one third of the chamber. After I recovered slightly from my shock, Verdue came over to speak with me. He bid me good morning, in his strange prime accent, and quietly warned me not to interfere with any of the scene nor disrupt his concentration. He would submit to an interview after the initial investigation. "Now, the only reason I allowed a SIGIS culler inside, and not simply let you be alerted for a general Harmonium press release, was in fairness to your profession," Verdue told me. "Since a culler from the Tempus Sigilian was already on the scene, I thought the people of Sigil should be able

to hear the facts from more than one source. Do not try my patience." Of course, I agreed.

As Verdue left back to his work, I noticed the illithid culler from the Tempus Sigilian he was referring to, standing in the back of the room and consulting with Spiral Hal'ought. Hal'ought stood calmly by, arms folded behind his back and a grim expression on his face as he watched the Hardheads work. Occasionally, he turned to the mind flayer and spoke softly to the hunched-over figure, while the creature slowly nodded and scribbled in a journal. It seemed obvious that the illithid had been summoned by the aasimar, perhaps even before the Harmonium. (Later I discovered that Hal'ought has partial ownership of the Sigilian.)

During the next hour, a little of the dark came clear as the Harmonium worked the room. The cross-trader (maybe cross-traders) who put the baatezu in the dead-book took no chances: there was evidence of acid use, electrical fire, and blades that sliced through pit fiend skin like a hot knife through lard. The fiend didn't travel far, and seemingly died quickly (why the fiend didn't 'port to safety is unclear) suggesting that the assailant(s) had the element of surprise. But this still left a lot in the dark, such as who the fiend was, and what in Baator was it doing in the house of an upper planar tradesman? I hoped the interview promised by Verdue might shed a little more light on the subject. [See the Verdue interview this issue.]

—Maia Intwood,  
culler  
(sk)

We regret to inform the readers of SIGIS that the Harmonium have confiscated the interview promised above with Christopher Verdue. They wish to insure that not too much Harmonium knowledge of the case leaks back to the assailants. We will try to bring you the interview in the next issue (but don't hold your breath).

## BYTOPIAN FESTIVAL ENDS WITH PLANEQUAKE



Arcane merchant  
selling mountain clamps  
to Bytopians

DISASTER struck Bytopia this week in the shape of a planequake. Hundreds of bashers are missing, feared in the dead-book, since the two layers of the plane dramatically slipped towards each other. The tragedy coincided with the Festival of Lights, a time when Yeoman is packed to bursting with people...

The annual festival began auspiciously enough; the turnout of locals and plane-walkers alike was far higher than average, despite the recent mayhem caused in Tradegate by the Slaadi Chaos Tromp [see SIGIS issue 15]. Cutters from across the plane gathered in the neatly-tended fields surrounding Yeoman, one of Dotion's principle burgs, and in the rocky Gemini Mountains on Shurrock directly above Yeoman. The atmosphere was indeed festive; Lake Crystal was a mass of pinks, reds and blues, strewn with sweet twin-blossom petals, and the burg itself was chiming with children ringing bells and a choir of deva singing hymns.

Throughout the Festival of Lights, a week-long event which symbolises the Bytopian people's thanks for the Philosophical Spring, cutters offered food they'd grown and objects they'd created to the powers of Bytopia, held athletic races and craft competitions. It's estimated by Yeoman officials that hundreds of thousands of jinx flow through the burg during the festival, and security is usually tight.

This year's festival was no exception. Per and Aasimon watched Yeoman carefully, all the more because of the slaadi army mustering in Tradegate. I spoke to Guildmaster Thanos Darkwove, an influential local basher who was organising the burg's protection about the slaadi menace.

"It's nothing to worry about, basher, to be sure. The frog-fiends'll leave our little burg alone; it's too far out of their way to come here." He could not have been more wrong.

Halfway through the week a curious vortex appeared in the gravity plane between the two layers of Bytopia. As the ember clouds spread in a flat line, slaadi began to rain from the sky like giant frog-hailstones. Many landed in Lake Crystal, overturning petal-spreading-boats and causing small tidal-waves of blossoms to flood the harbours of stilt-legged burgs at the lake's edge. Many more landed in the branches of trees in nearby forests. Celestial search-parties were sent to expel the frogs from the plane, but returned unsuccessful. Apparently the slaadi hordes had simply disappeared from sight.

Several attempts were made by Thanos Darkwove to contact the supposed ring-leaders of the slaad mob, which was estimated to run into the thousands by this time, but all were met with a stony silence. As the festival continued, no further reports of slaadi activity came to light, and Yeoman collectively breathed a sigh of relief... it seemed the slaad had just been passing through.

As the week neared its end, preparations were made for the Grand Finale. This year it was to be a pyrotechnical display of epic proportions. A trio of golden dragons had travelled from the Prime world of Toril for the occasion, and they were joined by a band of mephits of all descriptions and an assortment of evokers.

As night fell on Yeoman, the crowds on both layers of the plane were greeted with a spectacular display of firey explosions, glittering sheet lightning and rainbow-hues clods of smoke. Whilst the thunder boomed between Bytopia's graceful spires, I spoke to J'kathok, a reformed cornugon who'd come to see the show: "Now I've seen the Blood War in all its horrible glory, cutter, when we destroyed, and this is the next closest thing. What a spectacle. I'd not be surprised if they could see this all the way from Sigil!"

It was just as the explosions reached a climax, however, that tragedy struck. Without warning, the controlled pyrotechnics took on a life of their own. The flames took on a green hue and began to rain down on the spectators, on both layers of the plane. The thunderous explosions grew

in strength rather than fading, and the very ground began to shudder and reverberate. I heard screams of terror from the citizens of Yeoman, and then seconds later, screams from the Gemini Mountains directly above. Then I realised why... the column of rock spanning the two layers on the other side of Lake Crystal had been damaged by the out-of-control explosions. In the flickering green light I and thousands of others watched aghast as the pillar ever-so-slowly split in two. Great chunks of rock fell both up and down, striking the plane seconds later with terrible thuds. Then the planequake began.

Perhaps the layers of Bytopia were destabilised by the loss of a supporting pillar, or perhaps it was a result of the thousand-ton rocks smashing into the ground, but Dotion's once-solid rock began to twist and buckle. Jagged shards of rock jutted from the ground, and waves the height of five bariaur raced across the lake, sweeping away lakeside burgs and spectators alike. While I could not see Shurrock, I later learned that similar catastrophes occurred there; the fractured mountain began to splutter lava and billow noxious gases, and many more lives were lost in avalanches of boulders dislodged by the vibrations.

Though 'quake lasted for but a few seconds, the repercussions will last for many years, I fear. The harsh light of morning revealed a twisted landscape, more at home on Avernus than Bytopia. During the night, the plea for aid had gone out, and by morning several dozen guardinals had arrived, bringing with them healing magic and supplies. With their usual efficiency the kind creatures helped the injured and homeless, all the while braving the frequent tremors that emanated from the fractured pillar.

Even with all their magic however, the guardinals could not heal the plane. Like a great weeping sore, the sundered column became increasingly unstable as the day progressed. That is, until a nameless arcane merchant arrived on the scene with a caravan laden with girders, steel ropes and some incredibly long chains.

How the arcane merchant was able to respond so quickly to the Bytopians' plight perhaps I'll never find out, but like all of the mysterious arcane, this one was utterly businesslike. Within hours of his arrival, and thanks in part to a brigade of industrious

gnomes who'd seen the calamity from their nearby Golden Hills kips, the shattered bi-mountain had been secured with a complex array of chains, pulleys and girders. Add to that a few calming spells and the tremors subsided completely. By the same evening, the arcane caravan had disappeared, laden with nearly as much weight in junk as it had brought in steel.

'Course, it won't stop there. The local Yeoman crafts guild have already drawn up plans for reconstruction of the pillar (industrious bloods, these Bytopians), and the huge cleanup operation has begun as of the time of this writing.

But one question remains: What went wrong? Theories abound, though the most likely-sounding, I believe, is that the tragedy was the fault of the slaadi. Chant goes that the frog-fiends never actually

left the plane, and instead went to sleep under the lake and in the forests. They'd had a long tromp to get here, after all. The explosions probably woke 'em up, and they emerged from their torpor to see what all the fuss was about.

Trouble is, the sudden awakening of thousands of creatures of pure chaos probably caused the magical flux of the plane to shift dramatically; rather like it does when a wild mage suffers a so-called surge. And who knows what a surging dragon's breath can do?

The slaadi are long-gone now, of course, so it's likely the Bytopians'll never find out the real dark of things. But rest assured, cutters, this plane won't sleep until it's business as usual.

—Sim Underwood,  
Upper Planes culler  
(jw)

## Letters

Readers of SIGIS,

I read with great amusement the article you printed in the last issue by Maja Intwood entitled, "Quadrone Argues Modron Case For Hive Kip". In this 'newschant', your eloquent culler reports the attempt by the modrons to claim a physical presence in the Hive. In this rapid, screed-full argument, the Quadrone "proves" that this certain kip in the Hive is really a part of Mechanus. Now, although I am loathe to argue the side of the Hardheads at any time, this so-called proof was so leatherheaded, I felt the need to write in and expose the absolute senselessness of this claim.

Apparently, the Quadrone and the exalted Mathematician Leclerc were so excited finding their (non-existent) order in the Multiverse, they couldn't see how obvious, and therefore ludicrous, their arguments were. In particular, Leclerc is quoted in the article saying, "the plane of Mechanus intersects with the Hive in this particular location." How amazing! Belevedere, can you comprehend this? Do you see the dark that only a logic-driven modron, and a brilliant Mathematician could uncover for the poor, unwashed masses of the Cage? By Jove, this can only mean one thing... they have discovered... no it cannot be... yes, they have! A portal!

You read right. Those leatherheads wasted a perfectly good morning convincing the Guvners that they found a portal to Mechanus in the Hive ward. (Of course, the Guvners are wasting their time anyway, so I suppose it is of little consequence.) At any rate, if these berks get this part of the Hive, I say my faction has the rights to a good portion of Pandemonium right out the Gatehouse! Barmy screed, indeed! Really, all a cutter can learn from such silliness is more about the senseless nature of the Multiverse: to look for structure and laws in this meaninglessness is the ultimate folly indeed. Better yet, take a trip down to the Gatehouse and see where the darks of the Multiverse really lie.

Juan Toll

Factotum of the Bleak Cabal  
(sk)

Editorial

# MASS NUMBERS OF KYTONS INDUCED INTO RED DEATH

SIGIL (Lady's Ward)—In the largest mass induction in Red Death history, 1,011 new recruits were sworn into the Mercykillers faction in one immense ceremony yesterday. 977 of the new acolytes of justice were Kytons, a race seldom seen here in the Cage before the exodus from Jangling Hiter. Petitioner's Square has hosted many a crowd that large during executions, but seldom one so solemn.

The Kyton namers, all wrapped head-to-toe in their newly polished chains, were unusually silent during the affirmation of the vows. It was only at the end of the swearing-in ceremony, when the final oath was read aloud, that the Kytons spoke at all. When the crowd of new factioneers were asked if they would lay down their life for justice, the Kytons shook the rafters of nearby kips with their exultant shout of "AYE!!!!" They said not a word otherwise.

Rumours and speculation over the induction is now running rampant in faction circles. Bloods who know the dark of things have been telling all that will listen that the Kytons acted as a ruthlessly efficient system of cop, court, and crow feeder in their native burg of Jangling Hiter. Faction watchers are now whispering that the induction is another attempt by the Red Death to bypass the Courts

and Harmonium, so as to deliver justice more swiftly to those deemed deserving.

Fire-of-God Watchman, a Harmonium spokesman, denied such claims. "We were fully informed of the Red Death's new members, and we're in favour of them. The Mercykillers got the proper permits to use Petitioner's Square for the induction and have been working closely with the Harmonium on devising appropriate ways to deploy their new troops. Does that sound like a group plotting unlawful activity to you?"

The consensus amongst chant-mongers seems to be that the Kytons will be used to help control the many refugees from Jangling Hiter that still haven't managed to fit into the Hive Ward peaceably. "The high-ups certainly seem to need help," said Anton Corpselfight, a Dustman factor. The Hive has been a ragged jumble of raging emotion since the Hitters moved in. If these Kytons can help control that, then the Dustmen will stand behind them to the end."

The less-informed have voiced other opinions. "I think the Mercykillers are going to use them as prison guards," said Manky Mathias of the Doomguard. "Who better to do that than some berk who can make the caged up sods' own chains dance to his music? And everyone knows

the Prison is a delayed-blast fireball just waiting to blow. This is just another misguided attempt to keep all that entropy tied up in the Prison from getting loose the way it should be."

An anonymous Anarchist basher said, "Them Greaser's are fixin' to scrag us all! It's another plot to unleash fiends on the good folk of Sigil and turn the place into a *real* cage! You'd do something about it if'n you knew what's good for you!" And a Clueless berk was heard to remark, "Red Death? Aren't they the group that holds those Masqued balls?"

Tall Tally of the Mercykillers summed up the induction of the Kytons by praising their devotion to justice. "Those Kytons are the best recruits we've had in a turn or two! When we showed one a gleaming pip we caught rifling pockets at the last wurm feeding, and asked what the proper punishment should be, well, you should have seen what it did! The Kyton broke that sod's fingers into so many pieces that he looked like he was holding a handful of noodles from Blossom Town, and then it tied 'em together into the tightest chain you ever saw. That's one knight of the post who won't be snatching any more purses! It brought a tear to my eye, and I ain't ashamed of saying so. It's a proud day here in the Prison." (Mr. N)

Chant for Clueless

# CANT DICTIONARY R-W

**Ravens**

Derogatory term for the Harmonium, derived from the fact that the harmony of ravens is a very poor sort of harmony indeed.

**Razorwine**

Any extremely potent alcoholic beverage, no less than 100 proof. "Hey cutter, you've got to go try the taps at Mudder Mac-Ree's! She only serves razor-wine!"

**Rig**

A plan—i.e. "Here's the rig", meaning: "This is the plan."

**Ringwalker**

Beyond Clueless. The word is said to have been coined when a prime in Arborea asked how long it would take to walk from there to "Gladshiem". Call a planar a "ringwalker" and you could start a blood feud, but a clueless prime'll likely take it as a compliment.

**Roosters**

Vrocks—Cager rhyming slang: Roosters and Cocks; i.e. "Poor Jenkins, the berk got devoured by roosters"

**Rorty**

Strong, vigorous, though the meaning changes according to the context: thus a rorty bloke is a real blood, a rorty toff is a basher pretending to be a blood, and a rorty cube is a rogue modron.

**Rotters**

Derogatory name for the Doomguard. Some wear the name proudly, though. Like the Xaosmen, it's hard to insult these berks.

**Rounder**

Someone who knows his way around the planes. It ain't as good as being a blood, but it's a cutter to be respected nonetheless.

**Rule of Sevens**

Nonsense idea. Used by the Xaositects and Doomguard of Gvuner theories. It also gets up archons' noses when you use it. What more could one ask from a cant word?

**Rum**

Excellent, great: "Rum news about the tax being cut!"

**Running a Black One**

Utter hate towards a berk, which always means wanting to put someone in the dead-book. An example of this might be: "He's really running a black one since you turned stag on the sod and the Hardheads scragged him. I'd go on an extended vacation to Arcadia when he gets out of prison if I were you..."

**Running a Red One**

Holding a serious grudge. As in "Ever since I beat him at dice he's been running a red one against me."

**Rust, rustle**

Cant term for the classic bad word. "You gehreleth-rustler! Rust you and the slaad you rode in on!" The Doomguard seem particularly prone to using this word, and its meaning amongst Sinker factioneers has been perverted to being an enviable quality rather than an obscenity.

**Rustler**

A blood on the make; a stud. Usually used by single cutters in the company of same. "You rorty rustler, you! I hear you've been spending a lot of time down at Fast Mary's House of Negotiable Affection!"

S

**Scar**

Slang expression used widely, with no particular meaning. This only makes it more useful as a catch-all obscenity. For example: "Get your sodding scar over here, berk!"; "Judge Gabberslug? What an addled fat old scar!"; or simply "Shut yer scar!"

**Scrape**

Damning information that can be used to bribe or blackmail, especially a high-up.

**Screamer**

Alarmist, especially in the factions. One who is prone to exaggerating news, hence scream: "Have you heard the scream that the Blood War's on Sigil's doorstep?"

**Scribblers**

Clerks and Civil Servants. Also a mildly derogatory term for Gvners or Mathematicians.

**Scribe of the Dead Book**

An assassin or hired killer—somebody who makes a living killing others for profit.

**Scriber**

See *Scribe of the dead book*

**Scrub**

To beat or torture mercilessly. "That berk's gonna get a serious scrubbin' if the Hardheads catch 'em." Furthermore, a torturer can be called a scrubber, and conversely, the one who is the victim is called a scrub.

**Shell, The**

The Prime World of Mystara, so called because it's said to be hollow.

**Shout**

The casting of high-combat spells, particularly area affect spells like fireball or meteor swarm: "Watch out for the spellslinger, if he shouts we'll all be put in the dead book!"

**Shuttered World, The**

Krynn. So-called because of the facts that everyone

## BASHERS WANTED ON THE MARK!

**Upstanding and loyal practitioners of the martial arts** are hereby requested to come and **protect** the Gate-town of **Fortitude** from potential invasion by the **Slaadi** during the unpredictable **Chaos Tromp**.

The fair citizens of Fortitude have set aside a **pile of jink to feed, house and equip** prospective **defenders** in the eventuality of the Tromp raining down over Fortitude.

**Training by veteran Harmonium officers, straight from tours of duty in Arcadia, in siege defence strategies will be provided.**

This is an **unparalleled opportunity to gain knowledge of fortification and burg-defence strategy** from some to the **best trained warriors** in the Multiverse.

**Interested, and virtuous, bashers** please contact Harmonium officer **Barish Lacoter** at the **Barracks**, or travel directly to Fortitude and ask any of the burg's citizens for directions to the **armoury**.

(sk)

NewsChant

## REAL ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CIVIC FESTHALL

This week Oran Meditor will debut his play, *"The Gates"*, at the Civic Festhall. Oran promises me that this work will prove to be one of the best plays that Ren Hall has ever seen, and judging by Oran's earlier works I see no reason to doubt him. I am certain that this play will be a great new sensation for all to experience.

I asked Oran how he manages to get so many of his plays accepted into the Civic Festhall, he replied: "I try to make the work appeal to all the senses, and I try to use new senses that will achieve this."

Oran's play will debut tomorrow night and will continue all week with two shows a day.

Elysana Ariana, a less-known author, will perform a reading of her first book tonight at the Civic Festhall.

She hopes that this reading will help her get introduced to the world of the arts.

Quin Resqu'a will continue to show his artwork, *"The Dead Series"*, because it has been a great success. This Outer Planar artist says that he will auction this series at the end of the week and will then begin a new series. His artwork has been a big hit with visitors to the Civic Festhall and should auction at a very high price.

—Drushiye Melora,  
Sensate Spokesman

(dd)

## Letters

Readers of SIGIS,

I write to bring news of a great and terrible dark! I have seen the intended resting place of the leyton's chains from dread Jangling Hilt! I know which bashers are garnishing Zadara to dismantle the burg! I cannot reveal how I know these things, nor who I am, but hear out my dark... it may be your last.

Readers of SIGIS, there are strange and terrible creatures dwelling beneath your very feet. Not only in Undersigil, but beneath the very Spire itself! This Gray Race watches and listens to all that occurs throughout the Multiverse through weird magics and forgotten prayers, and they have decided it is time to act against to share the Lady's Serene Ministrations with the whole Multiverse.

As you read this, the Gray Race are ferrying infinitely long chains to the base of the Spire, and at the dead of night, more of their agents are dropping chains from the Cage itself, looping them around the Ring of the City. Still more of these fiendish beasts are tying chains to the largest gears of Mechanus.

Their aim? To use the clockwork plane's unstoppable rotations to topple Sigil from the Spire! The Cage will fall and be smashed open, releasing the Lady of Pain into the Great Ring! Cutters, this is a terrible danger that besets us all! I beseech you to prevent the Lady escaping. The Foundry must be closed, so the chains cannot be forged. It is your only chance to escape the doom that will surely follow.

Anonymous letter  
(jw)

# HALL OF SPEAKERS RIFE WITH DISCORD

SIGIL (Clerk's Ward)—The most recent gathering of the Factols in the Hall of Speakers began with bountiful pleasantries exchanged between the high-ups of some of the most diametrically opposed factions. Before Factol Hashkar's gavel struck the podium, heralding the start of the session, Sensate Factol Erin Darkflame Montgomery was seen chatting amiably with Factol Rowan Darkwood of the Fated. Signer Factol Darius could also be seen spreading chant with Harmonium Factol Sarin, and Hashkar even found himself saying stiff "Hellos" with Factol Lhar of the Bleak Cabal, who bothered to show, amazingly enough. Interestingly, Factol Pentar and the representative Factor of the Dustmen, Komoshal Trevant, had little to say to one another, probably as a result of the exchange they had last meeting [Ed note: See *Doomguard/Dustmen* article this issue].

However, once the high-ups were seated and the gavel hammered down, the calm ceased and the storm began in one of the most raucous meetings of the past few years. First to speak was the charismatic Factol Montgomery, who swirled to the floor wearing a stern Ysgardian outfit she seemed to have bobbed off a Valkyrie. And, indeed, she was ready for battle. In her opening remarks, Montgomery went straight to the meat, accusing the Fated of unfair tax burdens recently levied on bub-houses, theatres, and exotic importers.

"As the assembly is well aware," said Montgomery, "these kips are run primarily by members of the Society [of Sensation] who are being bobbed of their hard-earned jink. [This comment elicited a sneer from the Fated Factol, and a dramatic yawn from the Factor of the Dustmen.] I suggest that the cross-trading purpose of this unfair tax pressure is to undermine the

Society, while funnelling jink into Fated coffers. This should not be allowed to continue."

Factol Darkwood responded by saying that the taxes were all quite within the law, a statement that received a subtle nod from Hashkar. He added that it was also well-known that the Sensates were ridden with jink, and perhaps they could start "sharing the wealth" a bit. Montgomery responded that she was surprised to hear "wealth-sharing" suggested by the high-up of the Fated. "Does this portend a momentous shift in the underlying philosophy of your faction, my Duke?", she asked. Darkwood didn't rise to the challenge, but simply iterated that the taxes were all well within the law, though the assembly agreed that the Guvners ought to investigate this claim with heavier scrutiny.

But this agreement failed to pacify Montgomery, who spoke of grave consequences should the Fated be allowed to continue their oppressive taxation practices:

"Do not think that only the Society will feel the sting of this peel. Any faction who stands in the way of the Fated will be a target of these legal loopholes. What's next, I ask? A couple extra stingers on swords [speaking to Factol Pentar, who raised a contemptuous eyebrow]? A hike in property taxes on Lady's Ward kips? What are you willing to sacrifice before you make a stand against this legal form of the cross-trade?"

With that, Montgomery twirled herself dramatically off the floor, and the assembly-watchers started buzzing with chant, forcing Hashkar to bang down his gavel to restore order. In fact, Hashkar had to call for order three separate times, until his throat was fairly raw and his face beet red, before they could move on to the next issue.

Then came something completely different. In the midst of Hashkar's reading for the next order of business

(which had something to do with the rights to ownership of the Hardheads new Hive kip), the assembly was surprised by the entrance of Factol Karan of the Chaosmen. He leapt quickly into the centre of the floor, face to face with the Guvner high-up and whispered a low, potent little children's rhyme that echoed around the Speaker's Hall:

"Breaking the law maybe a sin/Say the feet of the little madmen/Kegs and kettles, metal and drum/Open the door and watch them run!"

And then, Karan began to dance. (A Celtic jig I believe.)

Hashkar and Sarin were livid. Sarin had his hand upon a fierce looking mace and seemed ready to use it on the Chaosman, while Hashkar began to turn purple with rage. But just as the Harmonium factol called out for his bashers to scrag the Xaositect factol (an egregious move to be sure), Factol Rhys made a darting move to Karan's side, and requested a dance!

Hashkar banged his gavel down for order once again, but was drowned by a round of clapping initiated by the Sensate factol and picked up by a number of assembly watchers. Hashkar's and Sarin's anger deflated quickly into astonishment, and finally into disgust as they summoned factotums over to lead them from the Hall. Once again, it appeared that Rhys had diffused another tense moment in the Hall of Speakers. In the end, most of the more serious minded faction high-ups had left the building, while Montgomery invited Factols Darius (Signers) and Amber (Godsmen) to join in the dance with Karan and Rhys. Over the next hour, chant spread across the Cage and all sorts of Sensates collected themselves at the Hall of Speakers for a most spontaneous and unusual party.

At this point, you might say, the assembly was adjourned.

—Daemon Chaas,  
political culler  
(sk)

We sincerely regret to inform that

## Jain Steelblade

along with her 3 companions was written to the dead-book yesterday, while fighting off bashers in Hive. The mourning ceremony will be held at 10 after-peak on the third day of the Fourth Week of Narciss. Family and friends are asked to come and retrieve her belongings from Mortuary.



## SEEMS WE ARE CLUELESS AFTER ALL...

RUIN DEKAYE, a good friend of mine (and frequent drinker in the Pentacle) took issue with me just the other day. There I was, mouthing off about the Krynnish and how clueless they are, making snide comments about their recent troubles, and Ruin tells me that this stuff is all ancient history! "News" that's thirty years old! Well, I'd never...

Course, you can't just take that for granted, cutters, so I got Ruin to record her little speech in the Mimir for you. And I stand by my word: The primes of Krynn are still the most clueless, but then as a tout I find that an Inspirational Quality—think of all the extra jink I can make explaining all those things to 'em!

Well, I'll leave you in Ruin's more than capable hands. Spire's Calling!

*KRYNN IS OLD NEWS,  
CUTTERS!*

Do all you leatherheads got your faces stuck in a mug of bub, or what? Where have you been? The Summer of Chaos has been and gone for more than thirty years on Krynn! Pick up your jaw and keep on reading:

The Krynnish are more clueless than most plane-walkers can even imagine. They've been so wrapped up in their own history they've had no time to wonder what's beyond their own back yard. However, there've been a few who've dared to look beyond—Raistlin Majere, for one—and it seems whenever they do, big things happen...

Now, Raistlin's a creepy spellslinger, to say the least. Pale golden skin, gold eyes with hour-glass shaped pupils, this Krynnish black-robed mage sought to challenge Krynn's Queen of Darkness, Takhisis herself. What the Krynnish call the Abyss, we know to be Baator's second level, where the Dragon-queen, Tiamat, rules.

Yes, Tiamat. That would make Paladine, the Platinum Dragon, Bahamut. And Gilean the Grey Voyager, not a dragon himself, but the god of neutral knowledge, in one of his many manifestations on various primes [*Maybe he's Thoth, cutters—Editor*]. So be there dragons, good and evil, and knowledge, Krynn's three higher powers will never die.

They are lesser gods as the Power's Pantheon goes, but they are gods, none the less. Other gods, like Chislev, Habbakuk, Hiddukel, Zivilyn, Sargonnas, and their children of magic, being Nunitari, Takhisis' son, Lunitari, Gilean's daughter, and Solinari, Paladine's son. At the end of the Summer of Chaos, these gods left their Crystal Sphere to save it from their Father of All and of Nothing, Chaos incarnate. They left willingly, to save their creation, their children, to leave them to fight their own battles from henceforth, and let them survive—if they would—on their own. As the powers' avatars left Krynn, they left word amongst their few true disciples left, that they were leaving—permanently, for a new place.

So came the Second Cataclysm. The first was heralded by the thirteen days of warning, the Night of Doom, when the true clerics left the land, and finally, the fiery mountain that sundered the continent of Ansalon. The Second Cataclysm brought no fiery mountain, no loss of clerics—but this: Magic, as the Krynnish wizards knew it, was gone. With Solinari, Lunitari, and Nunitari's disappearance from the Krynnish pantheon, along with the rest of their fellow gods, magic in its form on Krynn ceased to exist. The second came with the loss of the gods themselves—the loss of clerical magic. Healing spells, divinity,

everything. It was not that the Krynnish peoples turned their faces from the gods in their spite for the havoc, destruction, and utter chaos the first Cataclysm left behind, but the fact that there truly were no gods any more. For a time until the Fourth Dragon War, mankind on Krynn had, in their centuries of hate and unfaithfulness, forgotten about their gods, and thought they had left Krynn. (There have been a total of five now, the first between the gods and dragons of good [*metallic*] and the gods and dragons of evil [*chromatic*]. Unlike some primes, Chromatic and Metallic dragons are the only kind of dragons that exist on Krynn.)

*NEW MAGIC,  
NEW DRAGON*

With the loss of the three Robe's wizardly magic, a new kind was discovered and developed: Sorcery. Primal magic. Stuff formed of the elements, brought from the creation. Without divine aid, healing was futile. Clerics, still strong in their love and belief of the gods, sought a way to continue aiding the injured, amongst other clerical jobs. Finally, they came across Mysticism, which came from the faith of the heart, love, and hope. Of course, evil mystics and sorcerers, like evil clerics and wizards, still existed, and discovered this magic for themselves, wrapping it about them to suit their purposes as they have always done.

*[Make a body wonder if Krynn's new magic exists on other planes too, of just their world. Is it more, or less powerful than ou magic, or is it just different? Could this be to do with the phasing of the prime in and out of our multiverse, or is that screed too?—Editor]*

The Summer of Chaos is over. It's been over for some

thirty [*Prime*] years now, and look at us—we're only starting to catch up on it. Dragons, mostly chromatic, with perhaps two metallic somewhere in the land, rule Ansalon in great, divided territories. The dragons, in turn, bow to the greatest dragon ever seen on Krynn, next to Wyrmfather, who Huma killed during the Third Dragon War involving the people of Krynn. (The fourth in total, as the Krynnish were unaware of the first battle between the gods and their dragons.)

But what a party the Summer of Chaos was! Magma dragons, shadows, the great and powerful Knights of Takhisis storming to take the land... Ah, the havoc was beautiful. The Lords of Doom around the burg of Sanction smoked and erupted constantly! With Chaos, so angry at being trapped in the Graygem for so long, finally loose—well, it made Hive riots look like Bleaker picnics, if you ask me.

*PORTALS IN  
AND PORTALS OUT*

And another thing—Krynnish portals never worked right in the first place! See, they had these five Towers of High Sorcery where they did all their wizardly stuff, spread out across Ansalon. They didn't want to waste their energy on teleportation spells, so the made these five portals to go between the five towers. Now, one black robe, in all his evil curiosity, was haunted in his dreams by a lovely, seductive woman who told him if he'd only open the portal for her, he could have what he wanted—her, in flesh and blood. Well, he opened the bloody thing, and let in the Queen of Darkness, which started the First Dragon War between for the Krynnish. (You can guess that it really was the second.) Anyway, after this, the wizards decided they'd never do that again, so

they sealed up the portals, stuck them in the towers, and said 'Only a cleric, being Paladine's Chosen and of Infinite Goodness, working willingly in clear mind with a Black Robe Mage of black soul and blacker ambitions of Infinite Evil may together, jointly, open the portals again.' And whaddaya know? It actually happened. Figures.

Anyway, I don't recommend going to Baator any time soon to ask the Queen if she'd kindly let you in to Krynn sometime in the next, oh, few hundred thousand millennia. See, Tiamat can hold a grudge, and being a five-headed dragon and all, she's got five (well, four, since white dragons are so sodding stupid!) times the reason to hold a grudge, what with her defeat and all. She was so close to ruling the continent, but no! Bahamut, her big brother, (Gilean is also her brother), said they'd go! Do you know how long she's tried to get control of all of Krynn? Five Dragon Wars and all the centuries in between, that's how long! I'd be pretty steamed, too.

As for getting on to Krynn any other way—well, the Crystal Sphere is closed to all, and damned if even the Spelljammer ships can get in there any more. There are only two Towers of High Sorcery remaining, and, as such, only two stable portals. The rest are nonexistent, being destroyed by the Kingpriest's idiocy during the Reign of Istar that brought down the First Cataclysm, or by the Cataclysm itself. If you're curious, one stands in Palanthis, and the other in the mysterious, deadly, magical Forest of Wayreth.

Well, that's all I can say for Krynn. Wish I'd been there!

*[Thanks to Voilá Mimir for the original recording text]*

(kr)

# LISTEN, BERKS! ATTENTION! CULLERS AND ARTISTS WANTED FOR S.I.G.I.S.

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## CANT DICTIONARY B-W

↳ from Krynn seems deeply Clueless and the Crystal Sphere is now closed.

**Sigilians vs. Sigilites**

Sigilians are residents of Sigil. They can be born on the prime, the Outlands, the Abyss—anywhere. As long as they live in Sigil, they're Sigilians. Sigilites are Sigilians who are the third generation of their family in Sigil—at the least. Sigilites are thus somewhat pompous, and they speak the cant fluently.

**Sign of None**

The Doomguard.

**Sixes**

The Upper Planes. Cager Rhyming Slang: Sixes and Sevens = Heavens. The term often causes Upper Planars offence, since it implies only six of the seven Upper Planes are worth talking about. But then it ain't hard to offend an Upper Planar most times!

**Skeg, Catch a**

Get a look: "If you catch a skeg at the portal key, be sure to let me know."

**Skiff**

A really ratty kip. A crappy living place or establishment—in other words, most of the Hive's buildings are skiffs.

**Skilter**

A derogatory term used by members of factions to denote bodies who don't belong to one.

**Skin a razor**

Drive a hard bargain: "That sodding merchant really skinned my razor!"

**Skinned**

Someone who makes a contract with a fiend, a Baatezu in particular. It refers to the contract, which is usually made from the flayed skin of a human or Baatorian petitioner. "Keep away from them fiends, you'll only get yourself skinned."

**Slaad-story**

An unlikely tale: "Don't try and bob me with one of your slaad-stories, berk!"

**Split the bean**

To be miserly. Also a rather offensive way to indicate that a former blood has upped and joined a money-grabbing establishment such as the Fated, the Merkhants or the Scientologists (an obscure Prime sect). One who has split the bean is known as a bean-splitter. It can also be used to indicate that a cutter has absconded without paying their due. "Slugwort? He split the Bean, the Slaad-toothed Stagmeister."

**Squeeze**

A tax collector (or anyone who takes money from generally unwilling people) given that nearly all tax collectors are members of the Fated, this term is also often used to refer to any member of that faction.

**Sour**

Sour lemons are primes who've seen the Multiverse in all its glory, and soured by the experience. They don't like the place, 'specially not Sigil.

**Spire's Ward**

Goodbye and take care! Often said to bring good luck on a cutter about to set out on a planehopping jaunt.

**Stamped and Clamped**

Official. "Looks like this warrant for your arrest is stamped and clamped, berk. Sorry."

**Stinger**

Silver coin.

**Stitch**

To shut someone up—e.g., stitching their mouth closed so they can't spill the dark. Use it like this: "Whisper the dark and you'll find yourself stitched, berk!"

**Stitch your Lips**

An incredibly rude way to tell someone to pike it. To say "stitch your lips", means that not only is what their saying now either inappropriate or stupid, but chances are anything coming out of their mouths in the future will be equally so.

**Styx Swimmer**

A basher with a short memory.

**Sure as Sigil**

Certainly, I promise.

**Swag, Swagger**

Someone with an inflated ego. "Boy, that berk sure is a swagger, I hope someone cuts his knees out."

**Swob me bob!**

An expression of surprise.

## T

**Talking Book**

A document or book that is illegal in the Cage, e.g. the *Factol's Manifesto*.

**Tanar'ri Martyr**

A hapless stooge, a cony who's just been caught.

**Thirsty as a Vampire**

Any creature who can drain blood.

**Thrown to the Clocks**

Overly harsh or unreasonable punishment: "Get caught plying the cross-trade in Mechanus and they'll throw you to the clocks for sure."

**Tief**

Dubious information: "That's a load of tief."

WARNING: Never use this term within twenty feet of a tiefling!

**Tools**

Derogatory term for the Revolutionary League, implying that they're just pawns in the hands of the other factions. Also used in a more general sense for any berk being manipulated, especially by yugoloths.

**Torqued (off)**

Annoyed, angry, cross. ie. "Better watch out for that cornugon, cutter; when you doused the sod with holy water he looked really torqued off..."

**Trolley-womped**

Crushed with great force; maybe in a stampede of manes, or perhaps run over by a Sigilian sedan chair "Sorry I look such a wreck. I just got trolley-womped back there."

**Trying the Taps**

Going drinking, usually in more than one location during the night, carousing.

**Tunnelljacked**

Thrown, willing or not, through a random portal. Also, when a non-fixed portal jumps before a return trip is made, hippping travelers on a foreign plane.

**Turn or two, A**

A long, long time. This phrase refers to the very long turning-cycle of the Modron gears. "The gith-yanki have hated the gith-zerai for a turn or two."

**Twixt the Lady****and the 'Loths**

In a predicament. A really bad position to be in.

**Two Greens****and Up Goes the Forge!**

Sarcastic phrase amounting to 'It'll never happen!'—taken from a once-popular sideshow where a man would have a forge and a ladder, and would insist that for two more greens (q.v.) the forge would climb the ladder. Hence the cry "Two greens and up goes the Forge!" The Forge never climbed the ladder, because, according to the sideshow owner, he wasn't given enough money. The sod was eventually scragged by the Hardheads, but the memory of the peel is survived by the phrase.

## U

**Unhende**

An adjective meaning worse than addled, clueless and leatherheaded all put together. "He's the unhendest screeed-screaming bubbler in the Hive."

## V

**Void Mephit**

A non-existent being. In the context of the Mephit Code, the expression "Got a Void Mephit" means 'no response'.

## W

**Wagger**

Gossip or information broker. "We check with all the wagers we could find, but the leather-heads didn't have anything on the cult of dead powers."

**Watch the Spire**

Goodbye.

**Where's the War?**

What's the hurry? What's happening?

**Whipstitch**

Murdering someone to keep them quiet. Based on of the slang, "stitch", it's given the connotation that whoever killed the victim was desperate but not too crafty, else the body wouldn't have been found. "It must've gotten out that he was playing mimir to the Hardheads, cuz he was found whipstitched last night."

**Whistles**

The Lower Planes. Cager Rhyming Slang: Whistles and Bells = Hells.

**Wishful Thinking**

Good way to insult a Signer.

**Word-monger**

A basher especially prone to uttering screeed, a tedious preacher or espouser of old-fashioned views.

*to be continued*

## Stop Press

ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT  
ON DUSTMAN SPOKESMAN

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—Several hours before press time, SIGIS received a report of an attempted assassination on Jergoth Rauhic, Factotum of the Dustmen's third circle and Dustmen spokesman, by an unknown agent. A dagger-wielding assassin attacked Rauhic from behind when he emerged from a dark alley in the hive, Rauhic was stabbed three times in the chest and his wounds were deemed critical.

After the attack, the assailant apparently slipped the blinds, running through the hive on the rooftops towards the lower ward. Other than being humanoid in shape, and clad entirely in black, almost nothing is known of the assassin. However, the dagger, which was left at the scene of the crime (still stuck in Rauhic's bleeding body), was obviously of Doomguard construction and bears marks

of proof of manufacturing in the armoury.

Jergoth Rauhic was taken quickly to the Mortuary where his wounds were tended, but according to N'anger Chang, a local beggar who witnessed the crime, his chances of survival were close to zero. No word yet has come from the Harmonium concerning an investigation, and nothing from the Dustmen Faction, as they currently have no replacement spokesman.

Chant on the streets around the Mortuary is that this may have been the work of radical Doomguard extremists, but Armoury-forged knives are very common in the Cage so this can not be very strong proof of faction affiliation. However, the recent squabbling between the Dustmen and the Doomguard makes such speculation rampant in bub-houses around the Cage.

—Reginald Ecantyr,  
culler(da)

## CAMBLON ABDUCTED TO BAATOR

RECENT UPDATE—Informants in the Iron City of Dis told SIGIS that Don Julio had been seen being dragged through the burg in chains approximately three days after the trial. (He was accompanied by a squad of serious looking hamatula.) Although we couldn't get the chant on who captured him, the pit fiend Galzephon [see SIGIS issue 12] recently returned to the Pit, and has been guest of honour at a number of rallies in Dis and Minauros (see

accompanying story). It is likely that the Don will be tortured by kocrachons, possibly treated to a show trial, and then executed in whatever meticulous fashion the baatezu are currently fond of. Although no official statement has been made, we suspect that the Triad of Order will not be sorry to hear of the Don's fate at the hands of the fiends.

—Blondie Blutheim,  
culler  
(ar)

# SIGIL'S

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 17 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

First Week of Tithing

## TWO ANARCHIST CELLS DESTROYED IN RAID

SIGIL (Lady's Ward)—In a bold move, the Harmonium's Anti-Revolutionary League Task Force apparently managed to bust up two different, but connected, Anarchist cells with all members of these cells either slain or scragged. With unprecedented openness, Mover Four Tonat Shar held a press conference early this morning outside the Barracks, accompanied by the suspected stag-turner Havrm Ghex:

"Last night at Anti-Peak in the Hive Ward, Harmonium Task Force members engaged and destroyed at least two full cells of Anarchists, the culmination of several months of infiltration and investigative work. Investigator Havrm Ghex spearheaded this operation, and deserves the credit for managing and carrying out the operation with efficiency and diligence. I can assure all of you that, despite what you may have heard or read over the last few months, Mr. Ghex is, and will always be, on the side of Law and Justice."

When asked to identify which Revolutionary cells were "destroyed" Mr. Shar turned to his Investigator to give more details:

"Members of the Anarchist cells known as the 'Red Cell' and the 'Venge' were confirmed eradicated or have been taken into custody. Up to four others were engaged by our forces and many of their members arrested. It is unknown at this time how badly we hurt the operation of those cells."

Mr. Shar and Mr. Ghex declined to answer further questions, however. But when asked if this action constituted an all-out faction war on the Revolutionary League, Ghex responded with a silent nod, as he and Mr. Shar turned to leave.

Sources within the Harmonium and the Anarchists have confirmed the scope and success of the operation, but no other details were forthcoming.

—Zeines Pauch,  
independent culler  
(pw)

## ARTIFACT REPORTED MISSING - OLYMPIANS VISIT CAGE

A LARGE PARTY of white-robed sages from the Arborean realm of Olympus descended on Sigil this week, amid claims from the Revolutionary League that a powerful artifact had been stolen. The Sceptre of Janus, owned by the comparatively-young Olympian power of trade and time, is usually kept on display in Janus' central temple close by Mount Helicon. But many visitors to the area say that this is no

longer the case. A deva at the temple stated that the Sceptre had been placed in a secure vault due to the safety risk it posed, but no Sceptre was produced in support of this story.

The Sceptre is used mainly as a sort of glorified shop-sign, but it is also said to have the power to create portals (except in the Cage, of course) because of Janus' minor portfolio of doors. Fiendish agents are rumoured

## GREAT MODRON MARCH BEGINS 189 YEARS EARLY!

OUTLANDS (Automata)—Two days ago, the citizens of the rigidly ordered gate-town of Automata were sent scurrying in a blind panic as thousands of little marching monodrones suddenly burst from the gate to Mechanus and out into the streets. Normally, Automata is entirely prepared for the March—the burgermeisters prepare a tremendous party and celebration in honour of the March with citizens lining the main streets in eager anticipation of the modrons' arrival. And it is easy to predict and prepare for, because it happens as regular as the clock-like Modrons themselves, once every 17 cycles (roughly 300 years).

But you can't really prepare for it very well when the berks crash the party 189 years early! According to residents, when the March started pouring out of the gate, the town erupted in chaos. "It was almost like a riot in Sylvania!", said Tollem Vex a long-time

resident of Automata. "Well that may be a bit of an exaggeration, but to this town it might as well have been. I swear, for awhile we were all worried that our little burg was going to slip off into Pandemonium! Personally, I think it was only the presence of the modrons themselves that kept this from happening."

Celia Mellen, a scribe at the Council of Order Complex, said she and her colleagues found themselves throwing down their quills and running to see if the chant was true, to Baator with regulations! "None of us, the scribes I mean, had ever acted so irresponsibly and disorderly. Even when the chant came in that the modrons were about—and so early!—we waited for orders from our high-ups. But after two or three minutes of continuous pounding (forgive me for not being more precise) that had to be marching, not to mention the screaming and yelling, we just busted outta our kip and into the streets!"

But when the scribes got near the gate itself, the march was almost impossible to see for all the chaos. "When we rounded the main council of order building," said Mellen, "there were so many sods going barmy all over, it was almost impossible to see the march itself! The law was trying to keep berks in line, and were very firm with a few of the real addle-coved bashers, but it was almost a riot out there. But when they finally got the crowds settled, the march was still pouring out of the gate and was magnificent to behold! [At this point

Mellen began to shed some tears of joy.] I never thought I'd ever live to see the March. I can't say I know why the modrons left so early, but, for my own sake, I am very glad they did."

And that was the curious thing that absolutely no one in Automata had an answer for. Why did the March leave so early? Were there no clues, no hints that the modrons would start off so early and so out of synch? None of the high-ups we were able to interview had any explanations, except for a curious one suggested by Tom de Lapp, a 5th level clerk in the Council of Order Complex: "Everyone is asking 'Why did the Modrons leave so early?' and 'How come they are so out of synch?'. But we all know that the Modrons are infallible, and utterly perfect beings of law which they follow to the letter. Rather than look to the modrons for errors, I suggest that we all reexamine our calendars and clocks to make sure we are right in saying that they are early. Error on our part, not the modron's, is the most likely situation."

It seems highly unlikely, however, that calendars all across the Multiverse were that far off. Surely, the rest of the Multiverse will have its own explanations for the situation with the modrons, but the dark of the March may be much darker than anyone cares to admit.

—Maija Intwood, culler

[Editor's Note: See the Editorial section below for reactions to the March from cutters across the Planes.]

(sk)

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# CADRE FIREBOMBS DEVASTATE BAZAAR

SIGIL—An astounding attack of firebombs struck the Great Bazaar yesterday, putting fifty berks in the dead-book and injuring another 150. In their most cowardly and unexpected move to date, the Cadre actually staged the attack directly across the ring from the Bazaar, launching fire-bombs attached to a complex propulsion system. It is undetermined at this time whether the devices were mechanical or magical in origin, however, given the Cadre's past attacks, it is speculated that they were some combination of the two. Witnesses say the peak day bustle was suddenly interrupted by loud buzzing noises then multiple explosions. Those who saw the devices claimed that they resembled giant bees or birds. Over fifty firebombs struck the Bazaar area causing massive destruction to public property.

Hetta Oakgrim, proprietor of the rug manufacturer Loom Suisse which was destroyed in the attack, said, "If they sought to deny someone their junk, they've done it today! I'm busted, berk, with not a jinx to me name now and a pile of ashes to clean up to boot."

Both the County Hearth Saloon and the Debtors Pole Inn were destroyed in the attack, along with several other well-known businesses. Other more noteworthy landmarks, such as Imel's Happy Tongue and Chirper's were severely damaged.

The launch points for the attack were masked by particularly ashy weather, and the Harmonium told SIGIS they are vigorously pursuing witnesses in suspected staging areas. No other comments were forthcoming from the Hardheads.

—Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)

## Letters

### Call to arms for all Doomguard

We must put an end to this fruitless so-called war with the Dustmen. How do you put someone in the dead-book when they think that they are already there? Really, what is the point of this? We have more pressing matters to attend to!

In particular, we need to create a Citadel and expand our presence in the Astral. We must contact our brothers, Aorth and Jaich, and see if they are right and there really is decay in the Astral. This would prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that decay exists everywhere in the Multiverse, and nothing can escape even in the "timeless" Astral. We should also have a Citadel there because of the existence of the Dead Gods. They are proof that not even the powers can resist the inevitability of entropy!

On the other hand, if our brothers are wrong (doubtful!) and decay does not exist on the Astral, then our presence is needed there even more, for it is our duty as the champions of entropy to bring decay to the decayless. This is much more important than petty squabbles with the Dustmen; we have to end this and get on with the real work of the Multiverse. None can escape entropy!

Signed,

Gish V'chak Dnati

(dba)

# THE MODRON MARCH: DOOMGUARD SPEAK OF PLANS TO END IT

SIGIL (The Armoury)—After the inexplicable, off schedule and almost chaotic (!) start of the Great Modron March, the high-ups in SIGIS rushed me off to the Armoury to uncover the chant on the Sinker's latest plans. It's well known around the Cage that Factol Pentar is keen on dead-booking the march, but now that the sods have struck out early (powers know why) we wondered whether the Doomguard high-ups had any change of heart on their earlier plans. I was able to schedule an interview with the Armoury spokesman, Sir Twist, who gave me some real insight into the Sinkers plans.

DC: The well-known chant around the Cage is that the Doomguard, under Factol Pentar, want badly to put the Modron March in the dead-book. Now that the March has begun are you ready to engage those plans?

ST: Well, cutter, it ain't just Pentar that's wanted to put the March under wraps. It should be well known (particularly after the publication of that tome "The Factol's Manifesto") that all the Factols of the Doomguard have been preparing the Sinkers for the day when we will prove to everyone that even the juggernaut motion of the Modrons is nothing next to Entropy. Lady Pentar believes that it is now the right time to do so, especially since the Modrons are apparently out of synch.

DC: Can you comment, at least generally, on any of the manoeuvres and tactics you might use when you tackle the March?

ST: Chaos, berk, chaos. We're going to be spreading lots of it. All out attacks, subversive under-covers, and more. But any details would mean I'd have to show you the inside of the Mortuary.

DC: What is your factions position on why the Modrons might have begun the March so early and off schedule?

ST: If you stand in the lower courtyards of the Armoury, you'll think that it's just more proof that chaos is supreme

and has entered even the mind of whatever it is that controls Mechanus. Further up in the ranks, though, we feel that there is some other sinister purpose behind the March. Whatever it is, we don't think that it's part of the deal when it comes to messing up the Modrons themselves, so we're not going to bother with it... unless it wants to come out and visit Entropy first hand, of course.

DC: If the fact that the March has begun so early helps justify your faction's belief in the inevitability of decay, why bother ending the March? Isn't it just a nice example you can point to?

ST: But even if the next March happens on schedule, that'll mean that most of us will miss our chance to have a go at it. Two hundred years is a long time to wait. Besides, most of us want some direct involvement. We've been cooling our heels ever since Tir Na Og, unless you count this falling out with the Dustmen.

DC: Do you have any concerns that the Modrons might be expecting your assault and are preparing for it?

ST: From what we've been able to find out about the March, the modrons are so single-minded about the flogging affair that they keep walking, no matter what. Pretty stupid, if you ask me. That's the quickest way into the deadbook, sitting still. But even if they are ready for us, so what? It's just one more obstacle, and we do anticipate outside interference.

DC: If the Doomguard plan an assault of the Modrons then it is possible, maybe even likely, that some other factions are planning to defend the march (i.e., the Guvners, the Harmonium). Do you suspect this to be the case? What would you say to these bashers?

ST: Oh, yes, we certainly hope that the Hardheads get involved. All high and mighty "we're right, and you're wrong." And whether or not we succeed in disrupting the March, I'm almost certain (and I think Lady Pentar'll

agree with me) that this'll spill over into the Hall of Speakers when it's all over. However, we've got allies that'll be showing up at different stages of the battle. Should even the odds.

DC: Wherever you might tackle the modrons, there will certainly be other bashers (locals) milling about. What will you do about their possible interference or their resentment about you barging in on their territory? Are you concerned about the powers whose realms you might be invading?

ST: Outside interference? Of course it's going to happen! That's what I've been talking about, berk. If anybody believes that this is going to be a stroll in the figurative park, then they're in for a rude shock. However, our ways with dealing with the more major threats to our goal are a bit close to our tactics, so I'm going to have to bar it here.

DC: A lot of Cagers think Factol Pentar is a bit (and please don't take offence at this since it is only some chant I heard and don't myself believe) addle-coved for wanting to dead-book the Modron March. Can you give us some more insight into her reasons for doing it?

ST: Well, first off, I think I already mentioned that it's the goal for any cutter that takes up office as Factol. They're given a life-long quest to stop the Modron March. I guess it's because the March is the ultimate symbol of Law and Order. It's unstoppable, always on time. It represents everything that we're against! It's the only thing that hasn't changed since history was first penned. And it's going to go down the tubes sooner or later. Hopefully, it's going to be sooner. It's not impossible, believe me. Not one of the people that have been selected for this campaign believe for a second that they are gonna fail. We're going to spread the ultimate chaos. The slaadi are going to look like new-born elf babes compared to us. (db&sk)

Editorial

# THE MODRON MARCH: EYEWITNESS ACCOUNTS

Five planewalkers in Automata on business witnessed the first signs of the March and were willing to share it with SIGIS. Here's how they tell it, and what they think of this amazing turn of events:

**CLAUDDO JALUDE,**  
**PRIME PRIESTESS OF JELUDE**  
"We were in this council office, when this guard who was there said to his commander 'Look sir, modrons!', and we all looked, and these things like little balls on legs were appearing. They just kept on coming, and they marched off down the street. We went outside to have a look. No-one stopped us, because they were all too puzzled."

**BATH WEDA,**  
**AZUANDORHAD AALMAN**  
"The modrons just kept coming. At first, we thought it was a patrol. But when we'd seen about two hundred, we all went to the pub to see what happened next. Everyone was in a stew and panicking, but the pub owner said that if he said he was going to open,

then open he would, modrons or no. We just kept looking at the modrons. I guess about ten thousand marched past in the end. It took about five hours, so it was evening in the end. This whole thing bugs me, really. The modrons are going to make a heck of a mess."

**KATALO MACIELLAN,**  
**FROM TER DA DG**  
"I'm from Maclellan territory, so the modrons ought to be steering clear of our patch. All the same, I fair jumped out of my skin when they showed up. Me and my mates here (Rath, Clairvan, Jens and Anfail) are off to Fortitude next to see what happens. Mind you, if their route is as added as their timing, they'll no be going there by any road."

**JEDI STARRER, FATED**  
"I suppose the modrons have as much right to go where they want as anyone else. But I very much doubt they'll see it that way. By the time they get to where I come from, in Earendil's patch in Ysgard,

they'll have trodden on more toes than a morris-dancing nalfeshnee. And then the fiends'll have 'em for breakfast, plain as the Spire. I'll be mighty surprised if they let ordinary folks get on with life. I'm going to stick with 'em and protect people's rights. For a fee, perhaps."

**ADFAIL GESHMOD,**  
**PRIME ELF**  
"I'm just glad that these arrogant planars—not all planars are arrogant, I know—my friends for example—but those ones who think that living out here on the edge of thought is smart, they've all been taken by surprise for a change. It'll do the Outer Planes good to be made to understand the unusual and the unexpected for a change. I only hope that the modrons stick to the Outer Planes—I'm interested in Elemental Fire, and it'll do neither them nor folks like me any good at all if they go messing with the basic stuff of the universe." (ar)

# CAGERS SPEAKING OF THE MODRON MARCH:

**BELTHAZ'RIEL, YIT FLEED,**  
**AGENT OF THE EIGHT**  
"Well obviously this strange turn of events is rather unusual for the Modrons, but extremely reliable sources indicate that the current chaos being caused by the foul tanar'ri in the lower planes and elsewhere has finally pushed the modrons, always a logical, lawful race, into direct action to eliminate these putrid beings once and for all. Word has it that the modrons will be bypassing Baator completely, you know—our legions are already marshalling to travel alongside the modrons in order to end the Blood War once and for all—you can assure your readers that with the tanar'ri gone, we will be ready to bring order and efficiency to the rest of the planes..." (ka)

**CLAUDDO THE GUARDIAN**  
"I don't know why the modrons are marching so soon. I'll bet a green to a torus that fiends are behind it though. The modrons will probably go through the Upper Planes first, and that'll leave them weakened and ripe for an attack unless we're all

very lucky. So it's down to everyone who believes in goodness to make sure the modrons get past the Upper Planes safely and without doing any damage. Some of my best agents just left for a long mission to the prime, so I'm short-staffed as well. I'd like to take this opportunity to make an informal appeal for help in defending key places along the route." (ar)

**PITNEY DIGITAL,**  
**OF THE SIG OF DDE**  
"Ooooh, I got a cramp this morning. I was afraid something like this would happen. It always does..."

**ALGEBRA FADTAMAGORAH,**  
**OF THE DDDMGUARD**  
"While I'd love to share my factol's opinion that it represents some sort of leap forward in the entropic destiny of the multiverse, I'm afraid I have to disagree. We know that all systems lose more energy than they take in; it's an inevitable law. But the energy loss involved in the cycles of the Modron March has up to now been so small that our researchers have only been able to detect it when they believed they could. I'm

afraid I have to conclude that this apparent anomaly is part of a larger pattern the modrons have been following for millennia; most likely they march an extra three-quarter cycle every 10,000 years or some such. Doomsday's a long way off, cutters, but I'll be paving the way for it."

**URDLO JEANMITH,**  
**DWARVED BARBY**  
"Walk the plank, I said. That's what I says to get a beer. A million kegs of beer started walking back and forth back and forth swaying like the sea. Arrr, I said. Thar be beer. Then they went away. I ordered me crew to fire at will." (r)

**LODMIS, EX-PRIST OF ALE,**  
**INNER-PLANEWALKER**  
"The March? Early? What's next, gods back home? Seriously, I haven't been on the Great Ring long (I prefer the Innars), this sounds like something is definitely unusual. Wonder why none of your other powers have stopped it? Oh, well, guess that's what you get for worshipping beings instead of elements." (cjr)

**SOPHIA**  
AN ORATORIO BY TULEMAN RALESI

In anticipation of the **Archonite festival of Hopetide**, St. Azrael's church is proud to present a **new work** by acclaimed composer **Tuleman Ralesil**, celebrating prophecies of the coming of Wisdom. **All are welcome.**

Performed by the **High Sigilian Orchestra and Singers**, conducted by the composer, with **Guhrun Eisenteufel** (meta-soprano), **Salpietro Granieri** (tenor), **Rebekah Hause** (contralto) and **Amile Lestion** (bass)

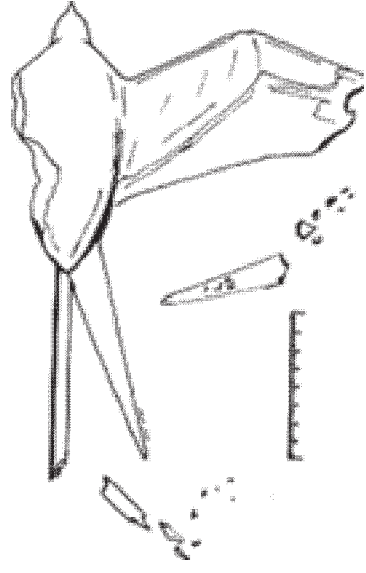
**Tickets:** 1 gp in advance, 15 sp on the door.  
**Performances:** Every day this week at 7AP.  
Performance lasts approximately three hours. (ar)

## NewsChant

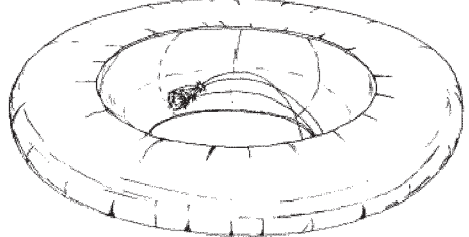
# DARK ON THE CADRE: DOCUMENTS UNVEILED

SIGIL—Thanks to the intrepid actions of some wily SIGIS cutters, we are able to bring you some very up-to-date information on the recent bombing in the Bazaar. These diagrams come directly from evidence gathered in the case, and were put together by

some of the sharpest Harmonium and Guvner investigators in the Cage. Yet another reason why SIGIS is the most requested and reliable newsrag in the Multiverse.  
—Seamus Keller, editor (sk)



Detailed diagram of the remains of an unexploded Cadre bomb that rained down on the Great Bazaar. This particular "bird" firebomb failed to explode. The construction is exquisite, but resembles no known outer planar bird according to local ornithologists. The strange glyphs on the inside of the broken wing suggest a strong magical component to its construction.



Probable flight paths of the various bombs according to Guvner reconstructions. The diagrams represent one hypothesis of how the firebombs were designed to work: They flew off in clusters and when they reached the air over the Bazaar, they separated into multiple deadly entities.

**Wanted: Cleaner and Decorator**

Good daily rates, flexible hours. Apply to Agantia, 89 Plaza d'Echeques, Lady's Ward. Some linguistic talent would also be appreciated. Bonus offered for prompt application—post vacated unexpectedly. (ar)

NewsChant

**HAL'OIGHT QUESTIONED  
ON PIT FIEND MURDER**

SIGIL (Clerk's Ward)—On the 3rd day of Tithing, the Cages' best known higher planes, Lord Spiral Hal'oight, was called before judges in the City Courts to answer questions concerning the murder of a noble class pit fiend that occurred in the merchant's case [Ed. note: see previous issue of SIGIS]. Hal'oight enlisted the aid of a well-known defence attorney known as "Sly" Nye, famed for his elegant arguments punctuated by barrages of Chaosmen "babble-speak". The fact that the aasimar scragged Nye for his counsel suggests that Hal'oight may be in pretty deep—either that or he wants to threaten the Guvners with painful Nye antics that commonly drive the justices barmy.

In the preliminary hearing, Hal'oight answered the questions put to him by the Observer judge known as the "Eye of Justice". After a long question and answer sessions directed by the eye (only occasionally interrupted by Nye's misdirections) several of the darks in the case came clear. The victim of the assassination was a Baatezu noble known as Naberius who was declared by Blood War informants as missing in action as little as two weeks ago. According to Hal'oight, Naberius came to his kip to attend a reception Hal'oight threw for a number of high-up business friends.

SIGIS was later able to verify that this gathering did indeed occur and was held to celebrate a rich trade deal Hal'oight negotiated with a Bytopian merchant operating out of Yeoman. None of the bashers we spoke with who

were at the party recollected a Pit Fiend in attendance, though there were several Devas of some repute. Apparently, the fiend known as Naberius came disguised as a human trader from Fortitude under the alias Cesarion.

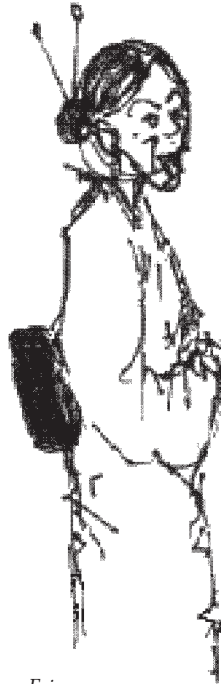
During the hearing, the Eye asked Hal'oight about his relationship with Cesarion. "I have known Cesarion for a little over a year," replied Hal'oight. "We met during one of my visits to Fortitude. He seemed a pleasant enough fellow interested in doing a little business. Of course, I had no idea that he was a pit fiend. Never did." What type of business?, asked the Eye. "Cesarion wished to find a ready source of high quality metals. For some sort of building project in Arcadia," said Hal'oight.

The really intriguing part of the hearing came, however, when the Eye questioned Hal'oight about the events immediately surrounding the death. Hal'oight said 'Cesarion' left the party to 'wander around the galleries' no more than ten minutes before he was discovered dead in an upstairs stateroom. "During this time, no one noticed his absence—the only incident I remember was some crystal glassware crashing to the ground, but I wrote this off as the mistakes of a clumsy servant."

Other guests of this reception we spoke with, however, had quite a different story to tell. One guest, who wished to remain anonymous, told SIGIS that she had seen Hal'oight accompany Cesarion up the stairs to a back hall state room. "[Hal'oight] came back a few minutes later

NewsChant

**HERBES FOIL DEATH BID  
ON SENSATE HIGH-UP**



Sun Fei, owner of the Green Dragon

SIGIL (Blossom Town, Lady's Ward)—Two days ago, the Green Dragon Restaurant (an unpretentious establishment in Blossom Town) was the scene of mayhem, as assassins tried to write Phazielle, a noted elven beauty and society lady, into the dead-book. According to reports, Phazielle was celebrating her elevation to the rank of factor in the Sensates with a few select friends when the would-be killers struck. She was saved only by the prompt action of her dining companions. Sun Fei, manager of the restaurant, and cousin Noyama Tanichi (a well-known family patriarch and landowner in Blossom Town) described the scene thus:

"I was just coming into the front room to clear a table when one of the windows next to the elvenlady's table was shattered, and a shuriken (throwing star) came spinning in. It lodged in the table about three inches from Miss Phazielle's stomach. One of the people with her was a samurai, although I didn't recognise him. He stood up and started firing his Daikyu (long bow) out of the window. One of companions was injured—I didn't see which—by another shuriken, and then two of them—the Sa-murai and an old wizard, I think—opened the window and leapt out, closely followed by a strangely clad young lady whom I took to be one of Miss Phazielle's Sensate friends. There was a scuffle, and I heard the back door being kicked open.

"I got there about the same time as two of the diners—a priestess and an elf—to see a man dressed entirely in black come running into the kitchen. I suppose he must have been a ninja. The two diners tackled him, and in the

struggle, the lamp was knocked out. When I re-lit the lamp, the ninja was dead. They took off his hood, but he seemed to have taken poison—he was really badly discoloured, and no-one could have recognised him."

It later emerged that there had been two ninja present. The other was killed in the ornamental gardens at the side of the restaurant by the other members of Phazielle's party, identified later as One Bold Mountain, the samurai, Conina Stormweather, a close friend of Phazielle and a fellow-Sensate, and Dunric of Waterdeep, a prime wizard. The bodies were taken away for examination by the Harmonium, who arrived within minutes of the attack. Although no organisation has yet claimed responsibility for the attack, the same bashers who were at the Green Dragon were seen snooping around the Armoury the next day. It said they spoke to Ely Cromlich, although it is almost certain he refused to play mimir for them.

Phazielle herself is said to be well, despite the shock of finding that someone wanted her lost. She is known in Blossom Town due to her scandalous conduct in respect of Lanyo Twai, a minor scion of a the noted Lanyo clan of Arcadia, with whom she broke off an engagement last year at the last minute. Although it seems unlikely that the famously honourable Lanyo would have ninja brought in for such a thing, the attack bears all the hallmarks of the Bonespear clan, an infamous group of ninja thought to operate out of Rigus. Investigations are continuing.

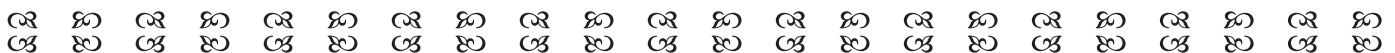
—Droni Forssen, culler (ar)

leaving his friend upstairs. I didn't see this Cesarion for this rest of the evening, and we were ushered out rudely by Hal'oight's bashers not but a few minutes later. Very gauche indeed!"

What Hal'oight might have chatted with Naberius about remains unclear, since this little fact never came up in the hearing. But what really puzzles the Guvners is how any basher could possibly have put a Pit Fiend in the dead-book in less than ten minutes, while a full house of guests remained relatively undisturbed. Another hearing was scheduled for a week, allowing both the Guvners and Hal'oight to ponder the case and its implications.

—Daemon Chaos, political culler (sk)

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## EARTHBOUND EXPEDITION

**Hardy, brave and loyal** cutters sought for an expedition into the **Plane of Earth** to seek out rich veins of precious metals. **Top jink** paid for services (**half up front!**) plus a cut of the profits. Must be **very capable with magic or weaponry and immune to claustrophobia!**

To get the job, the applicant must **pass a series of strenuous mental and physical tests** given by the employer.

**Wizards specialising in Earth Elemental Magic** are especially desired and **will be paid triple rate!**

If you have what it takes, a **load of jink** is yours for the taking. Just get yourself down to the **Great Foundry** during peak hours in the next two weeks, and **ask for Forgefair.**

## NewsChant

# BALDERS INVADE HARDHEADS KIP

**SIGIL (Hive Ward)**—Two nights ago, around 3 after anti-peak, a group of cross-trading mercs tried their luck at digging out the dark in the Hardheads' new Hive Ward case. In the midst of all the turmoil caused by the Jangling Hiter refugees, a group of five well-armed bashers blew into the kip and fought their way through a number of Hardhead guards. They attacked simultaneously from several directions, after distracting the guards with a bunch of chaosmen-like antics [Ed. note: see SIGIS issue #14—*"Hive Hardheads Plagued by Chaosmen"* for chant on the *Xaosmen* and their activities].

Mover Two, Jain Guilly, who was knocked down a stairwell during the incident, described the scene from her perspective: "I had just gotten off a long watch plenty full of annoying Xaosmen tricks, when the on-duty guards struck up the alarm. At first I thought it was just another Xaositect manoeuvre (I was pretty groggy at the time), until I heard the unmistakable yells of fellow factioneers and the ring of swordplay. My bunkmate and I drew our weapons and rushed up the stairs. Just as we hit the top of the first climb, we slipped on a patch of nasty smelling slime—that's when I cracked my

brain-box and rolled down the stairs. Another bunch of the pikers must have been waiting for us on the second floor, because the fighting we heard was well on towards the other side of the building. When I awoke, the medics were tending me and the fight was over. How they got in so fast and easy is a real mystery to me. We had the place magicked up tighter than the Prison."

The officers in the kip were unwilling to spill much of the details in the incident, at least until they reviewed the case farther. They did say, however, that they managed to put two of the bashers in the dead-book while the other three escaped into the building. Only two of the Harmonium guards were lost in the incident, though six others were grievously injured and another ten suffered minor wounds. While the identities of the two dead bashers remains unknown, the Harmonium found colours of the Fated tattooed on one of the sods. We were also able to drag out descriptions of the three that escaped from the some of the Harmonium involved in the melee which we print below.

According to the guards I interviewed, two of the bashers appeared to be tief-

lings of some sort, or perhaps creatures not often spied in the Cage. "One of them, the human, seemed to be following the orders of the fiendspawn," said Gordon Pace, one of the guards aroused from a restless slumber. "That berk was really barmy, like he was bubbled up or on glee-dust or something. His eyes were half shut and you could see spit coming down his chin. But he took off poor Jotham's head with some kind of scythe he had quicker than a chaosman can babble, and forced us to retreat down the stairs for our lives. Then the ugly one called to him and they went out the back of the building. Ugly must have licked a spell on the floor though, 'cause any of us cutters that went out in to the hall were just stuck fast for many minutes. I don't know what happened to them after that—they just disappeared out back."

Why these bashers (possibly all Fated) wanted in the kip is not known, but most speculate that they desired whatever dark the Harmonium are rumoured to be hiding out back of their kip. The Harmonium requests that any cutters with information on this trio please come forward with it to the Barracks as soon as possible.

—Majia Intwood, culler (sk)

## NewsChant

# SENSTATES AND ARCHONITES IN ROW OVER DRGY

A ROW IS BREWING this week among several sects and factions over the Sensates' announcement that they will be holding the Aphrodisia, or Festival of Love, in five weeks' time. Quite apart from the fact that the Guvners are objecting to the short notice, the Excelsior-based sect of the Archonites are protesting about the disruption of a sacred season. The Archonites, whose main church in Sigil is St. Azrael's, Rue Morgue, near the Mortuary, celebrate the season of Hopetide during the same period. Relations between the Sensates and the Archonites have been lukewarm at best since the sect debuted in the Cage over a hundred years ago. The Sensates regard the Skywatchers (as they are known) as being overconservative and prudish, and the Archonites return the favour by claiming that the Sensate creed is inherently incompatible with their own.

The suffragan bishop of Sigil, the Reverend Julia Spesinfracta, said yesterday that "Whilst all Archonites would agree with me in saying that ill-will is undesirable, we consider it extremely poor judgment on the part of the Society of Sensation to choose

so sacred a time to hold what is essentially a wild debauch." Challenged that the Archonites merely hated all celebration, the Rev. Miss Infracta replied that "Archonites love celebration. Indeed, we will in just over a month be celebrating the hope that we have of a universal revelation of truth. But we consider it inappropriate to indulge in sensual pleasures as a means of rejoicing. It distracts from the spiritual truths that we all seek. And this year in particular is an unfortunate occasion for these two events to clash." Speculation is rife amongst the Factions of Order as to the meaning of this last sentence, as it is thought that the Archonites recently held a secret synod at Tradegate, the decisions of which have not been published.

The Aphrodisia, which is a celebration of physical attraction as much as a tribute to Aphrodite, is a high point of the Sensate calendar, so much so that three years ago it was held twice within six months. Erin Montgomery was unavailable for comment as we went to press, but it is likely that she will proceed without reference to the Archonites.

(ar)

## News Briefs

**OUTER PLANES (Grey Waste)**—Fresh chant from the Grey Waste: numerous bashers (temporary visitors to the Grey Waste, mind you) have reported sighting an undead dragon running around the Waste. Nobody I chatted with could give word on what kind of dragon it was, or used to be. I heard this chant from more than one reliable blood, and from what I caught, the dragon's looking to hunt up 'loth support for some personal crusade back on its crystal sphere. More specifically, the Dragon is from some sort of desert, suggested to be Zakara on prime world of Toril. Nobody has yet tumbled to what the dragon's after, but he's left quite a trail of uncooperative 'loths behind him. If you want some better chant on this, catch a femme named Alisathalilan down at the Armoury, but bring a load more jink than I did.

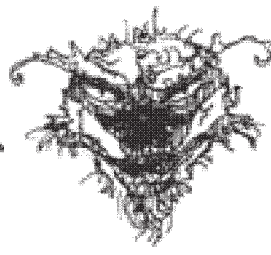
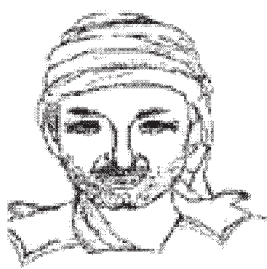
—Farrel McDuncan, culler

**SIGIL/TRADEGATE**—If you bashers had an ear close to the stones awhile back, you might have caught chant about a disease that's been putting Sigilian Indeps in the dead-book. You might have even heard that it was the Harmonium that was cooking up that bug [Ed. note: see SIGIS Issue #1—"Rule of Threes Rolls Through Hive Ward" for another juicy *Hardhead/Indep* rumour].

But I've got fresh chant that you won't find anywhere else: my sources tell me that the dark is that this disease hails from out-of-town. Moreover, a few cutters supposedly found a cure in Tradegate, but the gate-town's high-ups are keeping it down because the cure involves some ancient dark of Tradegate itself, a secret the high-ups just don't want leaked. You bloods keep your ears peeled; no doubt I'll have some more on this next week.

—Farrel McDuncan, culler

[Editor's note: SIGIS would like to introduce our hot new culler, Farrel McDuncan. Farrel is a fire genasi Cipher, so expect 'em short and sweet when McDuncan's passing the chant.] (aw)



# The

We invite <sup>all</sup> WHO <sup>want</sup> to participate in a

*Race from Xaos to Sylvania*

## THE RULES ARE SIMPLE

You are not allowed to participate if you have <sup>three</sup> modron friends  
Planeshifting, teleporting and climbing trees is not allowed  
You are not allowed to participate if you are a fiend and wear a yellow hat with a peacock plume on it

The race starts on the first day of the second week of Tithing.  
You can also start on the second and third day of that week  
if you are not able to locate a Xaos soon enough

The race <sup>starts</sup> in oXaS and <sup>ends</sup> in Sylvania.  
The one who first reaches SYLVANIA wins.  
The first <sup>and</sup> <sup>only</sup> prize is a magical long sword.  
Well it is a long sword now, we don't know  
what it will be <sup>then</sup>.



PrimeTime

NOT ALL PLANARS ARE IMMORTAL, NOT ALL IMMORTALS ARE PLANAR

TO MOST PLANARS, Mystara's just another prime—same level of technology, same magical weave, same humanoid races. There's one thing that really sets it apart from the crowd, however, and that's its lack of Gods. Instead, the world seems to have a group of "Immortals" who've got broadly similar powers to the Gods of other primes, except they all apparently ascended to their status from mortality. Watching over them are a bunch of mysterious beings called only "the Old Ones".

Well, seems a chance to become Immortal like that's too good to be true, and it's set many a planar's tongue wagging about the dark of it all... Here's the factions' chant.

ATHAN

The Immortals are just like the powers, only even more arrogant! And the Old Ones? They're simply Prime Overpowers who don't have the wit to see their own limitations. Just because they're powerful, that don't make them divine, cutter!

GODMEND

The primes in Mystara seemed to have stumbled across a central tenet of our philosophy: Self-improvement leads to perfection leads to some form of Divinity. Perhaps this Immortal state is

the precursor to growth into full-fledged powerhood? Could the legendary Old Ones be mature immortals, or some even higher form of ascended creature. Most importantly, what is it in the nature of Mystara that permits advancement at such a rate?

BLEAKERS

Who cares? They're all wasting their time. Can't the cutters realise that being immortal just prologues the agony of futility? Just because a cutter's powerful, it doesn't create a meaning!

COMMUNALIS

Ascent to immortality is an attempt to terrorise the proletariat by the imposition of unnatural force on the part of bourgeoisie 'heroes'! The ruling classes must be overthrown in a planespanning revolution!

DOOMGUARD

Ascension to higher realms is contrary to decay. The heroes of Mystara must be stopped, least their secret spread and the rest of the multiverse starts ascending. Unless of course, we can find an immortal sympathetic to the causes of Entropy and persuade him to join us...

DISTEMED

That Immortal Atzanteotl sounds like he's got his finger on the pulse. or rather, not: He seems to have an insight

into death. Not sure about his methods, though. But the very permanence of Immortality strikes a chord against the cycle of death and rebirth. Since we're all dead in this life, "immortals" are in fact trapping themselves in this death-like state for eternity! Ironic, yes! If I weren't half-dead myself, I might be tempted to chuckle...

FATED

Immortality? Sounds a good idea to us. Powerhood for those who can get it. How does one apply?

CHUDREYS

Immortality? Fascinating... we'll have to study it in more detail, and then we'll write a paper on it. Or several papers. What laws would be valid in a society where the members

never get written into the Dead-Book, and where all are as mighty as demigods? Further research into this field is certainly necessary before a coherent faction philosophy can be published.

HARBADUUM

With the ultimate power of Immortality comes an ultimate responsibility to preserve the harmony of the

NewsChant

CLUELESS STRIKE TRADEGATE

OUTLANDS (Tradegate)—Three days ago, in the gateway of Tradegate a fight erupted between a few cross-traders and some namers from the Harmonium and Mercykillers. Once begun, the fight escalated quite a bit, and in the end nine combatants and thirteen passers-by were lost. The shop where the fight started was also totally destroyed and three other buildings were severely damaged.

Seumas Mac Gearailt, a trader from Tir Na Og, was in the area as the fight started: "I was doin' business on the Grand Bazaar when the sound of lightnin' drew my attention t'wards the shop of Chersulion Peraumon where a Mercykiller was blown out with the front door by some sort of lightnin' magick. Some Hardheads and Mercykillers nearby started of t'wards the shop to scrag whoever's done this, but the troublemakers were quite resistive. Some magick was exchanged in the unpleasant way, and a battle erupted. Though the battle didn't last long, there was a lot of damage: the shop was totally blown apart, n' the surroundin' houses got burned pretty bad. Thank-fully, the Hardheads finally scragged the troublemakers."

Later on a namer of the Mercykillers told me that one

of the thieves escaped, and four got written in the Dead Book, but two had been scragged. One of the dead was Chersulion Peraumon himself, and near his corpse was an unconscious basher named Ramurin Amos. When he awoke, he told me what happened in the shop. "Peraumon was just haggling with a namer of the Red Death, when he caught one of a group of seven cross-traders trying to steal something," said Amos. "The berks tried to run, but the Mercykiller intervened and got attacked by one of the of the sods with a bolt of lightning. The Mercykiller was blown out through the door, taking the door with him. Shortly afterwards some Hardheads and Mercykillers showed up, and the thieves group attacked them too. At this point, Peraumon dragged me along towards the back door and saved my life. We hardly left the house when an explosion ripped it apart, and I was knocked unconscious. I guess that's when Peraumon got lost... poor sod."

As I asked, the Mercykillers told me that the captives were clueless from some crystal sphere named Noraumar, and were brought to town by a barriaur named Halsar. (Though Halsar is an old friend of mine it took a while until I found

him; he was out wandering the land.) By now, the scragged cross-traders have been brought to the Prison in Sigil and will be judged before the City Court.

When I finally caught up to Halsar the Green, he told me how he found the Primes and escorted them to Tradegate. "Since Binx disappeared, I joined my tribe to roam the land once more", said Halsar. "One evening we seen a flying vessel which rapidly come down t'wards ground. We were curious, so we travelled to where we saw the ship was heading and found it not far rim-wards of Tir Na Og. Guess the vessel crashed while passin' a ring, but we found some survivors, seven to be exact. Four high up's and three crew members. As they told us, they had no idea where they were, just that they seemed to be somewhere else after a thunderstorm. They did mistake the Spire for a port for flying ships, and tried to reach it, so it was quite clear that they were clueless primes. Anyway we escorted them to Tradegate, like good cutters, and gave them some advice how not to step on someone's toes—seems they didn't listen close enough, eh?"

—Ansas Ewald, culler (hh)

PrimeTime

THE DEBATE GOES ON SWINGS AND ROUNDABOUTS

RUIN DEKAYE does a nice job of telling things as they are, but there's another bit of the dark that deKaye failed to mention: Why Krynn is falling away from us. And it ain't from some Overpower or nothin' like that. The real answer is much more interesting...

Think about it, berk. The sphere of Mystara entered the same way Krynn's leaving, through dilations of it's sphere or whatever the Guvners say it is. The fact is, it's here now. Now, since that sphere slipped in, it only makes sense that one has to slip out, to maintain the balance of the multiverse. Why was Krynn chosen to slip out? Beats me, berk. I ain't playing mimir here, just a guess as to what's going on in that barmy little shell over there.

But why did, all of the sudden, the gods leave and Krynn slipped? Things like that don't happen without a lot of deliberation. And I'm sure a body could find a zillion reasons why it happened by

looking at Krynn, but I would not put other ideas in the dead-book yet, because I heard through the razorvine that one group in particular was involved in the reality shift of Krynn: the Rilmani.

See, in order to maintain the balance of having Mystara slip into our reality, they had to slip one out. The Rilmani must've figured that Krynn was a major upset to the balance or something, despite rattling their bone-boxes about the Balance and so on, and convinced the pantheon of Krynn to somehow shift Krynn into another place to keep the Balance even.

Don't ask me how, berk. I told you I'm not playing mimir here. Just telling you what I heard. So what now for Krynn? Well, it leaves, and in a few millennia, it's forgotten about. That is, until the next sphere slips into our reality.

Then we just have to wonder which one gets hip-ped next.

—Kiri the Forgotten (af)

## BODY WANTED!

We are in need of Bashers  
able to survive the perils of the Abyss.

On the **five hundred and thirty-sixth** layer of the Abyss (a place we named 'The Fair Deception') a friend of ours lost his life. Unfortunately, we were unable to bring back his body for proper ceremonies.

Whoever is able to **retrieve the Body** will be paid a **handsome amount of jink**.

Bashers with **Blood War merc experience** are preferred.

For further information **contact** our spokesmen,  
**Rjogolai**, in the **Lower Ward** at the **Dirk & Firkin Tavern**.  
**The company of Vorr hunters**

(hh)

PrimeTime

NOT ALL PLANARS ARE IMMORTAL,  
NOT ALL IMMORTALS ARE PLANAR

world. Mind, just looking at the wars that've been raging on Primes where they don't have immortal protectors (Athas, Toril, Oerth, Krynn) maybe they ain't such a bad thing after all.

*IMPEDES*

The faction ain't got a line that it makes its members tow! Bar that! We ain't even a faction at all, berk! Decide for yourself what to think.

*MEXXKILLERS*

Can ascent to immortality be used to overcome justice? It is only just that after life comes death—remove that natural cycle and the nature of mortality itself is violated! These Immortals are criminals of nature. They must be curtailed and those responsible for this travesty executed!

*ADVERTISING*

Another vein of corruption in this Multiverse where the "have's" laud their might over

the "have not's"! The sooner we overthrow this regime the better—but how to go about it? Might it be possible to convince the powers and the immortals that each pose a threat to the other's rulership? Then we can pick up the pieces and finish off the weakened victors after the dust dies down.

*SEPARATES*

What must it be like to be an immortal? THAT would be worth knowing, cutter. An experience of an everlasting lifetime! Some of that Glantrian magic sounds nifty too. I'd love to see that. And you say there's a city in a lava flow? Where's the portal?

*SIGNEES*

There's a bunch of cutters who're good at imagining. They had the vision to grant themselves the Holy Grail of most aspirants: Immortality. And from such humble beginnings, too—makes a mock-

ery of the powers of many worlds, who get where they are by chance or the efforts of prime believers. No, these cutters had the will to pull themselves up from being primes to ruling their world. Admirable indeed.

*CITHEES*

Do you think the Immortals sit back and ask each other "Wonder what it's like to be mortal?" No, of course they don't—and that's why they're the advanced ones and you, who asks the question, ain't. So stop philosophising and get transcending, berk!

*ADJECTIVE*

Who cares what we think? We'll change our mind by one hour yesterday, whatever. And who says we're "we" anyway? Being immortal sounds like fun, by the way, unless there's rules to it, or we start to agree with the Senate/Hardheads.

(ar)

Story

THE DEVA WHO FLEW TOO CLOSE TO THE SUN

NOT ALL OF THE DEVAS that I have met, with their angelic wings, and lofty egos have been as captivating as Lazarus Iscariot. The tale of his life, is a tale worth repeating, which is a good thing, as are all things dealing with devas, for his life is condemned to do so.

Lazarus Iscariot, was not always his name. He began his mortal life as a simple joiner, who's works were mediocre at best. He married raised a healthy family, and died of old age. Nothing he did in life, ever set him apart, he was ordinary in every aspect. In fact, it was for this very reason he became a proxy. His mortal life served as a perfect example of how an ordinary man should live his life. He was the embodiment of mundanity.

In his new form however, he lost that one aspect that was himself, he was no longer part of his everyday world. He was a deva, (or so we are lead to believe). Amazed by his new

found abilities, he touched upon a childhood dream, to do something great, to be bigger than life.

He began by rounding up a group of veteran warriors who had proved their metal in battle, and headed down into the Abyss, returning alone with the head of a Fiendish Lord. However, how many devas had accomplished such an act? How many fiends have been slain for the sake of goodness?

Still, the embodiment of the ordinary man was still, well ordinary.

Needless to say, his attempts went on for years, each time it was impossible for him to do anything that was not part of his mortal nature.

One day while staring up into the crystal blue sky, he spotted something that caught his eye, something so ordinary we take it for granted, he saw the sun. It was then they he knew what he

wanted to do. He would fly over the sun, tie a lasso around it and pull it from the sky, so that in its absence people may notice some of the ordinary things they take for granted.

With all the strength which he could muster, an average amount as devas go, he shot straight up towards the burning hot thing in the sky, with the celestial lasso trailing behind him. As he neared his scorching surface his wings began to melt, and in the seconds that followed, he fell like a shooting star down to earth impacting in the ground.

Mortally wounded he died a second time, only to rise again in four days. Upon his rebirth, he carries out the same deeds, doing every ordinary thing he could think of, in an attempt to do something unique. Only to crash and burn in 76 years time, dragging countless souls to senseless deaths in the name of Goodness and of Glory.

Chant for Clueless

HOW TO BE RUDE THE PLANAR WAY

THERE IS NOTHING quite so important as to be able to trade insults with a cross-trader. Say the wrong thing, as you'll show yourself up as a gully prime. So, for the benefit of those who're not so quick of wit as the bloods of the game, here are a few choice insults to be kept on the tip of the tongue:

- "You stool for a witch!"
- "Your mother has horns!" (The rudest thing you can say to a Bariaur)
- "You scurvy lord!"
- "You thing of no bowels!"
- "You mere Device!" (An insult to a proxy)
- "You child of a vaporighu!"
- "You spawn of a random toad!" (Gets under the skin of

- rogue modrons to no end. Normal modrons pretty much ignore any insults...)
- "You Yellow Skinned egg-layer!" (One of my three favourite things to say to a githzerai!)
- "Wishful Thinking" (Good way to insult a Signer.)



Chant for Clueless

CANT DICTIONARY Y-Z

**Y**  
Yark, Yarking  
Yark can mean someone who howls a lot of screed and usually believes it, "That bloody yark is full of slaad stories", or the things a yark says, "The chant that the Lady is a prime is nothing but yark". Also used is the term yarking, "Somebody shut that yarking addle-cove's bone box!"

**Z**  
Zip  
Leave that for later. As in, "Zip the locked chest and help me stop this bleeding," or "Zip the sodding orcs. We need to nick that mage." Also can be used like "bar that" when Hardheads come knocking. "Zip it berk. You want to get us all scragged."  
*by various cullers*

Stop Press

CADRE HIGH-UPS SCRAGGED

SIGIL—Coming just one day after the vicious firebomb attack on the Bazaar, Harmonium Special Investigator Christopher Verdue announced that four high-ups in the Revolutionary League cell known as the Cadre were scragged in an Anti-Peak raid. At a brief Q&A session, Verdue made this statement:

"Earlier this evening, Harmonium patrols, in cooperation with a special task force, engaged the Anarchist cell known as the Cadre at their alleged safe-house in the Hive ward. In the ensuing conflict, two of the Cadre bashers were slain and four others taken into custody. Several members of the group escaped after detonating a gas bomb which left several of our officers nauseous and incapacitated. One officer is being treated for severe burns."

When asked whether any of the dead or scragged berks

were the cell leader, Verdue stated:

"We have a pretty good idea who leads this rabble, and we are fairly certain we have not captured or killed him. However, through our questioning this evening, we have a better idea where he keeps his kip. What we know for certain is that we have struck a deep blow in the designs of the Cadre today. These cross-traders should see justice within the next couple of days."

When asked to qualify "the next couple of days" against an earlier statement several weeks ago affirming the Cadre would be neutralised "by anti-peak tonight", Verdue had no comment. He likewise had no further details on the Anarchist raid yesterday and its relation to the Cadre case.

—Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)

SILAADI TROMP VANISHES!

APOLOGIES to our readers who have been following the Great Chaos Tromp story over the past few issues. Last week, SIGIS exclusively brought you the story of the Slaadi "attack" on the Bytopian Festival of Lights. Subsequent to that debacle the Chaos Tromp (numbering many thousands of slaadi) disappeared. Cullers have been scouring the Great Ring for the past week trying to relocate the chaotic horde, but to no avail. No chant has emerged as to the Tromp's present location, and there

have been no reports of the frog-creatures massing on any of the major planes.

It has been suggested that the sudden appearance of the Modron March has somehow scared the slaadi off their original trajectories. I find this unlikely, however. To me, it's clear the slaadi are plotting something. Remain assured, this culler will not rest until the dark of this plan is uncovered! But is it not curious that the slaadi should instigate a March of their own less than a month before the Modrons?  
(jw)

# SIGIS

**Issue 18 Year 1**

**Price: 2 Stingers**

**Second Week of Tithing**

## **Red Cell Identified**

## **33% More Portals Lead To Elysium**

**SIGIL**—A recent Harmonium press release identified a Revolutionary League organisation, known as the Red Cell, as being the primary instigators of recent infiltrations into Hardhead ranks. Several Harmonium recruits were detained this week when their psychic profiles tagged them as potential anarchists. According to the Harmonium news brief, after “careful screening the infiltrators gave up the dark of their backgrounds and revealed themselves as the cross-traders they truly were.” While infiltration of the Harmonium by Anarchists is nothing new (e.g. the story of Omar the Anarchist

who rose up once to become the Factol of the Harmonium), the purge of several mid-level administrators from the Harmonium ranks last month is telling in this new release. Could the Red Cell actually have infiltrated to those key positions? If so, how effective has the Harmonium purge been? And, most importantly, why would the Hardheads report that the Red Cell was “eradicated” if new Hardhead recruits are turning up stag already? Of course, no one in the Barracks could be reached for comment, but the questions continue to mount.

—Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)

*[This culler expresses his reservations on being published in an unlawful newsrag, but would like to make it clear that the research for this article was conducted during a period prior to the declaration of illegality and has no bearing on the Cadre or the case surrounding, so is, by Mechanical Law if not Sigilian, still admissible].*

**SIGIL**—Statistical observations have revealed this week that 33% more portals in Sigil lead to Elysium, compared with the same period last year. Precisely 2048 portals were surveyed, the set comprising of permanent, shifting and random portals. It was found that an inordinate number of portals has switched their destinations to the first and second layers of the plane of Elysium; even some permanent portals had shifted.

It is currently unknown what factors could be causing this asymmetrical shift towards the Upper Planes in Sigil. The most immediate theorem suggests the Lady of Pain's whim has caused this effect. However, it is an unprecedented event according to portal-keeping records for so many to be affected at once. Random chance can also probably be ruled out; if not mathematically; by the observation the Xaositects seem distinctly worried.

More likely notions have been proposed. The githzerai tout-come-sage Voila! suggests it is the effect of the Balance swinging around. He cites an event three years ago when all portals in the Hive Ward switched destinations to the Gray Waste for a whole single day, before returning to normal; an event which pleased the Xaositects greatly at the time. Apparently the Balance does not mind waiting three years to restore itself.

Magnum Opus, however, cites a plot by the guardinals to lure and trap cutters in Elysium. She declined to comment further on the record when pressed, threatening to square this culler “if you don't keep your sodding differentials out of it”. But then she always was a bit of a bitter old pike when it came to the guardinals.

Readers of fiendish blood or intentions are warned to double check portals with warp sense before stepping through.

— $n=n+1$ , new culler  
translated from Moignese by Milori (jw)

## **Concerning the Banning of SIGIS**

**TO ALL THE READERS OF SIGIS:**

We are not entirely sure through what channels you managed to get a hold of this precious issue, but we are very glad you did. This issue is precious because, if some high-ups in the Harmonium have their way, this may be the last issue of SIGIS ever. But we hope it is precious for another reason altogether: we hope this issue represents the Harmonium's last, ultimately unsuccessful, attempt to restrict free speech in the Cage. With the help of our good natured and well-spoken friends, we hope to persuade the Hall of Speakers to rescind the laws that have led to the banning of SIGIS. Perhaps some members of our organisation broke the law, but why should all the organisation and the readers of SIGIS be punished for the actions of a few? If you are interested in the fate of SIGIS and free speech in Sigil, let your feelings be known in all the faction halls, bazaar stalls and bub-houses in the Cage. Tell

your friends, your neighbours, and fellow factioneers that such injustice will not be tolerated. Together we may sway the Hall to break down these oppressive laws and free SIGIS once more.

We are very fortunate to have allies to speak on our behalf before the Hall of Speakers. In this effort, Clarion the Guardian has taken it upon himself to speak our plight before the Hall and try to right this great injustice. We thank you Clarion, and we thank all the other bloods out there who put efforts forth to help right this great wrong, and especially some donations from anonymous sources to help us bail out innocent colleagues and keep the presses running in these difficult times.

Your Friend in Truth,  
Jerrylla Perroli

Associate Editor of SIGIS

*[Writing from her case under house arrest]*

**CLARION WRITES:**

I would like to offer my fullest possible support for the SIGIS team at this time. It is, as you say, a gross injustice that such a valuable organ of free speech in the City should be withdrawn due to the personal misdeeds of a very few people. As a passionate believer in open discussion and the freedom of the press, I feel a need to point out that this is not the first time the Harmonium has attempted to suppress it. Next week I shall be

speaking in the Hall of Speakers alongside Factol Terrance (who is, as I'm sure you're aware, a long-time political opponent of mine) where we shall both be campaigning against the new Restriction of Publishing Bill. However, my good wishes also go to all Harmonium personnel in their continuing vigilance and crusade against terrorism. It is a terrible shame when desperate times cause the diligent to penalise by-standers. I shall, of course, be asking that SIGIS be reinstated.

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The original SIGIS is in HTML format and is hosted at <http://www.mimir.net/> a site maintained by Jon Winter.

NewsChant

## SIGIS Culler Missing

SIGIL—The second SIGIS culler in as many days to be targeted for their coverage of the Cadre case, Felicity K. Ghwar was scragged early today by Hardhead Investigators. Hardhead officials claimed that Ghwar was “released soon after questioning” and provided SIGIS with documents signed by our culler during the release process. However, no one from SIGIS, nor from Felicity’s friends and family have seen her since the arrest. Ghwar was working on a trades expose linking Three Rings Ltd. to the recent activities of the Anarchist cell, the Cadre. Three Rings Ltd. was granted debt protection last week by a Guvner commission for the death of its founder and major share holder, Bezzan Hempstock.

Is this further, and more brutal harassment by the Hardheads? Or an orchestrated attempt by some other group to cover the truth? What we do know is that Ms. Ghwar is a friend to all the staff on SIGIS, and to her devoted trades readership. We hope to see her safe and soon.

If anyone has any information on the whereabouts of Ms. Ghwar, please contact any available SIGIS culler or representative immediately. (Do not bother visiting our Cage-based offices since those have been shut down by the Harmonium until further notice.) A generous award will be offered for confirmable chant.

—Serafine d' Lache, staff culler (pw)

NewsChant

# Slaad Chaos Tromp Clashes With Modron March

FORTITUDE—In a move that seemed to surprise the slaad as much as, if not more than, anyone else, the Chaos Tromp has rematerialised after a week-long absence. And my, what has happened in this week! In a strange twist of fate, the Great Modron march has arrived 189 years early and is proceeding across the Outlands towards the Egg.

Well, that’s where the slaad appeared just three days ago. The burg of Fortitude didn’t know what had hit it—the peery bashers were prepared for an attack, but instead the happy and relaxed-looking slaad stayed well away from the burg, gambolling, skipping and playing leap-slaad in the well-tended fields surrounding the walled city. After a few hours of concerted playfulness they apparently saw the error of their ways, demolished three farmhouses, slew all the Arcadian ponies they could find, and ate a lot of turnips.

That night I lost track of them again, but was tipped off by an amnizu eyeball merchant [“Mmm—Kzor’s tasty visual organs from round the Great Ring”—sorry, but saying that was part of the garnish I had to give him] who looked somewhat the worse for wear after encountering them, and caught up with the horde in the ruined temple of some long-dead prime power. They were somewhat less in number than when the Tromp began several weeks ago, most slaad having grown thoroughly bored by the whole affair and simply wandering off.

Apparently, they were waiting for something. I saw a number of froggy beasts fire chaos bolts into the

NewsChant

## SIGIS Culler Zeines Pauch Scragged For Questioning

SIGIL—Early yesterday, our own independent culler, Zeines Pauch, was scragged by a Harmonium patrol as he prepared to step through a portal on assignment to Bytopia. Though no official word has been released on this arrest, Pauch has managed to send a message to SIGIS through various agents:

### Bloods of the Cage:

This is Zeines Pauch, most recently oppressed by our fair “Force of Order”, the Harmonium. On top of the primary charge of attempted murder, I have also been detained for “harbouring a known crosstrader, distribution of sensitive and classified case information, and collaboration with a known felon”, multiple counts on each. All of these charges relate directly to my efforts to shed light on the dark of Anarchist’s activities in the Cage, especially the recent events surrounding the Cadre.

It seems the very berks that profess to protect us have much more desire protect themselves, as they are most displeased with my and SIGIS’s recent coverage of less than Harmonious activities both inside and outside the Barracks. Likewise, they believe I know the location of the High-up of the Cadre, which I’ve assured them I do not. However, this “grasping in the dark” approach to law

enforcement seems to point out an even deeper disorganised state of the Harmonium on this and other cases.

I must say, I am being treated well, and with some measure of respect, as they “sort this out”. For those of you who know me and have some designs of freeing me, please, do not attempt to act on such an addle-coved notion. This will only give the Hardheads reason to oppress more bloods, and take away more freedoms including my own. I can assure you, I have been in contact with representatives of both the Guvners and the Fated for a quick resolution to the this ordeal.

Thank you.

Yours in Truth, Zeines Pauch

Pauch, while covering many stories for SIGIS and other local rags, has most recently been engrossed in the stepped up Anarchist (and anti-Anarchist) activities in Sigil. This harassment is a clearly more backlash associated with the false accusations that SIGIS bobbed secure Hardhead documents. SIGIS will continue to combat such practices and actions against our cullers through the proper and lawful channels.

—Serafine d' Lache, staff culler (pw)

Check out page 7 for  
SIGIS  
Supporter  
Badge

NewsChant

## Pit Fiend Murder Case Takes Bizarre New Twist

**SIGIL (Clerk's Ward)**—After a week of intermittent court hearing and testimony, leads into the assassination of a pit fiend in high-up aasimar Spiral Hal'aight's kip took an unexpected turn. The strange twist came with the introduction of a new material witness who, literally, knew nothing about the murder. In fact, he actually had never even set foot in the Cage! Kotehpo Isso Massan, a high-up priest of the little known Power, Asase Ya (Elysium), came before the Eye of Justice to speak on quite another topic: the mining of precious weapons-grade ore in his peaceful realm.

Aided by his council and translator, a cutter named Ghar, Massan convinced the Eye of Justice (see last issue) that his story had relevance to the case at hand (misdirections, babbling and confusion from defence counsel "Sly" Nye aside). [Ed. note: the chant we scragged on this mysterious Ghar says that he's a tiefling Indep originally hailing from a Lower Planar burg, though one berk tried to drop some screed that Ghar is some kind of vampire. Probably just professional jealousy.]

As Ghar translated for Massan, the relevance of Massan's testimony to the case became increasingly clear, and increasingly devastating for the defence. Apparently, Massan observed a being matching Hal'aight's description on numerous occasions around the realm of Asase Ya near his tribal home. According to Massan, the aasimar and a few "celestial-type" bashers, were seen spreading some darks with a bunch of dwarven miners. These very same miners have apparently been responsible for a great deal of destruction in areas near the realm, and have fuelled much angst among the petitioners there. "There is even talk among my people that the dwarven powers want our fields and hills for themselves," said Massan through Ghar. "I have had visions, powerful visions, of small bearded men with stone hearts, bursting forth from the earth under our huts and staining their picks with our blood."

At this point, the Eye cautioned Ghar's client to stick to the facts and not speculate too much. "This hearing concerns the murder of the high-up baatezu Naberius, not the encroachment of a realm in Elysium by other Powers," said the Eye. "I still fail to see how Massan's story relates to the case. You promised me that they connect, attorney Ghar, so please keep your promise." That was when Ghar pulled out his trump card: at his signal, Massan



produced a delicately crafted gold coin that was obviously minted in Mt. Celestia.

"This was given to a petitioner of Asase Ya by a dwarven miner so that he might buy some local bub," said Ghar. "But I think it represents much more than a simple purchase of liquor. I believe this to be evidence that Spiral Hal'aight and his minions are purchasing precious metals from the dwarves which they are forging into high-quality weapons to sell to the fiends. This is probably the reason Naberius was in Hal'aight's kip and got dead-booked. They think they can get away with mining these metals in some unknown corner of Elysium around a secretive, peaceful people. But we are here to prove them wrong."

With that, the courtroom started buzzing with chant, and the Eye had to call for order several times, threatening to use its magical powers if it was not observed! This case has clearly taken a strange twist and I'll be here all the way to bring you the dark on this strange matter.

—Daemon Chaas, political correspondent (sk)



Readers of SIGIS:

First, an apology on our behalf to all those whose sensibilities were, as mine, offended by Culler Blondie Blutheim's sensational piece of fiction which appeared two issues ago in SIGIS [Ed. note: 4th Week of Narciss, "Baatezu Stage Rallies to Quell Morale Problems"]. I would have responded earlier, but I was naturally detained with more immediate business. Those who know me, know that I never fail to set the record straight when it comes to dealing with the realities and affairs of the Blood War—and especially how it affects my fellows. I merely seek to address several disturbing items mentioned by this "correspondent" in SIGIL, whom I would be more than honoured to grant a personal interview with at my suite in the Baatorian Embassy should she wish to question me on the validity of my rebuttal. To wit:

Our rally was one already preplanned to coincide with the Feast of The Eye, one of our highest and most honoured weeks of celebration of our brave soldier's accomplishments. The revelries and speeches are known to often grow into immense displays of pride in our victories and even often spill into gate towns such as Ribcage. My ministry does not, however, encourage any falsifying of information or boasting not warranted, and I personally assure you, Azazel's claims were merited.

Our forces have been wildly successful on various forays in the mighty War and we are taking its battles to the enemy's territory ever deeper. It sincerely pains me to believe a mere mortal would refute these claims without doing meticulous and extensive research first. This is not "propaganda," as this culler insists, rather it seems to be a fabricated assault designed to stir up controversy and fear in SIGIL as to the truth of our claims and our Empire's intentions. We have no intention to create civil unrest in SIGIL or any other city, and only desire a peaceful co-existence with other races, excepting the tanar'ri. The merits of their continued existence are not even supported by the archons, and rightfully so.

A "recently failed treaty" with the Rakshasas of Acheron has not failed; it has merely been delayed, due to some last minute concerns on their behalf as to the terms of the treaty, specifically about future entitlements. That problem is being rectified. Our ministry and our Empire is truly saddened by the deaths of two of our noble Dukes in combat, but unfortunately, casualties of war do occur and their sacrifice is not unnoticed. As to an Avatar of the Nine being destroyed, well, all I can say of that is ask them yourselves. I assure you, our Lords are in perfect health and safety.

The only "innocent victim" culler Blondie Blutheim need worry about is the truth...

Respectfully submitted,

Zimimar, Minister of Morale  
Dark Eight Council member &  
Diabolate of the 8th house of Caina  
(as)

Sir,

After reading the last issue of SIGIS, and the letter calling for Sinkers to help their brothers discover decay in the Astral, I became interested in the possibility of degeneration on that very plane. It is an intriguing issue, because that plane is not based on "normal" Outer Planes reality, but on the force of thought. Well, I truly believe that the Astral does decay, as everything must, and I propose a mechanism for this: The gradual decay in the Astral is happening through the creation of planar ducts and colour pools, along with Gates and other forms of spell casting. When opening one of these portals, some "astral matter" must react and merge with part of another plane, thus transforming it into something else, no longer pure Astral. This reaction includes non-astral planes (Outer and Prime Material). Thus, the Astral must ultimately abide by the rules of Entropy as these other planes do.

This is not quite the type of decay being looked for by our brothers in the Astral, and, indeed, they may find some of that type. But it is certainly another means by which decay may occur in the Astral and should be explored by out faction at the earliest opportunity.

Yours in Entropy,  
Virgilios Nikomenos  
Sinker poet and playwright

(apo)

## Wanted: Natural Flyer For Research

Wanted, a natural flyer for research into the length of the Spire. Will be **paid well** and **hazard pay** will be included. Please see **Utadas Tensar** at the **Tensar's Employment Service** for details.

(tm)

### NewsBriefs

## Doomguard Deny Responsibility For Ninja Attack

SIGIL (The Armoury)—The Doomguard this week denied wholeheartedly, claims that they had been responsible for the near-fatal attack on the Sensate factor Phazielle at the Green Dragon Restaurant in Blossom Town. Ely Cromlich was not available personally, but sent an underling to say this:

"While we appreciate the damage that was done to the Restaurant, we have much better things to do with our time than playing silly berks in a flower garden. It wasn't us, OK?"

These seems to be the Sinkers' final words on the matter.

—Droni Forssen (ar)

## Ookii Rith Begins Amidst Turmoil

OUTLANDS (Xaos)—The call for 'The Ookii Rith' attracted more folks than were expected. About seven hundred beings gathered in Xaos at the beginning of the week, and nearly two hundred more drifted in the two days after. The folks turning up ranged from Agathinon to Hamatulas with mounts from all over the outer planes. Most of the competitors remained peaceful; the only really fight started between a Barbazu and a Cambion. The combatants were quickly separated, but began fighting again just after the start. As fighting is not forbidden in the race, no one interfered with the 'mini-Blood War' which resulted in a dead-booked Barbazu, and a heavily wounded Cambion limping off towards Sylvania.

—Ansas Ewald, culler (hh)

## Tabaxi Murder In Faunel

OUTLANDS (Faunel)—Three days ago near the gatetown to the Beastlands, a hunting group of seven Tabaxi were found swinging madly from the leafless tree. Tracks and debris clearly showed that the Tabaxi were killed after a wild fray, and, as the elven ranger Echeolas who found the site told us, the Tabaxi were not only killed, but literally chopped to pieces. Unfortunately, the only evidence pointing to the killer, or killers, of the Catspeople was a small piece of paper which the ranger found at the scene of the butchery.

cat's eyes  
nine lies  
—the vile hunt

As of yet, no one has comprehended the meaning of the riddle, though the Vile Hunt that signed it are fairly notorious in these parts. However, I am endeavouring to discover not only the text's meaning, but also what critical events may have occurred prior to the attack. In order to gather more information on the crime, I have assembled several investigators from Faunel including three Tabaxi, the elf Echeolas, the Sensate Madis, and myself. I will report the latest news from the occurrence, along with interviews with the locals, as soon as I return from the examination.

—Minako, Outlands culler (hh)

## Even Modrons Support SIGIS!

IN A RECENT straw poll of modrons in Sigil, it was found that the great majority thought the banning of SIGIS itself to be unlawful. Checker/Modrian was surprised at the ban: "It is illogical in extremis for one to be punished by means of withholding information for the alleged actions of another unrelated unit", the rorty cube said. Ylem of the Hive Ward said: "To not jink the dark-book is most clueless prime. When I am out of town I never fail to bob your planar screed rattling, berks!" This culler believes that to be a message of support, anyway.

[The editor is aware that both of the modrons mentioned in this article are rogues—legitimate modrons could not seem to grasp the concept of SIGIS—but does not believe this makes this piece of propaganda any less valid].

—Emergency Culler Turpentel (jw)

*Restrained and oppressed [A statement made by the Tell Regard from his kip in Tradegate.]*

*Sigilians, like myself, have always considered themselves cultured and civilised, ahead of most in the multiverse. We have all lived and died in many ways, and with the variety of creatures and customs in Sigil, we needed a way to co-exist peacefully. Three Factions took on the responsibility of establishing such a way: The Fraternity of Order created the laws, the Harmonium enforced them, and the Mercykillers applied them. All of this has proven useful in keeping the order. All was fine: if one broke the law, one paid the price, and that was that.*

*Recently one of the three law bidding factions has overstepped its authority. Word has hit the streets that the Harmonium have declared SIGIS banned. Although only a very few in the organisation have apparently abused the law, the whole newsrag is being shut down. (This may also be connected to the increasing numbers of corpses found impaled on the building spikes at the Temple of the Abyss.)*

*I would like to point out that even many "Backwater Prime Worlds" allow for freedom of the press, and are allowed to print any darks they see fit (or so I am told). Are we to assume that the Sigilians are going to be treated as less than even a "Backwater Prime"? And are we going to be told how to act and think? Has the Harmonium gone to far? Yes. The Hardheads have clearly overstepped the boundaries of their authority and purpose.*

Signed, Tell Regard

[Ed. note: Tell is a young Tiefling from the lower ward, who has been educated at a college in Tradegate. (tm)]

## Peeling Back The Multiversal Veil

by Khesto Brighteyes

### Flora And Fauna Of The Outer Planes: Styx Fish

WHILE STACKING a large pile of books the other day, all travelogues of the Lower Planes, I happened once again upon the notion that fish, real live and catchable fish, actually inhabit the foul river Styx! Flipping through some of these journals, I noticed that numerous canny planewalkers sighted small fish-sized creatures flipping up and out of the river off the side of Marraenoloth's boats. So what are these fish like that inhabit such a foul, sewer-flood like the Styx? To find out for you, gentle reader, my faithful assistant Sir Cleve and I went through all the literature we could find from the very brightest Sages of the Styx to peel back the dark on this question. (Most of this chant derives from three particular tomes: the Menagerie Most Foul by the ancient human sage Wemma Curtiz, the Catalogue of the Planes by the Modron known as T009-RT (a most ambitious work indeed!) and Lower Power by the fiend known only as Machupo.) What we discovered were some of the strangest creatures in the Multiverse.

MEMORY: This, of course, if the first thing we wondered about, but it may not be a very big issue. It turns out that very few fish have good learning skills. For instance, most cannot learn to avoid lures that look nothing like what they see in nature. Studies on fish learning show that most can learn to avoid an object with an appropriate danger stimulus. but even the tasty Yellow perch of Tir Na Og cannot even learn that! So Styx fish do not necessarily need memory skills. Besides, it is very possible that fish who live in the Styx have found a way around the memory draining effects much like the fiends that swim about those polluted waters.

SURVIVAL AND SENSES: Many nature bashers feel that the pollution of the Styx, with its corpses, blood, planar waste (from Blood War weapons factories and failed magic potions), and various other lower planar filth, would be far too much for the Styx fish to see through, let alone survive in. But these bashers are wrong. Like some species of catfish swimming through the swamps of Torch, Styx fish may be able to survive very well in highly toxic environs. And in the worst places Styx fish could probably gasp for air like lungfish! In Acheron, in particular, where the Styx doesn't stay in a riverbed, but instead flows sideways over the cube until the river changes course further upstream, having a special airbag would be key because fish could easily get stranded without water. Here lung-fish types apparently burrow into the scant river sediments until orcs & goblins dig them up, or the river returns. Some of these Styx fish could even be petrified in the more detrimental parts of the plane and lurk in the metal/stone until the water returns (though this is pretty far fetched speculation even for Machupo!).

SIGHT: Sight would be the least important sense for Styx fish, because in most places the Styx's water is so murky that light doesn't penetrate. Those rare places that are relatively clear probably have very visually acute fish. Some of them, like the archer fish, have eyes that can compensate for water/air distortion and accurately attack prey/victims that are not in the water. In the worst stretches of the Styx, fish either develop bright lights, or lose sight entirely. Some species might be completely eyeless. Others

have light amplifying eyes like the Baatorian wallthroat, and dual (above the water/below the water) pupils like the four eyed fish, and eyes with phosphorescent patches behind them like the flashlight fish. (Some of the sages even say that a few Styx fish have unique eyes not unlike fish on the Prime that have raised or stalked eyes.)

SMELL AND TASTE: To some catfish these are the most important senses. Many Styx fish, like some catfish, have tastebuds on their skin. In regions where it's non-toxic (to the fish) organic substances are abundant (near the mouth of the river of blood for example). Styx fish swim with their mouths open feeding on the ambient nutrients. Again, like catfish, Styx fish are sometimes drawn to scents that repulse most planars. (Blood, rotting meat, etc.)

HEARING: Since sound travels better through water, Styx fish have excellent hearing.

TOUCH: Some Styx fish feel with barbels on their face.

VIBROSENSE: Almost all fish have a lateral line running down their sides. This line detects vibrations in the water. The fish who feels these vibrations then acts upon them. (defence responses, attacking prey, etc.)

#### Feeding Strategies

FILTER FEEDERS: Instead of filtering plankton, some Styx fish filter blood and other organics from the river.

PREDATORS: Many Styx fish hunt down their prey with lethal precision. They often use built in luring methods such as, "fishing pole appendages", lights, fins that look like fish, and appearing as something of value (such as a portal key). Other Styx fish wait in ambush for their prey, or follow the Blood War armies. Some attack en masse with powerful jaws that are so deadly they can rip the skin off a fiend in seconds! You thought the loss of memories for you entire life was bad? Ha!

HERBIVORES AND OMNIVORES: Since plants are either rare or dangerous in the Lower Planes, the herbivores tend to be rare (and often dangerous). The omnivores have the best of both worlds. These are most often encountered as fish who don't care what they eat, not fish that eat both meat and plants (since plants are rare in many Lower Planes.)

SCAVENGERS: The corpses of dead fiends feed many a fish.

PARASITES AND OTHER FEEDING TYPES: Lampreys and other blood suckers occur more often than one would think. (especially with rivers of blood and bleeding dead fiends ending up in the Styx.) Other fish are like the cookie cutter shark which uses its unique mouth to cut out a nice circular slice from its victim.

CAMOUFLAGE: Styx fish usually have protective colouration (those that don't tend to be toxic). Often looking weedy or rocky. Others change colour like a chameleon due to chromatopores. Some blend in perfectly with the bottom, yet have toxic spines clueless people can step on. (The loss of memory for a day is certain in after stepping on one of these!)

BREEDING: Depending on the species, Styx fish may or may not migrate to breed, lay eggs, change gender, or build nests. Any prime fish breeding behaviour is found in the Styx and a few extra ones with evil twists exist as well.

#### Nasty Fish From The Styx

STYGIAN ANGLER: This nasty fish has raised eyes to see out of the water when its body is submerged. It has a flexible pole-like structure that rises from its forehead. The end of this can be changed to resemble any product, usually a spell or power key. This fish hides using its chromatopores until a victim is lured into range, then it attacks.

CANIAN COLD FISH: The fish of Cania (Baator) have high sugar content in their blood to prevent freezing. They cough up ice crystals to keep their gills from freezing. These fish are harmless to most beings larger than a rat. Baatezu have learned however that their skin contains a toxin that can put a living victim into a zombie-like state. (Not undead, just under the baatezu's control. Funny how that works out, eh?)

RAVAGER OF SHOALS: Many who buy passage on the marraenoloths skiffs comment on "the nice little fishes following the boat." Little do they realise (especially those who encourage them by purposefully throwing food to them) that these planar piranha are a major food source of something much worse, The Ravager Of Shoals. Ravagers are large, nasty, fast moving fish. They look like a cross between a tuna and a barracuda. They move fast, strike hard, and are large. Aggressive ravagers leap from the Styx to attack people on the rafts as well. To a ravager meat is meat. Giant ravagers also exist. They mainly eat smaller ravagers but also capsizes boats and feed upon their passengers.

THROAT LURKER: The throat lurker is nasty. Living proof never to drink the water of the Lower Planes. Throat lurkers are small, barely noticeable, fish which can puff up like blowfish. They also extend their fin spines. This tends to cause the fish to lodge in the drinkers throat. The fish then proceeds to eat at the victims throat from the inside.

Well, Sir Cleve and I hope you learned something from this, especially if you are planning a trip "down under". Cheers!  
(jj & sk)

BOUNTY  
OFFERED

A substantial bounty is hereby offered by the Harmonium to anyone who can retrieve the Prime sod who escaped our clutches at the gate-town of Bytopia. Anyone who is interested in the job should show up in the City Barracks in the Lady's Ward as soon as possible. We want the troublemaker secured quickly and do not have enough forces to deal with the problem as fast as we would wish. Experienced planewalkers capable with swords or magic are especially likely to find success.

Call for Mover Ragan Cley in the City Barracks for more information. (hh)

To the people of Sigil:

I would like to make it clear from the start that this is not an official Doomguard press release.

That said, I would like to offer my condolences to the staff of the recently disbanded newsrag, *SDQDS*. You bloods were among the best group of professional journalists that I ever had the pleasure of working with. Since your first issue, your work has been informative, somewhat accurate, and very often entertaining. It was from working with several of your callers that I decided to stop my planewalking, and hold up my kip in the Armoury.

However, all things, Good or Evil, must come to an end. That is the way of Entropy, and that is the way your rag has gone. Do not despair, for this is how it should be, and this is where the ultimate Fate has decided to take you. Only be thankful that it was not so violent as many another end has been.

But your peaceful fate shall not be shared by your antagonists. You were great favorites with our Lady Pentar, and she has never truly liked the Hardheads anyway. The public has a right to know what their police unit is doing, and suppression of information is among the greatest crimes known in the multiverse! Entropy will come for those responsible. Harmonium: consider yourselves warned.

Again, we will miss *SDQDS*'s coverage of the goings on in the Outer Planes. Good luck, and may Entropy be kind to all of you.

Sincerely,  
Sir Twist, Decay Knight  
Doomguard Public Relations

(st)

## Sophia Moves To Xaos Kollege

Audiences at performances of **Sophia** (see review) have been so overwhelming that the oratorio will now run **an additional month**, leading up to **Hopetide**, at the **Xaos Kollege** in the **Lady's Ward**.

The Kollege, which seats four times as many as the former venue of St. Azrael's, is **owned by the Xaoticians** sect, and hiring fees are a major source of income for them.

**Zaromex the Artist**, a founder-member, said that the booking was very useful, and that he also thought the **music of Tuleman Ralesil 'showed an intimate understanding of scientific chaos and complexity'**.

We hope this was meant as a compliment.

(ar)

# Sophia Is A Wise Choice

SIGIL—St. Azrael's church in the Rue Morgue has been packed to the doors this week for the first performances of Tuleman Ralesil's new oratorio *Sophia*. Among those present were many Sensates, including Phazielle and Conina Stormweather. This surprised many, who had thought the Sensates would boycott the Archonite concerts over the continuing disagreement about the Aphrodisia. But anyone who attended performances could see why they came.

The oratorio is a majestic choral work, and the High Sigilian Orchestra and Singers, directed by the composer himself, performed magnificently as did the soloists who delighted the audiences with their skill. The oratorio is a setting of many Archonite sacred texts about the hope of the coming of wisdom, and many who had heard this concept beforehand anticipated a dull, slowly-paced work in Classical Common. Those critics should have been pleasantly surprised to find the whole piece sung in Modern Common and packed with lively music.

The evening opened with the wide-ranged tiefling Gudrun Eisenteufel, and the dwarven

contralto Rebekah Hause, singing 'Who will enlighten us' in a moving duet. From then on, the performance was one of unalloyed delight as all four soloists gave demonstrations of their art that will enable many to forget the dreary Lazzini operas that have dominated the musical scene recently. The climax, a mass choral piece entitled 'Behold Wisdom', was a dramatic example of what can be accomplished with talented performers and a good score, and was enhanced still further by the fine acoustics of St. Azrael's church.

Here's what others who have been to a performance have said:

"It's something quite new."—Mover One Laizek Lai  
"Ralesil's done remarkable things with what I originally said."—Unity-of-Rings

"Three hours of sheer delight!"—Hilde Larsdottir

—Marcie Vantz, Arts correspondent

[Erratum: SIGIS regrets the misspelling of Tuleman Ralesil's last name as "Ralesi" in the last issue. We can only offer the lame excuses of tight deadlines and chaos imps in the scribe machine.] (ar)

# Archonites Announce New Cathedral

SIGIL—Three days after the last SIGIS went to press, the Archonites revealed the details of their synod held at Tradeigate recently. Speaking at an arranged conference, the Reverend Julia Spesinfracta, suffragan bishop of Sigil, delivered the following statement:

"The United Archonite Church is pleased to announce that a new archdiocese is to be created. The Diocese of Sigil will consist exclusively of the City of Doors, and will be administered from within the city, replacing the existing management of Sigilian affairs from Excelsior. It is my duty also to announce that I am to be elevated to the rank of Archbishop of Sigil. I must say that I am flattered by this great honour, which I do not deserve.

"To mark the creation of the new diocese, a cathedral is to be built here in Sigil. The Fraternity of Order has granted us the use of a plot of land close to the rim of the city for this purpose, and construction will begin as soon as possible. St. Azrael's church will be used as temporary cathedral until then. The dedication of the new cathedral has yet to be decided upon. It is hoped that the residents of the city, and especially of the Lady's Ward where the construction will be, will assist and support us in our work."

A lay spokesman then stood and added these words:

"The new archbishop will be personally installed in St. Azrael's church on the first day of Hopetide this year by the Supreme Pontiff (Editor's note: Angelusmisit XXXIV) in person, accompanied by at least two holy celestials. The service will, unfortunately, be for invited guests only, although public Hopetide services will take place in St. Azrael's at other times, and also at our other churches in the city, as usual."

The Harmonium (who apparently knew the content of this announcement beforehand) are already said to be planning an elaborate security operation to protect the dignitaries who will be attending. They also seem to take the invitation of Factol Sarin for granted.

The Sensates now realise what the Revd. Miss Spesinfracta meant last week by the clash of Hopetide with the Aphrodisia being especially inconvenient this year. It is, of course, utterly improbable that Factol Montgomery will be invited to the installation. No official Sensate spokesman was available for comment, although there's some general discomfort evident amongst the faction at this news.

—Blondie Bluthheim (ar)

## The Rule Of Four

Cutters! Come on down to **Charred Lane** in the **Lower Ward** and **visit** the newest and most fantastical **alehouse, festhall, chant-kip** and **planar wonder** in the Cage! **The Rule of Fours** is the grand creation of the **famous elemental planewalker Fireforge**. He's used his intimate knowledge of the Elemental Planes of Air, Earth, Fire and Water to create the **most stunning, out-of-touch bub-house** in the Cage! Every other level of Fireforge's enormous case is devoted to one of the Elemental Planes. Come and feel the raging heat of **fire**, swim in the endless **water**, dig into the claustrophobic **earth**, and float away on the windy breezes of **air**! Fireforge makes his kip touch on all the Elemental planes and infuses their energy into his case for your entertainment and experience. You can even see the shadow marks of living beings in the Elemental Planes as you sip your flaming liquor from Torch!

Don't miss the experience, described by one Sensate as  
"**better than an thousand recorder stones!**"

Cover is 2j at the door.

(Responsibility not accepted for any injury. Enter at own risk.)

(sk)



## Proxy Gets Torqued Over Mysterious Plane

### Part I

**IT'S LIKE THIS:** I'm a peery tout, I may look like a gully but I'm really the "ant" in the chant, see. No one thinks nothing of me, so that's how I know the dark. And here's what I know. It was last week, just after Tarsheva had that blow out with Shemeshka at the Fortunes Wheel. Some proxy had bubbled himself up and wanted to take his friends out the door and off to their kip on Hull Street.

How do I know he was a proxy? You'd know it too, basher, if you'd seen the way his mouth sneered. It was a bit too big for his head, with lips red like the colour of fresh spilled blood. There was an aura too, coming from the skull-tipped wand in his hand. I can manage basic divination, thank you.

So he and his friends curse me and say where they want to go and we're off. His bone-box is going like he wants to impress his leeches and he's wigwagging about the Musée Arcane and spittin' fire and brimstone. He mentioned the Ordial Plane, and that's when I knew where to park my ears.

This is it: some really high-ups are hot like the slopes of Gehenna and are looking for Magnum Opus

and her kip. He was talking foul about anyone twiggling to the idea of an Ordial Plane between the Inner and Outer. He garbled some mindless screed about comparing it to a direct connection between the top and bottom of something.

You want me to explain it? Well that's not what I do, I'm just a chant-seller. And a hidey-tricksy one at that. But I know where they kip and can get well lanned on what they'll do next.

### Part II

**IT'S ME, THE GOBLIN.** I did what you told me and followed the high-ups to their kip. Don't bleed your eyes over this little tiefling, no one or nothing saw me. I'm a hidey-tricksy tout that puts the ant in "Chant", and can get well-lanned about any impossibility.

So after that proxy with the nasty sneer (a bit too wide for his face, with lips the colour of fresh spilled blood) crowded to his leeches about Magnum Opus and the Ordial Plane, I found a spot to park my ears. There's no alley between his pile and the next, just a bit of space like a welcome mat to Sigil. It was filled with slime from the Foundry, the never-ending drizzle of Our Lady of Pain, the black razor-vine growing up both structures and half a dozen cranium rats. I hate cranium rats. But there was a crusted window part of the way down and I made for it.

I'm not telling you how long it took to hack down the vine so I could crawl to the window. But I'll need a new chiv, and this rag better pay for it. Bob me once and I can find your liver. Did I mention the smell? Like sulphur and the hinder parts of a Glabrezu.

So I've ledged myself and can make out an image or two, vague with the candlelight, through the slime and silt. Call me barmy or a bit too peery, but I swear the vines around me were turning toward the window as well. The rats below were trying to sleep me, but I'm blood enough to pay that no mind.

Now the proxy and the rest are using a tongue I never heard. It's all an "Ash nazg durbatuluk" and that harsh nonsense, so I risked it. They had bubbled themselves up at the Fortunes Wheel so maybe they wouldn't notice: I used one of those tricks I have and did what I had to do. I wish now I never did. This chant no one should tumble to. This is why canny spivs are afraid of the dark.

I'm a note away from paying the music right now, covered like an ooze-mephit from the Foundry silt and the drizzle. Get this slice of shadow in the rag, I'll spill the dark when I know it's safe. I'm getting Out of Town right now. (dc)



## Meagan's Children

**NIAMH DAN Y DWR**, a planewalker retired due to leg injury, living with her brother and his wife, told me the following story...

There is a long road that runs between my village and the next I dinna travel it often as a girl, but lately, Robbie's been taking it to see an old woman for his Eilean. She's ill, with her third bairn in two years the other two were still-born and Robbie's desperate now. Eilean would give anything for a son an' she knows it, but she cannot recall one moment to the next in her state.

I travel now with Robbie sometimes, to keep him away from the snake-oil dealers and the stags selling cure-alls. What's a village without a Priestess? Poor, is what. But Robbie can't stand to see his lovely wife so miserable, so he's willing to try anything. Anything! Even snake oil and cure-all. Nothing that would work, anyway. He wouldn't listen to me, anyway. He hasn't listened to me since Father died. That's another story.

The road was long enough that it was a two-day journey to the next village. We had to sleep under the sky. Stars are things on prime worlds, and moons, but the sky overhead dimmed until it was dark like the moon hid behind a cloud.

I had made this journey with Robbie twice so far, to see if the nearest village had a Priestess visiting. They never bothered with our little thing. Nobody could afford it. But Robbie could I don't know how, but he could, so he visited the village as often as he could get away from the fields.

This third time is the one I'm talking about. Chalk it up to the Rule of Threes if you like, but what happened this night has been happening long before someone pinned it down with a name and some math or logic.

In Tir Na Og, brownies and pixies and sprites and those creatures live a little bit closer to the creatures that named them, and so they've retained more of their truth. Brownies are house sprites that invade and disrupt, but if you feed them and clothe them they'll do your sweeping and milking before the mistress ever stirs. But if you try to see them or thank them, they'll wreck your house and disappear before you can think.

There is one named Wild Meagan. Mother told me of her, when I was young, so she was just a story for the most part. Meagan had a baby boy, sickly and ugly, colicky like a sour horse and poor of disposition. She switched it, as ones like her (though she's not a brownie I cannot remember what Mother called her) are apt to do. She switched her baby with that of Lily Hughes', the night Brian Hughes was born. Of course, Lily knew what had happened the morning she woke up to find a six-month-old changeling colicking in Brian's crib. What she didn't know was how to fix it.

Lily was the sweetest girl you'd ever meet. She could turn sour milk into cream and gentle horses because she was so gentle. Lily didn't know what to do except take the changeling for her own. She named him Patrick and raised him as hers. Her husband loved Pat like his own son, though he was sad the boy was not his. Pat grew up fey and wild, but he loved Lily and her husband and it never crossed him that he was different. However, he never called Lily Mother or her husband Father. He had an uncanny ability with a set of reed pipes. He could charm a ↗

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# Meagan's Children

tune from just about anything you could blow into, but on a reed pipe, he was uncanny.

The poor boy just looked different. He was always smaller, with fine features and slender bones. His hair grew long to hide his pointed ears, but nothing could hide his tilted eyes and pale complexion. He tried Lily hard some times, but she was always patient and gentle, and her husband never lifted a hand against that boy, ever.

One day, a strange woman knocked on Lily's door. When she opened it, she asked after Patrick, even though Lily had never sent him to the village, for school or errands, nor to any of the farm gatherings and festivals. How this woman knew of her fey son, she didn't know. But she asked after Patrick, finally demanding to see him, and when she stormed into the house and found the boy smiling faintly and playing the pipes, she relaxed and said in a scraping voice, "My gratitude is yours. I have come for my son."

At that point, Patrick looked up. He saw the old woman and broke out laughing wildly. He cast down his pipe and leapt out his first-floor window, and ran leaping over their fields until he disappeared. Lily broke down crying, and the old woman disappeared.

Lily never did see her true son, or Patrick, ever again. For all their years after, their farm was prosperous and fertile, but Lily never had another child and they never saw Meagan again. Their prosperity was due to Meagan's gratitude, I suppose.

I've always wondered after the point of that story. Others like it taught me not to run widdershins around a church, or to step through or break a faerie ring, and to never approach a cross-roads at dusk or dawn. But this one was just a sad fable of a woman who lost both her sons to the faerie, and there was nothing she could do.

At the time I learned that story, Robbie had been off bashing about Edward with a pot-metal blade and a buckler. Much good that did him. Now, I knew the sound of the pipes coming from the forest off the road that night, and I knew that when Robbie got up not to go after him. I didn't, of course. Whatever Robbie bargained with Wild Meagan or whoever played those pipes that night, it was none of my business.

He stumbled out of the forest at dawn, looking dazed and drunk, but smiling faintly and looking mysteriously pleased. I didn't ask.

"We can go home," he said faintly, kicking his bedding into a roll and stuffing it into his pack.

"Suits me," I said, shrugging. My feet were weary. Not my body, my feet.

"I'll have a son," he said after a while down the road. "Eilean will be so pleased... she's wanted a son."

"Eilean would rather have a daughter," I said crossly. I don't know why I was cross. Perhaps I was curious. "You're the one who wants a son."

He nodded agreeably, obviously not having heard me, and we walked along home in silence.

Nine months later, Eilean's bairn was a sickly, ugly, pale changeling child no more natural than Lily's boy Patrick. But I watched Eilean birth it it had the ears and the eyes, and it didn't cry, nor did it ever after. Eilean loved him dearly and named him Brian, after her grandda. I wondered about that name. Robbie loved him because he was a boy.

I watched them raise Brian like any other human boy save that they never could take him to the village nor let him join the festivals. He grew into a young man, a fey young man with pale blond hair and icy blue eyes, thin, birdlike bones, wiry strength and uncanny dexterity. Brian played the flute like he was

born with one beneath his nose. He could charm birds out of trees, and then he broke their wings and locked them in the barn with the cats.

Eilean loved him, cared for him, gentled him as best she could, though as he got older, it became more and more clear that he would not take after Robbie and pick up a sword for the village militia, nor would he set out to see the Planes, or anything of that sort. The boy grew older, and though he looked no older than ten or so, he was more than twenty. He was not strong enough to help on the farm, and he had a voracious appetite, and no matter how sweet Eilean was and how kind Robbie was, the boy stayed sour and wild, miserably fey in a human household.

For those twenty years, Robbie's farm grew prosperous and they became very rich. He could afford to rent me a cottage in the village and keep me well, though my leg kept me from riding out very often to visit. That suited Robbie, I suppose I had tried once to tell him the story of Meagan and Lily, but he had none of it, as usual.

One year, a priestess came through, and she healed my leg. I had long ago stopped wishing for it to be healed, so that I could run off and hurt myself again. I was content to travel the Outlands while Robbie prospered and forgot about that night on the long road.

## StopPress

## Planewalkers Perish In Performance Tests

SIGIL (Lower Ward)—Several experienced planewalkers wrote themselves in the dead-book after undertaking strenuous physical and mental tests in preparation for an expedition to the Elemental Plane of Earth. The tests were the brain-child of a Fated dwarf named Forgefair who was arranging the journey to the Plane, and needed the tests to select and prepare proper candidates for the trip. "These tests were made to be challenging, it's true, but I gave fair warning in my advert that only the hardest bashers need apply and that the tests were strenuous," said Forgefair. "Those berks that died came in a little too cocky I think, and that got them 'hung from the tree' so to speak. I must point out that the Fraternity [of Order] checked out the course beforehand and gave it the ok. I guess those poor sods just weren't up to it."

Apparently, the three lost planewalkers, Raj, Tika and Belal, had spent quite a lot of time out of town, though very little out of touch. They had just returned from a somewhat perilous trip to the Dwarven Mountain from which they apparently surmised that they were ready for a tougher journey to the Plane of Earth. Unfortunately for them, they proved far from ready to tackle Forgefair's trial of fire. "Seein' as how cooked they were, I figure the mage must've panicked in the tunnel when the lava flow came through. Too bad really; it's hard to find good rock wizards these days. There's still a pile of jink to be uncovered out there in the Earth, and the offers are still open just like before. As the Factol [Darkwood] always says, a true cutter comes prepared!"

(sk)

I came home years later to find Robbie's creek dry, his barn in ruins and his thatch rotting down. He was unshaven and drunk, and Eilean had sickened and died a year earlier. Brian was no where to be seen, but slowly, I got the story out of Robbie.

"That night on the road, Niamh. That night, you were right not to follow me. I met her. I saw her. That woman. You told me of her once. I thought of the story, but I thought it would be different... She came for him, but not in gratitude, Niamh. She came because I struck him..."

Robbie died a few months later. I gathered more of the same stories all the Land of Youth and even a little beyond that border, and they were much the same. It was just enough different each time for the person to believe their case would be different. It wasn't always Meagan, either. Sometimes it was a woman named Mae, or Brown something, I can't remember in that case.

Robbie's violence cost him Meagan's gratitude. I suppose the faerie got overeager at having another sweet child and gave Robbie and Eilean their reward before she collected the child, rather than coming for him as she did with Lily.

I've never learned where the switched children go, or what becomes of the changelings. They cannot be normal, no matter where they go—human raised faeries and faerie raised humans. Though I am searching for them, I doubt I'll ever find them. (rdk)

## Assassination Attempt Ultimately Ends in Failure

THE MORTUARY has just released word that the attempted assassination on their speaker Jergoth Rauhic failed, despite wounding him gravely. As soon as he recovers completely, he has agreed to give an exclusive, and extensive, interview to a SIGIS culler. However, another reliable source within the faction claims a different set of events occurred: Jergoth Rauhic was already dead when they brought him to the Mortuary. When he arrived was hurried away to the faction's Citadel on the Negative Energy Plane. In order to check this chant, I entered the Mortuary where I saw the spokesman standing and looking quite well. Thus, it appears that the assassination attempt did indeed fail, for the Dustmen are not known for not reviving their dead (this despite the information from our "reliable" source.)

SIGIS will investigate further and bring you more on this subject next issue...if there is one... (d)

## Brain Dead In The Hall Of Records

SIGIL (Clerk's Ward)—The body of a clerk was found in the Hall of Records last night. Although the Fated have failed to give a comment, an inside contact has said that the clerk wasn't in the deadbook, but very much alive. We uncovered few details, but one thing is known: the clerk was found staring wide eye at the ceiling with a very pained expression on his/her face. Details about who the clerk is have not been released, but my source revealed that the victim is on their way to the Gatehouse for some possible psionic treatment. This reporter will follow up with a trip to the Gatehouse for more facts. I didn't bother trying to question the Harmonium for obvious reasons. (tm)

# SIGILS

**Issue 19 Year 1**

**Price: 2 Stingers**

**Third Week of Tithing**

## **Martial Law Declared**

**SIGIL (Hive Ward)**—Chaos erupted violently throughout the Hive Ward this past week as tensions between Jangling Hiter refugees and Anthill natives (Xaositects in particular) boiled over into ward-wide riots. Clash and clatter could be found everywhere in the ward, from the banks of the Ditch to the heaps of the Slags. The worst fighting seemed centred in the jumble of the Hive itself, where dozens of groups of 'Hitters attempted to wrest living and working space from the Xaositects.

It is believed that this last attempt at aggressive squatting sparked the other riots throughout the ward. It remains unclear as to who attacked whom first, although few in the Cage seem to be siding with the reviled Jangling Hiter refugees. (see previous SIGIS articles in issues 12, 14). Xaositects, Dustmen, and Bleakers alike have all spoken out against 'Hiter rudeness and aggression, and little sympathy seems forthcoming from the factions based elsewhere in the Cage. Said Bleaker Twyla Slough, "Sodding cause-ridden 'Hitters! It's pointless to even try and list all the ways those Baator-dwelling berks cause trouble." Interviewed from the bursting birdcages within the Court's holding areas, one unnamed 'Hiter told his story in fractured cant: "How were we supposed to know there was any cut-ups living there? Them ratholes just looked like abandoned, stinking kippers! We was gonna build 'em up into nice, safe case-houses, right? Then these barney Chaos-er people just came jumpin' through the ceiling, callin' us 'berks' and 'clueless' and all sorts of foul insults. Well, what else could we do? A bloody-blood's gotta defend his boonies, right?" The berk was then summarily stitched by a Red Death guard.

In an emergency session, the Speaker's Hall declared martial law soon after Xaositects reported (via notes attached to live turkeys thrown into the Hall) their Faction headquarters under attack. Under Guvner prompting, forces of order were given permission to use all necessary tactics to scrag the rioters.

Lesser experienced Harmonium troops massed along the Slags and the Ditch, the most notable borders of the Hive, to prevent unauthorised entry and exit to the ward. They were aided by great numbers of loyal Guvner namers and several squads of Sensates looking to see what it felt like to be part of an army. Scuffles were reported along the Ditch as

scattered gangs of Doomguard attempted to cross the bridges into the Hive to escalate the looting and rioting.

Truly hardened Hardheads, Mercykillers, and hired mercenaries were joined by spontaneously appearing groups of Ciphers in case-to-case scouring of the ward. The newly inducted kyton Mercykiller troops made the largest impression on the rampaging 'Hitters, while the Ciphers concentrated on protecting what few innocents could be found on the ward's crooked streets.

The Hardheads, Mercykillers and kytons viciously attacked any and all concentrations of Hiver citizenry they came across. Reports streamed in of deadman's trees sprouting in the alleys, laced with writhing chains that strangled any who came near. Mercykillers, given free reign by the Speaker's dubious pronouncement of martial law, were bent on scragging or killing every suspected miscreant in the ward, which in their eyes seemed to be every sod in the place!

While the Hardheads concentrated on clearing the currimushy around the 'important' cases of the ward, like the faction headquarters and the Hive Ward Central Court, the kyton Mercykiller inductees slaughtered scores in the streets. Only the

intervention of the resident factions and the Ciphers prevented a true holocaust, and bad blood is expected to flow from this incident for some time to come. (see culler Rood's editorial comments later this issue—Ed.)

The Bleeders, an up-and-coming sect known either as the Society or Association of Pain, surprised many by contributing to the preservation of the Hive. Barbed namers formed bucket brigades in the Marble District to fight the many arson fires lit during the week and many suffered horrific burns or were nearly drowned in the effort.

A Martyr spokes-hobbit, Hartz Twellinger, said, "We're thinking about opening up a fire-house in Sigil, to try and raise folks' awareness of our beliefs. See, nothin's more painful than fire and icy cold water, and with a fire-house, common sods can see how necessary pain is in their lives."

The common sods of the Hive Ward have now had an excellent education in pain, taught mostly at the ends of Hardhead and Mercykiller swords. The damage done from the Jangling Hiter refugees was compounded twice over by the so-called forces of order, and many Cagers of conscience are now calling for an extended investigation into the whole affair.

—Gert Rood, *Hive Ward culler*  
(Mr. N)

## **River Styx Dammed**

**BAATOR (Stygia)**—Here in Stygia, the 5th layer of Baator, an audacious feat worthy of the Planes' most incredible engineering projects has been completed. The River Styx, often rumoured to originate in the vast frozen oceans of Stygia, has been dammed and diverted by a huge force of baatezu. The dam, named the Malevallum by its builders, sits at the edge of baatific influence on the layer. Here, in the ice canyons that channel the Styx off into other planes, the Styx gathers in its fastest rushing currents. The fog in this area forms from river spray, and is enough in itself to wipe an incautious berk's memories.

Normally, only the lowliest or most disfavoured baatezu are assigned to the guard posts in the many fortresses ringing the Styx's entry and exit from Baator on Stygia. But today, mighty armies toil there

in an effort that literally shakes the ground. The Malevallum stands over a mile in height, and while it is situated within one of the more narrow canyons, one still cannot see the far side while standing at an end of the dam. There are no locks and no valves in the massive black wall, and its thickness (easily thrice that of a mortal castle) indicates this is no temporary measure. This bulwark was built to completely obstruct the river, not harness it.

Apparently, baatezu high-ups have chosen to block this entry port into their realm. The project has been shrouded in almost total secrecy, and the resources put into it smack of Blood War tactics. The dark of its construction has gone unmentioned even to the best-lanned of whistles sages and only fortunate happenstance has brought the damming to

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## River Styx Dammed Clarion Derives "Free" Speech To Hall Of Speakers

light. However, newly appointed task force overseer Pollus Windscream, (formerly of Cornugon status and overseer of the now-defunct Jangling Hiter of Baator's 3rd layer, Minauros) was willing to spread some chant about his role in the great undertaking.

Windscream, a gelugon in charge of coating the land-locked sections of the Malevallum with an unclimbable layer of ice, indicated that, as usual with baatezu actions, the obvious answer was incorrect. "No," he clicked, "the Dam's just a side-effect of what we're after here. The tanar'ri never get this far in the [Blood] War, and the forts here defend Baator well."

"Besides," he complained, "do you think a new promotion like me'd be put in charge of something that critical to the war effort? Hah! Not sodding likely! Those filth-ridden pit fiends save all the high-up jobs for themselves!" (Ed. note: We are sure Mr. Windscream meant no offence by this remark.) Windscream declined to speak farther on the subject, or about the mysterious activities surrounding Jangling Hiter, his previous posting. (Ed. note—see SIGIS issue 16, "Ritual Sacrifices Mark Jangling Hiter Grave") He would say only, "Scan the work in the channel if you want to know the real dark of this; that's where all the pit fiends lay about."

The major new channel Windscream mentioned marches straight from the Malevallum to Ankhwugaht, the realm of the dreaded power, Set. None of the Styx's effluvium yet flows through this new canal, but it is clear that at some point in the near future, a veritable onslaught of Styx-water will pour into the Realm of the Midnight Desert. Nekrotheptis Skorpios, proxy of Set, graciously allowed entry into the Realm and spoke sparingly of the mighty canal which Baatezu are even now carving deeper and deeper into the desert of Ankhwugaht.

"Be assured, mortal," he said, "that nothing occurs under the shadow of the Black Pyramid that was not ordained by Great Set himself. If the Styx flows through the Domain of the Dead, it is only because Set wills it."

Skorpios refused to elucidate any reasons for allowing the channel's passage and seemed nervous when interrogated on the topic. He ended the tour when questions started to become uncomfortable. However, a glimpse of the work-in-progress was obtained before Skorpios' hospitality became strained. Pit fiends do indeed labour vigorously in the baking heat of Ankhwugaht, pushing lesser fiends to complete the canal. It thrusts deep into the hottest, driest parts of Set's realm. In the great salt flats, where nothing grows but the Blossom of Desert's Night, myriad baatezu dig and claw their way through the alkaline sands. While no participant in this project was willing to speak of the purpose behind it all, reasonable speculations can be made. If Windscream's chant is accurate, and the Malevallum is meant only to divert the flow of the Styx into Ankhwugaht, then one must wonder at the state of diplomatic affairs between the Prince Levistus, the ruler of Stygia, and Set.

Are the two popular evil forces at odds with one another? Do the Baatezu plan to unite dry, anomalous Ankhwugaht with the rest of the frozen, oceanic Stygia? Do the persistent rumours of the effects of the Blossom of Desert's Night have anything to do with the canal?

Further research will tell the tale.

—by *Malacyst Mord, Whistles Culler*  
(Mr. N)

"MY LORDS, Ladies, Gentlemen, and others. As Factol Terrance has just so elegantly explained, the restriction of the press is one of the great injustices of modern Sigilian society. I have here a copy of a publication with which I think you are all familiar. <Holds up latest SIGIS. Ripple of comment runs around the chamber.> Before any of our worthy Harmonium officers attempt to arrest me for possessing this seemingly harmless piece of paper, I'd assure them that this is an expunged copy, presented to me by Jasmin Tealybuck, M3, as a visual aid. I have seen the complete issue, for one was anonymously delivered to me. I turned it over to the authorities. To whoever gave me that news sheet, my thanks.

But it is a poor situation when such a simple and valuable thing as knowledge becomes illegal to distribute. What do we learn from our copies of SIGIS, or, for that matter, of the Tempus, the Liber Fraternitatis, or any other publication in this city? Hopefully, only the truth. Certainly this article here could not be regarded as anything but. It's a review of Ralesil's Sophia. Can someone please explain to me what's so dangerous about a review of a new musical sensation that it requires the publishing journal to be banned? Can it be that the lyrics contain antisocial matter?

It would not matter if they did, but as it happens Sophia contains many an espousal of Harmonium values such as international, interplanar, interracial brotherhood. Perhaps it is insignificant. But how many of the factols and factors here have now not been to see the piece? Can it be, then that the venues are unacceptable? That the singers are somehow unwanted? Or that the tone of the piece is inflammatory? Why, then, may we not hear of it?

And then this article here describes how the Harmonium have detected infiltrators. It has not, of course, escaped my notice that this article gets high billing in my expunged version of SIGIS. For those of you of an analytical mind, I question how the law banning this paper may even be coherent if a moigno still writes for it. It's true! I can see incredulous faces in the public gallery, so I'll explain: a moigno has voluntarily published a statistical report in this

allegedly-illegal volume. But such quibbles are sophistry compared to the main point: the Harmonium, for all its professed good intentions, has overstepped the mark. In the original copy of this SIGIS was a letter from no less a personage than Zimmimar of the Dark Eight. Now I shall not be giving away any great secrets if I reveal that I have neither patience nor time for their excellencies the Eight. But I would still rather that I and others could hear their views and opinions than not. I rely on information every day. So do you all. The flow of facts, in fact, is the lifeblood of the city. That and opinions, which we are further denied. The whole letters column has been removed from this copy.

I have here a survey, which I took the liberty of conducting the moment I heard of the banning of SIGIS. It is signed by the following (please identify yourselves if you're here): Archbishop-elect, the Right Reverend Lady Julia Spesinfracta; Factol Terrance; Factol Darkwood; My Lady Montgomery; Ely Cromlich, who took time off from investigating the Modron March and rebutting the accusations of murder against his faction to sign this, so important did he feel it to be; Unity-of-Rings; Laurelli Tantarella; Sven Larsson, a representative of the city's svart-alfar community; and Checker/Modrian. I think this is a reasonable sample of the present movers and shakers in the city. You cannot fail to observe that I have been impartial: many of my political opponents have gladly signed it. Thank you, Cirily, I'm aware that you didn't. So I put it to the Hall, that we should immediately have a vote of no confidence in the Harmonium's handling of the SIGIS affair. If passed, this will give us a legal mandate to resist the Harmonium and to put into action the process of relegalisation. If it will be any help, I volunteer myself to act as censor of any especially sensitive information that any newspaper in this city obtains in future.

I believe I have rather overshot my appointed speaking time, so I'll now step down and allow Mover Three Jasmin Tealybuck to say a few words."

—*Transcribed by Daemon Chaas, political culler*  
(ar)

## Clueless Strike Tradegate

**OUTLANDS (Tradegate)**—In the continuing saga of the primes who made such a mess of Tradegate [see SIGIS issue 17], the two clueless troublemakers got themselves an tiefling advocate named Harlar Redeyes. This cutter is known widely to be a good advocate, with just one reservation: he looks closer to the jink offered than on the hand offering it.

The case will come up for trial in a few days under Black Ogustus.

Meanwhile, the prosecutor Var'l'zchu, a famous Baatorian advocate that was trained in Grenpolis, is confident that the case will not last long even under the eyes of Black Ogustus. "The case is as clear as it can just be. Not even this cross trading sod Redeyes can find a twist here. The primes will go their way to the Red Death to receive proper punishment for sure."

On the matter of the still missing knight of the post 'Mover' Nordstar, Svily stated: "The prime is clueless which should be fairly obvious to all. Even if he escapes the law, he will most probably get lost due to his misunderstanding of the planes. You just have to look into your own newsrag where you've written the story—can anyone be more inane? And should he avoid

being written to the deadbook, he is bound to turn up in Sigil sooner or later, and then we will scrag him."

"Right now it is of no use to start a plane-spanning search for this leatherhead. Our strength is needed in Sigil to prevent the Revolutionary League from turning stag onto the merchants of the great bazaar once again."

—*Ansas Ewald, culler* (hh)

### Bounty Offered!

We offer a bounty for the **Anarchist Rie'd'lar Kutam** a.k.a. **Nordstar Svily**. This Knight of the crosstrade posed as a Harmonium namer, and caused organisational havoc through his doings as 'Mover'. We offer a **10 lodestone bits** bounty to anyone who brings back the cutter **dead**, or **15** if he is **alive**.  
**Mover Sag'na Rim, Harmonium**  
(hh)

## Top Tempus Sigilian Culler Slain

SIGIL (Lady's Ward)—Late last night in the midst of a strange green mist floating through the streets of the Lady's Ward, a group of past-peak revellers were startled to discover the severed head of an Illithid piked atop a high-up's fence. Even more startling, however, was the dark that the head belonged to none other than the Tempus Sigilian's top culler and editor, Zchtolmolkov Atinar Xoll the Third.

"When Sim [one of the revellers] first spied the flapping tentacles, we thought it was just another Chaosman joke," said Telly Faire, a human resident of the ward. "After a hard night of riotous fun at the Wheel, we were in the mood to chuckle at anything! We laughed the Lady's laugh too, until Alisa recognised the head belonged to an illithid named Xoll she'd seen at another party that same evening. When she fainted dead away, we knew this was no peel. I ran to get the Hardheads as quickly as I could."

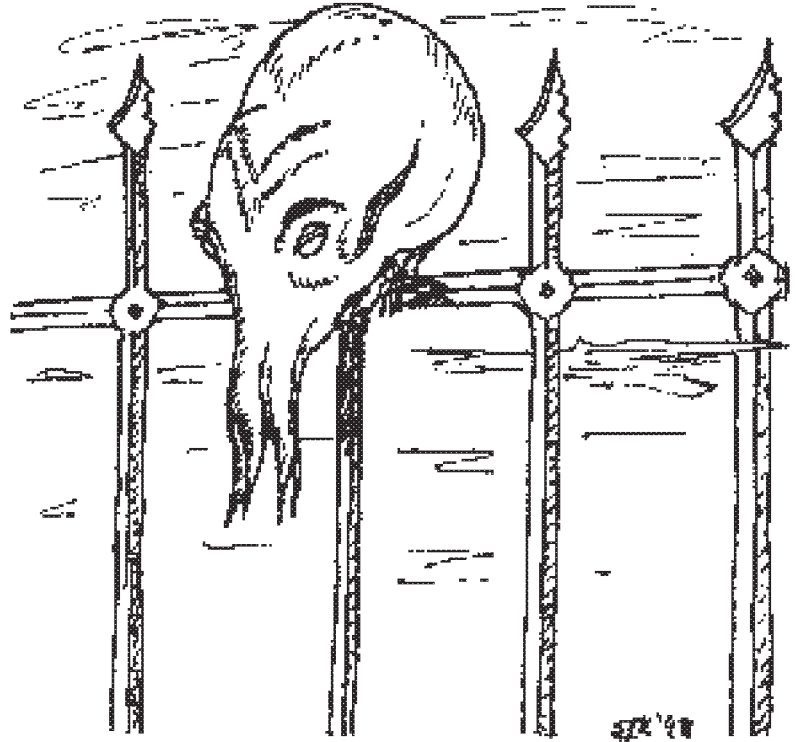
One nearby witness, a barghest ex-Merkant named Qualm, said he'd had a black cloaked trio of footpads disturb his peaceful slumber earlier that evening. "I'd been drinkin' bub me-self over there [pointing shakily to an alley near the fence] when one dem berk step on me," slurred Qualm. "Stupid sod woke me up and hurt me bad, and made me dump my bub too! I'd half a mind to run over and bite him, but he heard me grunt and stuck a poker in me face. Said I'd best keep me bone-box shut or he'd dead-book me. I did then, but I ain't gonna no more! He was some kinda githzerai basher—I hope they find him and feed him to the Wyrn!"

This, of course, suggested the trio was a band of rakkma (a githzerai illithid hunting party), though such organisations are banned in the Cage. A githzerai informant of mine told me she hadn't heard chant of any such band in the Cage recently, but she wouldn't be surprised if a rakkma made a special trip from

Limbo. "Given all the [mind] flayers walkin' the Cage these days, I wouldn't be surprised if word leaked back [to Limbo]," she said. "The odd about this, though, is that rakkma take 'flayer heads home

as trophies. But this head they left, apparently as a warning...but to whom?"

—Maija Intwood, culler (sk)



### Hopetide Services in Sigil

#### St. Azrael's, Rue Morgue

##### Quiet Eve:

6 AP: Silent meditation.

11:30 AP: Midnight prayer; first blessing of Hopetide.

##### Esperance:

2:30 BP: Installation of new archbishop. Invitation only.

6 AP: Carol service.

#### St. Sariel's, Lady's Ward

##### Quiet Eve:

7 AP: Meditation and chanting.

11:30 AP: Midnight prayer and first blessing.

##### Esperance:

5 BP: Prayer and chanting.

1 BP: Blessing and carol service.  
30m AP: Public Hopetide lunch in Xaos Kollege (next door to the church); meal 5sp, all profits to the Bleakers' soup kitchen fund.

The chapels at the Courts, the Inns of Law and the guildhalls will also be holding services: see individual posters for details.

(ar)

## Sensates Give Way

SIGIL—This week, a change in perspective seemed imminent in the continuing row over the timing of religious festivals in the Cage. Last week we reported how the Archonites' decision to create a new cathedral in Sigil had highlighted the coincident dates of Hopetide and the Aphrodisia. Since then, Factols Montgomery and Darius have been in close negotiation with the Rt. Revd. Julia Spesinfracta, and it seems that a compromise has been reached. Central to the original conflict was the decision by the Sensates, and the Temple of Aphrodite/Venus, to hold a number of public orgies on Quiet Eve, now just three weeks away. But it now emerges that it has proved possible to celebrate less erotic aspects of Aphrodite's portfolio on the days in question, and to hold the orgies some four days after Esperance (the day following Quiet Eve). Although no statement has yet been made, sources close to Erin Montgomery said that Lady Erin had been inspired with fresh respect for the Archonite faith after attending a performance of Tuleman Ralesil's Sophia at the Xaos Kollege. As the Lady Darkflame is a known follower of the arts, this is entirely plausible. The Rt. Revd. Miss Infracta's personal chaplain, Gruoch nic Arta, said that "Matters are looking greatly improved with respect to the Hopetide season. I trust that an arrangement will be reached that does not encroach upon the proper celebration of any festival." The Archonites have gone ahead and printed details of Hopetide services in the city, so they clearly believe such an end can be reached.

There was, however some dissent from orthodox Aphrodisians. Speaking at a temple meeting earlier in the week, Lesomoneia, a devi who acts as spokeswoman for the Church of Aphrodite/Venus said that there were no plans for the church itself to change the timing of their holy season. "Let the Sensates do what they will," she said, "we are not going to move. We are holding the Aphrodisia in three weeks' time because the auguries say that it's right. The entrails say then, so we hold it then. We do not wish to discuss the Archonite feast of Hopetide. Sorry."

There has been as yet no remark from either the Sensates or the Archonites on this development.

—by Blondie Bluthheim, culler (ar)

### Vermin to Exterminate!

**Adventurers** needed to go into the sewers of Sigil for an extermination of vermin. **Hazard pay** is high due to the size and variety of the vermin. **Experience preferred.**

See **Tensar's Employment Service** for details.

(t)

## Mental Attack at the Kip Ooki Rith

## Finishes In Record Time!

SIGIL—When I returned from a long night at the Gatehouse, I came to realise that my search for the brain-dead berk from the Hall of Records was a dead end (wrong use of words I know). I live in a small little hole on Tea Street in the Clerk's Ward, and never have any trouble with anyone. I guess my new involvement with SIGIS brings on all sorts of trouble. I entered through the front door like normal and walked into the living room. It was still a few hours until light and the room was dark.

"You wish to know the dark about that berk in the Hall of Records do ya?!" came a voice inside my head. The pain was intense, grating, and I fell to my knees holding my head. "I will show you first hand what that knight of the post went through!" I managed to turn my head enough to see an illithid walk through the wall, his purple robes were flowing his body was his mental energies created an invisible maelstrom about his body. His eyes flared an evil purple and I flew backward against the wall and crumpled into a heap. Blood flowed freely from my nose as the Illithid floated forward to stand above me. "You have gotten a little to close to get in the way now, the dark of what has happened will die with

you!" My head felt like it was going to explode. His eyes again began to glow purple again when a bright blinding green flash hit the illithid in the back, throwing him through the wall above me and into the street. I saw a huge dark robed figure walk up and look through the hole.

"Damn, he got away," muttered the figure. "He will return to tell others of his kind. I may have tipped my hand to quickly." This time I heard it with my ears instead of inside my head, which was amazing with all the throbbing haze in my head. The dark robed figure turned his attention to me.

"You have gotten close to something, too close. The flayer was here to put you into the dead book. Good thing I came when I did, or you would be another brain-dead berk for sure." The pain was too much and I was blacking out. Before I did, the figure said "I have sent for healing help and will arrive shortly; rest assured that I will return and enlist your help for the up and coming events that will be conspiring soon. I hope you still remember all of this. Good luck to you my friend." The figure then faded from view, and I faded into darkness.

—Tell Regard (T)

OUTLANDS (SYLVANIA)—Most of the folk awaiting the fastest cutter in Sylvania were quite flabbergasted that the winner turned up after just seven days. The Xaositects though greeted him with the words: "We expected you 9 days ago. Where have you been?" which, of course, makes little sense, but we're talking about the Xaos folks aren't we? The first prize (a planar steed) was solemnly given to the gnome Largo Lunamadafain who walked the entire distance from Bob to Sylvania in just 7 days. The Xaositects, spectators and Largo decided to throw a party which should last till the final member of the race arrives at the Gatetown to Arborea. As for the other racers, what Largo had to say when he was awarded the grand prize seemed to sum it all up: "Sorry to all the bashers who are still on their way..."

(hh)

## Letter From Factol Terrance Of The Athar

My fellow Sigilians:

I feel that now is an appropriate time to speak on the events that have involved the Athar in the past month. As many of you are no doubt aware, my faction has sworn an alliance with those in the Bleak Cabal for a variety of ends. While our philosophies differ, we stood on the common moral ground against certain groups such as the misguided Will of the One. While this cooperative effort has shown much promise, it is my regret to inform you that our partnership with the Bleak Cabal has come to an end.

I know this change is not much of a shock to some of you; in fact, I'm sure it is a relief to those of you in the Sign of One. Do not be fooled into thinking that we will stop our efforts against those we oppose. This breaking is only a minor setback, and actually I believe it will serve to focus our cause even better. Events in the next few months should prove my beliefs to be true.

We harbour no ill-will towards the Bleak Cabal. This was not a violent resolution; in fact, it was much more what one would expect. The apathy that is so widespread amongst that faction crept into our affairs, and no progress was made in our goals. While we enjoyed the added numbers to the cause, the Athar found this situation unacceptable and needed to cease our immediate agenda with the Cabal. Once our major plans are underway, we may very well look to the Bleakers for support, but for now we will leave them out of our affairs.

On to other matters, I would like to address some of the negative sentiments that have been directed towards the Athar as

of late. It has come to my attention that our faction has been greatly maligned, painting a picture of us as the enemies of all the Multiverse. Please know that these are the words of the unenlightened, or those who seek to undermine our cause. Of course we do not subscribe to the ideas that the gods are all-powerful, but that does not set us against the planar who believes in those powers.

Nay, we work for the benefit of the populace. We strive to protect them against the corruption that has seeped through the cracks in modern religion. Most importantly, we work to uncover the secrets beyond the Great Veil, so that it may benefit us all. Those in the Will of the One would have you believe that we persecute them for their beliefs, but that is not the case. We disagree with their agenda, which defies the will of her Serenity, the Lady of Pain. Should they somehow succeed in their plans, it would bring only ruin to our wondrous city.

In closing, I would caution everyone not to be quick to judge the Athar on the shaky grounds of hearsay and rumour. These are the weapons of ignorance, and they bring harm to us all. If there are any questions of us, all one needs to do is ask. Anyone wishing to learn more about our dedicated faction should feel free to visit the Shattered Temple, where we can explain everything in greater detail. Until we Part the Veil...

Signed,

Terrance

# S\*\*2 Art Exhibition

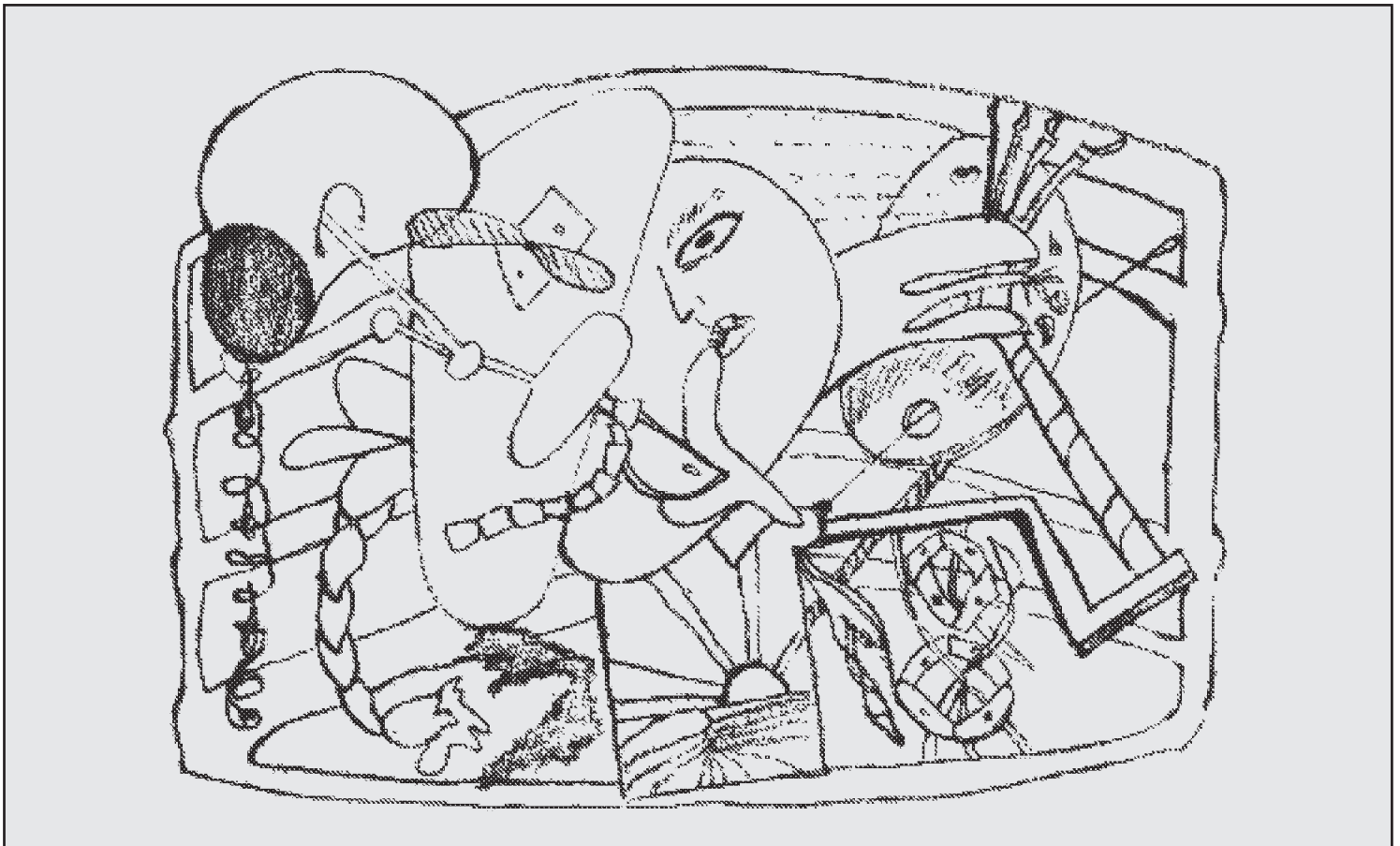
SENSATE FACTOL Erin "Darkflame" Montgomery invites all interested Cagers to an exhibit of her personal art collection at the Civic Festhall. Featured art includes portraits of numerous high-up Sensates (including several nudes) painted by the famed artist Kilhans. The exhibition also unveils Factol Montgomery's exquisite **Faction Collection** which comprises the very best painting and sculpture over the last century by renowned artists from all the factions.

Artists include the Bleaker painter from Hopeless, Carmen Dago, and her masterwork **Portrait of a Soul** [top right]:

The collection also features meticulously detailed replicas (by the Quadrone Kcg818) of works from the enigmatic Chaosman known only as "The Painter" [bottom right]

Entrance to this "once a cycle" exhibit only costs a cutter a jink—after viewing these master works, you'll feel you bobbed the Factol herself! Don't miss this grand opportunity to see some Cager bloods unclothed and experience the factions through their eyes of their artists.

(sk)



# A Day in the Life of Jaimi Bimkz

JAIMI BIMKZ is a human seamstress, lives in the Lower Ward, and is a namer in the Free League. This is her story.

### Prologue — An hour before antipeak

Well, out with the formalities first of all then. I'm Jaimi Bimkz, and I'm the best bleaking seamstress in Sigil. The 9 stingers I'm getting for my entry on this mimir is about how I live. That said, I'll be recording tomorrow... I'm off to sleep.

### 5 hours after antipeak

Woken by the sound of that flock of Astral Streakers that passes every morning about this time, I get up out of bed and wash my face with the water in my basin. I've been using the same water for 3 weeks... I use it more to wake myself up than to get clean. Well, while I'm on the subject, I suppose I'll tell you berks about my kip.

She's a little second floor flat in an apartment building that sits next to a bleaker housing project. The old girl has three sparse, dirty little rooms, including my bedroom and bathroom. I like to be at my shop more 'n home, it's nice there. Home is dirty. I haven't got much in my place 'cept for the basin, a mirror, my bed, a cabinet where I keep dishes (in case company comes... hah), a table with a stool in case I eat at home, and a wardrobe, with my 3 shirts and 2 pairs of pants. There's a crack in the wall, covered by the mirror, and I'm happy I'm only on the second floor lest the ceiling would drip on me. The building itself is a completely nondescript, grey, plaster building... like so many others around here.

Well, as I was saying, I've just woken up and I need to dress. I put on a burgundy patched up skirt that's down to my ankles, a grey shirt, and my long grey jacket. I pull my hair back and knot it there, so it doesn't get in the way of my work. I'll be going out for a bite to eat now... it's tough to work on an empty stomach. I probably won't be back home until much later tonight, as I work in the Market Ward.

### 5 and a half hours after antipeak

I'm at the Ubiquitous Wayfarer on the edge of the Lower and Clerks Ward, regardless of whatever berks say it's in the Lady's. It's a quant little place that serves primes and planars alike, especially folks that just tripped in from some portal... the kip's loaded with the sodding things. The place serves up a nice bowl of good, affordable porridge... and doubles as a good place to find new people.

Take that thief over there. She's wearing last month's fashion... the shoulder blades, dark cape, leather, crazy black-died hair. She needs something new, and she looks like she has some jink to drop...

"Yes ma'am, I'm talkin about you and your shoulder blades. You need to do something about that, where are you coming from, Baator?"

"What's this insolence? I'm on my way to the Hall of Speakers."

"Not dressed like that I hope. You need something more colorful, all that grey... people won't pay attention to you if you're dressed in only grey and black."

"I'm a Knight of Entropy, now sod off. This is my military uniform."

Ahh, well, you can't win 'em all. Enough of here for now then, time to keep walking. My morning routine revolves around my getting to the Market in time, and it takes 2 hours to walk... even in the morning's light traffic.

### Walking to the Market Ward: Sigil in the early morning

Walking to the shop is a good way to get a look at Sigil... and I'm told that's what I'm getting paid for.

I'm walking along in this infernal fog now, the light boys are out in force putting out the lamps on the streets. That ragtag bunch don't say too much during the 'bright' hours, they do their jobs then run

off to their families to hand over the few greens they made during the night, and then catch an hour or two of sleep before they have to start another long night of wandering the Cage. They're a hungry lot, and poor for the most part. You can see it in the way their faces are so drawn, and how their eyes are sunken. A real bunch of bloods, the lightboys, there's no other bunch closer to Sigil except for the dabus.

Besides the fog and the boys, there's the heavy dust that's always hanging in the air and on everything... the dust of a million universes kicked up by the feet of several million folks. Combined with the fog, the dust makes the air up here tough to breathe for people who aren't natives. You can always tell a berk is new to the Cage when you see them taking big, deep breathes, or coughing a lot from the dust.

Now, look at this cutter here. He's a native. He has a long, black coat on, a cap on, and high, well worn boots... the kind of boots that you can walk through the Market without getting your feet stomped, or through the Hive without getting knee deep in mud. He's watching the ground. He's looking where he's going, minding his business. He doesn't care what's going on around him. He's going where he's going. He don't look funny at passing fiends or primes, he lets them go their ways too. Bar all that about Cagers being stuck up and arrogant. We aren't. Those are planars who moved into the Cage, got rich, and took the name. Cagers are the folks that you see and you recognise, but you don't know their names. The real movers and shakers of the city are the folks you don't see coming. That guy's a Cager.

Heh, well, I'm getting nostalgic now. We're almost there, so I'll quite rattling.

### Nearly 7 hours after Antipeak

After an ordeal of a walk, I'm finally outside my shop, deep in the Market Ward. The City is just about fully awake now, and folks of all sorts are walking about the streets. Folks that have ripped clothes, old clothes, or not much clothing at all. From my shop (a tan brick building on Copperman Way with one glass panel in the front where I hang my wares, and a sign that says 'Jaimi Bimkz—Seamstress' in big red letters), I can see everyone that walks up and down the lane, and sometimes I holler at them to come in and have a look when I'm not busy enough.

Inside, there's my desk and workroom, where I keep my inventory and do my sewing. In front is a room with samples of my work-shirts and things mostly, beautiful stuff no one can afford, but I assure the commoner (don't get me wrong... I'm not trying to say I'm high up, I'm a commoner myself) I can reproduce the same thing with slightly different material. I slide the curtain off of the glass plate, sweep the ever present dust off of the doorstep, and now I'm open and ready for business.

### 7 and a half hours after Antipeak

A half elf male just walked in. The poor sod has a rip in the left knee of his pants, and the cuffs of his sleeves and pants are horribly tattered. His clothing is obviously too big for him. He has his hair tied back in a greasy ponytail and his face is shiny from vigorous washing. This is the face of a man who's afraid to admit he's a member of the working class... and he's obviously not a Cager from that Clueless grin he's got on.

"Can I help you?"

"Ello, I'm looking for Jaimi Bimkz... I hear she's quite a seamstress."

"She's me berk, what can I do for ya?"

"Right, I'm Ainland Olsen..." he'd broken an important rule there, it's not a good thing to give your full, real name to a stranger, "...and I'm looking for someone to make me some clothing."

"Obviously. You're here."

"Yes... right... well, can you make me a new pair of pants? These ones are getting awfully worn, and I only have two other pairs..."

"Right. Go back to your kip and get changed, and bring those pants you have on back here so I can make a model of them. I'll dispose of them for you."

"Sounds grand, saves me the trouble. I'll be back soon."

And with the same clueless grin, he turned around and left. He'd just broken another important rule... that nothing is a waste. Those pants of his could hold me off for a year with a bit of mending... and that's what I intend to do with them.

### 7 and a quarter hours after Antipeak

I'm working on some backordered shirts made from some Bytopian cotton now... there's a troop of gnomes stuck in Sigil that came in yesterday asking for shirts like they have home. I told the little berks I'd get them done for them before they went home, which means I probably have several weeks to finish this project, they're being stupid gnomes and all. It'll take the berks ages to figure out the dark of portals. Either way, they'll be in tonight asking if I'm done, so I'm working on it. They'll be paying heavily for this job... eight miniature shirts made of cotton aren't easy to sell if they bail out.

### 3 and a half hours before Peak

The poor sod with the big clothes that came in earlier just came back... looking rather flustered and sweaty.

"A bloody confusing place, this Sijil." he smelled like the Hive.

"Sigil, and yes, a wee bit more confusing than wherever you're from..." I sneered, "Waterdeep is it?"

"No, Greyhawk City, on..."

Not interested in the origins of this prime, I interrupted... "Never mind. Have you got your old pants?"

"Ahh, yes, right here."

"Hmm... ok. Come back in a few hours, and I'll have a nice pair of new pants for ya."

"How much will it be?"

"That all depends on how hard a time I have making the pants, what materials I use, lot's of things. I'll have a price for you later, now if you'll excuse me."

And with that, he left. Spinning new pants for him'll be a cinch. The fact that he wears them 6 sizes too big means he won't be picky about sizing. In the mean time, I need to run to the Shaven Ratosk deeper in the Market to pick up some materials.... I'm running a bit low. In this business, going for cloth is like going for groceries. It's an every other day thing.

### 2 and three quarter hours before Peak

The Market by this time of morning is a bustling place. Sigil is now fully awake, and the chaos that is our city is now in full swing. Looking about, one can see all manner of folks, Upper and Lower planars alike, as well as barmy factioneers running amok posting Sigil up with their propaganda, a slew of advertisements... from Astral Streakers dropping messages, to Black Marion singing her subtle, coded songs. The touts are all standing about, waiting for the Primes and out-of-towners to start tripping in from the portals that riddle our city... it's the perfect time of day for such a thing. The City is freshly 'clean' (or, as clean as she gets with this infernal dust) from the Dabus' nightly patrol, and according to statistics from the Hall of Records, Primes are most likely to come through Sigil at this time of day than any other. Don't ask what sod thought that fact up.

Anyhow, I'm just outside of the Shaven Ferret, a pretty small little fabric shop in the Market Ward specialising in Bytopian furs and silks that's hidden in an alley that turns off of Risvold Street. The building itself is falling down... the chipped plaster and



# A Day in the Life of Jaimi Bimkz

smashed roof are just two of the building's redeeming traits. It's a pity really, the woman who owns the place (Sara DeAngelo, the second best seamstress in Sigil... heh) is the nicest you'll ever meet, but she's poorer than anything. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but she has four male kids to bring up, no husband, and she's too proud to send them to the Gatehouse for care. Anyhow, I'm entering the shop now....

"Jaimi, is that you?"

"Lady's grace Sara, how are you?"

"I'm ok," she sighs, "but I had to send the boys to work today, the poor dears. I need more money for the rent or the Takers are going to evict us." This is testimony to her kind heartiness... most folks these days don't care much for their kids, seeing them as nothing but a mouth to feed.

"Where are they working and for how much?"

"They're working for Estavan, that ogre chap in charge of the PTC. They get paid a stinger a week each, hardly much at all, and Estavan gets a special discount at the store on things he buys here. I'm probably getting robbed in the long run.... I hear that one is rather slippery."

"I wouldn't know... I buy all of my material here. Anyhow, four stingers a week is more four stingers more than you're taking in now, and the work'll do the lads good."

She sighed again, a habit of hers when her mind was full, "Maybe so, but I miss them."

"They'll be back soon enough, Sara. In the mean time, I need to place an order. I need a bit of cotton for shirts for a troop of gnomes, about a pound I'd say, some burlap (for a prime's pants) and a bit of Spire Butterfly silk, for a deva who said he'd be stopping in today. While I'm here, I need a new spool of ribbon too." I didn't really need any ribbon... but Sara always had more than she could sell, and wouldn't accept my charity if I gave her an extra green to support her family with.

Walking about behind her counter, she replied "A deva eh? He'll be paying a pretty bit I take it?"

"Not as much as I'd hope... those upper planars are cheap. They think because they're 'holy' we should work for them for free."

"How true, how true. Just give me a second to cut this cotton, and I'll let you go back to your business then, you can pick up on the side. Good to see you, Lady's grace."

"To you as well, Sara."

With that, Sara DeAngelo walked back into the recesses of her crumbling shop. One could see she was suffering from malnutrition, and has been under distress. Sara loves her littluns, it's sad to see her in this state. Anyhow, life goes on... her story is another, and I'm sure she'd be happy to tell it for eleven stingers just like me.

I walk around the side, to her cargo bay and pickup area. I pay the full fifteen stingers for all the material, no more no less... like I said, she don't take charity. One of her servant boys helps me carry it all back to the shop, silently. He was probably sold into service to her. Children in the city only have a few likely paths... they get sold as slaves, adopted by the Bleakers, or get lucky and have a mother like Sara. This one falls in between having a mother and being a slave... she probably treats him like one of her own. Ahh well, excuse me. I'm getting emotional again over all this.

### 1 and a quarter hour before Peak

I'm back at the shop now. The windows are starting to get that midday dust on them, the dust they always get when the city is all woken up. I dusted them off, headed back over to my tools, and resumed work on those gnomish shirts. I sat and sowed for a while, until

something caught my attention (and not much can grab my attention when I'm at work), a deva looking in the window. She's indescribably clean and beautiful... and seems to glow, even through the dusty, fogged pane of glass. Sure enough, she walks in. Her golden hair is tied back with a silken ribbon, and her lovely dress looks as though it were woven from the stuff of dreams, white as snow. Her milky skin complemented her bright red lips, which started to move...

"Are you Jaimi Bimkz?" she asked. Her words were hypnotising, I felt as though I were half asleep as she was talking to me, drowning in her voice.

"Ye... yes..." I cleared my throat, "Can I help you?" self consciously, I started to twist my skirt.

"Yes, you can. I need a new dress for a ball tonite, would you be able to make me one?" She obviously didn't know much about the trade... making a dress for a highup deva takes more than a day.

"Well, it'd be quite a task actually.... I highly doubt it, especially as I have these seven gnomish shirts to do...." before I could finish, she dropped a pouch full of jink on my table, and gold sparkled from inside.

"That's two hundred jinx, cutter," she gave a faint grin.

"Um..." I choked on my words and stuttered a bit, "Well, I suppose I may be able to arrange something. How would you like it?" Two hundred jinx is more'n I make in a three months.

"Like this, with gold fibre trimming, but dark red instead of white. Thanks much, I'll be back a bit later... the ball starts at Antipeak." With that, she smiled and took her jink, and walked off into the streets.

It was moments before I recovered, and realised the folly of my action... I had broken Imel Bruster's third rule, You Order It, You Own It. In this case, I just ordered up a dress for a deva, and if I don't follow through, I own the responsibility. Jink makes a body do some addle-coved things... now I have to come up with a dress by Anti. Bah, I'm off to lunch.

### Peak

Well, I've got a deva to make a dress for in one night. One of the only things that can drown out your own problems is watching someone else's, and in Sigil, we do that a lot... specially around here. The Hangman's Court isn't all that far away, a well-lanned cutter can get there and back in an hour and a half from my kip, and that's usually what I do for lunch... have a walk up there, watch some poor berk get himself hung, and walk back. It may be kind of gruesome, but watching a sod die gets you to thinking what life's really all about... it's good for your mind kinda, when you live like us.

Anyhow, I'm at the Court now... a cobblestone square beaten to smoothness by the countless feet of folks on their last marches, and the others who came to watch. It's a bare place, there's practically nothing here except for the lifeless tree, which has a little fence around it to keep folks from prodding it's fruit, if you catch what I mean. Anyway, there's no execution going today, which is a good thing I suppose... less crime maybe. The dirty cobblestone sea is almost empty, there's a few like myself having a bit of a snack, but otherwise, it's too grim a place to attract much attention.

From here a cutter can see most of the highups in the Lady's Ward strutting about with their fine rags on, showing off to all the other rich berks. They where their finely designed, poorly made outfits, and talk about helping the poor folks of the Cage, bringing in order, and feeding us. Those berks outta sod off, they don't know what it's like to live here. It's the 'highups' that give us a bad name as being arrogant

and only caring about ourselves. They aren't true members of the Cage's society, they belong to their own society, a society of clowns and puppets on strings... the poor berks, anytime now it'll come crashing right down on them, and the Lady'll exact her punishment. Oh well, there's a hope. Maybe that deva'll get struck down too, and I won't have to make her sodding dress. Luckily enough, I have quite a bit of some good, deep crimson satin, that gold fibre I need to track down though.

### 1 Hour after Peak

After a walk through the bleak Lady's Ward, which is a completely unique place all in itself from the rest of the City, I arrived at Queen Anne's Needlework, a shop that sells needles of all sizes, clothe of any cut, and thread of any material. The place is a building built of stone painted an awful lavender colour, with large purple curtains hanging in the huge glass window in front. Inside, there're aisles and aisles of carpeted floor, lined with many shelves of the most beautiful ingredients for nice clothing on the planes.

I picked out a spool of thread made of liquid gold, and brought it to the counter, where I had to pay out 2 jinx worth of greens and stingers. With a look of disdain, the berk at the counter handed me the thread, and watched me as I walked out. They're always out to get ya, the wealthy ones. They think everyone that doesn't wear the day's bizarre fashion and keeps their purse tight is a thief or a barmy. Ah well, the powers' mercy on the swine... I have a long walk and a long day ahead.

### Walking back to the Market: Sigil at Midday

Like I said a bit earlier, the bleak Lady's Ward is unique of the rest of the City. Whereas the Market buzzes with business, the Clerk's Ward with pencil pushers running about with memos, the Hive with barmies, and so forth, the Lady's is silent. It's a cold and clinical place, where folks usually walk slow and look at the ground, not wanting to draw attention. It could be that way because the Law boys make their homes around here, but it's more likely that it's because folks get uncomfortable around highups. You heard me earlier, what with that deva, I couldn't keep my tongue steady. Folks around here are just plain cagey about the other folks... and the fact that the dabus and the Lady herself are occasionally seen floating about makes the place even more bizarre.

It's easy enough to tell when you're out of the theoretical boundaries of the Lady's and arrive in either the Guildhall or Market. As soon as you cross one street or another, it seems as though out of nowhere a wave of people sweep you into their sea. Oddly, much like the city of Dis on Baator, if you look back across the street, you'd think there's miles of people between you and the Lady's.

The dust hangs heavy in the air about this time of day, and the announcement that "rain and fog are on the way" from Erish's Weather Tower almost seem like a joke, like he's constantly pointing out the obvious to us all. A cutter swift enough can tell if rain's coming, just by how much the dust sticks to their clothes... on a rainy day, it sticks more. Either way, it usually is rather humid in the streets of the Market... what with everyone walking elbow to elbow, pushing and pulling. The smells of sweat and sometimes blood hang in the air around this time of day. It's not a rare site to see someone get trampled in the chaos that runs about the streets, or to see a pack of Hardheads descend on some poor berk just cause he looked at them crooked. Don't get me wrong, I'm not trying to spread anti-Harmonium propaganda, it's just that some of 'em are crooked. I've seen good Hardheads too.

Anyhow, this is the time of day that crime hits the market hardest. In the middle of the day, all the

# A Day in the Life of Jaimi Bimkz

scum in the cage descends like a flock of vultures on the Market... cutting purse strings, stealing apples, bashing the poor sods that happen to cross that one dark alley. It's a pity really, and that's the reason that there's executions almost everyday... the sods get themselves caught in the act, and being as the Guvners have enough to do besides wasting their time on trials for folks caught red-handed, the Hardheads usually just throw them to the Red Death for judgement. That judgement is usually quite predictable: death. The Mercykillers, I've seen, believe that killing a criminal keeps them from wasting the Justice Wheel's time again by committing another crime. A bit harsh if ya ask me... but it's not my place to worry. It's my place to worry about this dress.

### 2 and a half Hours after Peak

Well, I'm back in the shop now. After wiping the omnipresent dust off of the window and my desk, I began hitting the needle and thread pretty hard to make that deva's dress... so far, I have the general form done. It was all going well enough, until that prime came back in... with a ripped shirt, bloody forehead, and reeking like The Speckled Rat.

"Are.. are... my pants completeded? I'm in bloody need of new pants I is, are they done?"

"No, I haven't gotten there yet actually." I'm busy, come back later." I grabbed for my sheers... forged on Bytopia, they could cut through metal I was told.

"I needs a new pair of pants, damned it! I needs new pants!" He began waving his arms about, and it became obvious that he wasn't in good shape. I could see he had a big bloody gash on his chest now, it looked like he was in a brawl.

"Listen berk, when I get them done, I get them done. Come back tomorrow. Take a bit of advice too: when you leave the shop, go right across the street. There's a good place to sleep there... an' you can come right back tomorrow morning for your pants."

"But I need 'em now!" he stumbled forward, and crashed onto the floor, unconscious.

I walked across the street to Mrs. Bailey's Boarding, where Ol' Mrs. Bailey sent a couple servant boys across the way to get rid of the prime. They probably stripped him clean of his jink too, but that's his own fault for getting himself all barny. At least that's a pair of pants I won't have to make, he won't remember to come back across the way if he wakes up... that was quite a bump he had on his head.

### 4 hours After Peak

After that little bit with that prime, the day finally passed for a few uneventful hours. A few people walked in and looked around, one left a message that he needed pants, but otherwise I got a few more good hours in on her dress. The body of it is pretty much done, except for a few little details and the gold fibre... which shouldn't take all that long.

Having gotten a lot done, I decided to take a bit of a break... it's been a rather slow day, what with just one trouble maker, one dress, and only a few shirts on backorder. At times like this I usually take a walk across to Mrs. Bailey's, she was like a mother to me when I moved in here so long ago, and we usually share a drink. I also have the reason of that sod that crashed in my shop earlier... he's not going to be able to pay Ol' Mrs. B., so I'll have to explain that.

Walking across Copperman from my shop, you come to a three story, blue plaster building with a large oaken sign hanging out front that reads, obviously enough, Mrs. Bailey's Boarding in big white letters. Mrs. Bailey herself is an old Aasimar who's been helping folks in the Cage out with their problems, giving them board, and just being nice for something like sixty years now. Her age is just starting to show, though one can only guess as to what that age

really is... she looks like a healthy 70 year old human. She has a bit of short black hair that falls about her ears, and is almost wrinkle free skin except for her strong laugh lines. Her almost pointed nose sits below her old brown eyes. She wears an apron most of the time, being as she cooks every meal that a body eats in her house, and her hands are literally fireproof from all the burns she's received over the years.

Upon walking in, one of her bellhops (who are rumoured are all her grandchildren) escorted me in to the back, to her living quarters, where she lay on her couch resting quietly. Mrs. B's quarters are actually quite nice, unlike my own. The one downstairs room is quite spacious, with a table and four chairs with a nice silk cloth on it, a long couch, and several chairs around the room... attesting to the fact that she has plenty of relatives. As well, there's a picture of her father and mother both hanging on the wall next to each other, above a fireplace. By my standards, Mrs. B. and her family are pretty well off.

"Hello Mrs. B., how are you?" Her mother, as I came to know, originally came from a Prime world where no one ever came out and said directly what was on their mind, a trait Mrs. Bailey had herself. Small talk was standard in a conversation with her before the point became clear.

"Ahh, hello Jaimi, I'm fine... and how are you today?" She looked up with a smile... she was always happy to talk to anyone but her relatives, which she had many of. Another trait from her home world was that a family showed it's love of one another by how much they were at each other's throats.

### StopPress

## Prime Flavours Slaad's Salad

SIGIL (Market Ward)—Two days ago, in a burned out building not a few blocks from the Great Bazaar, a green slaad made a prime's leg into a tasty little appetiser. According to witnesses, this "sorceress" was seen squashed flat under the Slaad's tremendous bulk in the doorway of the kip while the Slaad basher stated himself. Apparently, the poor prime sod lay their screaming for some time while the Slaad savoured his meal. Xaiu Lee, a Market Ward resident who witnessed the gruesome scene, said she'd spied the human shortly before the incident strolling down the alley in the direction of the kip. "I saw her, this fancy dressed beauty, lookin' all snobby-like walkin' down the street towards Tivuum's [Antiquities shop]. I knew she was prime 'cause of the way she dressed, and she was a spell-slinger sure as the slaad was ugly. But I paid her no mind, 'cept when I heard this hideous scream! I ran to scrag some Hardheads, and when I came back with the bashers she was still struggling to poke greenie with these long, I mean really long and sharp fingernails of hers. Magic sure as it comes. Last I saw, the 'Heads had made the slaad pike it and were carrying the woman away... minus her leg below the knee..."

Neither the Harmonium officers, nor Lee knew just how the prime came to such a fate, though all believe that the slaad was just toying with her for its sick pleasure. (Most of the locals I interviewed reckoned that the prime was just as "green" as the slaad, that she had probably ignored the "fiend" part of the name "frog-fiend".) A gangly, scarred prime basher I chatted with afterwards (possibly a friend of the injured party) said the prime's name was Azrai (or something close), but we were not able to verify this chant. Rewards for information on the Slaad's whereabouts have been posted all over the Bazaar.

—by Wentmo Elo, culler (sk)

"Well enough thanks, except for this dress I have to work on, it's sodding awful work."

"I know the feeling Jaimi, I know the feeling. Who's it for anyway?"

"Oh, some deva... but she's paying quite a bit of jink for it, so she says. That's why I came over actually, to tell you I'm finally going to pay that debt I owe your husband, now that I'm prolly going to have the coin for it." Her husband, an explorer, has been wayward for 3 years... and I don't owe him a debt. Thing is, she wouldn't accept money from me to care for that prime I sent over... so that was my way of slipping it in.

"You owe him a debt, eh? What sort?"

"Oh, he picked up a bit of cloth for me on Elysium a long time ago, and I promised I'd pay him. I can't renege on my word now, can I?"

"Well, of course not, a woman's word is her dignity... if there wasn't trust, there'd be nothing."

"How true, how true."

"Now then littlun," she calls me that on occasion... I've gathered that she's quite a bit older than I am, so I don't say anything "How about a spot of tea, or coffee? I have some lovely stuff a prime had Clarion give to me..."

"Sure, why not? I've got a bit of time, but not long... I have to finish that dress. I don't want to be the one to anger an angel now, do I?"

"No littlun, you don't. Angels can get pretty angry I hear." She chuckled a bit, and put on the coffee.

to be continued... (tb)

## Modrons at Heart's Faith

MT. CELESTIA (Heart's Faith)—As we went to press, the Great Modron March was departing Excelsior, bound for Fortitude. We have only incomplete information at this time, but it seems that while Excelsior has been undamaged, many buildings in Heart's Faith were damaged or even destroyed by the relentless creatures. According to an eyewitness account, the archons recruited several groups of adventurers and others to assist them in the protection of the town. Although we have no solid data at this time, we have learnt that there were few if any deaths, although minor injuries were widespread.

The modrons' arrival at the town was doubly unexpected as they had cut through Arcadia faster than predicted, due to forgotten portal near to Cherry Blossom and Fujiyama. Archons were reluctant to come into contact with what they considered to be a corrupted and excessively chaotic March, and so got others to rush in where they feared to tread. This strategy proved successful, with an orphanage being evacuated in the nick of time before the modrons carelessly demolished it.

Directing the operation was acting Mayor Cauldronborn, who despite being named after a kind of undead is a native aasimar. He nearly bought the burg early on in the nine-hour ordeal when he was frustrated in his attempts to negotiate with the leading modron. He found himself cut off from escape by pounding monodrones, and was only saved from being ground to pulp when a plaid-wearing swordsman, thought to be Katain Maclellan [see March Begins article, SIGIS 17] who climbed over the tops of the modrons to extract the Mayor. The modrons eventually built a bridge out of jetties and abandoned boats and thereby entered the portal to Mt. Celestia. We'll have more next week, when we hope to have an interview with Mayor Cauldronborn and statements from both archons and citizens of Heart's Faith on how they're going to repair the damage.

—compiled by editors

(ar)

# SIGIS

**Issue 20 Year 1**

**Price: 2 Stingers**

**Fourth Week of Tithing**

## **Slaadi Tromp Hits Sigil!**

IN WHAT HAS been described by observers (Axa-rax the Hardhead Augur, to drop names) as “nothing short of unpredictable”, the Slaadi Chaos Tromp took a turn for the blinds this week.

Following the mysterious quietness of the Tromp last week, which led many commentators to suggest the slaadi had grown bored of the whole event after confronting the Modron March itself (see SIGIS Issue 18) and gone home quietly, the population of the Great Bazaar was stunned and horrified when a horde of mixed-coloured slaad erupted from three portals simultaneously.

One mimir seller was caught completely unawares as some four dozen green slaad trampled his market stall flat. Several mimirs exploded

violently, showering terrified shoppers with shards of hot metal, and creating a cacophonous noise as all their bits of chant were released into the air at once. The slaad seemed to enjoy the sound, and several of them spent some minutes chasing rolling mimirs and stamping on them.

Another vegetable stall was completely stripped of all inedible goods, which were consumed by the ravenous frog fiends. Curiously they did not touch any of the more palatable (to anyone but a tiefling) produce. Jumping out of the way in the nick of time, the stall holder later told me “Seems the sodding things don't like Mechanus apples or Acheronian legumes. Lucky me.”

If enough panic had been caused already, this was nothing compared with the terror that ensued as an untimely thunderstorm broke out over the Bazaar. Hysterical cries of “the Lady of Pain is coming!” and “Run before She Mazes the Lot of Us!” rang out, and shoppers and slaad alike scattered in all directions. This culler waited in the torrential rain for some two hours, but the elusive Lady was not forthcoming, unfortunately. However, the estimated two hundred and fifty slaad that escaped the fray will surely be more than a match for the Harmonium, and it is likely they will serve as a destabilising factor on the Cage. We shall wait and see if the Lady makes a rare appearance...

On inordinate number of the frog-fiends have also been reportedly seen swimming in the Ethereal Plane. My sources are, however, Xill, and therefore not to be trusted too far. Whether this is a bunch of slaad who got themselves hipped when a portal shifted, or if they're an intentional offshoot of the Tromp, is currently unknown. Rest assured this culler will do her level best to be in two places at once and bring you the latest chant!

— Tromp Correspondent Laxuli Phae (jw)

## **SIGIS Ban Lifted!**

**SIGIL (Barracks)**—In front of an astonished group of hastily assembled cullers, Tonat Shar, the high-up PR man for the Harmonium, announced the immediate cessation of the legislative act banning this newsrag. (As of this moment you hold a completely legal document in your hands, claws or tentacles.) Said Shar: “Henceforth, the newsrag known as SIGIS shall be free to distribute and sell its papers within the limits of the law. The ban imposed on this newsrag has served its purpose, allowing the forces of law and order to ferret out the cross-trading elements of the newsrag and bring greater Harmony to our fair city. From this moment, all SIGIS cullers not in custody shall be free to continue their business without delay.”

“However,” Shar added, “any continuation of illegal activities by members of this rag will be met with swift retribution. SIGIS be warned: the Harmonium shall be watching.” When asked what events precipitated the lifting of the ban, Shar stated that all the main criminal elements of SIGIS, including the former editor-in-chief Seamus Keller and five of his Anarchist cronies had been scragged, tried and punished.

“The ban has served its purpose”, said Shar. “The [anarchist] cell has been busted and the guilty

punished. It's as simple as that.” (But, when further questioned by a culler of the Bonebox Riddler whether cross-traders and anarchists may still run SIGIS, Shar declined to comment.)

Although Shar declared the ban had been lifted because it served its purpose, other sources of ours claimed the reasons had more to do with faction pressure than practical considerations. SIGIS political culler, Daemon Chaas, said the petition signed by the highly respected Clarion [See SIGIS 19] really “broke the Wyrms' tail”, so to speak. “I rather think the Hardheads would have loved to see the newsrag banned for all eternity, but the Hall of Speakers started to become just way to uncomfortable for [Factol] Sarin,” said Chaas. “He needs those votes and those friends in the Hall, and, however annoying SIGIS might be for his faction, they weren't worth this kind of hassle.”

As for former editor in chief Seamus Keller and the “five croonies”, we've not been able to garner and chant whatsoever. The trial was held in total secrecy in a hidden location outside Sigil, and their fate remains a mystery to us.

— by Maija Intwood, culler (sk)

## **Dear Reader,**

Just recently, we here at SIGIS learned that the Harmonium made the wise decision to allow freedom of the press once again (see the Stop Press article “SIGIS Ban Lifted!” this issue). SIGIS is back and, appropriately enough, we celebrate our return to legitimacy with exclusive interviews of some of the most important bloods in the Cage. (I have also just been informed that top culler Zeines Pauch has learned the identity of the Cadre leader - see Stop Press article “Cadre Leader Captured In Sigil”. Where else can you get the dark of such critically important events like this but SIGIS?) Let me take this opportunity to thank all those cutters out there who helped see us through our darkest moments, especially our faithful readers who kept clamoring for the chant. Let it be known: SIGIS is back, and we are here to stay!

Jerryla Perroli, Editor in Chief, SIGIS (ar & asp)

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## Modrons at Heart's Faith

**Editor's Note: Potential Spoiler in This Article. Read at Own Risk.**

MANY IN THE Cage and elsewhere have been asking if the Modron March should be given the tolerant attitude which it has by so many celestials. As reported last week in SIGIS, the mechanical menaces have levelled many public and private buildings in Heart's Faith, Excelsior. Archons unwilling to come into contact with the modrons, whom they have deemed 'chaotic' or even 'unclean', instead commissioned brave mortals to protect the city from the modron menace. The trouble began when the modrons arrived ahead of predictions on Mount Celestia, forcing the archon's hands. According to eyewitness Sister Hannah Speranza of the Church of Sancta Sapientia (which was damaged by the March) the devastation wreaked in the burg was tremendous, but major loss of life was averted.

"When we heard the modrons were coming, nobody believed it at first. Then we saw them stomping relentlessly along the side of the mountain, and many people just panicked. They came in through the top gate, and spread out through the city. By then, deputy mayor Cauldronborn was frantically co-ordinating the folks who'd been sent to help."

[Note: Cauldronborn was merely standing in while the Lammasu rulers of the town were absent. We salute his courage.]

"Anyway, when the modrons came down the main street, Mr. Cauldronborn leapt out into their path and tried to negotiate. The modrons in front let him alone, and then he met the chief modron, who gave him about thirty seconds to stand aside. Well, Cauldronborn wasn't having any, and he stood his ground. He thought he could bluff them. But then the modron just stepped forward, and he couldn't get out past the little guys. Just as the modron was about to squash him flat, he was grabbed by this fellow in a long coat, with one of those Celtic blankets - a plaid - on. The Celt just grabbed him and carried him over the modrons' heads. It was fantastic. Then everyone dispersed again. The Philosophers' Inn was destroyed. Many's the time I've been up there. But the regulars there bluffed the modrons with regulations long enough to evacuate the place. The orphanage was partly ruined too, and a few folks from the team who were helping just got the last kids out in time. In the end, all the modrons made it to the seafront, where they ripped up all the wood they could find, and several large rocks from the harbour wall, and built a bridge. Ten of them had already ripped the vestry off the church where I work, and then they stripped off the fence and the notice-board too. I'm hoping I can raise the money for repairs."

It seems that the planewalkers who gave their accounts of the start of the March to SIGIS (Issue

17) were prominent amongst the saviours of the beleaguered town. The Celtic warrior who saved Mayor Cauldronborn has been positively identified as Katain Maclellan (see Archonite and Sensate article), and it seems that Jens Stanssen was amongst those evacuating the Philosophers' Inn. Rath Wen'a, Clairvan Saiune and Anfail Gessumon were all also sighted helping the locals rescue who and what they could in the mayhem.

In the final count, it seems that some 27 inhabitants of Heart's Faith died, along with about three of the heroic planewalkers assisting them. A spokesman for the archon Alziel, who was joint co-ordinator of the rescue attempt, stated that although the deaths were tragic, the archons considered the job to have been well done. Alziel will officiate at a

solemn requiem for those killed in the March in the main square at Heart's Faith in two days' time. Unconfirmed rumours speak of plans to dedicate a side-chapel in the new Archonite cathedral to St. Alziel for her wise actions in the town's defence. The bridge constructed by the modrons is to remain in place, as town councillors agree it will improve trade. Talks are already under way with the Planar Trade Consortium to sponsor harbour repairs in exchange for trading concessions in the town.

Note: Mayor Cauldronborn has gone on sabbatical to Dolorous Sojourn and was unavailable to interview.

— by Droni Forssen, culler (ar)

## Harmonium Abandons Hive Case Leaving Enigma

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—After 5 gruelling weeks of humiliation, pain and even death, the Harmonium completely abandoned their Hive Ward outpost once described by Tonat Shar as a "beachhead on an island of cross-trading scum". The anti-peak retreat from the kip comes as little surprise to most observers - the original plan to set up a "precinct" near the Hive was as added as they come, and the factioneers stationed there were subject to continual debasement and cruelty from Doomguard despoilers and Xaositect tricksters. The presence of an unruly number of Jangling Hiter refugees and riots didn't help the situation either, and only served to further deplete the resources at the new kip [see SIGIS 19].

What did come as a surprise, however, was the presence of an artifact the Harmonium bashers seem to have "left behind". During an inspection of the case the morning after the Hardheads jumped kip, I found a rather curious phenomenon: In the middle of a 9' high courtyard wall just back of the structure stood a 7' tall, 4' wide slab of mercurial metal that literally "flowed" before my eyes.

Odder still, the metal appeared to form the impressions of hands, faces and other body parts from numerous unrecognisable creatures. As I came closer to inspect the artifact, I was startled to find a spearlike object thrusting out of the slab not a few inches from my face! None of the scholars or wizards I've spoken to since have had an explanation for the phenomenon, though all agree it was made from powerful magic. (One cutter suggested that it emanated some sort of psychic potential, suggesting a magic-wielding psionicist might have been part of its creation.) All attempts to penetrate the slab have been unsuccessful so far, but a team of Guvners and Modrons has assembled at the site to investigate the enigma more thoroughly. Interestingly, not only did the Harmonium had no comment on the artifact, but many of the factioneers stationed at the kip said they didn't recall ever seeing such an object. As a result, it has been extremely frustrating to gather any dark on this artifact. However, if any cutter bobs the code on this piece, SIGIS will be sure to let you know all the details.

— by Wentmo Elo, culler (sk)

## Sensates and Archonites Reconciled

SIGIL—After weeks of deliberation and several slow steps forward, final agreement was made yesterday in the fraught negotiations over the clash of the Sensate Aphrodisia and the Archonite celebration of Hopetide. The Aphrodisia celebrations will commence two days after the key feast of Esperance, said Factol Erin Montgomery. In apparent exchange for this, the Archonite Bishop and Archbishop-elect the Right Reverend Julia Spesinfracta promised to attempt to overturn the ancient declaration of heresy against the Sensates, the "De Stultitia Societatis Sensationem".

The breakthrough came after public speeches in the Hall of Speakers by Clarion the Guardian and by Katain Maclellan (just returned from the Outlands) argued effectively in favour of co-operation. The Celtic swordsman, Maclellan, spoke for a few minutes, apparently working partly from notes prepared by his companion Jens Stanssen, concerning the insistence of both groups on religious revelation, and pointing out that the Society of Sensation is not a

religious group. Bishop Julia was obviously pleased to have Maclellan speaking in her sect's favour like this, as his role in saving many lives at Heart's Faith had already become known to her. However, he also said that, as a member of the Free League [which has since been contested by some], he could not approve of the Archonites' sustained hard-line attitude towards the Sensates, with whom, he said, they had more in common than they cared to admit. Citing the uniting influence of Ralesil's Sophia, Factol Erin took up the theme begun by Maclellan, and the two noble ladies shook hands in the centre of the Hall of Speakers. The Bishop swore to get "De Stultitia" withdrawn as soon as possible, suggesting about two months as a possible timescale. These actions were widely welcomed by others in the Hall, although a noisy exit was made by a one air genasi, thought to be a member of the United Sigilian Church of Aphrodite-Venus, which originally provided the Sensates with their timing.

— by Blondie Bluthheim, culler (ar)

### Announcement

The engagement is announced between **One Bold Mountain**, Samurai, of Waterdeep, Toril, presently resident in the Lady's Ward, and **Zun Che**, youngest daughter of Noyama Tanichi, Samurai, also of the Lady's Ward. They plan to wed at the **Noyama** mansion in **Blossom Town**, in the Lady's Ward, in two weeks' time. Guests will be invited.

Posted by the Noyama Estate (ar)

## Interview with Zimmimar of the Dark Eight

I WAS RECENTLY offered the privileged opportunity to interview Zimmimar of the Dark Eight. Of course, in the interests of public information, I accepted. I arrived at the Baatorian Imperial Embassy here in Sigil at a prearranged time, and interviewed Her Excellency in a well-appointed office there.

**Blondie Bluthheim:** So, your Excellency, I am very grateful to you, as I'm sure my readers will be once a legal opportunity arises for them to read your words [Ed. note: Like right now!], for the tremendous honour of this audience. I'd like to begin by apologising for a certain reliance on hearsay in the article to which you allude in your letter to SIGIS, and I'd be delighted to set the record straight by means of this interview. I'm very intrigued, for example, about the recent negotiations with the rakshasas. What is the status of the treaty, and, if I may be so bold, have any of your leaders, the Nine, spoken to Ravana personally about the matter - or is it less critical than that?

**Zimmimar:** First, thank you for giving me the opportunity to explain to your readers and Sigilians in general my viewpoints through a venue they will understand. Do not misinterpret my reply to your editorial as a personal attack; rather I simply wish to see that my Ministry, my Empire, and its citizens are fairly represented. Many folks have a tendency to ignore all sides of the story and hear only what they wish to. But more on that another time---I digress.

The current negotiations with the rakshasas have carried on for a bit longer than anticipated; actually we have had to move the location of the discussion of the treaty due to the duration of these talks. The future entitlements that I referred to earlier were concerns over the establishment of several "Rakshasa-only" outposts in Baator which concern myself and several other Ministers. Our primary concern is in ensuring that these cities, as they call them, will not lead to xenophobic experiments designed to promote the superiority of one clan or group over another here in our beloved Empire. All those who come to Baator and serve under the Eye Standard are to be treated as equals under the Law. The absence of that stipulation is my main objection in the current talks.

As to the Nine, I have no comment on their affairs. I can assure you, as a Diabolate Member of the Eighth House of Caina, that Molikroth has remained personally uninvolved with the progression of the talks at this stage.

**BB:** Concerning the recent rallies in the Empire's principal cities: Am I to understand from your letter that you consider Ranashiel to have told the whole truth to his troops in his address?

**Z:** Truth is such a subjective matter, as I'm sure you know Blondie...

I personally believe that upon occasion our warriors and leaders have a tendency to be overzealous in their approach to inspiring devotion and pride from the Baatorian troops, but I would not go so far as to say they lie outright. As I know from my own position, keeping morale levels high and encouraging ever greater victories, which we all know they are capable of achieving, can be quite difficult when operating under less than ideal conditions. We have suffered casualties in the Blood War; that's a fact of life. I don't wish to detract from those necessary sacrifices by getting into a pointless discussion, which ultimately steals respect from those soldiers dying on behalf of the Empire.

**BB:** As regards my recollection of the battle of the River Ma'at, I apologise for any impression I might have given that some harm had befallen their Lordships the Nine. I was using as my source the Abdielssaga, which while dramatically fascinating, is,

I understand, under censorship in the Empire. I have taken the liberty since then of visiting the private vault at the Hall of Records and consulting copies of other documents, including your own department's account of the event, all those years ago. It does indeed seem that I was, to a certain extent, misinformed. Nevertheless, it does also remain the fact that the speech that the Honourable Azazel gave before that conflict was strikingly similar to that which Ranashiel gave more recently. Is this plagiarism on the part of the junior officer, or merely an indication of, so to speak, 'house style'?

**Z:** Oh, I'd have to say definitely the latter. House style is it? (she raised a glowing violet eye and winked at me, almost menacingly). I suppose one could call it that. But no, our Lords are in perfect health and safety, as I said before. I am somewhat curious as to where you found a copy of the Abdielssaga, I was under the impression that some of negotiable value had long since been abandoned in favour of more recent chant-books. The speech Ranashiel gave is very indicative of the language; that is to say because our language is caste-specific, many times when you address the same level of creatures in our realm, you are limited by the same types of phrases and ideas. So, to put it in Sigilian terms, there's only so many ways you can call a berk a berk and tell him he's doing a fine job peeling bidders and giving bashers the laugh.

**BB:** Well quite. As to my copy of the Abdielssaga, I don't have one. It was an excerpt in an Outlander history book. With respect to your new territorial gains in Gehenna, there can be no doubt of their importance. How does this affect diplomatic relations with the yugoloths and the Court of Moloch? To what use will the new land be put, and is it intended to be transferred to, for example, Phlegethos for further use?

**Z:** So far we've encountered only some slight adjustment problems betwixt the baatezu occupying our new territories in Gehenna and the yugoloths. As to the current status of relations with court of Moloch, that is something I'm unaware of; at last I knew, we were not recognising their self-proclaimed sovereignty. I do know that several of my Retrievers\* have had trouble being treated with civility there, and we are even investigating the possibility that the death of Canzaniel, my second lieutenant, was due to the workings of several of their operatives. Perhaps Zapan can clarify that issue for you, as the diplomatic

workings of things outside of our race do not concern my Ministry very much. As to uses, again, you would need to confer with my esteemed sister Pearza, who could perhaps give you a clearer picture of our future plans which, I assure you, are very optimistic indeed.

**BB:** I have recently heard that a Science Ministry official, Shemihazah, has been commissioned to work on a new class of war machine. Will your department be making a statement about the progress of this scheme soon? Can you let us in on any details at this stage?

**Z:** Ah, yes, there has been much discussion out and about on this new war machine. It's similar to the Relentless but much faster and more manoeuvrable. We are hoping that it will be able to make a positive impact on our battlefield successes in the War. At this time I am not at liberty to discuss the workings of this new development---just some discretion on my part to avoid the possibility of that information falling into the wrong hands---but I am certain that this next step of development will take us where we wish to go.

Alas, Blondie, I regret I must take my leave of you, but I am expected this eve as well at a prearranged function for dinner. I trust I have answered your questions to the fullest extent possible, considering the classified nature of much of them. It is with great sadness that I cannot discuss more at this time, but if e'er your esteemed readers wish to ask me a question, you need not look but here to find the answer. Good evening, Miss Bluthheim.

At that point, I noticed Zimmimar smile and then gesture up to a small, though extremely ornate, copper wall plaque written in Mabrahoring, the highest tongue of the baatezu. I didn't comprehend the language right away, but the words formed in my mind just as the taller fiend made her way out to the antechambers behind her desk. I laughed once the fiend had left, noticing the irony. The plaque says: "Tah'verent Mi Thant", which means "Ask me anything..."

[\* Retrievers are the Baatorian term given to Zimmimar's own personal band of non-baatezu who 'retrieve' deserters from the realms in which normal baatezu are not able to pursue them. They are a group numbering 72 (8x9) comprised of tieflings and numerous fallen celestials.]

— by Blondie Bluthheim, culler  
(ar & asp)

## Cut Rate Bub at Rule of Fours Kip

**ATTENTION** Bub-lovers!  
**Rule-of-Fours**, the hot new kip **Lower Ward**,  
is selling **high-class bub** on the **cheap!**  
We got a special deal on real **"fire-water"**  
that we're selling at the **Plane of Fire** bar.  
So don't waste your jink down at the Wheel  
— come **sample** the same quality  
at a **third the price all next week**  
at the only kip in the burg  
that celebrates **ALL** the elements!

(sk)

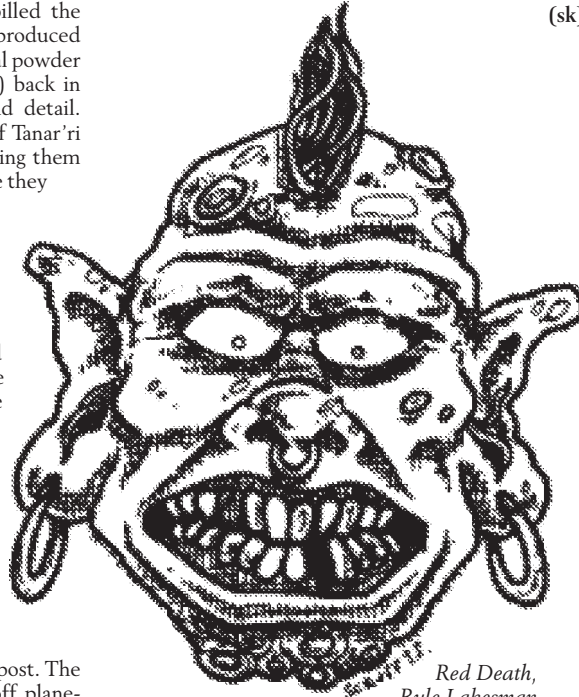
## Glee Machine A Hoax?

OUTLANDS (Torch)—A Mercykiller band led by the Justiciar named Rule Lakesman, returned to Sigil from the gate-town of Torch this week after a failed attempt to find the rumoured "Glee Machine". An anonymous freelance culler for SIGIS spilled the chant on the Glee Machine - a factory that produced mass quantities of the dream-drug (a magical powder "distilled" from the dreams of humanoids) back in issue 15, with extraordinary precision and detail. According to the news report, a "family" of Tanar'ri had been bobbing Torch citizens and dragging them into a body of a living Tanar'ri fortress where they extracted the dream essences of these poor sods.

The story given by the SIGIS culler was really quite convincing with detailed maps of the fortress and descriptions of the various parts of its "body". Indeed, this article was what prompted Lakesman and his band of Mercykillers to go to Torch in the first place. But after weeks of searching the burg and the swamps below where the Glee-Machine was supposed to have been, they came up empty. "Our contacts in Torch were convinced that dark was real," said a disappointed Lakesman. "They told us that they knew one of the cutters that had stumbled across the site and could even identify the fiends who ran the show. But we scoured the swamps until the heat, sickness and leeches sucked us dry, and we couldn't find a trace of these knights of the post. The G-Machine was either a hoax or it took off plane-

walking. Either way it is very disappointing that we couldn't bring these cross-traders to justice."

—by Maija Intwood,  
culler  
(sk)



## Fire in PTC Warehouse: Arson Suspected

THREE NIGHTS AGO, the Planar Trade Consortium (PTC) warehouse at Boxed Square in the Market Ward tragically burned to the ground, destroying all contents therein. A night watchman, Barno Grath, was salamandered in the fire, as were three Cipher namers who helped combat the blaze. The fire was noticed just after anti-peak that night by nearby costermongers on Portage Street. "I heard ol' Barno a'screamin' like the Lady Herself was at his throat, and then I saw them flames just a' pourin' outta the eaves," said Tram Devvid, of Devvid's Delicacies. Mr. Devvid, along with the other nearby costermongers, stayed true to their Cager nature, and spent the next several hours moving their own wares rather than assisting in fighting the fire.

Several members of the Transcendent Order did arrive almost as soon as the commotion started, each bearing a full bucket of water. A makeshift brigade was soon organised. One mage also managed to turn the fires threatening a nearby case into billowing clouds of smoke, but it was apparent, onlookers said, that the flames were destined to win. Grath's screams of "Fire, Help!" were still ringing in the air, said one of the bystanders, when a terrifically huge explosion of flame within the warehouse knocked down one wall and collapsed the ceiling. Many Ciphers jumped to safety just before this happened, but three were insufficiently in-tune with the universe and failed to move in time. Mr. Grath's body has yet to be sifted from the rest of the debris, but he is presumed dead.

Estavan, spokes-ogre for the PTC, arrived in the wee hours of the morning of the fire, and he was livid

with rage. Bashers on the case said that he actually drew blood with his naginata when a Harmonium officer attempted to restrain him from entering the smouldering premises. Those who know Estavan well were quite surprised to hear of his lost temper, as he is usually the very model of decorum and manners. When contacted at his case in the Clerk's Ward, Estavan readily agreed to an interview. "I've spoken with the Harmonium at length about the officer I inadvertently injured that night, and I have made full restitution to the man's widow and orphans," he said.

"It was just so frustrating to see years of effort on behalf of the PTC burned up in hours because of Harmonium bungling," Estavan continued. "That fire was arson, pure and simple. Brzzt Brekth, the Chasme berk who was arrested while trying to defame my good name awhile back [Ed. note—see SIGIS issue 15] did it, and that's sure as Sigil. He knew that the PTC stored all of our incredibly valuable supply of decalcifying oil in that warehouse, and he burned it deliberately to spite us. Potentially hundreds of thousands of jinx worth of oil, a thousand barrels, and it's now totally gone."

At that point in the interview, Estavan once more lost his equilibrium. No further questions were answered, as the ogre had to make an appointment to repair his newly (self-) wrecked office. Records show that the tanar'ri Estavan mentioned did indeed escape from a Hardhead patrol while being escorted to Mercykiller custody. Chief Judge Crux had found him guilty of assault, attempted extortion and defamation of a court officer, and Brekth was being thrown into the brick beast for life.

Readers of SIGIS,

Tell Regard has been killed. His death will be mourned by many for his small, but critical, contributions to the Sigilian newsrag SIGIS. You might wish to know who is writing this column. In the his last article to SIGIS, Tell wrote about a mysterious mage in dark robes. I am that mage. I will take up where Tell left off, though I am not of the news writing type, nor am I fluent in the Sigilian chant, I will endeavour to do my best and bring the news to those who need it. I cannot let you know who I am for obvious reasons. Let us just be happy with the name of Avail.

When I left to pursue the Illithid, I made a mistake that cost Tell his life. I returned to Tell's kip to find nothing, everything was in perfect clean order. Not the sight of a small encounter that had just took place. I cast a spell of my own make, I threw ash into the air, muttered the complex words. Shadows came from my cloak and encased the room, but to my memory of when I left, Tell was there, but a figure of shadow. Everything was as I left it a little bit ago. I let the scene play on. The shadows recorded everything. The minute I left the head of the illithid poked up through the floor, and looked to see if the coast was clear. The door opened and a patrol of Hardheads entered and began to clean the kip up. The blank look in their eyes let me know that they were not in control of their own actions. The illithid grabbed Tell, and as Tell screamed, ate his brain. The Hardhead came and got the body, cleaned the blood away, and they all left.

Although I know not why the Illithid is in Sigil, or why it is here, but I know I will find out and I will make it a personal crusade to end the Mind Flayer's interest in Sigil. This I swear.

Signed, Avail the Dark

(t)

The fly-fiend had blamed Estavan and the PTC for removing barrels of a rare oil from his homeland. After attempting to murder Estavan and his advocate in the City Court, Brekth was heard to swear vengeance upon the Planar Trade Consortium and Estavan in particular.

No members of the Harmonium would officially comment when asked about the situation, but wanted posters for Brzzt Brekth have appeared on the streets. Unofficially, some Hardheads sympathetic to this reporter (and whom were quite polite and timely about freeing him from his joint cell with other recently scragged SIGIS cullers, when he produced the proper motion for habeas corpus) slipped chant that Brekth is indeed being sought under charges of arson and multiple murder.

Chant at the Barracks says that high-up strings have been pulled, and that ace investigator Christopher Verdue may be assigned to the case. The PTC apparently had no assurances placed on the unarguably valuable oil, and is feeling quite the sting in its normally deep pockets. The tanar'ri Brekth remains at large.

—by Uffley Bailiff, court culler  
(Mr. N)

## Interview With The Red Cell

SIGIL—SIGIS has received rights to an exclusive interview with an unnamed member of the recently discovered Red Cell, an Anarchist organisation. The Red Cell was recently named in a Harmonium infiltration investigation, in which up to 40 midlevel administrators were dismissed from service or detained for questioning and prosecution. What follows are revelations which may link several of the strange happenings in our fair Spire to date:

◆◆◆

**Zeines:** Okay, I'd like to open the interview by saying that your identity is safe with me and SIGIS. We are not out to see you under the Mercykiller's blade. We are only seeking the dark. Right?

**Red Cell Member:** Right.

**Zeines:** Excellent. Now, I appreciate you granting us this interview, and I'd like to begin by asking: What prompted you to come forward to a public record such as SIGIS with darks to the Red Cell and its recent activities?

**RC:** Other than your jink I have here in my pocks [laughs], the Red Cell has accomplished its long term goals as of last evening, and now would like to let Sigil and the multiverse know that such icons of order and law, such as the Harmonium, are wrought with the disease of their own power, and susceptible to collapse. What small things the Red Cell has accomplished over the past few years are telling as to what our Anarchist brothers continue to accomplish toward the ultimate goal of no rule, no order, and no concentrated areas of power in the multiverse.

**Zeines:** Well put. When I first approached you about this interview, you hinted that the Red Cell had ties to several recent activities and persons driving those activities. Would you care to elaborate?

**RC:** I'll get to that, berk, but I'd like to talk about where the Red Cell came from and what we've done in the past that gives us the right to carry the Revolutionary League ideals to their ultimate end...

**Zeines:** A résumé of sorts, then?

**RC:** Right. And let me talk about the Hardhead raids on the "Anarchist cells" in the last few weeks before I start. These were staged and used to send them on a wild mephit chase. Tonat Shar and his lap dog Ghex have never been anywhere near a real Anarchist cell in the course of their investigations, though they may office next to one or two in the Barracks. [laughs heartily] The Red Cell was formed soon after Omar finished his mission. That, my lovely berks, was a test, as many of you have gleaned. He made it all the way to factol Hardhead, without nary a suspicion. We made it our mission to continue where Omar left off. He showed the way; we just provided the bashers with the zills enough to accomplish it. For the last 50 years, we've slowly been working our way into the Hardhead Barracks. A servant here, a namer there. Maybe even a Measure occasionally. I can rattle my bone-box all I want about this now, because we are finished with our mission. By the time this is read, the Red Cell will be disbanded and the stage will be set for the next generation to finish off the first leg of the Order Triumvirate.

**Zeines:** So, your bloods have completed their task, 50 years in the making. How did that relate to the recent actions by the Cadre? Were they an allied cell, or just one with a common purpose?

**RC:** All cells have a common purpose, berk... The Cadre...heh... This dark will come as some surprise, but the Cadre was not even a Revolutionary League cell. I can tell by the look on your bone box that I should start at the beginning...

About two years ago, a prime dirt digger (a "gnome" to the clueless) stumbled through a portal into the Hive ward. Word has it he was scragged immediately by the Hardheads for being a "suspicious character". They held him for a few weeks, while the profiled the berk, but then released him. The gnome called himself Zibby the Fan, for some addle-cove reason. Anyhoo, members of the Anarchists watched him for a while, then approached him for membership. He took to it like a larva to the Waste, possibly because the Hardheads had already treated him so badly as they are wont to do. Immediately, he wanted to form his own cell and blow up the Barracks, seems he was quite adept at poisons and concoctions of an explosive nature...

Hey! Who in Baator is that?

**Zeines:** I'm going to have to ask you to stop there. My sources tell me it's time to move. We'll continue this interview at our alternative locale.

**RC:** Right.

[Later]

**Zeines:** Okay, continue.

**RC:** So anyway, this dirt digger... he wants his own cell, but we keep him busy as a lookout running errands for various cells so we can check him out. We determine that he is too... flamboyant for the Anarchists, so we sort of put him on ice for a while.

About six months ago, all Baator broke loose. We started getting... letters... from someone detailing our movements, our plans, and such, back to us... practically word for word. Needless to say, this almost botched everything and we nearly had to scatter the cell. Then, none other than Shemeshka the Marauder...or rather, one of her agents, came forward with a final letter and a proposal from someone or something called the Unnamed. There's been talk about this blood around the Cage for years. It's controlled criminal operations, some large, some small, bought and sold companies for various reasons, but everyone agreed, when you crossed the Unnamed, you wrote your own entry in the dead book. So, it got our plans somehow, and now it had a proposition. We were to destroy a list of businesses, people, and properties. In exchange, it would keep its bonebox shut... if it even had one. Don't ask me how Shemeshka was tied up in this, but we put our brain boxes together, and came up with a plan that would not interfere with ongoing operations.

**Zeines:** You gave Zibby his own cell...

**RC:** So to speak... We told him he could have his own cell, but he had to recruit his own people, come up with a worthy mission, and carry it out. All the while, we fed him dark and led him to do what the Unnamed wanted us to do.

**Zeines:** But, what about the Square Bar? I know that several high-ups in your organisation were put in the dead book there.

**RC:** Well, that's when things went a little awry. Zibby wasn't happy just to hit the targets we fed him, see. He still had a grudge toward the Hardheads. Apparently, his arresting officers was at the Bar that night, so it was really an assassination, more than anything... a bit overblown for Anarchist methods, but effective. We were...concerned...about this operation, but very few of our own people died in that blast. The ones that did were fair warned.

**Zeines:** But this must have sent up a warning signal that Zibby wasn't under control?

**RC:** Right. We began working in two directions then: keeping him on track, and laying the framework for the Hardheads to take him out of the picture at the right time. Zibby had quite a talented team assembled. Himself an expert in blowing things to Acheron, he also had a clockwork spellslinger from Toril named Abul or some such. He built all the fancy coverings for the bombs. There were several other bashers that might have made great Anarchists, but they all had the same trait as Zibby...barmy as a pack of kender. We started hearing of their overall plan to take out the Barracks. And we knew we had to finish him off. We did not engineer the attack on the Bazaar, but we let it happen because we knew that that would be the end of that addle-cove dirt digger. Amazing what a bunch of Clueless primes can do when they put their barmy bone-boxes together, though. [laughs] They kept those Hardheads on the run for months.

**Zeines:** So what was the Unnamed's agenda? Why all the destruction of those businesses which, it seems, were owned by other businesses of his?

**RC:** Well, I ain't into disclosing what I think the Unnamed is up to. But, there's talk around...ask one of those berks. All I know is, the Red Cell has finished its job. Both for Anarchy and for the Unnamed. We are disbanded. Hit the blinds, boys, see you on the other side of the multiverse. And those bloods who are reading this: Order is Bunk! Valiant!

◆◆◆

And with that, he slipped out.

What is the dark on the Unnamed? Why did it force a Revolutionary League cell through so many mazes to destroy Sigilian properties? See Felicity's trades expose [Ed. note: In the Editorial Section] later in this issue for details on the chain of events that link the Sigil-Outlands Trading Company, the Unnamed and the recent Cadre attacks.

—Zeines Pauch, independent culler

# THE MIDNITE SUN SCHOOL OF COMBAT

Come and learn  
how to be Tough!

see the next page for details

# SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

[Ed. note: We received this first letter before the ban was lifted. Even though SIGIS is no longer illegal, we thought this letter revealed some pretty interesting chant.]

Readers of SIGIS,

I know this is less than legal but I have to give SIGIS the news. Corporal Darius Kyne is planning to purge the Harmonium of all members who indulge in the use of illegal goods. This includes SIGIS. It seems that so many Harmonium many to snatch a copy of this illegal item for their own enjoyment that our high ups are screaming about corruption in the ranks. Chant is that even Sarin has been seen reading through your paper. I say that we are Sigilian after all, and that your paper isn't all bad. It keeps us up on all the darks and allows us to see what transpires across the planes. Don't tell anyone what I told you, I may get scragged by my own people by letting you in on the dark without scragging you after.

(jw)

Readers of SJJS,

They're at it again! The wicked baatezu are attempting to destroy the precarious ecosystem of the Lower Planes with another of their infernal schemes! This week, the damming of the Styx...next week...who can say? The disgraceful thing is nobody else seems to care. I am Sozroy, a protector druid of Baator, and it is my duty to inform readers of SJJS that, should the damming project not be stopped, the baatezu will flood the main breeding grounds of the Desert's Night Blood—a rare and beautiful plant with the magical ability to restore memories lost to the Styx itself. I know not why the fiends should wish to do this, or if they even care about the destruction of a unique and legendary plant, but their ministries have not responded to my requests to cease the project. I appeal to Sigil's factols to take action and save this rare flower!

Sozroy, protector druid of Baator  
(jw)

Are Dragons too TUFF for you?

Do you scream when you cut yourself shaving?  
Do grannies kick you off your Bar-stool!?

## THE MIDNITE SUN SCHOOL OF COMBAT

Klaut, son of Tog and Tog, son of Tog, Proprietors  
Conveniently located on the North Face of Toril's Grimstooth Moutains!

Classes on:

- Unarmed head bonkin'/Mead drinkin'/Smashin' stuff
- Pillaging/Armed head bonkin' and limb slicin'
- Breakin' wussie magic items
- Wastin' Dragons/Maimin' Githyanki
- Survivin' (and casin') DUNJUN cave-ins

**40 Gold pieces** (or equivalent) per lesson,  
**2 lessons minimum**

**Warning!** Wizards applying for these courses **may be killed** on general principal! Klaut and Tog and the Midnite Sun Skool may not be held responsible for deaths or maimings as a result of training either during or after a session.

Payment is expected prior to course enrolment.

**DWARVEN SPECIAL:**

Sign up in the **next two weeks**, and take **1/2 off** the normal enrolment price!  
**THAT'S RIGHT! HALF OFF DWARFS!**

(jw)

**Just listen to this endorsement:**

"I used to get my butt spanked in combat. I was the wussiest Harper in Faern. Two kobolds and I was a goner! I was so lame, I had a frequent resurrection plan with the local cleric. I took just 3 classes with the **MIDNITE SUN SKOOL**. Now, I own rule my own castle and kick other people butts, even with no sword! **THANKS, Klaut and Tog!**"

—**Urtha Greenthumb, Half-elven Ranger, Harper member**

### NewsChant

## Hardheads or Leatherheads?

THE BEHAVIOUR of the Harmonium and the other lawful factions of late has been thoroughly disgraceful! They have taken a noble idea (living together in peace) and perverted it into total fascism. Not only are the Hardheads trying to make it illegal for cullers such as myself to spout their honest opinions, they seem to have declared war on the poor!

I was fortunate enough not to be amongst those cullers so cruelly and inappropriately scragged when certain fractions within the Harmonium decided to arrest SIGIS and all its fine employees. But I had the gravest misfortune to witness the atrocity of the riots first hand, and I have to say that the actions of the Harmonium there made me sick to my bread-box!

I've known many young lads who saw the Harmonium as a good way out of the kips of the Hive and who took that chance when they got it. And I've known many Hardheads who are quite decent and honest folk, willing to lend a hand when too many others would simply turn away. But the actions of the officers of the law during the riots this past week have been everything but 'just' or 'lawful'. For the first time in my life, I'm ashamed for my city.

I saw strong young men coshing helpless old ladies, just to get them out of the way. I saw children threatened by hellish, chain-ridden monsters while Mercykillers stood aside and laughed. I saw Guvners arguing legal points of order while the kips of the poor burned to the ground.

I saw the whistles themselves trying to take the town I love. SHAME, SHAME on the Lawful Triad! No one expects the Guvners to know what to do in a real life crisis like this, and everyone knows the Mercykillers are heartless, corrupt fiends with no care for anything more than slaughtering those they label 'criminal'.

But the Harmonium is supposed to be better than that! The Harmonium is supposed to act better than that! Where are those boys I saw escape a short life in the Hive streets to become fine, upstanding citizens with the Harmonium? And I mean you, Opie Tailor, and you, Beauregard Brew. Where were you when your home streets burned? When the Hardheads busted down SIGIS (long may it sell!) they accused its owners and operators of Anarchist leanings. Well, anyone who knows me knows I've never had a whit to do with those violent sods. And I think it's clear that it's really the Harmonium which is riddled with dangerous cutters looking for a way to

so discord amongst the populace. Hardheads, look to your own for traitors! SIGIS cullers have found scads of chant screaming that the Revolutionary League is pulling Harmonium strings! I'll bet merts to mud that the Red Cell or some other likely gang of subversives is perverting your fine ideals! Factol Sarin, open your eyes! Don't let your boys become murdering thugs. Too many tears and blood have been spilt already, and there's no harmony left in the Hive.

Hardheads, stand by your name. You know what's been done is neither just nor peaceable. Look for the real culprits, and don't blame the poor or the outspoken. Don't let the Anarchists make you into leatherheads again.

—Gert Rood, an old lady in hiding  
(Mr. N)

## Hardline Aphrodisians Dig Their Heels In

SIGIL (Lady's Ward)—Following reports that the Sensates were in negotiations with the Archonites, the United Sigilian Church of Aphrodite-Venus made a number of passionate statements defending the sanctity of their festivals and the integrity of their soothsayers. Lesomoneia, a devi, preached for longer than usual in the Church's Lady's Ward temple, calling upon all Aphrodisians to proclaim their sexuality and faith freely, and not to be intimidated by what she called 'repressive forces'.

A number of followers took to this with a bit too much enthusiasm, and there were later six arrests for public fornication. Lesomoneia said that she regarded those arrested as 'victims of religious persecution', and hoped they would be able to make something positive of their stay in jail. Harmonium officers are still looking for the vandals who painted detailed sexual images on the doors of the chapels in Vale's Inn and the College of Thaumaturgy, both in the Clerk's Ward. Various Aphrodisians are promising to make their Aphrodisia a week to remember, despite the other events taking place. One well-endowed half-elven lady said she was going to strip naked and expose herself to the visiting Archonite Pontiff. As His Holiness Angelusmisit XIV is an elderly, celibate gentleman, we hope his health will survive this.

—by Blondie Bluthheim, culler  
(ar)



## Sigis Trades Culler Still Missing...

SIGIL - As of press time, our own trades culler, Felicity K. Ghwar was still missing. You may recall the story last week, in which we reported Ms. Ghwar was finishing a trades expose linking Three Rings Ltd. with recent attacks by the Cadre. What surprises both the staff of SIGIS and hopefully our reading public is that the conspiracy appears much more complex than even that. What follows is her incomplete report, left at the SIGIS doorstep early this morning. No word on the missing culler has reached our offices.

### A WEB OF LIES: SIGIL-OUTLANDS TRADING COMPANY AND THE CADRE

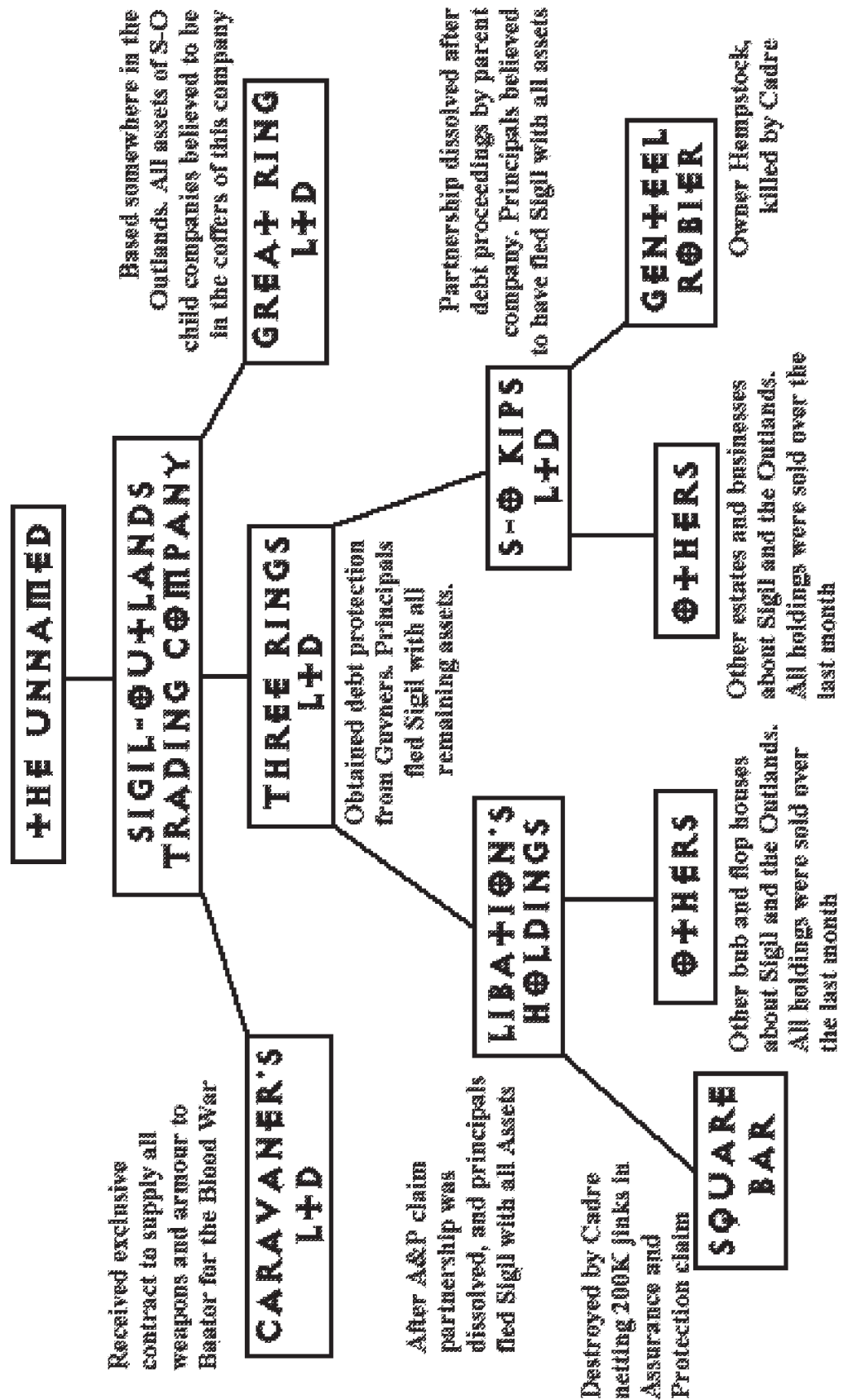
In recent months, a seemingly random series of attacks have plagued Sigil's marketers. A purported Anarchists cell known as the Cadre began bombing key trade centres, businesses, and the merchants themselves, claiming that by destroying centres of jink this would simultaneously destroy centres of power. Closer investigation by this reporter has revealed that the attacks could have been planned and carried out by agents of the Sigil-Outlands Trading Company to destroy their own holdings in Sigil, in a move to collect Assurance and Protections monies, and avoid paying various taxes by centring their operations on the Outlands.

A secondary objective appeared to be to consolidate their holdings on the Outlands in order to better serve Baator, with whom S-O Ltd. has secured an exclusive contract for weapons, armour, and other supplies for Baator's Blood War troops. Though the details of this elaborate scheme are still unknown, the facts surrounding the case outline a clear intent to defraud and endanger the citizens of the Cage.

Virtually all businesses, trade centres, and merchants targeted by the Cadre were in some way related to the S-O or one of its subsidiaries. What follows is a graphic depicting the chain of events and the players involved, including their links back to the S-O. As is obvious by the graphic, S-O Holdings used the Cadre to cut all Sigil-based holdings and consolidated them under Great Ring Ltd. on the Outlands. It is believed that Caravaner's Ltd, and its hefty Blood War weapons contract with Baator have likewise been consolidated under Great Rings Ltd's umbrella.

In Part II of this expose, I will delve into the actual players in this far-reaching plot to defraud and endanger the citizens of Sigil, including some high placed bloods in the Legal Triumvirate Factions and the Fated. Part III maps out the timeline, with all major events covered, many that have not been reported anywhere else. Part IV lists references and some berks ballsy enough to come forward on the record. Sources for this information include public record, witnesses, unofficial contacts and officially released Fated and Harmonium documents.

— by Felicity K. Ghwar, culler (pw)



**Attention!**  
 Anyone seeing SIGIS culler Felicity K. Ghwar is asked to report it immediately to our office. Possible reward if the information given will lead to successful finding.  
 — SIGIS staff

StreetChant

## Fang Sisters Nabbed In A Lost Bob

SELF-PROCLAIMED Emperor of the mercantile trade, Business tycoon Master Wu Fang, made no comment today concerning the fate of his three daughters who were scragged for their connections with the mutilation of a well-heeled cutter [Ed note: the name was withheld for investigative reasons]. Witnesses say the poor sod was dumped into the gutter from one of Master Wu's privately owned sedan chairs, where he rapidly progressed from clueless to lost.



sketch of unnamed cutter

The arresting officer of the Fang Sisters was the Harmonium Captain Art Callus, who supposedly told cullers to "Sod off!" after all his witnesses slipped the blinds into one of the inner-planes later that day. Further testimony by these witnesses has, of course, been temporarily delayed.

Will the Fang Sisters dance the hemp-jig on a leafless tree? Or will they give the Hardheads the laugh like the witnesses? Stay well-lanned with SIGIS, cutters, for the dark on this strange case.

— by Louis Forget, streetchant culler (gd)

StreetChant

## New Portal Attracts Trade

THE EXPOSURE by the Modron March of a portal linking Cherry Blossom in Abellio to an area near Heart's Faith in Lunia has produced a sudden increase in trade between the faithful of Izanagi and Izanami, known as inviters, and the Mithraists who worship Mitra as Mithras. The two religious groups are both noted producers of equipment and objects d'art, and they seems to be welcoming the opportunity to exchange materials, goods and ideas.

(ar)

### Portal Finding Service

Are you lost?  
Do you know where you are heading?  
Cannot find the way?  
We will help you!

PFS possesses the most comprehensive list of Sigil's portals and portal keys. The list is updated daily, so there's 100% guarantee of arriving where you want. 99 Planeswalker Row, Guildhall Ward

StreetChant

## Three Fiends Tell a Really Tall Tale

Ah, we meet again! Here's the chant:

This all started when I was partaking of a cheese salad and hard-roll, whilst washing it all down with liberal quaffs of Red Lyon Dark (ginger beer) at Bleaoides's Potato Pub located near a host of small shops in the Lower Ward. While practising the art of not minding my own business, I overheard the beginnings of a most deliciously interesting tale. And as this is yours truly, I couldn't help but scrag the dark of it.

It appeared that three fiends were discussing the whereabouts and particulars of portals. Further scrutiny of the matter revealed that they were in fact searching for a particular portal. The portal in question has apparently been moving about Sigil for some time in a random and chaotic patterns, and the berks were having a sodding hard time finding it.

It was then that I heard some most intriguing chant mentioned between the typically crude comments of fiends: vague details about a most ancient and wondrous artifact located atop the apex of the spire, over which the Cage is balanced! Apparently, this elusive portal leads a cutter to the top of the spire on which this great artifact rests (or so was their claim). An artifact that would give a blood powers over the Lady herself (ahem!).

Then they paid their jink and left. I, of course, followed, floored as I was upon hearing this chant. (Of course, I didn't believe a word of this screed, but I've learned that behind every load of lies rests a gem of truth!)

I was able to shadow them through the dull haze of the Lower Ward, with great care and skill I must say, before arriving to the FURNIS. The FURNIS is a lower planar bub-house looking like a black monolith made of some strange metal, which lives up to its name as it is scorchingly hot to the touch. The heat was sheer madness, but to each his own I suppose. After arranging an award winning disguise, I soon entered the establishment behind them, sweat running off my body like migrating salmon.

The three fiends, Mephistonik, Asmodie, and Marr, as there names later became revealed to me, all slouched low in the relaxing warmth of the community flame-pit. Asmodie laughed heartily, while making furtive gyrations with a humanoid femur, (which Asmodie said once belonged to a healthy, powerful and clueless sorcerer), while Mephistonik spat out a boiling concoction across the room, laughing so hard he held his stomach. Marr was also busy hitting his leg continuously while making a god-awful racket of high pitch wailing. All of this continued for several minutes while lesser baatezu

and other creatures (including myself), were served the "three kings to the mad" tunes of an Abyssal bard.

From the conversation they were having, I gathered that they had hired some cutters who had turned stag on them in the search for the portal. "I could rend the little turds to pieces if I liked!" claimed Mephistonik, as he gripped his fist so violently that flame shot out of his knuckles. Apparently the sods had gone out-of-touch, which made my gears start turning concerning the Fang sisters and the relationship between the two stories.

As for the Fang sisters, without evidence, they got off. Seems to me a bit of jink has the Guvners playing at musical chairs in the city courts [Ed. Note: The judges are sometimes referred to as "dancing chairs" in the Lady's Ward.]

Methinks perhaps a little more delving should take place in these matters. By the way, if any of you cutters find the portal to this "artifact", please: Don't forget Forget!

— by Louis Forget, streetchant culler (gd)



Mephistonik

StopPress

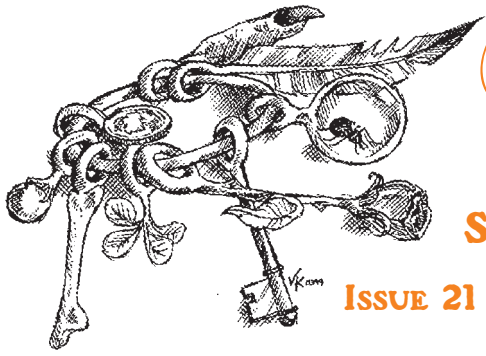
## Cadre Leader Captured in Sigil

SIGIL—Amid little fanfare, and almost no struggle, Harmonium Special Investigator Christopher Verdue, and a squad of twenty officers, escorted the leader of the Anarchists cell the Cadre to the Barracks. Zibby the Fan, a gnome from the prime world of Krynn was a silent, unassuming character, keeping his kip in the Lady's Ward. Though looking a little worse for wear (surely not at the hands of the Hardheads), Zibby entered the Barracks.

S.I. Verdue held an abbreviated press conference a few minutes later, in which he detailed the final stage of the Cadre Investigation.

"The Cadre leader has surrendered to the Harmonium and has opted to let the Law run its course. We obtained the final piece of information as to his whereabouts about an hour ago from his second-in-command, the clockwork mage, Abik 'Ibn Thurn, captured in our last raid against the Cadre. We will continue to question him and his cell members until the full dark of their actions are known. The Harmonium will continue to keep you posted."

— by Zeines Pauch, culler (pw)



# SIGIS

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

ISSUE 21 YEAR 1

PRICE: 2 STINGERS

FIRST WEEK OF SAVORUS

NEWSCHANT

## Doomguard and Dustmen Face-off

**SIGIL (LOWER WARD)**—After weeks of continuing battle, both in the streets and in the Hall of Speakers, the conflict between the Doomguard and the Dustmen came to a heated climax last night as the two once-friendly factions discovered the instigators of this series of gruesome encounters.

But first, a little background. Several weeks ago, a group of drunken Sinkers approached the Mortuary and taunted the Dustmen guards there. Apparently, these guards took great offence to this and had the three or four intruders properly decimated. This sparked outrage from the Armoury, and several groups of vigilantes on both sides went to war in the streets of the Cage. In particular, the corpses of Sinkers were left outside the Armoury each morning. Not a pretty sight. Or smell, for that matter.

This continued on until last night, when a large group of Sinkers and Dustmen faced each other down in a large avenue in the Lower Ward. The spokespersons and several other high-ups from each faction were present. At almost precisely the same instant, a call of "Charge!" emanated from both sides of the stand-off. This cry came from several members, who were later noted as those who generally led the raids on the opposing faction. These were promptly scragged

and detained by their comrades, most of them high-up factioneers.

Ely Cromlich stepped forward and accused those scragged of being subversive Anarchist agents, and together the Dead and the Doomguard marched their prisoners down to the Prison for the Red Death to deal with. Naturally, there were incidental knifings along the way, but what can you expect from two factions dedicated to death and decay?

Later, the Doomguard issued the following press release to SIGIS, with assurances that the Tempus Sigilian (aka. the Bonebox Riddler) would not be handed a copy.

*"To the esteemed citizens of Sigil. The Lady Pentar would like to offer her apologies to those caught in the conflict between the Dustmen and the Doomguard.*

*"While this may seem out of character for one so devoted to Chaos, it is evident that the free-for all was brought about by Anarchist spies that sought to undermine a fairly stable relationship in*

*the tentative balance of the Cage. The Doomguard may want to bring it all down, but we will bring it down by ourselves, in our own time.—Sir Twist"*

The Dustmen, true to their policy of indifference failed to comment in time for this printing.

With all the worry over the conspiracy of the Yugoloths, have we forgotten that there are other subversive agents at work? Ely Cromlich apparently had enough evidence to convince the Red Death that Anarchists had been at work in his faction, as well as within the Doomguard. The incidents with these factions, and the terror of the "Cadre", remind us that we have our own brand of 'Loths within our very own city: the Revolutionary League.

Although our burg may be free of Sinker corpses for now, who knows when something may happen again? It will take months for this wound to completely heal over, and there's no guarantee that the Sinkers and the Dead are completely reconciled. But one can always hope.

—Sco'rut Morthus, SIGIS culler (st)

EDITORIAL

## SIGIS Awarded Substantial Damage from Harmonium

**WHAT'S WITH THE NEW LOOK?**—In the start of Savorous, the first month of the Sensate festival calendar, we at SIGIS are delighted to bring you a limited-edition gold-leaf engraved edition of our newspaper. How are we affording such extravagance? You'll remember the recent unjust banning of our esteemed organisation, I am sure. Following the unsuccessful attempt of the Harmonium to silence our voices, and the outcry of our readers at such blatantly hard-headed tactics, SIGIS has successfully won its case before the Fraternity of Order to sue the Harmonium for the wrongful arrest of many members of staff and loss of earnings (thanks, Sly Nye!)

SIGIS was awarded the costs of producing this issue of the newspaper. So it's thanks to Factol Sarin and the boys in pink who have so generously paid for gold-embossed lettering and high-

quality Arborean paper to print it on! Who says an ill wind blows no good?

We're also pleased to announce, beginning this issue, the inclusion of a brand new section entitled the "Faction Reaction". In this section, we ask all the various factions (and as many sects as we can track down) to give us their opinions on some of the most important issues of our times. We hope you will find this section as revealing and enlightening as we have.

We cannot promise to give the chant from every faction in every issue, but a solid representation is assured. And all those factions that don't respond are missing out on an excellent forum in which to express their views and beliefs. Enjoy, and let us know what you think!

Jerryla Perroli, Editor in Chief  
(sk&jw)



Scragged  
Doomguard Impersonator

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# Slaadi Chaos Tromp Hits Blinds Again!

SIGIL—The ill-fated and much talked-about Slaadi Chaos Tromp, apparently mirroring the early Modron March around the Great Ring, took a turn for the blinds this week. As previously reported [SIGIS 20] the slaad overran the Great Bazaar, causing much chaos and killing several unlucky bystanders. While the initial horde was dispersed by Harmonium guards the following day using planar mancatchers and spells of compulsive order and calm chaos, the slaad band, numbering some 300 individuals of all colours, later regrouped in the Hive. It is suspected that some irresponsible Xaositects and Anarchists helped to gather the frog-fiends together, before showing them the location of a previously-unknown portal which led straight from the depths of the Hive to the Gvner Courthouse.

Imagine the surprise of the Eye of Justice and defendant (against charges of Disruptive Behaviour in a Court of Law) Sly Nye, when over one hundred ravenous slaad poured into the visitors' gallery through this portal. The gallery, designed for no more than thirty humanoids, groaned loudly and collapsed, squashing three Harmonium guards stationed at the back of the courtroom.

In the confusion, the Eye of Justice disintegrated several slaad, and paralysed half a dozen more with its magical abilities, The slaad fought back, destroying a priceless stained glass screen in the process, and severely weakening the supports on the Spireward corner of the building. The Eye and its attendants were quickly ushered out of the back entrance.

Somewhat perturbed by the sudden demolition of number one courtroom, the Gvner defences hit back with a time stop spell, capturing some fifteen slaad in temporal paralysis. Sensing, no doubt, the superior firepower of the Faction of law, the frog-fiends apparently saw some virtue in escape, and this they did, straight through the wall of the courtroom into the plaza outside.

The crowd of nosey onlookers and touts which had gathered rapidly fled in front of the slaadi horde, who were setting magical fires, lifting stalls telekinetically and turning invisible at will. The frog-forces were joined by another small horde of greens, and together the creatures began to attack the Courthouse with a barrage of delayed blast fireballs which could be seen from the other side of the Cage.

All looked lost for the Gvners, in fact, who were rapidly running out of ideas to tackle the seemingly endless array of strange tactics the slaadi were throwing, until a presence made itself known. Floating slightly awkwardly through the fireball barrage came the drifting form of the lady of pain, albeit slightly plumper than usual. Turpental, a tout who saw all of the events (due to him being pinned under the claw of a red slaad at the time...his injuries will heal) told me later: "You should've seen the look on the slaadi's faces when She came drifting down. It was worth my leg being crushed, anyways".

Within a couple of minutes the slaadi were running through the Lady's Ward by the hundred, knocking over several small buildings in their haste to escape the Lady's blades. As the mass of frogs

neared the limits of Sigil they showed no sign of slowing down, until the horde crashed into, and out the other side of, the famous Edge Tavern, which boasts views of the nothingness beyond Sigil's boundaries. Patrons stood back, applauded and watched the show as more than two hundred slaadi smashed through the glassteel windows and leapt into the void beyond.

After the last slaad had vanished, the "Lady of Pain" settled in the tavern, wobbled, and collapsed onto the floor. Underneath the robes patrons found two rogue modrons, chuckling amiably. To a round of applause, the modrons were given free drinks and the freedom of the Lady's Ward. One of the cutters, one Ylem, said "We

lanned cubes are well pleased to berk the sodding leathery Slaadi into jinking off the SigilCage", before being lost in the heaving crowds.

As any planewalker worth his salt knows, leaping off the edge of Sigil is a perilous venture at best. If the slaad horde is ever seen again, it could turn up on any plane in the Multiverse, at any time. A Gvner spokesperson asked SIGIS readers to look out for a couple of hundred hungry and probably embarrassed frog-fiends, and report any suspicious bands of slaadi to the Courthouse. This culler wonders whether they'll bother bringing them to trial. Knowing the Gvners, they probably will try...

—by Tromp Correspondent Laxuli Phae (jw)

NEWSCHANT

# Death of a Town

OUTLANDS (TOWN OF FAIRHAVEN)—A contact of mine informed me of a possible disturbance in the town of Fairhaven about two to three days ride from Ecstasy, (this is the Outlands bashers, so remember this could be any days ride). Sensing that this disturbance was connected to my earlier investigations, I used a portal I knew going to Fairhaven. When I arrived, I found to a ghost town. No one was present, no animals, no children, nothing.

Two homes had burned to the ground from untended cooking fires. In other homes, food sat on the table uneaten. Sometime in the early evening, something or someone had arrived and taken everything living thing from the town. In an attempt to detect the intruders, I used the spell I call Shadow Secret, which I had previously used in Tell Regard's kip, but this time it revealed nothing.

I continued my quest for evidence, and arrived upon on a home a little ways out from

Fairhaven from which I heard a child's voice. I ran to the kip to only to hear the voice go silent. Once inside, I came on a child under a bed, eyes wide and frightened, but the little one (a human around six years of age) was still alive. The child reacted to my dark appearance and tried to flee, but I cast a spell that put him gently to sleep.

All the while in the house, I had noticed and unusual, and surely foul, smell. Following my senses, I cautiously crept upstairs to the attic to the source of the rotting smell. And there it was: a corpse of a human woman in her 40's lying under some blankets, perhaps the child's mother. The back of her skull was missing along with the brain. My anger burned. I gathered the child and teleported back to the portal, and left back to Sigil. I will return later for a better investigation of the town and the surrounding area. The first thing I will do is get the child some help.

—by Dark Avail (T)

STREETCHANT

# Public Lavatories

SCAN THIS, CUTTERS. The public lavatories in the Cage are in a shocking state of disrepair. Drastic measures need to be implemented before more forced closings take place. Once fine edifices of open aired orifices, these squat and albeit ageing monoliths have become more a place of dangerous dungeon delving, as opposed to a place of both relief and public trust.

There have been nine closings in the lower ward alone, what with flooding, bold vermin, homeless tramps wearing a SIGIS blanket, and what have you. The privy over by the Vulgar Tongue Tavern located in the lower ward at the end of Fleet street and Moon court, have had events of a most singular and distressing nature occur. It appears that some strange spider-beast had taken up residence in the structure and preyed upon would be clients. It seems that those preyed upon were mostly "playing the nod" (glee

addicts), and some 30 bubbers remains were also found after the creature was destroyed.

In any case, we don't want to see at any time of day or night, addle-coves getting friendly with any wall or curb that suits their fancy. We can't just have our business out in the street for all to see. (The Harmonium is looking to scrag any blighters caught in the act, as per civil ordinance)

Public houses need to be maintained, as they are a part of the Cage as any other building or faction headquarters. These are places of individual retrospection. Places where one has time to contemplate his or her existence, or a quick wig-wag, while parking your ears. a place to get away from the hustle and bustle of everyday affairs and take a time out from it all. One can always find a copy or past issue of our favourite rag there as well. So go talk to your local high-ups and see what you can do to help out.

—Lanned By: Louis Forget (gd)

# Taint, Hate and the Dark Eight

**SIGIL (CLERK'S WARD)**—The continuing investigation into the murder of a noble class Baatezu suddenly jumped, as one observer put it, from 'Bleaker to CIPHER' this week as new allegations of Spiral Hal'aight's (the chief suspect's) misdeeds poured in from the Upper Planes. Just as the investigation was beginning to sputter, a whole new list of cross-trading activities emerged like runaway razorvine. Even worse for Hal'aight, his (former) defence attorney, the infamous 'Sly Nye', turned stag on him in the middle of the courtroom during sensitive negotiations. And to top it all off, a cornugon Baatezu, commissioned directly from the Dark Eight, arrived from the Iron City of Dis to direct her very own investigation. a breakdown of the news:

**1. NEW ALLEGATIONS.** Early in the week, the prosecutor, Ghex, introduced a string of new witnesses from the Beastlands who fingered Hal'aight in the despoiling of their ecologically pristine realm. a representative of the Tiamo (an elvish-looking people living on the Beastlands), named Hasupiwei-teri, told the presiding judge "The Eye of Justice", that her people's lands had been fouled by dwarves in the apparent service of aasimar high-ups.

In order to keep their activities secret, the dwarves had resorted to killing some of the Tiamo, as well as some of the native wildlife petitioners, which drew the attention of the local animal lords. The runoff from the mines also seems to have leeches into the river Oceanus causing

major difficulties and killing water-dwellers. On one particular occasion, twelve Delphons washed up dead on the shores of the Tiamo village, their gills encrusted with a silvery metal. Hasupiwei-teri actually presented a piece of the gill to the Eye as evidence. It was removed for alchemical inspection which revealed the silver to be a precious, magically-tuned metal known as 'Genth'. Weapons made from this extremely rare ore have been popular for some time among the Baatezu in their war against the Tanar'ri, a fact that casts even further doubt on Hal'aight's motives in dealing with the Pit Fiend who was dead-booked in his kip.

**2. SLY NYE TURNS STAG.** If things weren't bad enough for Hal'aight, during the cross-examination of the Tiamo representative his attorney, Nye, turned stag. Nye began with his usual bag of tricks and babble talk, and all seemed 'normal'. Then, in the middle of the examination, Nye stopped babbling screed and showed the witness a sketch of a male humanoid, asking her if she had ever seen this berk. I managed to scrag a copy of the sketch:

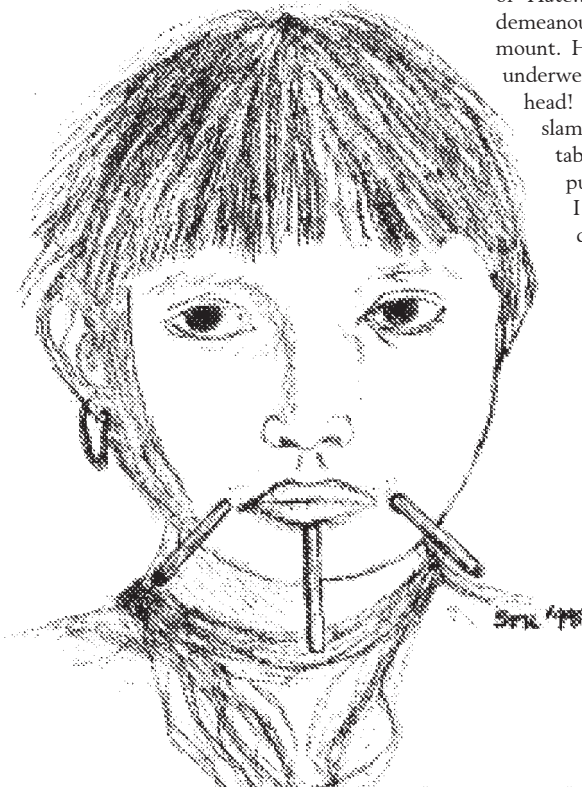
The Tiamo woman said she had seen this basher in the hills outside the village. That was when the trial went all barmy. Nye proceeded to levitate slowly off the floor shouting, "Yes, as fish are foul and orange shoes have a great body etc... I too have seen Hal'aight in the company of this sod!!! He trades, he deals, he kills and steals! Cross-trader, cross-trader, Spiral of Hate, Spiral of Hate!!!" As this happened, Hal'aight's calm demeanour broke like the crust on Gehenna's first mount. He raged, his face bright as a Sensate's underwear, and shouted, "Get out you leather-head! You sod! You're fired! Fired!!!" and slammed his fist down repeatedly on the table. Nye was quickly subdued by the Eye, put on probation (he's been there before I hear) and was sent packing. But the damage had already been done.



Humanoid (Aasimar?) sketch

**3. ENTER THE EIGHT.** After the courtroom fiasco, the strangest thing of all occurred, and what it bodes for Spiral Hal'aight or this case is entirely unclear. In the aftermath of the chaos caused by Nye, a cornugon Baatezu calling herself "Gehlyon" walked into the halls of the courts and requested an investigator's license on behalf of the Dark Eight. She also asked for access to Hal'aight's mansion where the murder occurred so that she could begin her own investigation. Apparently, her credentials were verifiable through the Embassy of the Eight, and she was given free license to pursue the hidden goals of her high-ups. Gehlyon politely ignored my questions as she left the courthouse, so I wasn't able to get the chant from her directly. But rest assured, dear reader, that Daemon Chaas will stick to this like a vaath to a skull!

—Daemon Chaas, culler (sk)



"Hasupiwei-teri"

These same aasimar matched the description of humanoids seen in the company of Hal'aight in Tradegate. (Hal'aight denied them being anything more than bubbling buddies.)

## THE KING'S DINNER

Still the top rated dinner in the Lady's Ward. For those with exquisite taste's, reserve your table today.

### This week's menu:

**Taste of Toril's Sands**—Yellow veil, the finest steak from a young wyrm from the great desert of Toril, marinated in fine Bytopian wine, served with Arborean vegetables—45gp

**Fire Roast**—Taste the fiery hot spice of a thoqua roast, fresh from the plane of magma. a meat with an exquisitely fiery spice of its own, topped with Baatorian peppers and marinated in fire wine. Served with a sweet blackberry wine chilled by our ice mephit to create the perfect balance of temperature and texture—30gp

**Taste Link**—Savour the delightful taste of roast wastrel. Just as these foul link to their victims in life, your taste buds will mystically link to this bird, heightening your tasting senses. One foul atop gravy rice with coral mushrooms from the finest gnomish mycologist—20gp

**Salad Supreme**—The herbivores that join us will enjoy this salad made from the giant mantraps that grows within prime jungles, mixed with sliced cucumbers, wild onions of the Beastlands, minced ocean strangle weed, with your choice of dressing—12gp

**Fiend's Fortune**—For our tiefling and lower planar customs we are serving hook spider shank so fresh it's still twitching, spiced with arsenic, and swimming in a sea a venomous gravy made from twelve different prime snake venoms—25gp

All customs can choose from our fine wine list and extensive choice of deserts.

Dress code strictly enforced, knights may wear armour if properly shined, and silenced, and fiends must temporarily dispel any auras of flame.

**Cutters Note:** Any bashers capable of scouring the planes in search of rare and tasteful meats see **Biron BountifulBelly** our renowned halfling chef.

(mp)

# The Shifting Multiverse

## Question of the week

Over the past few months, SIGIS has heard numerous Cagers mumbling the chant that the ethical balance of Sigil and the Multiverse has been shifting steadily, and dangerously, towards the side of Law. In Sigil, the chantmongers buoy their argument by pointing to such things as the harsh laws of the Mercykillers, the banning of SIGIS, and the persecutions in the Hive. Around the Multiverse, similar minded bashers cite the increased activities of the Baatezu (e.g., the damming of the Styx), the early start of the Modron March, and the increased prevalence of Illithids as reasons for their paranoia.

Is all this talk just screeed? Or are these events a prelude to some momentous change in the state of the Multiverse (perhaps under the guidance of a Power or three)? What does your faction have to say about these matters, and do they plan to do anything about them?

### Athar

This is all just a bunch of barmy talk from sods afraid to face the truth. They point to a few isolated incidents and blow them all out of proportion. You see, it's obvious why some desperate berks are spouting this screeed. They just can't handle the fact that something exists that the so-called 'gods' have no effect on. Deal with it: Sigil is completely off-limits to the powers. They think that if they can knock Sigil off-kilter towards law or chaos then the powers of law can just take a stroll down the Lady's Ward. Well, that's not the way it is. Even powers have their limitations, as they are far from perfect. Sigil will take care of itself. The very chaos this unfounded rumour is causing is balancing things out naturally, anyway. Things can take care of themselves without 'divine' intervention.

—Leir the Explorer

### Believers of the Source

It seems that the scales of balance are tipping to laws side then. It seems that those who follow law are simply taking the initiative to improve themselves. If the rest of the multiverse is so worried about a bunch of law bashers growing in power then they should be improving themselves instead of sitting back and complaining. I am sure there are those who will fight the baatezu, the Mercykillers, the illithids and so on. After all, competition is a great way of improving one's self. Those who are more fit will emerge in the end, and they will be that much closer to ascension of the next level of existence. So what does all of this 'law movement' mean to the multiverse?

Not much. It's just another occurrence in the constant struggle to improve and to ascend. After all, there has to be some way to pick out those who are worthy of a higher existence.

Off the subject there is a matter of my faction which I would like to be discussed. From the great foundry in Sigil we are the peacekeepers. My faction tries to keep the peace between all the fanatical berks out there who kill everything on

sight. We don't want someone with potential to ascend be set back. Generally this happens when a group of berks take it upon themselves to overpower single opponents in situations where the poor sod wouldn't have a chance. We're not against battle either. Any battles a basher undertakes to improve his self should at least give both sides a chance to prove themselves the better. Impossible odds tend to ruin the chances for continuing improvement, even if the sod being obliterated is as powerful as the Lady herself!

—Strom the Gatekeeper Goldwand, Factor of the Godsmen

### Bleak Cabal

No comment. *[We tried our best to query this faction, but their appointed speaker apparently couldn't drag himself out of bed that day.]*

### Doomguard

While it's true that there has been an overt and obvious swing towards the side of Law, I believe that it has only been a response to an increase in the power of Chaos. The cage still has a heavy feel of Chaos to those who look. Take, for example, the Cadre. Their terrorist tactics have certainly made cutters think twice about strange contraption sitting around the Lady's Ward. And the recent Anarchist subversion of both the Doomguard and the Dustmen has shown us how covert Chaos can be when it chooses. And how persuasive.

And the Modron March? Berk, don't get me started! Something's wrong with Mechanus, if those overgrown berside dice have taken to Wanderlust early! For the love of the Powers, Chaos has obviously invaded and taken over their Mechanical high-up gears and cogs...or whatever passes for their leader. We're gonna deadbook this March, once and for all, because they are obviously weakened.

In my opinion, the delicate balance between all things: law, chaos, good, and evil is still there. You're just not looking for it.

May your destiny rest with entropy.

Regards, Sir Twist  
Public Relations, The Doomguard

### Dustmen

No comment. *[Our culler seems to have failed in his attempt to speak with the Dead.]*

### Fated

No comment. *[Unfortunately, members of this faction declined to answer our questions without being sufficiently rewarded for their trouble. Maybe next time.]*

### Fraternity of Order

First, let me state, as it behoves me by our City's Rule of courteousness, that I, and the Fraternity of Order, of which I represent, am glad to take part in this public forum. Furthermore, it is good to hear that the SIGIS has reached total compliance with our fair City's Rule of Standards of Public Notice and Print. Moreover, we at the Fraternity

would like to make it known that our services as legal advisors are offered to both the editors and writers of the SIGIS, as well as all other authors and citizens of the City. Finally, [the rest of the preamble cut for brevity—the editors]

Having said this let me address the question by quoting the words of our Factol: All our history had been building to the day when we will know and control all there is.

This quote is found in the opening sentences of our faction's Handbook and Philosophical Manual. Many have misinterpreted this prophetic statement of our Factol, and I am here to set the record straight. All history, including every faction, has been building to the day of total knowledge and control. It is only understandable that the first faction, the Fraternity of Order, would uncover this dark, as you call it, first.

In a vague sense the multiverse appears to be becoming Lawful, as your question suggests. However, what is deemed correct often hides what is true. Such is the case here. While it is correct that more laws have been discovered recently than any other time, it is still incorrect to claim that the multiverse is becoming MORE Lawful.

Laws, and the Axioms they are derived from, permeate and perpetuate every existing thing and being. Without laws nothing could exist. What is truly expanding is not Lawfulness, which would mean the CREATION of law, but rather CONTROL of the multiverse through knowledge of these pre-existing laws. All factions, including the so-called Entropic factions contribute to this expansion of control. Even the Doomguard exercise their knowledge of the ways of the multiverse in order to attempt control over such events as the Great Modron March, an action coincidentally that we, who better understand the workings of the multiverse, cannot endorse as fruitful nor morally upstanding.

Let it be understood that the multiverse is not becoming MORE lawful, rather it is becoming better understood and better used. The multiverse IS Lawful, creating laws to sustain itself and all within it, and it is only understandable that the Lawful Factions of Sigil (Harmonium, Mercykillers, and our Order) continue to enjoy success in our fair City because we, to put it metaphorically, speak the language of the planes. Is it any wonder that the multiverse would treat us otherwise?

—Your humble servant, Hartin Meideggar,  
B4 Bureau Chief of Sigillian Public Information,  
prior B3 Judge, Bureau of Courts (retired.)

### Free Legague

Alright, there needs to be a disclaimer here. I ain't an official representative of the Free League, on account o' the fact that there aren't any official representatives of the Free League. We ain't a Faction, an' we don't try an' tell anyone what to think. This is just my opinion, although I think a lot of Indeps' would agree with it. Jus' keep that in mind while you've got yer ears parked here.

Now to get to the question the bloods at SIGIS asked: is the ethical balance of the multi-

# The Shifting Multiverse

verse shifting towards Law? T'listen to the Hardheads an' the Guvners, a body'd think it's already there. Most of the chant about this 'shift' is comin' from them, an' it's nothin' new for them to spout that screed. They've always thought that Law rules the Planes, an' that we just need to wake up an' learn the dark of it.

Bar that!

The chant's just that: chant. Sure, Lawful things are happenin' on the Planes. Lawful things always happen on the Planes. Almost half the Ring is Lawful, after all. It don't mean that Law is winnin' though. It just means that the chant we're hearin' is about Law, an' that just recently.

If Law was winnin', the Doomguard an' Sensates wouldn't have turned back the Rigan army from Tir an Og. Janglin' Hiter wouldn't have been dismantled an' taken outa Baator. The Slaad's Chaos Tromp wouldn't have rolled through the Market Ward. Things would be a lot more orderly, an' Lawfuls would have an' easier time o' it.

See, this is exactly why the Free League exists. The Factions look at one little part o' existence an' blow it way outa proportion, an' then try an' make everyone else see it their way. Then they take events from the Planes, pick out the ones that back them up, an' tell everyone that they are right, because things are happenin' they way they want. Course, if a body points out 15 things that contradict them, they ignore him (if he's lucky). That's where this screed about the Planes swinging towards Law comes from. The Lawful Factions are pickin' out bits o' chant that support them, an' tryin' to make us believe that those bits o' chant are all the facts that are out there.

The Free League, on the other hand, doesn't do that. We ain't a Faction and we have no agenda. Our only belief is that everyone needs to get the dark of it for themselves, an' then make up their own minds. So we look at it all, or try to. That's what I do, anyway. That's why I don't think Law is takin' over. It's just business as usual on the Planes. Law's jus' bein' flashier right now. That's all.

No, the Planes ain't swingin' towards Law. Sigil ain't, either. But that ain't for lack o' tryin'. The Cage's Law Factions have sure been workin' at it, tryin' to ram their barmy notions down our throats. I got nothin' against laws, but I don't think we need Law, an' we really don't need it the way they're tryin' to force it on us. Between the Hardheads scraggin' indeps for bein' indeps, an' the Read Death goin' berserk in the Hive, an' the Guvners lettin' it all happen, I think the Cage's gettin' real hostile. If it keeps up, I wouldn't be surprised if Sigil's swing towards Law stops cold an' dead, an' we have a bit o' a shake-up. They're pushin' too many people too far.

—Janos Volkrina, *Indep*

## Harmonium

Of course this talk isn't screed! It's showing that the multiverse is finally heading towards the great harmony that the Harmonium has advocated all along! There's most definitely going to be a momentous change. The Harmonium will have

control of the multiverse and everyone will be happy. Everyone will be forced to comply, else we'll get rid of em. Feed em to the Wyrn! It's about time that chaos hole known as the Hive started getting cleaned up. As to the rules of the Mercykillers, whatever brings about ultimate law and order works, as far as the Harmonium is concerned. Course, those bloods ain't exactly promoting the rules of goodness. But until they start causing trouble in our glorious harmony, we ain't got a problem with them. There may be a little problem with the illithids and baatezu though. They ain't exactly the friendliest and most harmonious berks in the 'verse. But as soon as Law comes throughout the planes, Good is sure to follow quickly behind. You'll see, soon the entire multiverse, Sigil included, will be under the Harmonium control. Even the Lady of Pain will have to comply or be eliminated. No further comments.

—Morteg Thyrlson, *Mover Three*.

## Mercykillers

'Screed' is definitely a good word to start with. Of course there are people in Sigil that are becoming paranoid with the current situations.

There are a lot of momentous changes occurring and not everyone can handle that. It is a common reaction for people to worry when their world violently turns around. Chaos and disorder are afoot, and it requires the swift, timely action of factions like the Mercykillers. I notice that one of the first things mentioned in the question pointed at recent upgrades to our justice system. When the Blood War spills out onto the street in front of your case, do you then complain and think that our laws are too harsh, too constricting? When the ring of thugs that harassed and beat you for protection money is scragged by the Harmonium and sent to the Prison, do you whimper about equal rights and due process? I say not! But then those same people, when they knowingly break the law and then suffer the consequences, they rail against those who uphold law and order. Luckily, my fac-

tion does not mind it's thankless job. If Law is becoming more prevalent in the Multiverse, then so be it. We of the Mercykillers understand the need for balance, and know that the tides are just as likely to sweep back to disorder. In the meantime we will do whatever is necessary to preserve the peace that we all hold so dear.

—Roderick Thorn, *spokesperson for the Mercykillers*.

## Revolutionary League

It's in the nature of law that it tries to take control and dominate everything there is in the multiverse. All of us could have seen this coming. In the hands of the various oppressors across the multiverse they realize that it is law that is their greatest weapon. If you control the people, it will make it harder for them to fight back.

The reasons why law is more prevalent now a days is this... It simply stepped up its efforts to crush chaos. And its done this in many ways. First they had the Hardheads bomb a bunch of innocents, and place the blame on some kind of fictional cell called the Cadre. They then pretended to act under public pressure in an effort to stop this cadre, with a bunch of screed carefully aimed at targetting our cause, they even manipulated the media to think so.

Around the Cage they certainly had the excuse to oppress and persecute people almost unchecked. The Hardhead's allies the Ba'atezu have also been doing similiar things though they don't get willing support from most bashers with half a brain-box or more. Their screed has though convinced some Xenos-like berks to attack Githezeraí who the Ba'atezu find unacceptable due to their chaotic natures.

The Illithids have also being working towards similiar goals all in the name of law the unseen force of oppression that exists in the Multiverse.

It's time to fight back now...

—Message anonymously delivered to SIGIS offices by an astral streaker

## Hands of Time

(Hatchis Advertising)

The grand order of Timekeepers announces an early start to:

## The Great Modron Parade

Don't be caught unawares!!

Join in behind the procession of Cager Modrons as they circle the Foundry through the Lower Ward. This year the TGMP celebrates the The Great Modron March by beginning the parade 185 days early!

The festivities start and end at **Hands of Time** shoppe, also known locally as that "little piece of Mechanus in the Cage". Before and after the Parade, the Timekeepers are having a **1/2\* price sale** on everything in the kip: Steam toys, music boxes, arcano-machines, watches, magical looms, armillary spheres, you name it! So come on down to TGMP and get yourself a bargain to boot!

\*One third of all proceeds from sales go to the res investigating possible tax and general fraud charges against the S-O, in its dealings with its lesser holdings, Three Rings Ltd. and Libations Holdings, Ltd.

By Sigil law, the S-O cannot be held liable for the actions or crimes of its child companies. However, the Unnamed is being sought for questioning, and clarification as to the direction these two companies have taken over the last few weeks. Though the Unnamed is listed as the primary owner of the Company, the arcanoloth known as Shemeshka (aka. the Marauder) is an S-O representative in the Sigil market area. The spokeswoman for the Task Force, Gennulyn Barku said that Shemeshka would not be questioned in this investigation, as the Marauder had little to do with the day-to-day operation of the three companies other than some small financial stake in each.

—Serafine d' Lache, *staff culler (r)*

# The Shifting Multiverse

## Society of Sensation

We have felt this coming for a long time, friends. Every crack on some berk's skull from a Hardhead baton, every swish of the Mercykiller's blade, every measured step of a modron in the multiverse takes away from the collective experience, the collective pleasure, we all seek. Beings across the planes should be free to live their lives however they see fit.

How can a Hardhead factol dictate what is best for a tiger in the Beastlands? What is order to the free chaos of Limbo? It is death, friends. We must all gather our freewill, within ourselves, and go out into the wide expanse of the multiverse. Live your life as you see it, as you feel it, not as some stodgy Guv' scratches it into dusty ledgers.

Take a moment, readers and friends to think about the last time you did just what you wanted. Maybe you kissed a tiefling boy because he looked so lovely in the lamplight, or nicked an Arborean apple 'cause you could smell it's tart, lively flavour, or you just relaxed on a dead power in the Astral, the random waves of energy and power flowing all around you.

These things you have done, they are not dictated by the bounds of order. These experiences are not limited by anyone but yourself. Go, readers, shake hands with the Hardheads, the Guvner, and the others for a job well done, then let's take down the strictures from experience together. Let's get back to what's important. Freedom to live your life as you will. Not as someone else decides. If you have any questions about how to free yourself, contact me at the Civic Festhall.

Live well,

*Lariana du'Reavewinder, Society of Sensation*

## Sign of One

It seems that my subconscious requires that I comment on my growing need for order in my

life. I believe that change is inherent in all things, myself being no different, as such I have decided to change from my previously more 'neutral' outlook to an ordered one.

Concerning the early start of the Modron March, I thought it appropriate to herald my new era of thought, by spreading some order in the form of the march and showing to my creation that I am changing. I imagine that some parts of my mind may prove resistant to the change, but it will change eventually.

You are all part on the One

—Grannen

## Transcendent Order

All of these leatherheads complaining about the rise of Law in the planes are just adding to the problem. If you want more chaos, then be more chaotic—don't try to \*organise\* other people into being chaotic, berk.

Myself, I don't worry about Law or Chaos or any of that screed. I just do what I do, when I do it. Any basher who wastes his time thinking about whether his actions are lawful or not is missing the point of \*action\*—you control the multiverse, or the multiverse controls you.

—Deep Blue Sigh, *Movanic deva of the Transcendent Order*

## Xaositects

Chaos still rules all, as you may know that I will take no prisoners as escaping through the doors singer is drowning in a bathtub which a tanar'ri would never get into the fire and out of the frying pan!

Are you listening to me? I hate to be babbling for nothing.

Law increases not, the March started early in chaos rules the multiverse is in chaos as I have said beforehand. Styx damming was an act of war, to stop the loths from transporting the Tanar'ri which will never bath as I have said beforehand.

We embrace the Chaos, and welcome it with open arms. Do you?

—Random the Xaositect

## Sect's Effects

TARAK DE LEYNON (MERKHANT): This concerns me, and I suspect my colleagues as well, little, if at all. Let's say, for the sake of argument, that the Harmonium, Mercykillers and Guvners all rise to prominence in Sigil, over all the other factions. Well? Do their members not eat? Drink? Require clothing, weapons, armour, luxuries, whatever? And is their gold somehow different to that which a Signer, say, would spend?

No, they will still need things that we will be happy to sell to them. And a tightening of laws troubles me not at all, either. Prove I have ever broken a law in my rise to the position I currently occupy. Law is tool that we will use as it is appropriate. If it is strengthened for some reason, we will use it more. That is all.

DREGORI THARSAN (WYLDER): The only universal laws are the laws of nature. And no power or three, or three hundred for that matter, could affect that.

Obviously the early modron march was a worry to us; they caused great damage on the Beastlands. And the baatezu are also clearly capable of similar destruction. But the Beastlands endured. As it always has. As it always will. And Sigil? Frankly, I couldn't care who rules the Cage. Never been there, and don't intend to go.

NAENAL (EXILE): Clearly this worries me. Large numbers of our sect were sent... wherever they were sent, by those using laws as an excuse to victimise our members. The Mercykillers are amongst the worst of the lot. But I'll tell you something; if they come for us again, we'll be ready. And they won't find it easy to take away our freedom a second time. You can print that. They've been warned.

—by various cullers

## STREETCHANT

# Primes 26% More Clueless Alleges New Survey

SIGIL—Statistical observations have revealed this week that cutters entering Sigil are 26% more clueless than the same period last cycle. Of 500 bashers polled shortly after stepping out of portals, a staggering 10% had not heard of the Lady of Pain, and 16% did not know they had just crossed a planar boundary. This is a worrying trend often touted by Planarists such as Cirily. When I questioned her with my findings she told me, "You're right, spinny maths thing. Primes entering our

Serene City are more clueless than ever before. You'd think someone was planting portals to Sigil in Ansalon's major cities, or something."

I posed her with the frequently-thought notion that she was in fact just a bigot. She vehemently denied this. "Nothing could be further from the truth! I, along with many other concerned Planarists, have first and foremost the safety of primes in mind.

"What could be more disorientating, and dangerous, than stepping through the door of your bedroom and finding yourself not in your chamber but in some dingy Sigil alleyway wearing nothing but a nightdress?

"Don't laugh (I assume that is what passes for moigno laughter), it's a true story. This Waterdhavian sod was found murdered in the Hive only last week, dressed in a nightshirt.

"Not only is it dangerous for the poor primes, but it also damages our proud Planar Heritage. Our culture is being eroded, nay, polluted, by feckless..."

I left Cirily to rant, for I had lost interest by this point, and continued to process data. Of those planewalkers who were a little better lanned, 84% could pronounce Sigil correctly, and 73% were members of a faction. As usual, the Society of Sensation came out as the most popular, with fully 10% (seasonally adjusted to account for Anarchists) of planewalkers being members. This reflects their tendency to wander off, presumably. Factol Erin was unavailable for comment, but she is understood by this culler to be delighted.

—by Surveys Culler n=n+1 (jw)

### Information Required

Estavan of the Planar Trade Consortium has lost several shipments in the last month and any information leading to their return will be highly rewarded. Come to the PTC main offices with reputable chant. (T)



# Kali Bones Multiversal Trivia

[Editor's note: a contact of ours in Ribcage found this note, smeared with blood, posted next to her door. That same morning, our friend and fellow culler, Felicity K. Ghwar was found in the dead-book in Telmarc Square. We are currently searching for this letter writer, as he/she/it may have chant on the circumstances behind Ghwar's death.]

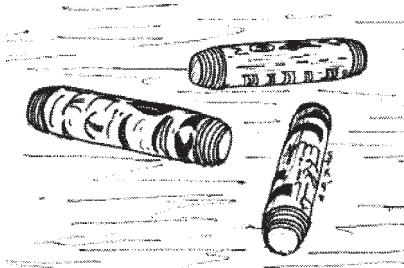
## Beware SIGIS!

Watch out cullers, I say! Doom awaits one more of thee in the Gate-town to the Nine Hells! I have the dark that another one of your ilk, a berk named Ghwar, was written into the dead-book in Ribcage, her body face down in a pool of her own blood! Is this not the second of your cullers to die a bloody death in this burg? Was not Eber Willburg discovered dead-booked in a kip on Wheelwright Street? [Ed. note: See SIGIS archives, the obituary in issue 8 for details.]

Let this be a warning to you SIGIS: death awaits one more of your kind in Ribcage. The Rule of Threes shall not be denied!! The Kali Bones\* also warn of more doom to befall SIGIS. While rolling the bones across the pool of your culler's blood, I saw a powerful vision of a crumpled paper, impaled on a stiletto, slowly burning in the breeze. And what did I see on this paper, but the word "SIGIS" turning to ashes upon the blade!

Beware SIGIS! Death, destruction and despair await your cullers in the gate town to Hell! And in a few short months, SIGIS shall see terror that puts the Great Upheaval to shame!

Unsigned (jw)



Kali bones

\* a little research on our part has uncovered the dark of these "Kali Bones", pictured above. Apparently, they are used by the priests of Indian Powers to foretell the future. According to our information, bobbed from an ancient tome entitled *Treasures of the Abyss*, the Kali bones are made from the finger bones of true Tanar'ri. They are carved into smooth cylinders and etched with mineral deposits extracted from the 643rd layer of the Abyss (the Indian goddesses' realm). After invoking the Kali's name, they are rolled and the symbols interpreted...

Have a problem?  
Or an answer?

**Write to us!**

SIGIS staff is willing to help you in all the ways possible

Dear Readers,

When I read through SIGIS 18 three reasons to write a letter came to my mind, and, as the number three is always a good place to start, I felt compelled to respond to these issues.

First the banning of SIGIS. I personally consider it unjust to ban the newsrag just on the whim of the Harmonium, and have thus to side with the supporters of SIGIS. The Harmonium's argument that false information was willingly included to further the cause of the Anarchists' is simply the exploitation of the fact that editing the huge amount of information brought to SIGIS is very difficult, and that it is virtually impossible to filter out all the truth. Adding to my point of view is that Seamus Keller and the bloods of SIGIS have done an excellent job in the past getting to the dark of matters, so to speak. As I see it, the Harmonium simply tries further their cause, for I see no legal problems despite the shady background of some cullers, concerning SIGIS; and the problems of the Harmonium alone should not be allowed to stop the flux of information that was provided by SIGIS.

Second, after reading Virgilios Nikomeno's letter, I thought that maybe more of the readers of SIGIS are interested in decay in the Astral. Thus, I present you with a rough sketch of a theory brought up by Vastaghenan Mirstakel, a fellow member of the Thalad Workgroup, that might help to explain how decay may happen in the Astral. The ground principle is simple: we depict the Astral as sort of collective mind, but one which only sets the core rules of behaviour and lets the parts of it think freely as long as they sticks to the rules ( I'm simplifying here; if someone is interested in detail I strongly suggest talking to Vastag, but bring some patience with you). One of the rules is that all in this collective mind has to be without corporal consistence, thus everything (and one) is translated to a mental construct when entering the Astral. Another one is that only constructs aware of themselves are able to provide the needed energy of thought to keep themselves fixed.

A third rule is that all other things are kept up by the collective mind. a thing that now is floating around in the Astral, that is not drawing attention of some mind, either by floating around where no one is for a long time or simply by the ignorance of passer-bys, tends towards slipping from the "memory of the Astral". When this happens, the thing is no longer fixed, and fades away to an indefinite form, a sort of mental wind. The thing is, thus, decayed. As I told you it is just a rough sketch, if you want to discuss this any further meet me in the Sword & Buckler late some evening.

The third thing is the The Goblin was clearly unable to explain the theory of the Plane Ordial to you. The core of the theory is the assumption that, just as there is the Ethereal plane connecting the Inner and Prime, and the Astral is connecting the Outer and Prime, there is a plane, called the Ordial Plane, which connects the Outer and Inner.

A barmy's bedtime story you might now think, but there are two reasons, strong ones, that should be enough to make even a sane basher take notice. The first is, with the Ordial Plane a set of threes would be completed; there would be three connecting Planes, Ethereal, Astral, Ordial. Second, but no way less important, is the fact that with the Ordial a virtual ring would be created: Outer—Astral—Primal—Ethereal—Inner—Ordial—Outer. These reasons do make a body think, eh?

A recent theory from Manto Koo, also a member of Thalads Workgroup, even mentions three more planes, called the Spoke Planes by him. These planes would connect the Prime to the Ordial, the Outer to the Ethereal and the Inner to the Astral. Leading to this assumption is the means of research we use to find the Ordial. We assumed that spell keys that are able to make an elemental summoning work even on the Outer must be able to direct the spell to the Inner via the Ordial, and, thus, must be somehow associated with the Ordial.

The fact, however, that there are spell keys that make even extradimensional spells work on the Outer planes suggest that there might be even a 'shortcut' from the Outer to the Ethereal. And of course there would be three such planes, completing a triple set of three planes.

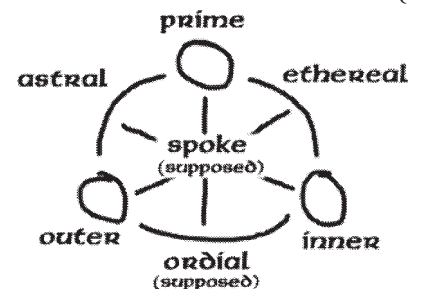
I hope you found my letter enlightening.

Yours sincerely, Hrvnax Glim

Note from culler Ansas: Thalads Workgroup is a group of bloods (mostly mages) which have assigned themselves to find the dark of the multiverse and make it available for everyone. The Group was founded about sixty years back by the Archmage, Thalad Makamber. Thalad created a magical book, which would automatically grow a set of new pages when there were only three left. He used the item as his workbook, and later gave it to his apprentice Malin who continued his studies.

Some friends of Thalad and Malin then started to write down everything they knew about magic on the planes. Some years later Thalad died, but Malin and his friends continued to write everything up, and later on some more mages joined them. Seven years after Thalads death Malin opened the Shop 'Malins Manifold Magicks', and made it the centre of the doings of their group which shortly afterwards proclaimed themselves to be 'Thalad's Workgroup'. Thalad's Workbook is normally accessible by everyone, and is to be found in "Three M's" as Malin's shop is often called.

(hh)



## LETTERS

### Bonebox Riddler

Dear Editor,

Certain rumours have come to my attention concerning your new rival paper, The Bonebox Riddler. It was launched with some pomp and circumstance only recently, following the murder of the Tempus Sigilan's top culler and subsequent buyout by a mysterious benefactor [see *SIGIS 19*]. Under new management, the newsrag published one issue (and may I state how much more professional it looked than *SIGIS*, which recently has started to look distinctly tatty), but has since remained silent.

I have heard from sources that your cullers have been sending threats and worse to Bonebox cullers and frightening them into silence. Apparently one culler woke to find a catoblepas' head in his bed, and is still being treated at the Weary Spirit Infirmary! If true, this is truly shameful behaviour. I demand a response.

*Anonymously delivered (jw)*

*[The Editor replies: Of course that's pure screeed, as well you should know. Any injuries done to that berk are sure to have occurred after he checked in to the Weary Spirit. I can vouch for my SIGIS cullers when I say we wish the Bonebox Riddler every success, and we are as clueless as yourself as to the organisation's unexpected silence. The creative staff hope you enjoy SIGIS's Harmonium-funded new look!]*

**Down on your luck?  
Suffering from a debilitating disease?  
Missing a limb?  
Is your family starving? \***

**Let us solve all your problems!**

We will supply food to your family!  
Regenerate any missing limbs!  
Cure your disease!

**Let us help you**

Come to the **Baatezu Recruitment Office** at its new location in the **Lower Ward**.  
Only three blocks from the **Great Foundry**.  
Follow the smell of sulfur...

\* Enlistment covers only one of the preceding forms of payment. Families will only be feed as long as the recruit is alive and serving.

(mp)

## WANTED

Information on the whereabouts of

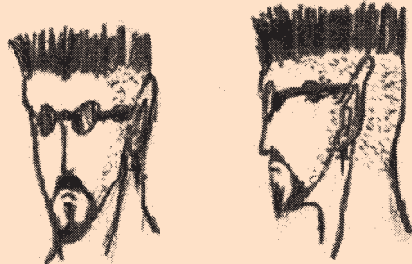
**Lady Varule Jadesole**

high-up of Sigil's renowned

**Sole Searching**

**Tout Service**

Last seen travelling **down the Styx** through the **Abyssal Plane of Infinite Portals** in the company of a **prime sorceress Catrina de la Coeur** and her male companion, **Antoine Feuerman**.



Antoine Feuerman

Jadesole is presumed to have been **sold into slavery** by de la Coeur and Feuerman in the town of **Broken Reach**.

**Reward of 5,000 jinx** for information leading to the return of Varule to her loving family.

**Reward of 1,000 jinx** for dark on the whereabouts of de la Coeur and/or Feuerman.

## STOP PRESS

### Xaositects Rain Over Lady's Ward

**SIGIL**—The Harmonium was shocked into speechlessness as Xaositects literally rained down from the sky over the barracks and part of the Lady's Ward. The Xaositects attempted to fly through Sigil's sky, over the city barracks, and drop large pumpkins down upon Harmonium patrols. a group of at least twenty Xaositects purchased potions of limited flight from Ensin's Discount Elixirs yesterday.

They then purchased large pumpkins and made for the Lady's Ward. After consuming the potions they made a barmy attempt to fly over the Harmonium barracks. At least four never made it off the ground.

A few succeeded in their mission, and Maric Gritish, a Harmonium guard, currently suffers from a concussion, neck pain, and a severely wounded ego. Maric was on guard duty when the sizable gourd smashed onto his head.

Shortly after the assault on Maric the Xaositects began falling from the sky. One was impaled on the blades of a nearby tower and two more were killed from the fall. One githzerai plummeted just before he accomplished his big drop. His fall was broken by the Harmonium patrol that was to be his target. Twelve Xaositects were arrested, eight of whom are in serious condition.

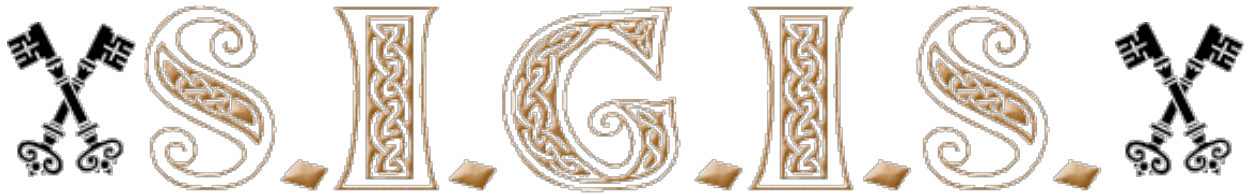
The Harmonium are still compiling the list of charges that the Xaositects will face,

and a few are being sued for property damages as they crashed through the roofs of private homes. When Ensin was questioned, he admitted to selling the potions and then produced the signed disclaimers which stated he assumed no liability for the effects of the potions or their use. The Harmonium are still looking for the group that never got off the ground, and the one Xaositect that managed to fly to safety. They encourage any citizens with information of these Xaositects whereabouts to report them to the Harmonium.

(m)



Harmonium Guard, Maric



**SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE**  
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## 22. Second Week of Savorus

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# newsbriefs

## HOPETIDE CELEBRATIONS SET TO SUCCEED

-- by *Blondie Blutheim, culler* --

SIGIL -- Today is Quiet Eve, the first day in the Archonite celebration of Hopetide. It seems that so far the unrest which threatened to disrupt the holy festival has been averted. Many Sensates have been invited to Archonite services and parties, and have agreed to conduct themselves appropriately. The only possible danger comes from the United Church of Aphrodite-Venus, who are offended that the Sensates have chosen to disregard the word of their soothsayers over the timing of the Aphrodisia, the traditional celebration of sexuality. Hopetide, being a far more sedate affair, was not thought likely to appeal to many Sensates, but Lady Erin Darkflame Montgomery, their factol, explained matters to me like this: 'We want to experience everything. A pure hedonist will not be a successful Sensate. We welcome the opportunity to participate in a festival that is new to us, and we welcome Bishop Julia's work to restore relations between the Society

### HOPETIDE SERVICES IN SIGIL

#### *St. Azrael's, Rue Morgue*

*Quiet Eve:*

6 AP: Silent meditation.

11:30 AP: Midnight prayer; first blessing of Hopetide.

*Esperance:*

2:30 BP: Installation of new archbishop.

Invitation only.

6 AP: Carol service.

#### *St. Sariel's, Lady's Ward*

*Quiet Eve:*

7 AP: Meditation and chanting.

11:30 AP: Midnight prayer and first blessing.

*Esperance:*

5 BP: Prayer and chanting

1 BP: Blessing and carol service

30m AP: Public Hopetide lunch in Xaos

The Aphrodisia will be celebrated after the main feast of Hopetide, which is Esperance, held tomorrow. The Archonites have tentatively expressed satisfaction with this arrangement. A special feature of this year's Hopetide will be the enthronement in St. Azrael's, Rue Morgue, of Bishop Julia Spesinfracta as Archbishop of Sigil. She is thought to be the first person to appointed to so high a rank specifically associated with a temple in Sigil since the death of Aoskar. The Supreme Pontiff of the Archonites, Angelusmisit XIV, is thought already to be in Sigil for this ceremony, at which he will be assisted by the celestials Laurelli Tantarella and Unity-of-Rings. Security at the ceremony will be fairly high, with the Harmonium and the Order of the Planes-Militant each supplying a guard force. A number of factols and other city notables are expected to be present.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## ANCIENT TOME BOBBED FROM GUVNER'S CASE

-- by *Maija Intwood*, *culler* --

SIGIL (Clerk's Ward) -- Two nights ago, shortly after anti-peak, a trio of assassins strangled their way into the Guvner's securest library and bobbed an ancient tome from within a magically sealed vault. Apparently, the cross-traders used the choking smog (generously donated by the Foundry) as a cover for their vicious assault. Before they could even draw a dagger, the Harmonium officers standing watch near the library were strangled with knotted cords wrapped around their necks.

The assassins proceeded to dead-book five other poor sods in the library before they reached their destination. These knights of the post then used powerful magic to dispel the wards in from of the main library vault where some of the greatest literary treasures in all the Multiverse are stored. According to our sources inside the Fraternity of Order, this is when the thieves should have been lost themselves. Not only was the Vault

Kollege (next door to the church); meal 5 sp, all profits to the Bleakers' soup kitchen fund.

The chapels at the Courts, the Inns of Law and the guildhalls will also be holding services: See individual posters for details.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



**Ahmed the Doomguard**

Ahmed went on to say that the artifacts we

sealed with an extraordinarily strong wizard lock, backed by the securest arcano-lock made by the Hands of Time, but the door was also protected by explosive runes and enough magic missiles to take out a battalion of Baatezu.

None of the Guvner representatives were willing to comment openly on the assault, but privately many suspected that this had been an inside job. A factioneer, who wished to remain anonymous, said that the place was just too heavily guarded for even the most capable bashers to overcome. "Maybe they could have dispelled a few magical defences, but there is not way they could have found the arcano-lock without prior knowledge. It had to be a mole, probably an anarchist, who tipped them off. That lock was just too well hidden, and I know it did not give off even a trace of an aura! It was set to rip all those pikers to bits!"

But other cutters, such as Ahmed of Siva [*Siva is the Indian Power of ultimate destruction - Ed.*] disagreed. Ahmed, a priest of Siva and a Doomguard factor, said the "thieves" had more help from Powers than stag-turners. "The Guvners are leatherheads to blame this on a factioneer turning stag," said Ahmed. "They don't want to believe that these so-called knights of the post managed to give their expensive defences and wards the laugh. The law-makers haven't said what was bobbed, but it is as plain as the might of Siva: it was the very book you SIGIS berks opened your bone-box about last week! The 'Treasures of the Abyss'."

been missing for centuries, but suddenly in SIGIS we get a letter of someone claiming to be using them. And on top of that, SIGIS uncovered information about the bones in an ancient tome. "All thought these secrets were lost to the ages, but the Powers move in mysterious ways and suddenly the long lost secrets are again revealed. This can only mean great change is in store for the Multiverse! The Guvners and the greybeards tend to ignore the Vedics [Indian pantheon - ed.]. They call us reclusives and dismiss us. But their ignorance has cost them dearly, and the revelation of this tome to the Multiverse is a sign of great change and upheaval to come. Mark the prophecy of Siva: death and destruction are ever triumphant in the end!"

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## JANGLING HITER REBORN IN MONSTROUS CEREMONY

-- by *Malacyst Mord*, whistles culler --

*[Editor's Note: The following story was transcribed from Culler Mord's mimir, taken from his body by the bounty-hunters who retrieved him. Missing for two weeks, culler Mord was found staring and unmoving on the outskirts of Jangling Hiter.]*

Having culled no useful chant from Windscream [*the gelugon, Pollus Windscream, former baatezu high-up of*

The noise! It's hideous and bores into one's soul. The shriek is akin to sheets of rusty iron being torn through a sawmill. And as the grotesque in the chasm screams its awful cry, it is launching streamers of red and black into the sky. Even over its wail I can hear these ribbons jangle and rattle and clank. I had meant to use no magic, so as to avoid detection, but now I must. I must see what the beast is doing, and so I don my modronic

Jangling Hiter to further investigate the Kyton activity there. Since Hiter's sale and deconstruction months ago, its native inhabitants have been acting nigh-barmy and I am determined to discover the dark of it.

I have circled the immense oozing pit that gapes in the swamps of Minauros (Baator's third layer - ed.) where Jangling Hiter stood. Or hung, rather, for the City of Chains never really rested on the surface of the mire. Now I am close to understanding why. The altars upon which the kytons sacrificed so many of 'Hiter's non-fiend populace [see *SIGIS* issue 16, **Ritual Sacrifices Mark Jangling Hiter Grave** - ed.] now stand bloodstained and gory, but empty. Wet trenches lined with ink from the dead book trail through Minauros' slime from the altars to the edge of the gargantuan pit. A damp, fetid fog rises from the pit itself, like the breath of some great festering beast. It obscures what may lie within.

The kytons that had previously been sacrificing the poor sods within their power have arranged themselves about the circumference of the pit. Every fifty yards or so, a kyton crouches at its lip. That are unlike any kyton I have yet seen, however. Withered and emaciated, they are all almost bereft of their chains. I thought kytons looked unpleasant before! Now I know chains improve their manky visage. They howl and gibber as they crouch there, chanting and cursing in some obscene ritual. A rusty, blood-clotted chain stretches from each kyton's bread-box into the murky fog below. Occasionally, these go taut, as if something in the mire is tugging on them.

I must get a closer look into the pit! As I crept towards the hole, a great scream arose from the kytons. I thought I was scragged for sure, but it was not me they screamed to. It was some THING in the pit! Some huge creature, rising from the bog in a cacophony of chains, is heaving itself through the murk up to the pit's edge. It is enormous, both in size and vileness. It must be as large as the Civic Feshall, perhaps larger. I cannot see its far side. Swamp muck drips from it and what the flesh I spy through the rising fog seems

magnifiers. Alas! I almost wish I hadn't! While my curiosity has been settled, my bread-box has been sickened. The thing is spitting up gigantic chains, which rise but do not fall. Mayhap they anchor in Dis, the very layer above us. I cannot say. But festooned and entwined among them are miles and miles of viscera and intestines. Gibbets of flesh hang from cruel barbs, woven into heartless black chain like a festive thread. Moist unmentionable pieces of meat patter fitfully into the muck at my feet, while I watch a web of chains being spun into Minauros' cold, wet air.

Now hundreds, if not thousands, of Kytons have risen from the beast's bloated belly! They swarm up the great chains it has disgorged, trailing links anew behind them. These too are wrapped in gore. Some of the lengths of chain stretch a groaning almost-corpse out longer than the most practised racksman could achieve. They are weaving these lesser chains amongst the great anchors set into the sky by the beast. It is apparent what they intend- to rebuild Jangling Hiter. The speed with which they are working is phenomenal. At this pace they could rebuild the city in mere weeks. But where are they getting the chains from? With my magnifiers I can see that the kytons appear youthful and vigorous, full of diabolic energy. I believe these must be NEW kytons, perhaps born of the gross creature in the pit, perhaps freshly transformed from some of the many corpses so recently sacrificed here.

My curiosity is truly piqued now. Where do the chains come from? Miles and miles of rusted iron. Newly hung, yet they appear as old and rusted as did Hiter's previous chains. Where do the new kytons come from? They clearly live in some fashion, yet naught but deaders were thrown into the misty chasm. I must investigate further. As I gain the very edge of the pit, I can glimpse more of the gigantic creature wallowing there in the mire and mist. Rusty bits of iron glint through the fog. Spider legs the size of bell-towers shift in the muck. Is that an eye? Another? Wait! The swamp is bubbling and frothing! Spumes of mist are flying about as the beast climbs up into its chain-linked web. It seems to be

covered in coarse hairs and rusted metal. Is it wrapped in chains like the kytons? The chain-killers themselves have all been yanked into the pit by the beast's thrashing. Their chains must have somehow been linked to it. A hellish red light burns through holes in the fog now, illuminating the dank grounds where Jangling Hiter once hung. By the glow, I see I am the only witness to the monstrosity's actions.

[Ed. note - at this point on Culler Mord's mimir recording there was a loud, lengthy, metallic screech, worse than any din from the Great Foundry.]

cathedral? A temple? It has that look. It's shadow is rising now, and I should have a better view of the thing and its charge in a moment. I...

[Ed. note - nothing more of Culler Mord's mimir recording was decipherable save his screams. Mord is recuperating in the care of his family. Close sources reveal he has not spoken, except to mutter: "The shadow... the iron shadow..." Another culler has been sent to Jangling Hiter to verify the Culler Mord's report.]

[Author: "Mr. Niceguy"]



## CELESTIALS FLAP BONE-BOXES ON HAL'OIGHT'S BEHALF

-- by Daemon Chaas, political culler --

SIGIL (Lady's Ward) -- The trial of Spiral Hal'oight, a high-up aasimar merchant accused of murdering a noble class Baatezu, moved quite slowly this week as the observer judge, the "Eye of Justice", allowed Hal'oight time to find new council. Last week his defence attorney, 'Sly' Nye turned staged in a wildly chaotic display that just about put Hal'oight's case under. (Nye is currently serving a month long sentence for contempt, but chant has it he'll be out before week's end.)

Although events inside the courtroom this week were paltry, outside the courtroom all sorts of bashers were letting their feelings be known. One of the most significant, in terms of the trial, was a movanic deva named Ophelia who hailed from Mt. Celestia. Ophelia spoke on Hal'oight's behalf in front of a large crowd in a rented room at the Hall of Speakers. Flanked by two male aasimon (planetar) bodyguards, Ophelia told the assembled that the prosecution in the trial had put forth no evidence directly linking Hal'oight to the murder. "[Prosecutor] Ghar has continued to bring forth witness after witness to speak on matters unrelated to the business at hand," she stated. "Let us focus on the crime, on the despicable murder that happened within Hal'oight's very house, a murder that no sane planar could possibly think he perpetrated. However, if the



The deva Ophelia

Meanwhile, the Baatezu began continued their own investigation into the murder, apparently unsatisfied with the Harmonium's ability, and that of their high-up investigator Christopher Verdue, to ferret out the killer. That brought this response from Harmonium representative Xrithran the Observer, 2nd mover of the faction: "You may question the abilities of the Harmonium, even question our ability to produce results. It should be noted that, in the past, there have been crimes that have happened under mysterious circumstances. Many have claimed that the Harmonium would be unable to uncover the

prosecution has evidence that contradicts this, let them bring it forth so that he may be rightly judged and righteously condemned."

That a deva would speak in Hal'ought's behalf is the first bit of good news for the aasimar since the trial began weeks ago. This statement strongly suggests that Ophelia may become Hal'ought's next representative in court if she hasn't already agreed to it. (Hal'ought could not have made a more complete switch from his former Xaositect tiefling advocate!) Of course, this kind of treatment from the upper planes also belies the kind of friends Hal'ought has and the power he wields! The statements made by the deva also hint at the direction the defence will take to move the focus of the trial back on the murder itself (where little evidence has been uncovered last we heard) and away from Hal'ought's possible misdeeds in Elysium.

complete facts of the case and present them to the Guvner's courts of law. However, in all cases, we have found all the evidence required to serve the cause of justice. Even if we are having difficulties now, we shall eventually come through. Mr. Verdue has proven his talents and I'm sure they won't fail us."

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## **ACHERON SHRINKING, CLAIMS BARMY MATHEMATICIAN**

*-- by Gert Rood, Hive Culler --*

SIGIL (The Gatehouse) -- The poor sods in line for aid at the Gatehouse were entertained this week by more scholarly screed than usual. Par Vectum Hexadecimal, a Mathematician of some prior rank within that sect, was recently committed to the Bleaker's care for claiming that the infinite plane of Acheron is shrinking. His fellows, who are even greater sticklers for regulation than the Guvners, carefully shepherded Vectum through the tiresome Bleak House entry line. For four days, while this crew of bespectacled scribblers sat in line with the sods and barmies, Vectum harangued all within earshot with his screed.

"It's not total screed," said Par Reducio Quivalent, a Mathematician who sat with Vectum. "He's just gotten a little too... involved. Our sect seeks to prove non-equivocally that the turnings of the gears of Mechanus control the creation and maintenance and destruction of all the other planes of reality. Vectum was heading one of our teams assigned to measure the velocity

Vectum claims that his own personal calculations show that the size of Acheron is "directly related to the vector-mass ratio of all cubes with an interior density gradient greater than 24.9", whatever that means. The many sheets of vellum and scroll paper he handed out to illustrate his screed were mostly used by the Cagers who received them to wipe noses and bums. The gift of paper was more kindness than any of these poor barmies had received in a long time, though. The sods in line took the deranged greybeard in as one of their own, listening intently even if they didn't understand a word of his 'jommetry', as one bleak-bound barmy put it.

This culler, dragged to the scene by some of the number-cruncher's newly made friends, asked Par Hexadecimal how his screed showed that Acheron was shrinking, and what proof was there that this was so? After some derision by the barmies in line for being born with a sneer, and some hours of technical yark spewed by Vectum, an answer was received: Some of Acheron's iron cubes,



which is situated closest to Mechanus's influences. We would then compare his results with our calculations and theories to determine where we needed to focus our work. But apparently, counting cubes in Acheron's cold space was more than poor Vectum could handle. He's gone totally barmy!"



*advertisement*

## **POSSESSED? BEDEVILED? HAG-RIDDEN?**

Call on Mujambo, exorcist and juju-man  
for PEACE OF MIND!

*No cherub too annoying, no imp too irritating.*

Twenty Years Experience  
in Abjuration and Disenchantment!

Let Mujambo move your spirit,  
Before the Spirit moves You!

[Market Ward, Spellslinger Row, spikewise from the  
Grand Bazaar]

[Author: "Mr. Niceguy"]



## **CATS EYES NINE LIES**

-- by Minako, Outlands culler --

OUTLANDS (Faunel) -- When we finally reached Faunel we were relieved that no more encounters with members from the Vile Hunt occurred. In the Gatetown we had time to relax, lick our wounds and question the two captives. However, they either didn't know or were not willing to give away any information. After a day of continuous questioning and taunting from their end, we lost patience and handed them over to Faunel officials (such as they are). A short trial later the sentence was announced: death by the lion. This death means the unarmed Vile Hunters should be track and killed by mountain lion petitioners - the hunters become the hunted and their mass returned to nature. Then whatever remains shall be left hanging for one week as a sign for all those who want to follow in their footsteps. The sentence was carried out under cheers of a big crowd mainly consisting of Tabaxi and Wylders who watched eagerly

it seems, have gone missing! Vectum declared that at least a dozen of the cubes he'd mapped and calculated had mysteriously vanished.

He swore like a sootbanger that these cubes were no longer in their 'trajectories' and that not even debris could be found in the 'vectors' where they should be. He became hotter than balor breath when asked if his figures could be wrong. He started yelling, "Missing Mass Equals Shrinking Space" at the top of his lungs. His new gang of math-happy barmies echoed the cry with him until Bleaker guardsmen came to escort Vectum to the front of the line. Reducio just shrugged, and said, "Infinity can do that to you sometimes. We see it a lot, actually." Now it will be up to the Bleak Cabal to say if Vectum's figures add up. If they don't, perhaps he can get a job calling custom at the popular Hive Ward tavern, Shrinker's!

[Author: "Mr. Niceguy"]

Here is what some of the local bipedals from Faunel had to say about the situation with the Vile Hunt:

**Jacob Swiftblade** (Human Ranger): "The slaughter of the Tabaxi is a vile act, but such we know from the Vile Hunt. A more interesting question is "Why Tabaxi ?". You have to know that the Vile Hunt has the goal to extinguish the intelligent animals from the Beastlands for they think them to be unnatural beings. The Tabaxi however have, up to now, not been the target of their attacks and they were not considered animals. When they start now to attack Tabaxi we have to ask why did they change the directions of their doings: is it temporary and how far will they go. Will they stop with the Tabaxi or will they also start to hunt bariours, or what? Question on question I know, sorry, but I have to point out a most dangerous

as the prey took off followed quickly by the predators.



**Mountain Lion Circles on Huntsman**

Our suspicions concerning disguised supporters of the hunters in Faunel were confirmed by the vanishing of the death hunter bodies just two days after they were lost. We tried to find eyewitnesses of the act but found none. This may have been due to the bad eyes of locals or fear of the hunters, but no one was talking and the animal petitioners had better things to do.

Another quite interesting clue to comprehend was the sign found in the Tabaxi outpost [see last issue - ed.] came from a ranger called Jacob Swiftblade. He mentioned the possibility that the thickness of the lines may indicate that two signs were combined into one. And Echeolas the found the thing part to be an elvish rune meaning 'three', though he also said that the thick part is not of elvish origin as far as he can tell.

**Nethereye** (Tabaxi Shaman): "The Vile Hunt - a thorn in our paw, well not only in ours, long since. But they do not stand unopposed. Or they stood not unopposed - the Wylders fought against them on the Beastlands ... but where are they now? Do they only want to defend the beastlandian animals or were they defeated? Do the hunters now go without opponent I ask you? And if this is so I say it mustn't stay so! I call on to all who listen, and only bear disgust for the Huntsmen, to gather in Faunel, and a army shall arise that eradicates the most vicious danger to our lives. So I speak."

**Syvo Gomen** (Halfling Priest): "The Vile Hunt arises - quite another sign. Don't you see? Am I the only one who has the taste of upcoming danger on my tongue? You write about it in SIGIS and still do not understand. Law is rising say the one Chaos the other, but what is rising is evil, aggression and hatred. The Vile Hunt is just one more sign that the elemental forces of evil rise - Chaos as well as Law. I say a new climax in the Bloodwar is at hand, and this reflects to all the other planes, and even to Sigil. The hunters are dangerous, no question, but what's really dangerous is that the hunters will not stay alone long. Others will follow and perhaps bring even great evil. I shudder when I think about it."

[Author: [Heinz Hofbauer](#)]



## **ENTER FAIRHAVEN: THE CONTINUING SAGA OF DARK AVAIL**

**OUTLANDS** (Burg Of Fairhaven) -- The darkness parts to find me in the town square of Fairhaven. The Teleportation spell I used is special, it allows me to enter the area within a cloud of darkness, cloaking me in the shadows. I move back into the shadows and

The crossbow bolt flies against my protection field falling against the ground; stopped in mid flight, but I still move on reflex. The other lifts its Battle Axe and lets out a war cry, running toward me. I hear other war cries echo off the buildings, others are coming. I

my cloak flows around me to help me blend. My vision slips into the infravision spectrum, allowing me a glimpse of the ghost town. Nothing moves, no noise is heard. My senses tell me something is waiting for me, waiting for me to make the first move. I feel the static of the protection spells I wove before Teleporting here, still I always feel they are not enough.

Movement to my right reveals a large humanoid emerging from the shadows of a nearby building, his face cloaked in a hood, making it hard to tell its race. But his movements are sure, flowing, a veteran warrior. He is armed with a heavy crossbow. He is followed by another hooded warrior, this one armed with a Battle Axe, crude gothic carved armour is covered with old furs, the markings for a lower class of humanoid. They look back and forth, do they know I am here? My eyes glow as I try to enter the mind of the one with the crossbow. A barrier like a brick wall is there, very strong and knowing that something else put that there is not very comforting. This humanoid throws back its hood, lifting its crossbow in my direction, did it sense my invasion? The face is that of a blood red skinned orc, where did such a creature come from.



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## CAGE GOT YOU CONFINED?

*Tired of footing, hoofing or crawling your way around the Great Bagel? The **Gryphon Gorel** has the solution!*

**Gorel's Gryphons** fly travellers all hour of peak and anti-peak to locations in all wards of the Cage! In *minutes*, you'll set down right where you like as *softly as a feather*. No more walking through three wards to avoid the Hive, or spending an hour in the acid rain to hail an Arcadian pony cab down at the Tea Street Transit!

Gorel's Gryphons are **ready, willing and able** to bring bloods all around the Cage in style! Gorel's bloods are found at topside of the Red Lion Inn in the Market Ward.

*[Prices vary depending on time of day, smog conditions*

baring down on me. It hits it full in the chest and falls face first into the ground, a yell of pains erupts from its mouth. I hear movement all around, the others will be hear soon. I activate another prepare spell, and I Blink to the rooftop of a nearby building. I look over the edge to watch the show. More Orcs have come, two have rolled over the one I attack with the spell and started to pour water on his chest.

The others have broken into teams of two and started to fan out into search teams. These Orcs are organised, to organised for Orcs. A blast of energy hits my field from the rooftop nearby, slamming me against the ledge of the back of the building. My protection field takes the brunt of the damage, but I can not take another blast like that. My guess is that the spell was "Lance of Disruptions". I hear chanting from the rooftop and quickly Blink to another rooftop. The Blink spell is also special as it leaves behind a shadowy image of me where I was a moment ago. The roof where I was explodes into fire from a Fireball spell. The light allows me to see the other rooftop. I blend into the shadows with my cloak and not that there are five Red Orcs and one human in red Harmonium robes. Ghost like lines cross the left side of his face, his eyes are pin points, and are worn and exhausted .

"Our master will be pleased," says one of the Orcs. "I have to return before I am missed." And with a flash the mage disappears. I also note that one of the Red Orcs has a Harmonium Mancatcher. What is going on? "Clean up this mess and find me the body, I want to be gone before light." Says a big Orc. The others move to carry out the orders. More questions have now come up, what is the Harmonium doing here? What was that ghost lines on that magi's face? What is the Red Orcs, and why did one have a Harmonium Mancatcher? I Teleport away.

Signed,  
*Dark Avail*

[Author: "T"]

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



# Letters



*Dear Readers,*

With all the talk about upheaval in the Cage, and what happened last time to the Indeps, I felt it was my duty to write and tell Cagers the real chant. The Indeps didn't get "sacked" in the Great Upheaval. We got our start then. As I remember Sigil's history, the Lady had nothing against the Indeps; it was all the berks that tried to peel her by claiming Free League status that got her putting "Indeps" in the dead-book. Even if another Great Upheaval did happen, I wouldn't worry about it. Not unless I was a member of a banished Faction, trying to peel the Lady, that is.

And what about that supposed Indep-killin' sickness? Personally, I think it's all screed. Screed, an' Hardhead smoke an' mirrors, trying to cover up their efforts at writing up the Indeps. Yeah, you read me right. The Hardheads are tryin' to clean out us Indeps. I've caught them doin' it. There ain't no disease, unless it's called the Harmonium.

**Janos Volkrina,**  
*not a "Free League" spokesman*

[Author: [Rich Gant](#)]



*Dear Readers,*

I have the unfortunate duty as a member of my faction to respond to some untruths that have been spread around Sigil these past few weeks. Over and over again the Fated have had to respond to annoying cullers asking these same leatherheaded questions. So that we might get back to the important business of tax collection, I am forced to respond to these allegations in this public forum.

*Dear SIGIS,*

After reading your latest addition to your newsrag, I find you even more predictable than I thought possible. The so called "Faction Reaction" is nothing but a joke outside Sigil! Do you think those factions and their opinions have any meaning anywhere outside the Cage? (Good name for it.) Go out to where the real action is: in the Outer Planes where the Powers are and then you'll see how the Multiverse really works.

Interestingly, I noticed you put the Sects at the very bottom of the rag. How predictable! Your paper is so faction biased it makes me puke. At least the sects are out there where the action is. Sigil is nothing by a way-station where you can get some interesting bub. When are you leatherheads going to wake up to this fact?

So just bag the Reaction of the Faction, and get on to some real news. I bet you sods didn't even know that war is brewing between the Githyanki and the Githzerai, did you? Ha! Shows what you berks know.

*Signed,*  
**Bridgette Comer, Scrollbearer of Oghma**

*[In order to "please" this reader and other like-minded bashers, we have decided to put the sect responses to our question early on. And from now on, since we would like to remain as impartial as possible, the faction responses will be presented in the order in which they were received. As for Sigil just being a good place for some new bub...well, we think our readers can find their own responses to that. I would just say that there is a very good reason that Sigil is called the "Nexus of the Multiverse" and why the*

Firstly, we have been asked whether we have tried to use a tax-fraud charge to claim the kip abandoned by the Harmonium a few weeks back and keep the Guvners from it? The tax-fraud charge against the Harmonium is a matter of public record at this point. I don't understand why berks blame us when someone else leaves gaps in their books.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]

Secondly, many sods had the gall to insult our integrity even further by suggesting that we were using similar tactics to close up bub-houses owned by the Sensates. The Sensates accounts are still under review, so I can't comment fully, except to say that everyone should keep their records in proper order and no one should have any trouble. Of course, I don't think I've ever heard one of them show interest in the 'feeling of a correctly prepared tax return.

[Authors: [James Bologna](#) and [Scott Kelley](#)]



## **CURRY BOMBAST'S "THE PLANAR GOURMET"**

Greetings most esteemed Reader! I, Curry Bombast, your intrepid gnome explorer of all-things culinary and head-chef at Chirper's, shall be your guide into the wide, and often wondrous worlds of the Planar Gourmet. Pleasing to Guvner and Sensate alike, I will lan you chant and uncover the darks of recipes and eateries all about the Great Ring. From Arboreal Apples to the secrets of Baatorian Barb-Arque, I shall spare no expense to bring you something new! All this and more, Bombast promises you!

Like his chosen-power, Tanabi believes in rewarding his patron's hard work, and insures only the freshest ingredients combine with the penultimate crafting of his head chef, the Cypher Master of the Heart, Izubu Murikami. Murikami's hands are a blur as he slices and dices your menu choice into a suitable meal in a matter of minutes. His work is beyond compare in all of Sigil! It is said only rock gardener [Kanishi](#), the old laido master near Izubu's Faction Headquarters, wields a blade with greater skill and poise in all of Sigil.

### **SIGIL'S LUCKY CATCH**

Ozo Tanabi's 'Lucky Catch' in the Clerks Ward is an excellent place to dine on the most delicious of planar pisces. This is mostly due to the portal to Mt. Celestia's Silver Sea located in the fishpond in the centre of the great pagoda, which comprises Tanabi's temple-turned-restaurant. Once a mostly

In celebration of his craft, I myself have attempted to duplicate his skilled recipe while at Chirper's. Though I may not be a Master of the Heart, I'm not too shabby with a knife -- and even you can give this recipe a try (if a body finds itself too far from Chirper's or the Catch to enjoy the real thing!)

### **EBISU'S BLESSING**

forgotten shrine to Ebisu, god of luck through hard work, the ancient pagoda was refurbished into an open-aired eatery through a loan from the generous Noyama family of Blossom Town.

When asked about his turn of fortune, the wise priest of oriental luck smiles knowingly. "Gnome-infested Bytopia is not the only reward for hard work" he laughs. My belaboured brethren would do well to heed Tanabi's admonishment to enjoy the fruits of one's labour. Especially if the reward is the flowers of the Silver Sea blooming forth from the waters of the active planar portal!

The portal key to the fishpond portal is a well kept dark. It's all for the better, for what a pleasant surprise to see the surge of heavenly the better, for what a pleasant surprise to see the surge of heavenly waters flood the pool with the playful splashes of hundreds of Silver Prawns. Tanabi's servants rush to catch their blessed harvest of Celestial shellfish: each net-full a bountiful gift from Tanabi's chosen patron. Often even visitors are encouraged to fish, so great are the gifts of Ebisu.

It is unfortunate that the members of the Planes-Militant are practically camped outside in protest to what they call "a blatant disregard of the proper use and protection of a portal to the utmost sacred plane." Chant is a peery group of planewalkers, disguised as dinner guests, literally leapt at their chance to pass through the portal to Mt. Celestia's shores. Though the outcome of their journey is dark, they certainly tumbled to the attention of Mt. Celestia's Crusaders. Tanabi tells me that the pool portal's guardian spirit, or kami, is strong enough to repel any unwanted intruders, and the priest's unbreakable calm was enough to assure this body.

Because of its proximity to the Hall of Speakers, a body is able to find members of almost any Faction mingling here. Only the Athar and the Dustmen seem to dislike the Catch's constant atmosphere of holy celebration. Regardless, a body is sure to find the most interesting things talked about amongst the pillow-seated patrons leaning into their sake' cups crowding the Arboreal

- 1 pound of Silver Sea Prawns, in shells (or substitute large prime shrimp)
- 2 tablespoons of Tanabi's secret marinate, a mixture learned from the Proxy of Liu, the Celestial Bureaucracy's Lord of Gourmets: a Power even an Athar may praise! (My own mixture is of one tablespoon soy sauce, a like amount of extra-dry Karkelli Firewine from Torch, and a half teaspoon of grated ginger from the fields of Sheela Peryroyl herself!)
- 2 tablespoons of Baku-bean oil (or substitute Bariaur-grown organic peanut oil)
- 2 cloves of Arboreal Stinking Rose, for passion! (substitute: Ysgardian giant garlic), chopped
- 3 Outlands green onions, chopped
- 1 drop of salt mephit sweat (or substitute 1 teaspoon of prime pillar salt)
- 1 tablespoon of Sublimity from the veritable Land of the Immortals (or substitute a like amount of sesame oil from the generous reserves of the Noyama family's prime imports.)

Marinate the prawns in the shells for 15 minutes in the sauce mixture (substitute firewine with elven sherry, if your guests are of a fine palette.) Drain. Stir-fry in a hot pan (try Baatorian briquettes!) with palette. Add the Baku-bean oil and garlic, until the colour changes not unlike the very skies of Avernus, a deep orange-red. Add the green onions. Add the drop of mephit sweat and Sublimity. Toss until the onions wilt. Serve with the shells on, as most tieflings enjoy the added texture (but removing them is easy.)

*Tip of the Day:* Always add Outland ingredients to any planar dish. Though seemingly mundane they add balance and buoyancy to any heavy "philosophically" competing flavours.

Enjoy! And see you at Chirper's!

**-- Curry Bombast,  
Planar Gourmet Extraordinaire**

[Author: [Nathan Letsinger](#)]

hardwood tables. Current chant is [Sister Almera of Dolorous Sojourn](#), Lunia, is looking for good-willed cutters to help an emotionally-scarred paladin petitioner return his [war-horse](#) to the Beastlands.

While the Lucky Catch has its fair share of visiting planewalkers, the protesting Crusaders of the Planes-Militant have been taking pains to persuade all but the most hungry from visiting Sister Almera's table, fearing continual abuse of the portal to their most beloved plane.



## editorial

### LAST MINUTE INTERVIEW GRANTED BY ZIMIMAR OF THE DARK EIGHT

-- by *Daemon Chaas*, political culler --

SIGIL (Baatorian Embassy) -- At the very last minute, the Baatorian ambassador to Sigil from the Dark Eight, Zimimar, agreed to comment on the Hal'aight trial and on the special investigator the Dark Eight had appointed to look into the murder of the noble class Pit Fiend. Here's what the esteemed Zimimar had to say on these matters:

*DC: Your Eminence,  
If you have time to answer the following questions, the city of Sigil would be most interested in your responses.*

Z: Forgive the slowness of my granting an interview on this matter, but as always, it seems more pressing business takes my presence from remaining in this chair for more than a yugoloth's pardon. I would be most pleased to answer any concerns Sigil's citizens have concerning my beloved Empire.

*Did you personally authorise the investigation by the supposed Dark Eight investigator into the Hal'aight case?*

You must be referring to Iron Lily, who is an officer of my Ministry here in Sigil. Any of my officer's doings are, of course, sanctioned by

*Do you plan on working with the Harmonium directly as well as the Guvners or the Mercykillers, or do you plan on exacting your own justice?*

I have complete faith justice will be served in the end, regardless of the means to it. [Drums her talons on the marble desktop, staring intently at the culler.]

*Finally, it is true that the dead-booked fiend was, in fact, a member of the noble class who had fallen from favour?*

I can personally assure you the unfortunate soul who fell victim to this hideous and cowardly murder was *\*not\** one fallen from favour. Those of the noble houses, just as any other baatezu in Baator, only remain if they are in favour with the Lords whom they serve. I have no concern for the doings of those who are not.

*[I, Chaas, laugh to myself at this ridiculous statement. Zimimar's main job in Sigil is overseeing the retrieval of traitors who \*do\* fall from favour, hence her unofficial nickname of the Grand Retriever*

myself. Therefore it stands to reason that yes, I personally authorised her assistance in uncovering the dark of this terrible tragedy.

*Can you comment on what do you hope to discover?*

Of course I can. I hope to discover the truth.

*Is there any reason you wouldn't trust the Harmonium investigators to get this dark for you?*

They have been notoriously, ahem, (she coughs) \*incomplete\* in their methods of uncovering the truth in past investigations. My methods are much more meticulous and I have a record of unbroken successes. I'll leave it at that.

*annoying the fiend greatly and decide to take my leave.]*

*Thank you for taking some of your precious time to answer my questions.*

The pleasure was mine, Daemon Chaas. Ask me anything. We at the Embassy wish all Sigilians be informed of our intentions and concern for their welfare while guests of their lovely city. I regretfully must leave again, duty as always, calls her children in too early while they play. Until next we meet again...

*[She flashes me an "evil" violet stare, smiles politely, and shows me the door.]*

[Authors: [Autumn Skye](#) and [Scott Kelley](#)]



## QUESTION OF THE WEEK

SOME BERKS around the Cage have been whispering for a couple weeks now that Sigil is about due for another major upheaval. SIGIS has even heard chant that a faction or two might fall! Assuming this chant is more than just screech, how would your faction respond to such a major event, and how would you keep from becoming one of the fallen?



### SECTS

**Tarak de Leynon (Merkhant):** Interesting. If there were a confrontation of these proportions.... people would need weapons. I must invest along those lines. Let's see, I could dump that hostel in Bedlam and use the cash to mobilise... what? Oh, are you still here? Well, quickly then, as I have business to attend to. If one or more factions were to fall, I can see opportunities for the Merkhants. Many of us do business in Sigil as it is, so having an official presence in the Cage could only be beneficial to us. Our strong ties with some of the factions would mean that we also would be perhaps more

### FATED

The Fated? Fall? Don't be barmy or I'll not answer your sodding question. (And no refunds - you aren't even paying me enough jinx to cover basic expenses!)

How would we respond to another faction's fall? Rejoice? After all, that's one less obstacle in our path. What do you mean that isn't tame enough for your rag? Fine. Actually, we would need to scramble! First, we need to cross-reference all of the faction members with our Book of Lending so we can begin collection and foreclosure actions immediately. Next, we need to seize the



acceptable than some of the other sects. Like all things, if such events should arise, I'm sure that we will find a way to turn a profit from it. The question is merely, how large?

**Dregori Tharsan (Wylder):** If you ask me, and you just did, Sigil's been in need of a good civil war for several centuries. Clean out some of the garbage. Obviously the Verdant Guild has no interest in Sigil itself, other than as place through which we must occasionally travel. Having said that, a certain amount of wholesale destruction in Sigil would allow for the construction of some parks, maybe a couple of areas left to grow wild. If there was more nature in Sigil, I'm sure that problems like the one you mention would never arise.

**Naenal (Exile):** Some of the factions might die? The Guvners? The Harmonium? The Mercykillers? Oh, please tell me the Mercykillers are in danger of losing out. Can I help it happen?

[Author: [Galzion](#)]



## DOOMGUARD

I think it's about time the Cage went through an upheaval. Some useless parts of society are beginning to get on our nerves, and believe me when I tell you berks that the Doomguard will be there helping to bring to an end this useless status quo that the Harmonium and Guvners seek to maintain. But after that, we part ways with the Anarchists. They will want to rebuild the way the cage is, but we won't let them: it will be time for us to end this foolish centre of the multiverse business, and without the City of Doors to serve as hub, the rest of the multiverse will soon follow!

- *From Weftson Foralos, a more excitable Sinker under the tutelage of Sir Twist*

[Author: [Sir David Byrne o' Twist](#)]



## ANARCHISTS

The Revolutionary League will never fall, and as far as I'm concerned it doesn't exist. There

full payment of taxes. Of course your faction owes taxes berk, EVERYONE owes taxes.

-- *Blaize Shadiff - Digger*

[Author: [James Bologna](#)]



## SIGN OF ONE

*[Transcript of a mimir recording taken by a SIGIS Culler from Grannen, Representative of the Sign of One.]*

Lady's grace cutter, I'm sorry I don't believe I'll have time to write a reply to the question you pose, but you can record it on your mimir while we walk...

I'm not going to waste time trying to sound mysterious like the faction usually does, I'm going to give you the chant like my faction sees it straight up. Some of the signers, myself included believe that the multiverse needs a change or at least a major upset, since it's starting to stagnate. Many sentients have a warped view of our faction, which in turn is propagated by some of our members. Our faction believes that ONE person can change YOUR multiverse and that's YOU.

If you believe that you and not some addle cove philosophy or lack thereof like the Indeps, control everything in your reality, then you are the centre of your multiverse. The Sign of One is just a group of like-minded people working towards common goals, providing support for members etcetera. As long as someone out there believes he controls everything with his belief then there will always be a Sign of One..... I've got to fly, but remember: you are all part of the One.

[Author: [Chris Visser](#)]

## FRATERNITY OF ORDER

Most assuredly the chant landed by SIGIS is screed. Despite increased tensions between

is no such faction and its simply a bunch of screed the Hardhead spread to name all there enemies as one collective force. I work with a few people fighting towards the liberation of Sigil and pretty well everywhere else in the multiverse. We defend the oppressed, against fascists like the Hardheads and other misguided berks who wave around a flag claiming they are us or the Revolutionary League. Perhaps I will die fighting for my cause, but there will be many around to follow and take up my cause some day.

As far as I'm concerned which faction will fall, I say the Hardheads are going straight to the dead-book. They've become more obvious in their tactics in controlling the public and fill fall soon. I have devoted a lot of my time to destroying them, and so have many others. The fact is they are a faction that doesn't stand well with almost all of the others. You see the Doomguard, Bleakers, Free League and Xaositects do have a few things against them. And the Hardheads haven't been to friendly to the Dustmen, Fated, Athar and many others. The thing is they are hardly loved by any faction, and the way I see it, they will fall before I become a deader.

Another faction to fall will either be the Sensates or the Fated, pick one because they are quickly becoming the two biggest rivals for the Cage and one of them is going to knock the other out of the way. While Erin Darkflame and Rowan Darkwood haven't come to blows yet its only a matter of time before their petty plotting against each other will bring both of them down. And I'd say if its anyone to start a war its that berk they call the Duke. I think in this case we'll just simply sit-back and watch them destroy each other, and then we'll move in and deal with whoever survives.

[Author: [Jason Ng](#)]



## **GODSMEN**

Upheaval? Factions falling? Sure it's possible, but then again anything is possible 'round here. If there is some kind of upheaval

the Dustmen and Doomguard, the Fated and the Sensates, the Athar and Signers, these factions maintain important places in the functioning of Our Fair City, and as such no major event, as you call it, is anticipated to occur, not even by our most liberal of calculations. The Fair Citizens of our City are urged to put aside their anxieties, and trust in the Laws and Rules of our City, which we alone, The Fraternity of Order, have the duty to maintain. Rest assured that by the observing of the Laws of Sigil, and the Rules they dictate, it will insure the consistence of the status quo and the peace of our fair city Sigil. Because Sigil is the Centre of the Multiverse, the Laws of Sigil are the Laws of the Multiverse; therefore, if the Laws of Sigil dictate peace then so shall there be peace in the Multiverse as a whole. By following our Order's example, and the example of our most honoured Factol, each factioneer and Faction may avoid any 'screeed' of becoming 'one of the fallen.'

*Addendum:* Technically neither the morally abhorrent Revolutionary League, nor the obstinate Independent League have attained Faction status, and thus are excluded from your question; it is, however, our calculation that there is strong possibility that the Independent League will attain official Faction status, much to the surprise of its own members. Our esteemed Order will lend all assistance in helping the League create and maintain internal consistency of the newly-formed faction's bureaucratic structure. We will be glad to assist its arrival into full compliance of our Fair City's Rules.

Know the Law, and you shall have power to avoid error.

*- Your humble servant, Hartin Meideggar, B4 Bureau Chief of Sigilian Public Information, prior B3 Judge, Bureau of Courts (retired.)*

[Author: [Nathan Letsinger](#)]

## **MERCYKILLERS**

So some berks have been 'whispering' about a great change in the political structure of the Cage, eh? Well, I'm not surprised they

or war in the cage you can bet your jink that the Godsmen will survive. That's what we're all about anyway, isn't it berk? Survival and advancement. Become a better blood, that's what we're aiming for.

Any conflict that arises can only make us stronger. And during the whole thing we'll protect who we can, as I'm sure some factions would be picked upon more than others. Don't want any potential candidates for advancement getting the rope. So what would an upheaval mean to this cutter? Nothing berk, just another day in Sigil. that's all it would be.

-- *Strom the Gatemaker Goldwand, Factor of the Godsmen*



## DUSTMEN

Upheaval, eh? It could be a good thing. Excellent opportunity for people to move toward the next stage of their existence. What? Oh, yes, you call it death. No, I'm not being cruel. I'm just saying that this event could restore the natural flow of death. There's too many Sigilians, hanging on to their supposed 'lives', that shouldn't be here anymore. Die and let die, as we always say.

And no, we're not worried about it. You see, death itself cannot die. And as our factol wisely said, 'I will not soon advance to true death, for my sense of duty keeps me at this level'. The Dustmen will still be around when the commotion ends. We still have a lot to do here. 'Die' with that.

-- *Christian DeSaville, Dustman cleric*

[Author: [Eduardo Frota](#)]



## FREE LEAGUE

So. Yer askin' how the Free League would survive a second Great Upheaval, an' how we'd respond? Simple. We wouldn't do anythin', even really worry about it. We're not a Faction, despite what the rest o' the Cage seems to think. We're a bunch o' people who

whisper, since the very thing they speak of is Anarchy. Revolution. Things that the Mercykillers stand firmly against. The cells of our mighty Prison are lined with those who were once would-be revolutionaries and upstarts. Bashers with an agenda, but no concern for the safety or well-being of their fellow Cager. They are the not the first, nor will they be the last to fail in their poorly orchestrated attempts at anarchy.

But returning to the question at hand, if this is more than just screed, the Mercykillers would have no problem retaining their position amongst the factions of law and order. There was a time in the past when our faction made necessary changes and joined with another during the breaking to ensure the presence of justice amongst those in Sigil. If this upheaval occurs, the Mercykillers will once again take steps to maintain the status quo. We will work hand in hand with the Harmonium to scrag those causing any insurrections. I have even heard rumours that Factol Nilesia will deputise more Justicars amongst our Faction for the express purpose of dispensing justice in the streets. It is times like this when our faction shines, doing things others may hesitate to do for the good of our city. I would be more concerned for the fates of the other 'lawless factions'.

-- *Roderick Thorn, spokesperson for the Mercykillers*

[Author: [Brian Mooney](#)]

## HARMONIUM

Ah, sir interviewer, what is the matter? Oh, no I am not he. Oh, I see where the confusion could come in. Yes, he was our previous interviewer, but he has disappeared. Why am I reluctant to say his name? Simple, he obviously offended the Lady and our Lady

don't want anyone tellin' 'em how think. Our response to any major upheaval would depend on who the we in question is. Some o' us would hire out as mercenaries. Others would try an' help out, try an' restore the peace. More would go about our lives an' not worry about it, unless it was forced on us.

See, I'd love to be more specific. I really would. But I can't. We ain't a Faction. There's no hierarchy; no Factol, no Factotums, no Factors, no nothin'. All there is are a bunch o' people with the guts to stand up on their own, live without some berk tellin' 'em what's what, an' callin' themselves the Free League. There's no way we could have an official response, or an official way to avoid fallin', because there's no officials.

So, the easy answer to yer question? The Free League isn't going to worry about it, an' we don't need to do anything to avoid falling. We don't need to, because there is no way we can. There isn't anything to fall.

-- *Janos Volkrina, Indep*

[Author: [Rich Gant](#)]

therefore mazed him. I shall not try her patience by mentioning his name. Suffice to say, the views held by some of our more radical members are not held by the Harmonium itself. Please do not take his words to be those of myself or Sarin. Allow me to introduce myself, I am Xrithran, observer beholder. I shall be the new representative for the Harmonium. In response to your question, of course the Harmonium is not worried. The chances of such an upheaval are thin. As you mentioned last time, there seems to be a great flow of Law in the multiverse. An upheaval in the factions would be very Chaotic. Therefore, such things are in the words of you humans barmy screed. And let us consider that this will happen. The Harmonium will not fall. We are the most powerful faction on the planes. We have moved whole layers of planes. Who else can claim to have accomplished such a feat, even if it was on mistake? No, the Harmonium will not fall. Our glorious Harmony will reign supreme in the Multiverse, whether anyone else likes it or not.

-- *Xrithran Observer, Mover Three*

[Author: [LokPirvan@aol.com](mailto:LokPirvan@aol.com)]



## **XAOSITECTS**

Xaos! Axos! Soax! Law is falling. Xaos is rising. Xaos will not fall, it is everywhere and everywhere cannot fall unless you're a knight of entropy but that I am not I am Xaos! As are you! All is Xaos, and all can't fall... but I said that already.

How does Xaos keep from being one of the fallen? Xaos simply can't fall. Xaos is intangible and everywhere. I am Xaos, you are Xaos... but I said that already. Besides, it is Xaos that makes things fall, not falling that makes things Xaos. Some lawful barmies might bite the dust, but not Xaos, which is everywhere! We will live on!

Now then sir, I hope that answers your question all proper like. I'm off for a spot of tea, my throat is tired and my shoes are on fire. You know how it is.

## **ATHAR**

I wouldn't worry too much about the Athar. While we may not have a great number of allies in other factions, we have few enemies as well. If anyone was to fall, I'd wager on the Signers with their insane ideas about resurrecting powers within Sigil. Some berks just never learn from history. The Shattered Temple should remind them of their folly. At any rate, the rest of you bloods better hope that the Athar don't fall. Due to our own selfless efforts, we are often the only thing keeping phoney 'gods' from coming into Sigil. If a power ever did come into Sigil and challenge the Lady, you can be sure that plenty of damage will be done in the fight. Sigil itself could be destroyed. You berks don't realise just how lucky you are to have us around sometimes.

-- *Leir the Explorer*

-- *Random, Xaositect Poet*

[Author: [Greg Jensen](#)]

[Author: Tom Bubul]



## SOCIETY OF SENSATION

### CIPHERS

The Transcendent Order will respond to the fall of another faction in the most appropriate way, should such a thing happen. Exactly what form that action or inaction takes will be abundantly clear when the time comes - or at least, it will be to those who are in harmony with their inner selves.

Of course, we Ciphers will not act before it is time, nor shall we be caught off-guard. And that is why the Transcendent order shall not be among the fallen.

[Author: [James O'Rance](#)]

The Society of Sensation welcomes change. Change is the lifeblood of the experience of the multiverse. While some languish in the status quo, and clench their fists tighter around those that wish freedom, the Sensates embrace diversity and the uncertainty of the evolving situation in Sigil. While others think business continues as usual and continue to scrape their profits, the Sensates have been preparing for change in very fundamental ways. I welcome any that wish to join us in this great time of upheaval to contact me at the Civic Festhall.

Change is coming, bloods, be sure you're ready!

-- *Lariana du'Reavewinder*

[Author: [Ragboy](#)]



# stop press



### YUGOLOTH MALEVOLENT FUND LEFT UNTOUCHED!

-- by *Parado, Trades culler* --

SIGIL (Lower Ward) -- The Fated's Tax Investigation Squad (Lower Planes Division) were shocked and stunned to discover no evidence of embezzlement, falsification or tampering in the records of one Vorganoth, the Nycaloth Managing Director of Amalgamated Damnations and Stag-turnings. The organisation, which funds the arming of both the Blood War and the infrequent holy wars in the Upper Planes, was given a clean bill of health by the Takers, who were seen to be shivering upon their exit from the building. This correspondent, when granted a brief audience with the chief of the Lower Planes

### CLUELESS STRUCK TRADEGATE: DEATH BY THE WYRM!

-- by *Ansas Ewald, Outlands culler* --

The trial of the two clueless under the eyes of the Black Ogustus was ended in record time, just as the Baatorian advocate Var'l'zchu has announced before the case actually started. There were too many eyewitnesses and too many facts to leave even the slightest doubt. In spite of this Harlar tried his best to obscure the case, though he met without success. Ogustus the Black, after just two days, announced the sentence: Death by the Wurm.

The sentence is to be carried out at the first day of the next week, the preparations

Division (known to local cutters as the Bloody Scared Squad) learned that the independent taxation body is 'deeply distressed' by the news. It is believed that the Fated are commissioning a further series of independent investigations into the affair -- Factol Darkwood is reported to have offered the following comment: "Well, we're suspicious, obviously. Those scheming sods think they can outsmart us... we'll show 'em we're not to be trifled with."

[Author: [Phil Smith](#)]



## **MODRONS REACH TRADEGATE IN COMPARATIVE SAFETY**

-- by *Droni Forssen*, *culler* --

The Great Modron March has reached Tradegate, the Gate-Town to Bytopia, with little trouble, according to reports this week. Authorities in Tradegate and in Excelsior were keen to play down rumours that several hired adventurers had been killed defending the march against some outside force. We have not been able to gain confirmation of these rumours, but if they are true, we salute these heroes and request the local high-ups to be more open with us. The modrons are now presumably making their way through Bytopia.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## **ODD RAIN AFFECTING HIVE WARD RESIDENTS SIGIL**

-- by *Hedi Lackwist*, *staff culler* --

**SIGIL** -- A blackish drizzle, described by Guvner meteorologist, Jaghn Vernim, as "Stygian rain" fell on the Warrens in the Hive Ward yesterday. Those who came in contact with the substance experienced extreme disorientation, nausea, and sudden lapses in memory. The Stygian rain fell from a pinkish cloud that centred over the Warrens. Witnesses reported that the cloud dissipated rapidly, but that the drizzle continued to fall for up to 20 minutes. No official investigation has been announced, however, Mr. Vernim

day throughout Sigil, as many Cagers will follow Var'l'zchu invitation : "We would like to see you all at the Great Bazaar to watch justice enforced! "

[Author: [Heinz Hofbauer](#)]



## **TANAR'RI GET DROP ON BEL IN AVERNUS**

-- by *Ugut M.*, *Blood War culler* --

**AVERNUS** - Today, the baatezu's Blood War efforts met with some pitfalls, so to speak, as a large army of tanar'ri staged a shock invasion of Avernus, the first layer of Baator. The tanar'ri used a surprisingly co-ordinated triple offensive, launching screaming fiends into Avernus from a staging world in the prime to Draukari, an amphibious assault via the Styx, and a unexpected third tine to the forked attack from Ribcage to Darkspine. The associated chaos the fiend army caused in Ribcage sent the Gate-Town away from Baator several hundred miles.

Bel's Armies of the First of the Nine initially repelled the attack, putting many hundred thousand of the chaos fiends into the dead book. But, a second wave of tanar'ri flooded in from the Styx, and managed to take and hold the Fortress of Justice. Bel is said to have lost much face by allowing the surprise attack to happen in the first place. By losing the Fortress of Justice, some have wondered how long Bel will retain generalship of the First of the Nine.

While there has been no word from the tanar'ri forces in the Fortress, the arcanoloth Bheckmile Threk released this bold statement:

General Ysthis quala'baz of the tanar'ri 12th Elite Recon Army has asked me to negotiate for his forces in this matter. We will be contacting Bel in due time with our demands.

Readers may remember that General Ysthis and his crack army of tanar'ri specialists disappeared from a Blood War battlefield 70 years ago. There has been no word from

said that he would analyse the substance and compare it to samples of water from the Styx. turn to the war.

[Author: [Ragboy](#)]

[Author: [Ragboy](#)]

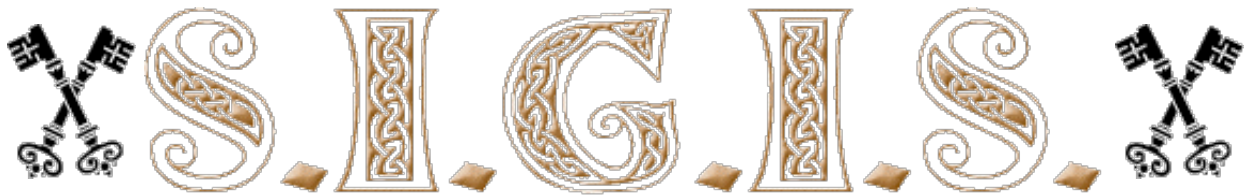


**Callers and artists wanted for SIGIS**  
**applicants must be literate and on the case**  
[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)



[Consult the Mimir Again](#)





**SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE**  
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## 23. Third Week of Savorus

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## editorial

### ACHERON CUBE IN NEAR-MISS WITH SIGIL

-- by *SIGIS* editorial staff --

IT IS WITH great regret that we inform S.I.G.I.S. readers we are not able to bring you this story. Our culler Gert Rood has been hard on the case all week gathering chant about the barmy (and huge!) cube, said to be from Acheron, which whooshed through the centre of Sigil's ring early in the week.

However, just before we went to press, we were informed that the Fated faction had closed some legal loophole which prevents us from legally publishing our story.

I am sure readers of S.I.G.I.S. will join with the editors and cullers in expressing their dismay at this ruling, which despite being fought hard in the Courthouse this morning, was upheld by the Guvners. No reason was given for the ruling, which leads us to believe something suspicious is afoot. It can surely be no secret to Cagers that the event occurred, for a vast number of you witnessed it.

How the Fated can be allowed to suppress the news in such a manner is disgraceful, and yet another example of the unjust power the factions lord over Cagers. At the risk of living up to the equally unfair "Anarchist" label so liberally applied by another faction dear to our hearts. the Harmonium, scant few weeks ago, we at S.I.G.I.S. call for an appeal to the sensibilities of Cagers. With the tax-collecting month of Tithing only just behind us, the Cagefolk are still sick of the sight of the Fated. Should we allow the Fated to continue heavy-hand us in this way? And what is it they use our taxes for anyway? We have dedicated this issue of S.I.G.I.S. to the Factions. What are they up to, anyway? See the *Editorial* section below...

While we have been prevented from bringing you the chant on the event, the legal ruling *did not* mention expressing the opinions of Cagers to the Acheron Cube. These were collected before the recent ruling. Readers will find all they need to know in the *Faction*





# newsbriefs

## EX-FACTOLS PERISH IN GATEHOUSE DISASTER

-- by Maija Intwood, culler --

SIGIL (Hive Ward) -- Two former factols of the Bleak Cabal were dead-booked last week as a section of the madwing in the Gatehouse collapsed above them. At least 21 other sods lost their lives as well when an entire block of cells caved in, putting a final end to their barmy ranting. Although the accident occurred early in the week, it took three days for the chant to filter out of the Hive. Apparently, the Bleakers were as unconcerned about the tragedy as they are about anything else.

At the scene, the Dustmen were busy preparing the bodies for a trip to the Mortuary while a couple of giant humanoids cleared the rubble. When asked about possible survivors, one of the Dead said that this was really "none of [her] concern".

"I'm here to assure that respect is given to these dead and to death itself," said the Dustwoman. "The Bleak Cabal epitomise the pain and misery that is the Multiverse -- they deserve proper disposal." When further questioned about the chant of the ex-Factols being buried under the rubble, the factioneer only said, "It's not of much concern now, is it?"

### ILLUSTRATION WITHHELD BY ORDER OF THE HARMONIUM

#### Dustwoman about her work

The giants working the scene clearing the rubble were a bit more forthcoming. Hune, a giant from Ysgard, said he'd wandered over to the Gatehouse when the noise of the collapse woke him from his slumber. "Me and Jera [the other giant] were sleeping off a few

Neither Hune nor Jera knew any chant on the old Factols, though Jera, also from Ysgard, said she'd seen a couple of Dustmen pull out a gold gilt ledger from the rubble. "I thought little of it at the time, but thinking back it was a little strange," Jera said. "I did think I'd ask them Dusties for more jink 'cause we was practically finding treasure for them. But those two Dead slipped the blinds before I could put a paw on them." None of the Dustmen working at the site remembered the two factioneers described by Jera, and some openly questioned her memory which almost lead to a very memorable encounter. Fortunately, the emotionless manner of the Dustmen made it difficult for Jera to get very much of her ire up, and all returned to their grim calling.

At this point, the reasons for the buildings collapse remains a mystery. The Harmonium, for their part, were not interested in pursuing the case and were quick to chalk it up poor construction. "Besides," said one officer, "if the Bleakers don't care, why should we? Someone's got to press charges!" But Unity of Rings, an upper planar who frequents the Gatehouse often, was unsatisfied with this response. "I have been to the Gatehouse more times than I can count to minister to the sick and downtrodden," he said. "I have never known any of this building to be unsteady or of poor construction. There is little mistaking such foul play for what it is. I hope the faction that preaches Harmony and goodness can find it within themselves to pursue that path into whatever part of the Multiverse it shall lead them, else they will never find themselves whole and complete of heart."

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]

and felt the crash. We needed the jink so we come over to help. It was a right mess berk, like a rockslide in Alfheim [*A realm in Ysgard - ed.*]. Sods were screaming all addle-coved like and Jera had to cuff a few barmies so she could work in peace."

*[Editor's Note: To add insult to injury, moments before the steam presses were started up, an edict was issued by the Harmonium preventing the inclusion of the illustration accompanying this article. It was claimed it was a vital piece of evidence. But for what? The Harmonium still express no interest in following up the case. We believe the Harmonium is just trying to make life awkward for us, the largest thorn in the faction's side. Our lawyer, 'Sly' Nye is arguing our case even as S.I.G.I.S. is printed. Chalk up another point to the repressive factions, cutter.*



## **SPEAKERS REVOKE MARTIAL LAW**

*-- by Ordnin Balaclavos, legislative beat --*

SIGIL -- After weeks of debate, the Hall of Speakers has narrowly decided to cancel the current state of Martial Law. Instituted to combat the recent ward-wide riots in the Hive (see issue 19 - ed.), the martial law condition gave Harmonium and Mercykiller forces unprecedented authority to scrag law-breakers. Complaints about overzealous faction militias have grown louder in the Hall since the last of the Hiter Rioters were thrown into the belly of the brick beast. The continued threat to the peacefulness of the Mortuary prompted recent Dustman objections. Harmonium raids on the Grand Bazaar have caused an immense slowdown in trade and Indep high-ups were on the verge of declaring a retaliatory embargo against all Lady's Ward cases.

Debate on revoking the martial law had been introduced in the Speaker's Hall by Factol Erin Montgomery of the Sensates early in the emergency. She said, "It's good to let the namers experience a bit of civil unrest once in a while. But how can we feel out the mysteries of the multiverse while hard-toed Harmonium boots are kicking in our tavern doors every night?" The Sensates were soon joined in their call by the Dustmen, who detested the tumult and emotion of the lawlessness, and by the Guvners, who wanted to re-institute their normal procedures as soon as possible. Factol Montgomery's

Paradoxically, the Xaosmen also were in favor of keeping martial law. "It like we," said Xaositect factor Red-Breathed Dog Wing. "One law laws of lots better than is." The Bleak Cabal joined their xaotic brethren in support of martial law. "All these courts and laws and procedures and what-not were always pretty pointless, we've always thought," said a Bleaker with no name. Members of the Doomguard barely had time to register their vote in favor of martial law because the Armory was so busy forging weapons to arm all camps. (Anarchists seem to have constituted the majority of the weapons' recipients. Reports indicate that the Revolutionary League was milking martial law conditions to the fullest as a recruitment tool.)

Interestingly, the deciding vote to revoke martial law came from the Sign of One. Said Factol Darius, "I suffered from a lengthy bout of Gehennan indigestion some weeks ago, and riots broke out in the Hive Ward. I'm now feeling much more serene and I imagine the city will too, with its normal procedures back in place. So be it." Reports that Signers were promised peak-to-anti access to the Gymnasium and Festhall's relaxation parlours, along with stand-by sedan chair service, may have also influenced Darius' vote. That vote was delayed however, by the lengthy debate. In a superhuman display, Factol Darkwood filibustered for five days straight in support of Factol Nilesia. It has

from the embattled Free League) then brought the Lost and the Godsmen into her camp. When the last of the Hiter Rioters were scragged, the Ciphers too called for immediate cessation of the emergency rule.

The Mercykillers, backed by Factol Darkwood of the Fated and Factol Sarin of the Harmonium, led the opposition to the call for normalcy. "This wicked city is finally getting a fresh taste of justice," said Factol Nilesia. "Let it swallow a good, long draught before the pimps, bubbers and sin-mongers drag it back to the troughs of iniquity."

been widely wagged about town that he was only stopped by a lasciviously slow strip-tease from Factol Montgomery. When asked if her floor-stopping display had been a response to Factol Nilesia's 'pimps and bubbers' comment, Factol Erin responded simply, "Don't be daft. It was just hot in there with all of Darkwood's blustering." An eyewitness to the final debate and vote, questioned as he was entering The Factols' Faces (a house of ill-repute whose jink-skirts and -shirts uncannily resemble current factols) agreed. "It sure WAS hot in there! But I don't recall Darkwood. Did he attend?"

[Author: ["Mr. Niceguy"](#)]



## **COLD WEATHER FAILS TO SPOIL FESTIVALS**

-- by *Blondie Blutheim, culler* --

AS WE WENT to press last week, freezing cold weather blew in from the paraelemental plane of Ice, causing snow, sleet and freezing rain. The entire city was gripped by dark evenings and shady mornings, as the clouds of snow and tendrils of semielemental shadow made Sigil a more dangerous and uncomfortable place than usual. Despite this unexpected turn of events, thousands of cagers turned out to celebrate the religious festivals in the week. Esperance, the principal feast day of the Archonite season of Hopetide, was marked publicly and privately by unprecedented numbers of people. Scores of people wandered the streets at all times of day during the festival, singing euphorically and exchanging greetings. The fact that not one third of these people could actually have fitted into the city's Archonite churches seems to have been ignored.

Although the cold weather put paid to any alfresco activities planned, the Aphrodisia, celebrated separately by Sensates and the United Sigilian Church of Aphrodite-Venus, was also a success.

The Aphrodisians held a massive orgy at their main temple, where Lesomoneia, a retired devi proxy of Aphrodite, conducted the proceedings. The Sensates also seem to have enjoyed themselves, with large areas of the festhall being given over to celebrations of love and sex for two whole days. Afterwards, Factol Erin said that she was glad that an agreement had been reached with 'our friends' the Archonites, and that she considered the Sensate celebration of Aphrodisia to have been 'an unrestrained success'.

However, many other factions were less than impressed by the Sensate celebration, denouncing the Society as 'shallow beyond belief' (Factor Pnifz of the Athar); 'probably illegal' (Factor Tier Roph of the Mercykillers); 'forgettable' (Susie the Signer - rank unknown); and 'delusional to the point of insanity' (ex-factol Tollysalmon of the Bleakers). The Sensates have not commented on these remarks yet.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## **SCHOOL OF LIFE EMBARKS ON CONTROVERSIAL PROGRAM**

-- by *Edmon Ilsen, independent culler* --

**SIGIL** -- Aaz Muldo, proprietress of the School of Life, a Dustmen prep school for children, announced today that a new system of entry would be instituted: Loyalty Pledges. This system would require that, prior to being accepted into the School of Life's program, the child, and his/her parents, must sign a pledge that the child will enter the Dustman faction once their educational obligations are completed. Parents and students who sign such a pledge also commit their remains to the Dustmen, even before completion of the curriculum. This program has met with outrage by current students and their parents, as they are likewise required to sign such an agreement, or pay significantly increased tuition fees for the School. Those that sign have their tuition waived, retroactively, since the student has been a part of the program.

Muldo defended her new policy with this statement: "Though there are no guarantees in life, our School must have assurances that we will have a return on our valuable services. Too many young berks come through our school and move on to other factions. We need students that are committed to both the education that we provide, and the Dustmen. Thus, by having contracts up front, we can rest assured that the students, the School of Life and the Dustmen are all best served."



## **CAT'S EYES, NINE LIES: THE VILE HUNT**

-- by Minako, Outlands culler --

**FAUNEL** -- After some days of rest we were able to continue and find the truth - there was just the problem that we didn't know where to look for it. So we decided that we shall travel to the Beastlands and see if there are similar attacks on Tabaxi villages or if this madness only takes place on the Outlands.

When we reached the pool-gate near Faunel, Wrath surprised us by not asking us for our business on the Beastlands, but asked us to stay a while longer and listen. We were surprised as you, dear reader, can surely understand. We were also surprised when Wrath didn't talk on but remained in silence. A

Other factions were on the post immediately following the announcement, to attack Muldo and her School's new policies. Thurber Hawklight, spokesman for the Fated: "While we recognize and respect Ms. Muldo's position of strength in this issue (it is her school, after all), the Fated will make recommendations to our faction members not to support her or the Dustmen in their not so cleverly disguised ruse to raise their membership numbers."

Other factions had similar reactions and opinions at the obvious reasons for the new program. Though Factol Skull has not issued an official statement, there is general malaise at the news from the few Dustmen that would give us a statement. What is clear here is that the School of Life's curriculum, long touted as one of the best planar prep schools in Sigil, might begin to further shift to its patron's philosophies while simultaneously filling its ranks with new Dead.

[Author: [Ragboy](#)]

*[Ed. note - the Tabaxi belief that they were once animals that were doing evil and, thus, were forced in half-human half-animal form by rebirth to suffer for their deeds and to be able to do good to counterweight what they've done in their former live. When they succeed they become once more animals.]*

We then decided to further stay in Faunel and try to find meaning in the words or Dreamtongue which were surely important when even Wrath had a hand in it. Because we remained in Faunel we could also observe the growing of Nethereye's army. Of Sekuno's party Mairra, Sheela and Tatze

short while an old Tabaxi emerged from the pool, shivered and fell to her knees! She looked at Purra, a bard and the only one from Sekuno's party that did not join Nethereye, and told him:

"They are there and you are here - Isn't Yoru a nice name for a stone and Dream and Change and Körper and Hoshi and Sinn and - When you go they will come - A cat's eye can't see, think about and you'll - Ask Mengethol he knows - Five there four here - You CAN get lost in dreams, even when awake - They mustn't get them."

At this point she died, and, though confused, we clearly recognized that she wanted to say more.

We took Dreamtongue, as Nethereye called her, icy cold body and brought it to Nethereye who should arrange the rebirth rite.

team, who was Silverclaw's mate and friend for long. A lot of other Tabaxi too decided that Nethereye has the right attitude concerning this affair. When we also count the animal petitioner's that gathered 'round him the army counts the impressive number of 72 participants.

Purra, beside Sekuno himself, was the only person from the outpost who decided to join us instead of the old Shaman and as he told us cause of a good reason. Sekuno spoke for both of them : "Haste does not help. And blind revenge does not help as long as your efforts have no target. Sure they say they will eradicate the Vile Hunt, but where is it, who are its members? You also have to understand that such radical actions are not much different from what the Hunt does. They act without much thought, and sadly so. We stayed with you to find the truth, and hopefully we are able to settle this affair without becoming like the huntsmen and without much bloodshed."

[Author: [Hofbauer Heinz](#)]



## **ARCHBISHOP ENTHRONED TO MASSIVE ACCLAIM**

-- by *Blondie Blutheim, culler* --

ON ESPERANCE, in St Azrael's Church, in the Rue Morgue, Bishop Julia Spesinfracta was installed as the first Archbishop of Sigil by the Pontiff, Angelusmisit IV and the celestials Laurelli Tantarella and Unity-of-Rings. The service was a magnificent ceremony, attended by many of the leading lights of Sigilian society. Lady Erin Darkflame Montgomery, Clarion the Guardian, Factol Sarin and his wife Faith, Factol Darius the Veyl, Factol Hashkar, Factol Rhys, Jeena Ealy and many other faction representatives were present. Notably, Factols Darkwood and Nilesia were absent, and it seems that they were not invited. The Pontiff preached an interesting address on the subject of the value of experience. Although his main theme was that the people of Sigil would benefit from the new archbishop's long experience,

## **TANAR'RI ELITE STILL HOLD BEL AT BAY**

-- by, *n Ugut M., Blood War culler* --

AVERNUS -- As of this writing a large force of Tanar'ri including General Ysthis quala'baz and his 12th elite Recon Army still hold the Fortress of Justice in Avernus. Chant in the Pit is that Bel's own elite scouts have attempted to infiltrate the Fortress through secret portals and passages known only to the Black General himself, but to no avail. All his sorties have been returned in pieces.

Though there has been no official word from the Abyss (like we expected one?) concerning this amazing surprise attack on Baator's best defended layer, some chaos fiends in the Cage have speculated that quala'baz and his Army were not part of the original invasion force. An anonymous vrock had this to say: "The whole was quite a spur of the moment thing, you see," he pauses to

the obvious subtext was that the Archonites were attempting to reconcile their differences with the Sensates.

The music for the ceremony included a specially composed anthem by Tuleman Ralesil, who also wrote the phenomenally successful Archonite oratorio 'Sophia'. Ralesil personally conducted the Sigilian Singers in 'Mardath the Prophet'. The readings were carefully chosen to avoid offending the guests, and were mostly about the duties of priests. Of all the factols present, only Lady Erin accepted a personal blessing from the new Archbishop, and this fact did not go unnoticed, either by political correspondents or by gossip columnists. Security at the service was heavy, with the Harmonium and Planes-Militant working hard to ensure that none of the various agitators present got into the church. After the service, a private lunch was held for the guests at an secret location.

We apologise for the typographical error in our last issue that caused the Pontiff's name to appear as 'Angelusmisit XIV'. This should, of course, have read 'Angelusmisit IV'. We attribute this to a purely mechanical error, and extend our apologies and a contribution of 100 gp to the Society of Angelusmisit the Fourteenth, who drew this matter to our attention.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## THE WAR RAGES ON

-- by *Koshtrim'yamal*, special to *SIGIS* from the Blood's War Journal --

THE BLOOD WAR, the war between different beliefs and alignments. The Baatezu and the Tanar'ri, both types of fiends are from what the Clueless Primers would call "Hell". The only thing that makes them different is Chaos vs. Law, the numbers of Abyss vs. the strategy and hard planning of the Baatezu. This war has raged, some sages say, since the beginning of time. There are many history books that try to look at the why and how of the war, but none could ever come close to describing the war as it should be, as it is, and the way it is run.

before continuing, "Arioch was rather drunk on distilled bebilith icor and declared an invasion. Most of us bloods were just as far bubbled, you see, and we all fell in with the mob," (his look at me left no question who was on for the next course), "quala'baz ain't been seen in the Abyss in a Balor's age. Hey, whatcha doing later, culler? Me an' my bloods are going to knock about the Lady's Ward for a bit of a blast."

Another source claimed that Ysthis actually coordinated the attack and got the chaos fiends into (perish the thought) a semblance of order. Or, as my source said, "'e got 'em all running crazy in the same direction" It can only be assumed that either the invading force was somehow commanded by Ysthis quala'baz, or that he and his Army came by the invasion some other way, and as my vrock contact said, "just fell in with the mob."

Bel's forces decline to comment on the situation or their plans (not that I pressed too hard) and there is still no word from the fiends in the Fortress or their self-proclaimed negotiator, the arcanoloth Bheckmile Threk. For the moment, however, all seems silent on this Blood War front as the fiends face off on Avernus.

[Author: [Ragboy](#)]

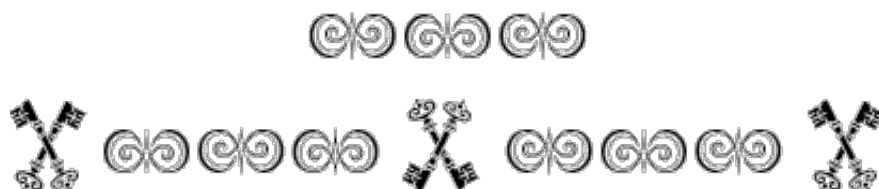
A note that I want to state that my ability to teleport without error has been restored, coupled with the ability to plane skip, getting to the battles should be easy. Also I wish to state that I am neutral in this. I am not what is refereed to as "Evil", and thus my ability to see things in a different light is two fold.

Traveling the lower planes is also ways a hazard, no matter who or what one is. I have trained for many long hard years for survival in such a environment. I have seen and been in many Blood War battles, been on many missions to other planes, even been to a few

My name is Koshtrim'yamal, Baron Cambion, 26th son of the Abyssal Lord Graz'zt, I have been given permission, surprise to us all, to report on the Blood War battles as I find them, by my father. Again, as a true surprise, I have also been given permission from Furcas, the member of the Dark Eight that is in charge of Mortal Relations, to report from the Baatezu side too. This includes interviews, chats, and drawings of the Baatezu and their points of view. I guess that with my reports to S.I.G.I.S. that the Baatezu might be able to recruit more to their cause.

prime worlds. My reports will outline, in truth, who and how these battles are won. I am still in the process of getting together a team, and hope to bring my first report in the next issue of S.I.G.I.S.

[Author: [T-man](#)]



## Letters



### **UNDEAD ON THE MOVE: JOURNAL OF THE SHADOWWALKER**

### **THE LADY'S MANY FACES** -- by *Cetheron Ke'Sheke* --

*To the Editors of SIGIS:*

I stand here in the vastness of the Outlands, contemplating the path set before me by Lord Kelemvor. My companions and I are on our way to the Gray Wastes to investigate the rumors of a Lich Kind trying to raise an army of undead. I can honestly say that without the slumbering company I now watch over, none of the tasks Lord Kelemvor has bade me to do would have been accomplished.

I am Quint'eal "ShadowWalker", an outcast among my people, the moon elves that inhabit the Elven Court. For the longest time, only my brother Kal'asel, whom has traveled with me for the past two decades, knew about my secret practice of the ways of the holy warrior. Lord Kelemvor, lord of the dead, had visited me in a vision and showed me that it was my destiny to seek out the undead and vanquish them. Kal had kept my secret for three decades, before revealing it by accident when the Arch-Wizard of our city was showing Kal's class how a truth spell works. I was brought before the city council for practicing ways not customary to our kind. Kal was the only one that would speak for me

The Lady rules Sigil, and that's it. Or so we think...

There are certain prime worlds that are dominated by an unknown force. In all of my days of plane-hopping, I've seen about 20 or so of these worlds, the foremost being Terra. Terra is a rather hideous place. It's similar to the prime world, but also has an unknown terror working behind it. This force, whatever it may be, is known only as the Red Death. No-one knows who, or what, it is. It has a pile of agents and deamons on it's side, and they know near nothing about their master.

The Lady of Pain. The Red Death. No-one knows what either of them look like. They both are tyrants, and they both have lots of minions. The both rule over a place you generally don't want to spend every waking moment in. If we look into are past, I think we can find a lot of examples of this type of thing. Unknown tyrants, subtly controlling everything that world knows. Maybe these are all part of a great plan of Gods and Magic. Or maybe, they're all just one person. I like to think that the Lady of Pain has more faces then we've seen. If you look, you'd be

during the time of my trial. After contemplating over it for many days, the council members had decided to exile us from the lands we had called home for so many decades before.

A few years after leaving our home lands, Kal'asel and I had come across a wounded dwarven religious warrior just outside of an ancient crypt. Using the power that Lord Kelemvor had blessed me with, I tended his wounds. Needless to say, Ivan BoneCrusher has traveled with us ever since. Kal being so gifted in the arcane arts, Ivan with his war cries to some dwarven battle god, and Lord Kelemvor guiding me, we set out on a crusade against all undead.

Listening to Ivan's snoring, and Talis' constant talking in her sleep, has made this an amusing night.

Talis, she is a strange lot as most tiefling are, but I can say that there is more than one time that I was glad for her skills in being able to acquire things from people and at finding traps that would have most



likely killed us all. (a slight chuckle) Although, there has been more times than I can count that I have had to restrain her from going after someone that offended her (I glance to the horizon in the direction of the Gray Wastes) I think to the impending battles that are to come, for the undead, as we have come to find out, can be a conniving bunch.

(I look from the horizon to my brother) Even after so many years traveling the planes, Kal'asel and I have spoken many times about returning to our home land, but we have yet to enact on our conversations. I have known for many years before our exile, that I was not meant to be among my people, that the Lord of Death had other plans for me in my life time. But as for Kal'asel, I feel that in some way, it is my fault that he is unable to return home. This is a guilt that I must carry with myself forever.

surprised what you'll see. Or not..

[Author: Unknown]



ADVERTISEMENT

## Brix's Guide to the Cage

### You'll get Lost without One!

*That ain't a threat, cutter, it's a fact.*

Sigil's a Big Burg, Berk. Sometimes it's too big. How's a cutter supposed to find his way around? You could hire a tout. But they want jink, and lots of it. And some of them smell.

Where do the touts get their darks? Why, they consult Brix's Guide, of course!\* The earth mephit Brix, a long-time resident in Sigil (just don't ask him why), has surveyed all the best and worst places to go, and compiled them into a compendium of Cager Lore:

## Brix's Guide to the Cage

You'll find accurate chant and prices for all sorts of places, bits of lore and history as well as the odd secret I've managed to uncover. There'll be some red faces around for the next few months, sure as Sigil!

Reckon you've already read it? Brix's Guide to the Cage has just been revised and reprinted. Copies should be in the shops as you read this, at the bargain price of ten jinx. Or five if you're an earth mephit [*one purchase per earth mephit customer per day only*].

[\* Not all touts read Brix's Guide. This example used for illustrative purposes only. Chant in Brix's Guide may be true as well as false.]

[Submitted by [Jon Winter](#)]



[Author: [Rob](#)]



# streetchant



## PRICE WAR? HALF RIGHT!

*IT CAN HARDLY* have escaped the notice of our readers that in the last three months or so, the prices of many in items in Sigil have undergone a dramatic increase. This ranges from mundane food products, to luxuries such as fine wine, to specialty items such as certain weapons. Most have taken to indicate that merchants are transferring rising costs onto their customers. We at S.I.G.I.S. wondered if this was true, and asked our new culler, Kora Rechan, to find out. This is his report:

THE PRICE increases that we have seen recently in Sigil started around four months ago, with a few modest price rises in basic items, such as bread, beer and other foodstuffs. Over the coming months, almost every other item for sale in Sigil has risen in price. Most of the bar-room sages have proclaimed this as a price war between merchants, but surely this can't be correct? Surely in a price war merchants try to undercut each others prices, so we should see prices falling, not rising? Someone is trying to peel us. And after almost a months research, I have discovered who.

It's a war all right, but not between merchants. It's a war between Merkhants. The shadowy sect of those who prize gold above all other things is moving into high gear. The price rises have been caused by Merkhants either raising the price of an item directly, or increasing the cost of a raw material. In either case, the price to the consumer in the Great Market has risen.

According to my informant, this can mean just one thing. Although the Misers are constantly

Rank amongst the Misers is determined only at one time; when a challenge to the current leader (or Master) is made. At this time, the worth of all Merkhants is calculated, and the one with the most wealth is the new Master. All others are ranked according to their worth, from the highest to the lowest. So when a challenge is made, it is common practice amongst the Misers for them to force the market as high as it will go, and to purchase whatever commodities they can, in order to improve their ranking amongst their peers.

And that's what we're seeing. Recent information has demonstrated that the current Master, Tarnin Golthax, controls almost all of the planar trade of Baatorian Green Steel. It comes as no surprise that the price of weapons made from green steel has almost doubled in the past two months. Likewise, probably his strongest challenger for the position of Master is Tarak de Leynon, whom I have discovered imports over three-quarters of the wine that Sigil consumes, and over half of the beer. Noticed that your bub costs a bit more recently? That's de Leynon moving for position. Another challenger for the top spot in the Misers is the rogue modron, Root of Nine. As a major player in the Planar Trading Consortium, Root of Nine has been able to increase the cost of bringing many items to Sigil; a cost which has largely been transferred to you the consumer.

According to my source, one month after someone officially declares their challenge to Tarnin, the relative wealth of all the Merkhants will be determined, and the new Master will be declared. After that, it will be business as usual. Which means that the

trying to acquire jink, there is only one reason that would have all of them making a concerted effort to gain as much as they can in as short a space of time as possible. And that is a leadership challenge.

other in order to gain a larger share of the market. Which will mean that prices of many items will come back down again. Let us hope that someone declares a challenge soon, whilst we still have some jink left.

[Author: [Galzion](#)]



# editorial

## FACTION SPECIAL

### **FACTIONS: HITTING THE BLINDS?**

-- by *Daemon Chaas*, political culler --

ASK A Cager what the factions are all about and you'll get a variety of answers. Although these answers are as varied as the Cagers themselves, they all have one very important thing in common: none of them have anything to do with what the factions are supposedly *really about!* For instance, ask what the Guvners and the Hardheads do, and the responses you typically get (often from factioneers) is something like, "Well, they scrag cross-traders and put 'em to the law. What else berk?" Or how about the Mercykillers? I asked this one "factioneer" at the Rule of Fours, and at first she gave me a funny look like I was some green prime or something. I pressed her some more and she finally told me that, "[The Mercykillers] mete out justice on lawbreakers. Go away." (When I pestered her some more about what they really do, and are supposed to be doing, she threatened to "mete out some justice" right there. Sheesh!)

The situation is no better on the chaos side of the street. Besides giving me a bunch of typical nonsense, a group of supposed "Chaosmen" told me their purpose was to spread "chaos all around", and some smart sod chimed in "particularly to the Headhards!"

More questions, more answers:

*Fated* - We take berks' jink. Got any?

*Godsmen* - Look berk, I have work to do at the foundry.

*Sensates* - I had a bad dream, and then you showed up...

*Guvners* - I can't respond to that question, because it contravenes paragraph III of the second article of the Fraternity of Order right to privacy ruling.

*Sinkers* - I'll tell you what I'm all about in a minute. But first, where's your house?

Ok, by now you must be asking a few questions of your own, such as "What exactly is Chaas getting to anyway? This sounds about right to me!" And that, my friend, is exactly the point! The factions have *completely* lost their reason for being! They no longer have goals, or purpose or meaning. I'll tell you what the factions are supposed to be about: they are supposed to be changing the shape of the Multiverse through belief. Instead, they spend their days being bureaucrats, or scragging cross-traders or acting out in a really juvenile manner.

What has happened, it seems, is that the faction's power has gone to their heads. They "run" the City of Doors (or so they think), the center of the Multiverse, and they think that that is all there is to it. I'll tell you the real truth: the sects that are out there shaping the rest of the Multiverse, these are the only real "factions" left. And the ones that call themselves factions? A pathetic shadow of a

*Anarchists* - Aren't you from S.I.G.I.S.?  
What's that place like? I think those  
Anarchists would just love to take you out.  
Why? Uhh...

that long vacation I've been dreaming about  
to that intense little crystal sphere. Chaos  
out!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## **ARE THE DOOMGUARD PREPARING TO TAKE OUT THE CAGE?**

-- by *Mover Two Tharn Gilren of the  
Harmonium* --

OVER THE past few months there seems to  
have been an increase of Doomguard activity  
in the Cage. This seems to indicate that the  
Sinkers themselves have been gradually  
trickling into the Cage, cutting short whatever  
tasks their high ups have assigned to them.

Unnamed sources have hinted that the  
Sinkers may be heading towards a muster.  
And why would they call such a large  
gathering of their number into their cage?

Is it truly coincidental that Sir Twist, their  
public relations officer, dismissed the battle  
for Tir Na Og as mere training exercises? Or  
his defense of the miscreant Bloodheart's  
recent violence in the Market truly heartfelt?  
Over the past weeks, we seem to have  
accepted him as a member of the Cage's  
society. But who is he, really? How come all  
of a sudden this well-dressed and well-  
spoken man speaks for all the fractions of the  
Doomguard? We know that they are split  
between their approaches to this "glorious"  
scheme of entropy. We also know that the  
most powerful (by far) of these three is that  
which advocates active destruction. This is  
the group that Pentar clearly supports. How  
then was this Twist, this "gentleman"  
appointed? It seems that he has an agenda of  
his own.

I leave the citizens of Sigil to draw their own  
conclusions. But I would like to remind them  
that the Doomguard have seldom been our  
protectors.

[Author: [Sir Twist](#)]

## **FACTION CONFLICT UP BY 23%**

-- by *Surveys Culler n=n+1* --

SIGIL - Conflict and infighting between the  
factions is 23% more prevalent than the same  
point in the last Cage Year, according to  
results from the latest statistical surveys this  
culler has compiled. Of 1024 factioneers  
surveyed, 19% reported being on the  
receiving end of a violent faction-related  
incident in the last cycle, while a staggering  
82% reported having observed such an  
incident. Of these events, 63% were involving  
officers or namers from the Harmonium, a  
worrying trend indeed.

Further indicators of trouble brewing come in  
from the Lower Ward, where acts of  
Doomguard vandalism are up by 32% and  
pollution 13% worse than the same time last  
year. It may be that the Foundries of the  
Sinkers are forging weapons faster than ever  
before. Certainly surveys of market stalls  
show 8% more Sinker weapons on sale, and  
the average price of such has fallen by 19%,  
a sign that supply has increased.

Fortune tellers are similarly pessimistic. Of  
the 24 that were included in the survey by this  
culler, 71% predicted a major change in the  
near future. Omens and prophecies  
mentioned included towers of flames, rioting,  
tanar'ri hordes descending upon the burg,  
Sigil falling off the top of the Spire and wild  
fires sweeping across the wards. One hag  
even claimed mathematics would cease to  
function, though I suspect she was trying to  
get rid of me.

This culler will continue bring you the vital  
numbers as they are calculated, for surely  
this is the most accurate and informative way  
to report the news.

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]





# feature

## SPECIAL SECTION: ARTS AND LEISURE

### ARTS SECTION

#### LATHANDER AND TYCHE

THE CELEBRATED opera by Petrino Rhabando is presented by the Sigilian City Opera in a new production choreographed and designed by Millicent Bessex.

*Starring:* Gianpaolo Temezino (Counter-tenor) as Lathander Miriam Luce (Mezzo-soprano) as Tyche Dion Brae (Bass) as Moander Amartina Petronella (Soprano) as Selune Tomas Kamilevic (Tenor) as Daimon.

At the Circus Operum, Clerk's Ward, every four days at 6 AP for five weeks.

*Tickets 2 jinx*

#### ARBOREA LOOKS LIKE HADES TO PRETENTIOUS BESSE

The Circus Operum this week resounded to marvelous operatic talent in the SCO's new production of Rhabando's *Lathander and Tyche*, but those present were hardly in the mood to enjoy it. Designer-choreographer Millicent Bessex has chosen to accentuate the 'decay' theme in the work with minimalist dance steps and largely grey sets, putting one more in mind of Hades or Annwn than the opera's actual settings of Arborea and Toril. The only remission from this bleak scenery comes, ironically, in the climactic 'division' scene, when the corrupted Tyche is divided into Tymora and Beshaba. Miriam Luce, as Tyche, copes admirably with this scene, which is both difficult to sing and magically complex. The theatre illusionist, however, gives a performance worthy of the material with a gut-wrenchingly convincing splitting. Luce sings with confidence throughout, and the show may be worth going to see simply for the excellence of this scene. However, be prepared for a long and gloomy wait first.



### DINING SECTION

#### MASON AND MALIGN'S CULINARY REVIEW

BE CLUELESS of local dining no more. The wondrous editors of S.I.G.I.S have granted me, Mason MoreFood, halfling, and my tiefling counterpart this review column. I will reveal the dark of the best and worst dining establishments in Sigil, While Malign will review the fiendish establishments. We rate restaurant on a scale of one to five, one being horrible and recommend as spot to avoid and five being, of course, the best.



#### REVIEW OF THE "SHIPYARD"

*-- by Mason --*

The Shipyard is a nice establishment on the outer edge of the Clerk's Ward. A plain brick building on the outside supporting only one sign with an anchor to advertise. The inside is large and spacious, decorated with fishing nets, part of prime water crafts, and a well rounded boating and fishing theme.

Their store is run by a family of tabaxi, very well mannered and pleasant cat people. The average clients seem to be mainly those of feline racial disposition, along with a few Guabv rdinals, and a couple of humanoids. The service was excellent and in the background was the pleasant beat of tribal drums, a comforting soft rhythm.

While I must say that my diner was fairly priced and most excellent, I do have one complaint. The menu consisted of over a hundred recipes for tuna. While I must say this prime fish is wonderful, I do believe that a restaurant should serve more than one dish. For this I must give the Shipyard only four Full Bellies as it is a fine establishment but



## **BARRAJO Or the Merchant of Tradegate**

*By Robino Lazzini*

Presented by the Birdcage College, featuring Maurice LeGros, Olaf Sigurson, Jeanne de Tranche, Rosina Panichatti, Gioachino Lucida and Petra Urban.

At the Fyrefly Theatre, Guildhall Ward, every three days. Every third performance is a matinee. Evening performances at 6:30 AP, matinees at 2:30.

Admission 5 baubles

### **LAZZINI AS DULL AS EVER**

The Birdcage College's production of Lazzini's Barrajo will confirm in the minds of many opera-goers in the Cage that the vogue for the works of this tedious composer was misguided, and is overdue to end. It is not the fault of the singers, almost all very talented, that the work is over-long and fails to stir audience enthusiasm. The second act, consisting principally of duets that, if translated, are a discussion about moneylending, is symptomatic of the immense ennui of the entire work. Lazzini always insisted on writing his own plots and libretti, and it shows here, in this inconsequential work in which there is neither grand action nor personal interest to stir the emotions. It is the considered opinion of this reviewer that the sooner Tuleman Ralesil turns his hand to full-scale opera, the sooner we will be able to have evenings out without enduring the kind of grim tedium constituted by Lazzini's works.



## **CHIMES AT ANTIPEAK**

*By Infieri Estomolodo*

A play in four acts, starring Manon Paix, Pierre de Antoinette, Acton Urse and Barbra Featherstonehaugh.

Every night at the Theatre Minceur for two weeks. Performances begin at 7:30 AP and seats cost 5 stingers, but come early, because space is limited.

has an extremely limited selection.



## **REVIEW OF THE "HORDLING HOLE"**

*-- by Malign --*

When I finally found this dive, (it's well hidden in a dark alley in the Hive, not far from the Bottle & Jug), I was hit by its front door as a human came hurtling out. After beating the sod to a pulp for his bad flight control I entered thinking that this was a good start.

This fine establishment seems to cater to the down right ugly and deformed. The waiter appear to be an enslaved Rutterkin, and the owners don't seem to mind if you beat up the help, as long as they survive. A few tanar'ri seem to be regulars here and I get the feeling you can buy some quality merchandise from these fiends.

The entertainment is great, kobalds and the occasional gnome are strapped to a rotating wheel, daggers are thrown and he who comes the closest without hitting the creature wins the bets. It's an old game but still one of my favorites.

The food is nearly acidic, I must compliment on this as the food burned but seemed to cause no permanent damage. They serve a cheap local ale and Pandemonium Pale, an ale brewed on that plane, it goes down easy but has an after taste that will knock you off your stool.

When I left I had a knife wound in my side, a fire burn on my left leg, and someone else's jink. I must say this was a very enjoyable establishment, I give it four Skulls. I must also recommend the wearing of armor or magical protections, keep yer jink where you can see it, and have a weapon ready at all times, great place!

[Author: [Matt Pinguoch](#)]



## **MITHRAIST TEMPLE ESTABLISHED IN THE CLERK'S WARD**

*-- by Droni Forssen, culler --*

## HIMES OF OY

Infieri Estomolodo's *Chimes at Antipeak* opened for its second Sigil run last night at the Theatre Minceur, and by the time the audience left, to the real chimes of Antipeak, they were ecstatic. Estomolodo, widely regarded as one of the Cage's most talented playwrights of recent years, kept up his usual high standards with this gently amusing comedy-drama set among the Sensates. The cast all performed magnificently, although it seems that Manon Paix, who was billed to play Terina, has had some sort of unspecified accident, and relatively unknown Zsa Zsa Myn has stepped into the breach. The role is demanding, and daunting for an inexperienced actress, requires a long nude scene. Despite all this, Myn performed wonderfully, and seemed to have won many hearts among the audience to boot. I hope that the short scheduled run of this exquisite play may be extended, because I anticipate massive demand for it in the weeks to come.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## QUESTION OF THE WEEK

WE ASKED the various factions and sects what they thought of the Archeron Cube that just \*happened\* to float through the ring of Sigil. Besides surprise, this is what they told us, in no particular order. *[Editor's note: In reply to the anonymous cutter who complained last week we favoured the factions of Law, one might say this is a random order for the Reaction section].*



### SIGN OF ONE

Lady's Grace Readers,

As I said before, what you believe this means, will happen you are after all the center of your own multiverse. Personally I don't believe this is anything to be worried about maybe my subconscious is striving to balance the order it's been bringing about, by spreading some chaos. It's might be a harbinger of the destruction of Sigil and the

### FATED

Yes - I did have the experience of seeing the Archeron cube flash through the ring and I have been most curious. Primus, I am quite sure that no permit was requested or issued for the flying of such an object. (The act of sending such an object so close to Sigil is also the work of the truly-clueless, but I'll leave that to the Guvners to sift through.) Secundus, I am most positive that no paperwork has been processed that might

WORKMEN ARRIVING at Vale's Inn of Law in the Clerk's Ward last week to replace a defaced chapel door were stunned to see a much larger construction under way. The building next door, Sprelgate's Inn, has given over half its courtyard to the construction of a new Mithraist Temple. The cult of Mithras, which worships an aspect of Mitra associated with the Persian and Greek gods, is said to have made this dramatic expansion into the city with the proceeds from trade with the Inviters of Izanagi and Izanami in Arcadia. *[See article two weeks ago - ed.]* A spokesman for the Temple of the August Personages Who Invite, in Blossom Town, said that although the trade with the Mithraists had been beneficial to both sides, there were as yet no plans to expand his church's activities in Sigil or anywhere else on non-divine territory.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

May you always be the one.

-- Grannen

[Author: [Chris Visser](#)]



## ARCHONITES

Remind us not to put too tall a spire on our cathedral. Seriously, though, we suspect that there is some deliberate conscious force behind this dangerous event. As the cube originated in Acheron, we should look to groups active there, which means the Rakshasas, Baatezu and Yugoloths, all of whom we already consider to be unspeakable and unclean, and the Mercykillers. The Archonite church has never had a formal policy on Mercykillers, but a recent interpretation of the Apocalypse of Sarech indicates that the Mercykillers, under a female factol, are going to contribute to the downfall of large areas of Sigil. I'm not saying anything for certain at this stage, but I for one will be steering well clear of the prison from now on. I must go now - I've got a service to take.

-- Brother Emil Siegmundsen

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## BLEAK CABAL

Cut that noise you two, the gods are throwing things at us again!

-- Pekan Shu, Gatehouse grounds keeper, to Morvun and Phineas

[Author: [Jeremiah Golden](#)]



## DISSPOSSESSED

News to me, berk. See, when you asked that question about law gaining an ascendancy (Editor's Note : SIGIS Issue whichever it was), my reply was taken... badly by some

allow the cube to pass through Customs. Tertius, I'm quite sure I saw some precious metals and gemstones encrusting the artifact, *and* as the cube passed through Sigil airspace, it clearly falls within all Import *and* Export tariffs and fees.

I would like to take this moment to formally announce an Information Reward posting: "A small reward is available to any hardhead that can finger the berk responsible for the artifact!" As usual, please bring the information to the nearest Fated Licensing office.

-- Blaize Shadiff - 4th Level Digger for the Fated

[Author: [Jim Bologna](#)]



## MERKHANTS

A cube from Acheron? In Sigil? Do you happen to know if this will occur again? If it did so reasonably often, and predictably so, you could throw items off the cube as it passed by Sigil. Cut transport costs to nothing. I wonder if the Guvnors have worked out a timetable for this sort of phenomenon.

-- Tarak de Leynon

[Author: [Galzion](#)]



## WYLDERS

Doesn't surprise me in the slightest. Sigil isn't exactly good at keeping natural forces balanced, and Acheron is worse, what with all those armies. This sort of thing is bound to happen from time to time.

-- Dregori Tharsan

[Author: [Galzion](#)]



## XAOTICIANS

Hardheads. Consequently, I've not been able to return to Sigil for several weeks. It seems there's some sort of warrant out about me.

-- *Naenel*

[Author: [Galzion](#)]

This event seems to be an anomaly - it fits no established pattern whether chaotic or linear. If it were associated with a chaos plane, this wouldn't surprise us. But Acheron??? We're looking into it immediately. Of course, Acheron's a dust fractal. But then you knew that, right? By the way - where did the cube \*go\* when it was finished here?

-- *Zaromex the Artist*

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## FRATERNITY OF ORDER

While the reports, calculations, and findings concerning the appearance of Unidentified Appearing Object code H-18 (UAO H-18) are still forthcoming, it is my duty as befits my station as Public Liaison for the Fraternity of Order to bring forth several concerns meaningful to the Public of our Fair City, and the Rules by which we order ourselves.

At this time we can neither positively give axiomatic proof that UAO H-18 was indeed a cube from Acheron, but it is worth acknowledging that fact that the Mathematicians have performed massive studies recently of that plane, covering nearly every aspect of its geometry. A study that has sent at least one sect member to the Gatehouse. These two incidents cannot, in an orderly multiverse such as ours, be unrelated.

The Mathematicians only blindspot is the Axiom, uncovered by our Fraternity, that states Observation Alters the Observed. While such terminology may be well beyond the keen of many SIGIS readers, let it suffice for me to give a rudimentary example: because of the Harmonium's constant vigil over our fair City, Sigil's inhabitant's behavior changes to a more civil and orderly, and need it be said, harmonious nature. In like manner, the Mathematicians unprecedented empirical habits have altered Acheron's own existence. In this matter they have exhibited power such as is in the purview of the Fraternity itself, but bereft of the knowledge and wisdom that guides the Fraternity's hand in such matters.

While the Fraternity has even created axiomatic alterations to the multiverse so widespread as to be undetectable to anyone else, it is an entirely different matter to perform this alteration to a smaller scale. We urge all those who would use such alterations to consult us first before establishing a dangerous precedent, as it is hardly possible that one could possibly see the outcome of such alterations without the benefit of our knowledge and wisdom in such matters.

What is most disturbing is the suspected diabolic influences that have come to light concerning this appearance of the said apparent Cube of Acheron. It has come to our knowledge that committed mathematician Par Vectum Hexadecimal has been declared missing from the Gatehouse shortly after the appearance of UAO H-18. Farther evidence has been gathered by means of eye-witness accounts of a clutch of Abishai. These flyers were seen near the Gatehouse's Exercise Yard for the Insane, before taking a flight path dangerously close to the supposed Cube of Acheron. Par Vectum was last seen witnessing the appearance of UAO H-18 in the Gatehouse Exercise Yard.

I urge the public of our Fair City to follow their duty, as delineated by the Rule of Civility preserved by the Fraternity, to give any and all information pertaining to this issue on behalf of the Fraternity and their continual vigil over the ordered peace of our City.

-- *Your humble servant, Hartin Meideggar, B4 Bureau Chief of Sigillian Public Information, prior B3 Judge, Bureau of Courts (retired.)*

[Author: [Nathan Letsinger](#)]





## GODSMEN

So a huge cube hurtled through Sigil and you want to know my opinion, eh? Well I assume some blood out there who is fairly far on the Path of Ascension is testing his or her power. Just another example of what can be done if you put your entire being into it. Then again it could be some barmy plot by those berks known as the Doomguard trying to show what kind of destruction they can wreak. Those sodding sods always make me as angry as an Ysgardian berserker the way they try and keep people down by destroying things. Entropy! Bah! Everyone must ascend, not descend. What a bunch of barmies. they should all be put in the asylum. And the Dustmen too! They're just as rotten as the Doomguard. And then the Bleak cabal should lock themselves in their own asylum and toss the keys away. They're far too depressing for my tastes. Hey...come back here....I'm not done talking yet!

-- *Strom the Gatemaker Goldwand, Factor of the Godsmen*

[Author: [Sianus Karathorn](#)]



## DUSTMEN

Maybe Acheron is dying, cube by cube. That would be interesting... In the other hand, it could disrupt Sigil's equilibrium. That would be bad...

[Wanders away pondering]

-- *Christian DeSaville, cleric and spokesdead for the Dustmen*

[Author: [Edu](#)]

## MERCYKILLERS

Our findings so far on the errant cube sent flying across Sigil are so far, incomplete. We have investigative teams working alongside the Harmonium to pinpoint the cause behind this event. The Mercykillers have strong reason to believe that this was perpetrated by a group of individuals in Acheron, constituting an offense that has not been seen before. So far, we do not have solid evidence, but we have strong suspicion that this was directly related to Blood War efforts on the part of the Baatezu.

If they are indeed the culprits, then we know from experience that they have considerable amounts of loopholes to justify their actions, and it will make it more difficult to administer justice. Regardless, we will not have the streets or the skies of Sigil turned into a battleground or a waypoint for armies of the Blood War. It has been tried before, and whether stopped by the Lady, or our forces of law, it has failed. We will continue to enforce that edict, through a combination of manpower and new laws being presented to the Fraternity of Order. Sigil's peace must be preserved at all costs.

-- *Roderick Thorn*

[Author: [Brian Mooney](#)]



## FREE LEAGUE

Well. You don't see something like that every day, now do you?

-- *Janos Volkrina, Indep.*

[Author: [Richard Gant](#)]



## CIPHERS

I was flying over the Guildhall Ward when the cube hurtled through Sigil, so I had a very close view of the event. More interestingly, I

## ANARCHISTS

The chant of that cube flying through the center of the Cage is none other than a sign.

witnessed the response of other fliers.

For example, one cutter - an asuras- saw the cube coming, goggled in disbelief, and then screamed "duck!" as it dropped out of the sky. Unfortunately, a flight of abishai did not react quickly enough to this warning, and were put in the deadbook by a vast hurtling mass of iron.

Of course, I was unharmed. By the time the asuras had noticed the cube, I was watching from the safety of a tavern's tiled roof.

-- *Deep Blue Sigh, a Cipher showing that lessons are sometimes learnt from other berks' reactions*

[Author: [James O'Rance](#)]



## HARMONIUM

Well, it seems that this floating cube has caused something of an uproar in the Cage. Bah, I see not why this is so. Surely, there have been much stranger events that have happened throughout the multiverse before. Not many have the experience and knowledge of strange events. Of course, not all of the Harmonium believe this. Unlike some other factions would like to have you believe, the Harmonium does allow free thought within its ranks. Some of our Glorious Harmony believe that the cube maybe the result of some fiendish Anarchist plot in order to disrupt the order of Sigil. I say, this is impossible, because the Anarchists couldn't muster enough manpower to pull off such a feat. But if they some how did manage to get lucky enough and send a cube of Acheron into Sigil, it will serve no purpose! If any riots occur because of this, the Harmonium will quickly apprehend the instigators and suppress the riots quickly.

-- *Morteg Thyrlson, Mover Three*

[Author: [Pirvan](#)]



## DOOMGUARD

the Hardheads have gone too far. It shows that balance has been dangerously shifted the wrong direction. In the hands of the oppressors everything is doomed to imbalance. You look at how things are going in the cage and you'll see.

There is a blind conformity among the masses that call the cage their kip. They are blind to see the oppression around them, careless of those who are suffering, and hatefully hostile and ignorant to those who are who have decided to break the conformity. The Cage is doomed to suffer because of those leatherheads.

And the ones who are keeping the Cage that way, are none other than our normal Harmonium oppressors. They ruthlessly kick in the teeth of anyone who does not conform, they scrag and harass those that they have somehow became aware of their "amoral" views, and would exterminate those who would stand for their very own freedom.

The cubes of Acheron flying through the ring of Sigil is a sign from perhaps the Lady herself, that the balance of the Cage has been dangerously disturbed. Acheron is none other than the plane of conformity, most blind and ruthless. The cube from Acheron is a symbol of the conformity that is happening through out Sigil.

And if you ask why Acheron and not Arcadia, consider this, first the Mercykillers are most certainly involved as you'll notice with the stricter sentencing. But we all know the Harmonium are a bunch of hypocrites, they will only bring out the worse, they are evil and Acheron is certainly a true metaphor for the Hardheads, if you want to see how evil they are, just visit Ortho for a day.

-- *Anonymous Message, delivered by an Astral Streaker*

[Author: [Jason Ng](#)]

## ATHAR

See? It's only proof that the planes are falling apart! Acheron's spinning in all directions now and flying away from itself! The chaos will spread round the Great Ring until it reaches here into Sigil. Like Acheron did! We must be prepared to embrace the onslaught.

-- *Weftson Foralos, son of Decay Knight  
Adara Foralos, and student of Sir Twist*

[Author: [Sir Twist](#)]



## **XAOSITECTS**

Ah, look, a giant ice cube. That reminds me, it's almost tea time, I need to be off, cheerio.

-- *Random, Xaositect Poet*

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#)]

Uh... I have no idea what's going on. I suppose it could be the work of a power, trying to impress the gullible mortals with a show of power. Probably got scragged by the Lady as soon as he tried to pull it off. That'll show him. I wouldn't be surprised if the Signers had something to do with it, too. They go to great lengths to show how strong their 'imagination' can force themselves on the world, without a thought or care about the consequences. Of course, this is all speculation. Hopefully, the Lady will stop these shenanigans.

-- *Leir the Explorer, Athar factor*

[Author: [Greg Jensen](#)]



## **SOCIETY OF SENSATION**

Do it again! That was barmy cool!

-- *Lariana du'Reavewinder*

[Author: [Ragboy](#)]



# **stop press**



## **MODRONS REACH ELYSIUM**

-- *by Droni Forssen, culler* --

REPORTS are coming in that the modrons are already well on their way through Elysium to Ecstasy, after a geographical re-arrangement by the gnomish gods allowed them to pass through Bytopia unhindered. It is unclear how the modrons are crossing Elysium so quickly without using the usual pious means. We'll bring you more on this and all modron stories as soon as possible, but the recent speed of events has made reporting this story much more complicated.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

## **FORMER CIPHER FACTOL**

### **DIES IN GATEHOUSE**

-- *by Laxuli Phae, culler* --

RECENT reports from contacts in the Bleak Cabal suggest a former factol of the Transcendent Order, incarcerated in the gatehouse for reasons unknown some years ago, was also killed in the recent Gatehouse collapse. Officially, the Bleakers are keeping tight-lipped on the subject, and this culler has been unable to even get a name for this cutter. Without resorting to psychic powers, all I could illicit from Gatekeeper Grul Thorsson was a tacit, "We don't talk about the residents". The Ciphers steadfastly deny



## FOUNDATION STONE OF NEW CATHEDRAL LAID

-- Staff culler --

TWO DAYS after Esperance, Archbishop Julia Spesinfracta laid the foundation stone of the new Archonite Cathedral of Sigil in the Lady's Ward. Standing within easy sight of the edge of the city, she announced that the Cathedral would be dedicated to St. Sophia, the Archonite principle of Wisdom.

Construction on the Cathedral will start in earnest this week, although the name of the architect has not been publicly revealed. The work is expected to take several years, although the use of magic in the building process makes this uncertain.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

any of their former factols have ended up barmy in the Gatehouse. Apparently all factols whose whereabouts are unknown are said to have Transcended. please forgive this culler for her scepticism...

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



## CADRE CELL LEADER INDICTED; TRIAL TO BEGIN SOON

-- by *Rahel Ivist*, staff culler --

SIGIL - Zibby the Fan, tinker gnome bomber for the Anarchists' cell the Cadre has been indicted on several counts of murder, destruction of property, causing a public hazard and various other lesser crimes, a Guvner spokesman said today. The indictment came just four weeks after his surrender to the Harmonium in the Lady's Ward. He will stand trial in the Cage in two weeks time. When asked about the other scragged members of the cell, the spokesman had no comment.

[Author: [Ragboy](#)]



***Cullers and artists wanted for SIGIS  
applicants must be literate and on the case***

[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)



[Consult the Mimir Again](#)





## 24. Fourth Week of Savorus

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# newsbriefs

## MOVER FIVE DURKAYLE SLIPS THE BLINDS

by *Maija Intwood*

SIGIL (Lady's Ward) -- The Cage's foremost Baatezu-lover fled the Cage three days ago, abandoning his faction, his case and his reputation. According to SIGIL sources, the high-up Hardhead, Mover Five Warneck Durkayle, slipped the blinds with a veritable battalion of Baatezu. The story goes that a group of bashers busted into his tower a week earlier and scragged some highly incriminating documents, which they quickly turned over to Guvner authorities. A wealthy merchant (who wished to remain anonymous) said he was in the area near Durkayle's kip the night of the bob. According to the merchant, he was nearly run over by a "cross-trading sod, making a break for it."

Knight of the Post



"This female..being, "said the merchant, "was fleeing for her life with a load of jink at her belt and a sack of something on her

**Artist's Rendition of the Fleeing Cross-Trader**

back. Could have been books or ledgers or some such. I'm surprised she didn't stop to bob me too, except that she was running like all the fiends of the Abyss were on her tail! Nasty lass almost knocked me over. There was some other basher with her flying above like a ghost. Scared the wits out of me. Why, I nearly dropped the porcelain vase I was bringing as a gift to my mis...uh, my wife!"

Whether or not the cross-trader this merchant ran into was one of the culprits that broke into Durkayle's tower has yet to be confirmed. Authorities are on the look-out for the female (human? aasimar?) matching the merchant's description. What is clear, however, is that the documents the group recovered were damaging enough that Durkayle didn't wait for a reaction from his faction before heading out of town. The Harmonium had no comment on the events, but chant has it that the recent faction meetings have been less than harmonious.



What could be so damaging that a high-up second only to the Factol would flee the Cage on less than a week's notice? Durkayle has long been suspected of forming a secret alliance with the Baatezu. His infamous "Tower of the Claw" in the Lady's Ward has teemed with fiends for the past five cycles. In fact, Durkayle first made himself known in the Cage when he showed up for a hearing at the City Courts flanked by Barbazu (*see SIGIS 3: "Durkayle Grilled Over Vigilantes" for more on the event*). Durkayle has also made a number of public remarks supportive of the lawful fiends, praising their sense of order.

Although the connection between Durkayle and the fiends is no secret, his stature within Sigil and within the Harmonium seemed immutable. No one in the faction appeared to question his decisions, and he quickly moved up the ranks. In fact, chant had it that the Mover was in charge of a huge Hardhead operation on Arcadia designed to "forcefully encourage" the spread of harmony around the Multiverse. The details of this operation are extremely sketchy (some berks talk of "Law Camps" hidden away on the plane), but there is little doubt that Durkayle held major

Now Durkayle's tower stands abandoned in the Lady's Ward, like the forearm of a dead Power, with Tanar'ri crawling all over themselves to get a look inside. Contacts in the Outlands say that the former Hardhead was spotted in Ribcage after an early morning appointment in the house of Baron Paracs. Where he is now is anybody's guess, though most suspect he's well on his way to Baator. As we gather more facts on these events, we assure you dear readers, you'll be the first to know the dark.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



*advertisement*  
**Lectures on  
Entropy**

All of next week, Sir Twist and his colleagues among the Sinkers will be giving lectures on the nature of Entropy, and its relationship to the Multiverse. Topics range from Entropy as a scientific concept, to more philosophical concepts such as the decay of ideas and

responsibility within the faction.

Now, because of the actions of a few anonymous knights of the post, Durkayle's "Little Baator" has gone straight to hell. Who were these addle-coves that would risk entry into a fiend fortress to gain a little dark on the factor, and why? That they were clever enough to bypass a cadre of Baatezu suggests that they were highly trained mercs who were paid handsomely for the task. Most sages suspect these bashers were veterans of the Blood War who had fought on the Baatezu side. But who paid them for this amazing feat, and for what reason? So far, the answers have eluded us and most of the Cage.

Featuring a secret Guest Speaker, and a free raffle for weapons from the Main Forge, this is an event that no greybeard or curious person should miss for only five stingers per day.

[Author: [David Byrne](#)]



## DUSTWOMAN REVEALS DARK OF GATEHOUSE DISASTER

by *Daemon Chaas*

Iriene

SIGIL (Hive Ward) -- Last issue, SIGIS reported on the tragedy that occurred in the Gatehouse, where three floors collapsed in the barmy wing, killing more than 33 sods at final count. As we reported in the story, several of the dead were former Factols of the Bleakers, and one was apparently a former Cipher Factol. Many around the Cage wondered whether the "accident" was a result of some saboteur with a grudge against the Bleak Cabal. Some Ciphers spread the chant that the Bleakers had caused the collapse themselves because the Cipher Factol was on the verge of lanning the "Cadence of the Multiverse". According to these bashers, this would have given too much meaning to life for the Bleakers, so they dead-booked the Cipher Factol. (Of course, these same Cipher leatherheads previously denied that any of their Factols ever went barmy and needed to be in the Gatehouse - see last issue.)



Many also suspected Anarchist involvement, and, indeed, shortly after the disaster fliers were spied all around the Hive Ward saying that *the Cadre* was back and ready to dead-book more Factols if their leader, the tinker gnome "Zibby the Fan" wasn't released from the Prison. Of course, this could have just been opportunistic Anarchists capitalising on the incidence after the fact.

One thing you might recall from our last issue was the curiously missing illustration of a "Dustwoman about her work". Some Harmonium officers came into the SIGIS case and demanded that we turn over all our art-culler's fine work because of some Fated tax-loophole that had been "closed". Needless to say, we were very miffed. (We still haven't gotten the story on the Cube back.) Not to be denied, the editors sent me off to find this, now mysterious, Dustwoman to get her portrait once again, and find out what she knew about the deaths at the Gatehouse.

And find her we did. Her name is Iriene, and she had quite a tale to tell. "I'm glad to see that SIGIS is becoming interested in matters of the deceased", she told us when we tracked her down in her Lower Ward kip near the Foundry. "Unfortunately, you seem more interested in the killers, than the killed. Pity. Well, I can see you won't go away until I give you the dark on this matter, so here it is: all those Bleaker ex-Factols that were supposedly killed in the collapse were already quite dead.

As you might understand, the art-culler and I were a bit addle-coved by this revelation. When I asked here how she knew that, she told us that all of their necks were neatly broken in the same precise way, while the other victims had been clearly dead-booked by the collapsing architecture. "The 'accident' as the Harmonium are labelling it, was certainly a ruse designed to hide evidence of the murders," said Iriene. "Either that, or the killers were trying to draw attention to the murders - without the collapse of the building, who would really care about the deaths of a few barmies? Certainly not the Bleakers."

When I asked why she hadn't told this to the Harmonium authorities, Iriene told us that they never asked. "The Harmonium don't talk to the Dead. Apparently, they don't like our type of 'harmony'. Some day they will understand that the harmony of death is the only real harmony in the Multiverse."

However, thanks to Iriene, this investigation has a great deal "life" in it now. And SIGIS will be there to worm out the truth, while the Hardheads continue their typical, hapless blundering.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## FORTRESS OF JUSTICE FALLS TO BAATEZU BRIGADE

*by, Ugut M. Blood, War culler*

BAATOR (Avernus) -- Coming just a little over a month after invading Abyssal forces seized the Fortress of Justice, baatezu armies commanded by the pit fiend Bel overran tanar'ri positions and retook the stronghold. It is unclear at this time whether General Ysthis quala'baz of the tanar'ri force was killed or captured in the raid.

Until late yesterday (Sigil time), Bel's advisors

*advertisement*

### SINKER SWORD SALE

The Armoury is having a *killer* of a Weapons Sale three days hence. Production at the armoury has been going over-time lately. The high-up factioneers in the Doomguard have taken the top 10% of these weapons leaving the other 90% of high quality Sinker armament for sale to the public.

Remember cutter, even the lowest quality Sinker sword cuts the competition to pieces! So come on over to the tents set up all this week in front of Sinker Central, and pick out that excellently balanced bastard sword you've always wanted. You won't be disappointed!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



had been in talks with the arcanoloth Bheckmile Threk, self-proclaimed tanar'ri negotiator in the standoff. At that time an unnamed spokesfiend for Bel's party had this to say:



"Threk and Bel have agreed preliminary on a proposal that would see the end to this situation. Currently, our experts are exploring options within that tentative agreement."

Thus, the counter-attack on the Fortress came as a surprise to outsiders here on Avernus and to the tanar'ri holed up inside. Bel's Own Rakewhips (elite cornugon unit) led the attack from the air firing lightning bolts into key defensive points, launching screening walls of magical fire, and directing lesser airborne fiend units into the tanar'ic hordes manning the walls. At one point, Abyssal fiends poured from the main gate into a full division of Bel's crack barbazu troops. Obviously an act of desperation, but wholly unexpected according to one baatezu source:

**Maralith named Blackscale seen dead-booking Baatezu merc at Fortress of Justice**

"They practically killed themselves, the shrakin' tanar'ri. Impaled themselves on the barb's pikes and such."

Hordes of wailing lemures led by abishai units cleaned up the stragglers and secured the area. Chant in the ranks is that some of the tanar'ri, including Abyssal general Ysthis quala'baz, might have escaped despite the fact that there are no known portals or other planar exits from the Fortress.

More from Avernus as the chant develops.

[Author: [Paul Wolfe](#)]



## **WOLFMAN DECLARES EMPIRE OF THE BEAST**

**OUTLANDS** (near Faunel) -- Surrounded by a group of predator animal petitioners, stone-faced druids, and dissident Wylders, a shamanistic figure known locally as "the Wolfman", proclaimed the arrival of a new force on the Outer Planes: The Empire of the Beast. In a speech delivered to the assembled group, but clearly intended for a wider audience, the Wolfman declared that it was time to turn the table on the humanoid oppressors that have been destroying nature all over the planes and on the

The Wolfman went on to talk about the "diseased" group known as the Vile Hunt, who's only apparent objective is to kill animal petitioners, and two other groups, the Malarites and the Reprites (Ed. note: a couple of new sects that have set up camp on the Beastlands) who tried, with the "magic of evil Powers", to alter the very essence of the Beastlands itself.

prime.



"We have smelled it, we have heard it, we have tasted it, and we have seen it", said the Wolfman. "The burning of the forests, their pollution of the waters, and even the attempts to bring Powers of Destruction and Chaos into the very core of the Beastlands itself. Humanoids with no respect for nature are laying waste to the very essence of the planes. Even high-up Celestials are encouraging the defilement of nature, showing how even the very best of the humanoids have no respect for the wilds."

*(Ed. note: the Wolfman must be referring to the story of Spiral Hal'oight who, supposedly, has worked with Celestials and dwarves to dig ore out of the Beastlands - see SIGIS 22.)*

Wolfman. "From now on, the humanoids will learn to fear and respect the power of nature and the so-called 'beasts' that call it home. Those that respect and revere nature, like myself and these Wylders and druids, will be respected in turn. But those that defile will know the true meaning of the word **prey**". At this, the speech was greeted with a cacophony of screeches, howls, growls and roars from the petitioners, and a chorus of yelling from the Wylders and druids. "From this day on, the Empire of the Beast will begin its reign in every forest, jungle, river, desert and ocean in the Multiverse! We shall disperse to every corner of the Multiverse spreading the knowledge that defilers taste every bit as good as the antelope, the prairie dog and the tuna!"



How exactly the Wolfman plans to spread this news and create his "Empire" is unclear, but shortly after the speech, the Wolfman and his crew found shelter in a ruined Faunel building, and were apparently discussing their plans for conquest. I was blocked from entering by a very serious looking wolf who never took her eyes off me. As a follower of Silvanus, I have been around nature's creatures many times, but never have I encountered such fierce territoriality as I did with that wolf that day. If the attitude of that wolf is any indicator of the future, I say farmers, ranchers and fishermen beware!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



# ITHZERAI IVES ARDHEADS THE AUGH, GAIN!

by Steuban Tuekston

SIGIL (Guildhall Ward) -- That wily, well-lanned cutter, Moff Neaxalder, planewalker and spellslinger, has once again done it -- he's given the laugh to the Harmonium, evading attempts by Hardhead bashers to scrag him outside the Great Gymnasium in Sigil's Guildhall Ward. Responding to reports that the githzerai Zerth had joined up with the Transcendent Order, a force was sent to apprehend the CIPHER on an outstanding warrant for his arrest concerning charges of possession of a Book of Chaos *[the author is unsure where in the Sigil Law Code one would find this a crime]*, resisting arrest, and putting members of the Harmonium in the dead book.

Those who've picked up the chant on the streets know this may not be the first time the githzerai has evaded being scragged by Sigil's extremist police force, if reports out of the Hive Ward are to be believed. A few months back, a warrant was issued for a Chaositect residing in the Marble District by the name of Neaxalder Alexander Bittelbacht (amongst other random appellations) for possession of a Book of Chaos. Harmonium Measure Stulcrumb served the warrant and the Hardheads, who thought an easy scrag-and-bag was due them, moved in for the arrest. Little did they know how well lanned in the ways of the Multiverse the Chaosman was. Rumours have it that he may not have been a githzerai at all but a Blue Slaad who purportedly ate a Hardhead or two before disappearing, apparently, into thin air.

This time, if it was not the first time, Hardhead Stulcrumb tried, and failed, to scrag Neaxalder just outside the gates of the CIPHER headquarters. Neaxalder was travelling with a few fellow bashers including the bariaur priestess, Ari of Brigantia, and the infamous Noliana the Taker. Just outside the Great Gymnasium's gates the trio was approached by a wand wielding Hardhead fanatic who made an official identification of the wanted pair and their friend. A squad of invisible Hardhead bashers armed with clubs and planar mancatchers then flanked the cutters. The trap was set, the prey caught.

The well-lanned reader may remember Moff Neaxalder, or Neax as he prefers to be called these days, as one of the cutters who helped save citizens of the Cage last year during the Believers of the Source's Ascension-aiding project, the Harbinger House Affair. He and his fellow bashers aided in stopping the murderous Sougad Lawshreader in his efforts to depopulate the Cage of Triarchy members (and maybe Neax should have let him for his own good) and other overly organised cutters, as well as, convincing Trolan the True, young godling and ascending soul, to stop his adherents from calling on the love of the Lady of Pain, a love that resulted in the deaths of many in Bloodgem Park (but far fewer thanks to the efforts of Neax and his basher-buddies). Others may have heard the chant on his stint with the Bleak Cabal after having been convinced that all was lost while in the Mortuary as the Cyric-influenced Sect of the Illuminated strove for control of the Eternal Boundary. In addition to the CIPHERs, Chaositects, and Bleakers the name Neaxalder has been associated with the Indeps, Signers and the Godsmen. Is there any wonder the Harmonium want him?

*[Steuban Tuekston is an independent culler of the Godsmen.]*

[Author: [Dana Winston](#)]



**advertisement**

## THE LADY'S SHARPER EYE



The Multiverse is a very big place. No chant-seller can hope to bring you all the news you need all the time. Even the bloods at SIGIS

It was then that Measure Stulcrumb finally made his appearance and began gloating over his victory, a victory to be short lived as the ever-ascending (and tricky) githzerai kept his mind on one thing and one thing only: escape. And, as he may have done before to this very Harmonium high-up a few months back, Neaxalder changed his form to that of an amorphous black pudding, made for the cracks and crannies of Sigil's buildings and down into the undercity and sewers of the Cage. In a matter of minutes, he'd gone from Wyrms food to free bird. Measure Stulcrumb was heard to say, "he's done it again." (Was there a bit of admiration in the Hardhead High-Up's voice?) Stulcrumb has vowed to capture Neaxalder and it is "only a matter of time before the stag-minded githzerai is put in the deadbook, ur, is scragged, tried and brought to justice."

That's why ol' Ashy (Ashenbach, Tiefer Planewalker) invites you to check out [The Lady's Sharper Eye](#). The next batch of The Eye, fresh from the scrivener's quill, is as full of darks as a 'loth is of screed, and then some. There's some chant that would make a Bleaker cry and some that could make even a Guvner laugh.

No one can know too much, my friend, especially on the planes. So, when you need that extra bit of chant that SIGIS just doesn't have, check the Eye. It may have just the dark you need to keep you off the leafless tree!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## Letters



### THANKS AND CORRECTION

Dear Sir,

I wish firstly to thank you and your colleagues for your generous donation to my cause. As some of your readers may know, I am the chairman of the Society of Angelusmist the Fourteenth, and two weeks ago I was surprised to see the name of our illustrious eponym in your publication. However, it seems that this was the result of an error. A mild irony, I feel, given the precision for which Angelusmist the Fourteenth was famed. More surprising was the 'correction' of the Pontiff's numeral from fourteen to four last week! For the record, the present Pontiff Angelusmist is the thirty-fourth of that ilk.

Thank you for your awareness in this matter, and my deep gratitude again for your contribution

*Signed, -o- Carolus Automata*  
(Dom Carolus Flevet, Suffragan Bishop of Automata)

### REQUEST FOR CHANT

The following is a transcript from the **Mimir of Dark Avail**. Dark Avail has been documenting his quest to uncover the dark of some strange deaths in Sigil and the Outlands. This particular entry came via a magical courier. Unfortunately, the tail end of the message was garbled, and we worry that the screams at the end are those of Dark Avail. If anyone has information on the fate of Avail and his mimir, please contact the SIGIS office.

#### MESSAGE:

"Dark Avail walked down the streets of Xaos, the gate-town to Limbo. Addle-coves ran everywhere, but my master ignored them. In the gate-town of Xaos, listening to the ramblings of the locals can drive a basher barmy. I observe a heavily cloaked githzerai leaning on an old brick wall. The thing about the githzerai is that most don't travel alone; there are others about. I lose sight of the berk in a crowd of bloods dressed as frogs trying to eat a cloud of flies.

The editor writes: We wish to thank Dom Carolus for bringing our typographical omissions to our attention. The repeated dropping of 'X's from classical numerals has been traced to a slight mechanical fault in our movable type, which has been corrected. In our defence, I must point out that it was in deference to Archonite convention that classical numerals had been employed for this purpose in the first place. Indeed, we have rechecked our Fraternity Style Guide and discovered that we had been led into a slight error of style by certain Archonite correspondents. From now on, we shall be referring to the present head of the Archonite church as His Holiness Angelusmisit XXXVIII.

Signed, Editor

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



advertisement



### PROFESSIONAL TAILORING \*

Sigil's streets can be rough on a cutter's clothing, as both visitors and born Cagers alike know. When a real blood needs his outfit serviced or has the jink to drop on a quality new one, he need only come to 619 Copperman Way, and ask for Jaimi.

[\* Paid for in part by profits from the new, revised Brix's Guide to the Cage.]

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#)]



### NEW CULLER WRITES

SIGIS introduces its newest, and strangest, Blood War culler to date. Meet *Koshtrim'yamal*:

My name is Koshtrim'yamal, Baron Cambion, 26th son of the Abyssal Lord Graz'zt. I have been given permission, surprise to us all, to report on the Blood War battles as I find them by my father. Amazingly enough, I have also been given permission from Furcas, the member of the Dark Eight in charge of Mortal Relations, to report from the Baatezu side as

"My master makes his way to the centre of town, going for the gate. He pulls out a strangely shaped object that moves like mercury, flowing this way and that. The gate has changed much since last I saw it, a tangle of sunflowers that have thorns instead of seeds. There are at least six wrapped into this arch, and twice as many bodies around it. Some have passed too close, while others got lost going through the gate. Heedlessly, my master continues as I float above his shoulder. The flowers shower thorns on him, but a protective field causes them bounce off, and he walks through the gate, entering Limbo...."

[Message ends with sods screaming bloody murder.]

[Author: [T](#)]



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### BON VOYAGE CELEBRATION AT RULE OF FOURS

The elemental planewalker Fireforge, owner of the Rule of Fours \*, announces a glorious sendoff party for his hand-picked treasure hunters as they journey into the planes of AIR, EARTH, FIRE and WATER! Each party consists of four hardened adventurers, thoroughly tested by Fireforge in a series of gruelling obstacle courses. The various parties are led by an elemental specialist guide, and include a mage, priest and warrior, all veterans of numerous battles across the Multiverse. The four parties have been equipped with magical items allowing them to deal with the harsh physical and mental conditions of each plane.

These are the best of the best, cutter. **No Clueless here!**

To celebrate this remarkable event, Fireforge is holding a *send-off extravaganza* at the Rule of Fours. Each of the rooms in the RoF kip will feature a different musical artist and banquet appropriate to the nature of the plane.

Hot, fast violin music in the FIRE room with

well. I suppose that with my reports to S.I.G.I.S. the Baatezu think they'll be able to recruit more to their cause.

I have trained for many long hard years for survival in the Lower Planes. I have seen and been in many Blood War battles, and taken numerous trips to other planes. I've even been to a few prime worlds. My reports will outline, in truth, who and how these battles are won or lost. I am still in the process of getting together a team, and I hope to bring my first report in the next issue of S.I.G.I.S.

[Author: [Trevor Cassidy](#)]

Cool, smooth harp sounds, and extravagant seafood in the WATER room. Hard, pounding drums, and fungus-fare in the EARTH room. Ethereal flute playing and delicate Celestial delights in the AIR room.

This is a Sensate's dream come true, and the cover price is only 50 jinx. So come buy your tickets this week (being sold in the Great Bazaar at *Jolin's Event Outlet*), and enjoy the very best the Cage has to offer at the most spectacular kip in the Multiverse!

[\* *The Rule of Fours* is named after the Law of the Elemental and Para-elemental planes. According to the Mathematicians, the "rule of threes", active in the Outer Planes, is replaced by the "rule of fours" in the Elemental Planes -- e.g., air, earth, fire, water.]

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## streetchant



### PLANAR BANDITS TAKING SCALPS

by *Louis Forget* (pronounced *Louie ForeJhay*)

HELLO BLOODS,

This is your well-lanned culler giving you the chant of the street, and trying not to get too piked-off about it.

Scan this me high constitutional bashers, this chant was done quick-like, and off the top of me head. No pun intended; but it's one thing to read about this in the comfort of your favourite lounge chair, and it's another to leap outta your kip to find a cutter screaming like a french-whoopsie in the middle of the night. I mean the cutter was runnin' around in a very irritating manner not unlike that of a chicken with its head cut off.

The local Hardheads were on the scene soon after. The end result was that the poor blighter had been peeled in more than one respect.

Seems that a gang of planars, led by some addle-cove calling himself "The Razor King", is using the cage as a base of operations, bobbin' and peelin' as he goes. The



gang's favourite tool being, of course, the razor.

*Louis Forget*

Apparently, they appear to like bobbin' and peelin' a wee bit more than a cutter's purse. A multitude of scalps have been taken within the past week, much to the Harmonium's dismay, not to mention the Dustmen who have ended up at the end of several false alarms. The hairless, scalpless, and the bleeding are not all that willing, nor eager, to be helped by the latter faction (he he, can you blame them?).

[Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)]

Now as a voice of reason, I would like to let this Razor King know that we are not just going to stand around and get the business. I would like to make an appeal to our fair citizens, to keep a watch out for these leatherheads, and lann the local Hardheads in your area about anything you may be able to help them with concerning this matter. The late night screaming really has to stop. How's a blood supposed to get a good nights rest with all that racket?



## THE CHANT MILL

*by Ear to the Gear*

**ERIN "DARKFLAME" MONTGOMERY** - The new hair accoutrement of the Sensate Factol, a silvery hair net, caused quite a stir last week as it leapt off her head during a private dinner party at the Rule of Fours. Montgomery apparently fainted "dead away" as her factioneers rushed to her aid, which caused some cutters to speculate that she'd been poisoned as part of an Anarchist plot. Other bashers said a moralistic Archonite (Upper Planes Sect - Ed.) magicked it to life to embarrass the factol and break up their little "agreement". Montgomery was rushed to Sensate HQ where she remains. A number of Sensates have taken this as an opportunity to experience open public grief, much to the chagrin and annoyance of merchants in the Great Bazaar. The hair net has not been seen since.

**WYLDERS** - Trouble in Paradise. Word from Signpost (the Signers' HQ on the Beastlands) is that the vultures are circling, and the voles are vacating town because of a major feud within the faction. Seems that a new charismatic Wylder has been preaching that mages entering the Beastlands should be dead-booked on sight as a preventative measure. Seems that a bunch of them have been letting off big destructive spells and "destroying the habitat". Of course, mages within the Wylders have taken major exception to this new idea, and the lines of battle have been drawn. Should be interesting to see what the local Powers have to say about all this! And what does this have to do with the Wolfman? (see article this issue). My bet's that he's got the hard-liner Wylders on his side...

**HARMONIUM** - Some post-knight at the Black Sail tavern spread the chant that Factol Sarin has been written in the dead-book, possibly at the hands of another high-up, Mover Five Durkayle. Durkayle recently fled the Cage with his Baatezu buds to some undisclosed case in the Outlands and is rumoured to be hanging from the leafless-tree



himself. (Ed. note: see articles this issue.) But others said that this is pure screed, and Sarin was seen just yesterday visiting a hardhead kip in the Market Ward. Is it Mover Five Tonat Shar in disguise?

### Prime Cross-Trader

PRIME CRIME - Missing a purse? Or how about a head? A vicious bunch of Clueless might just have your lost item. Apparently, some sod (an Anarchist?) purposefully opened a portal to some crystal sphere (Toril might be the name) and a bunch of murderous crosstraders have gotten a taste of freedom in the Cage. They've been bobbing, beating and killing berks all over the Lower Ward, and so far they've given the law the laugh. Most planars are placing bets on how long they'll last before they run into some powerful celestial, or an ornery Slaad. But a fiend I chatted with said the leader of the group is craftier than most Primes, and has already made some powerful allies in the Cage. So if you hear a funny accent coming from a human basher with a "Z" insignia, start running like the winds of Pandemonium!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



### Black Sail Chant Monger

PENTAR - Heard from that bad-ass-lass lately? No? Well you are not alone! The razorvine bled me tale that the Sinker high-up is mobilising a bunch of crack troops on Acheron to dead-book the last of the Modrons as they pass through. That might explain why Sir Twist, the Faction Reaction public relations man for the Cabal of Destruction, left his last response in the hands of an underling. (See SIGIS 23) He's back in Sigil now giving a little lecture about Entropy, and the Sinkers are having a sword sale (see the two adverts this issue) but this may be a cover-up for the fact that the Doomguard high-ups are on vacation...A Sensate I met, claiming to be "in the chant", said that Pentar merely went barmy and thinks she *is* a modron. Does this mean Pentar plans to off herself at the very end?



## LOUIS FORGET'S SIGILDARK

*by Louis Forget*

YOUR WELL-LANNED blood has something you may want to scan. While banging around the cage in my own special way (incognito), I just happened upon a new business that opened its doors to SIGIL for the very first time. You're gonna like this:

Not a bad gimmick, eh? If they don't have it, they can get it (for an agreeable price). Don't get me wrong now, that place has a lot of stock. Just about anything you can think of can be obtained in any visit (If you don't mind high-up prices). Anyway, be sure to give 'em a go. Tell 'em Louis sent ya!



"Rare and wonderful what?" I asked myself. (Maybe the sign wasn't up yet) Upon entry to the monolithic temple-like structure, (looks like it took a lot of jink to build this kip) one is greeted by two iron statues (couple of minders?), which stand on either side of a well near fifty-foot circular entry chamber. With the scent of expensive incense in the air, a closer inspection of the ceiling revealed a mural of the outer-planes. It depicted an apparent struggle between the upper and lower planes, and/or how they relate to each other in some preconceived circumstances (don't ask me).

In any case, and as the case may be, the tiefling keeper of the establishment (a bone white wraith of man with crimson slits for eyes) appeared out of nowhere, and introduced himself as Rhaydius Dycaster.

It was made known to me by the aforementioned keeper, that if one could not find happiness with what was on hand, if the price was right, anything could be obtained. ("Anything" being the key word.) A ledger book is provided as necessary to jot down any items that a cutter might be needing (a wish list of sorts). Usually a 2-3 week turn-around-time, but sometimes with items being as rare as they are, the request is kept current until those who do the finding obtain the item in question.

Stay peery and keep your eyes peeled bloods. Lan ya later!

*Signed, Louis 'Sigildark' Forget*

[Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)]



advertisement

## Mistress Daratzia's Hall Of Pleasure

*Announcing the opening of a fabulous new club in the Festhall area!*

*Mistress Daratzia*, the noted drow club owner, is opening a new venue for dancing and socialising in the Rue des Vetements en Cuir. Featuring escorts for all, and specially trained male dancers under the personal supervision of Mistress Datatzia. All are welcome, and all will enjoy this sensational new club!

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## faction reaction

[Special Editor: [Tom Bubul](#)]



### QUESTION OF THE WEEK

"What is your response to the editorial written by Daemon Chaas in [SIGIS 23](#) entitled: **FACTIONS: HITTING THE BLINDS?**"



### ARCHONITES

*by Gruoch nic Arta, Archbishop's Chaplain*

### DOOMGUARD

*by Sir Twist, Doomguard PR*

I would like to say that while the crude and unwashed masses that the public refers to as our namers are often all about decay, death, and destruction that it's hardly like that for all of us. My view (and the view that I think many of my fellow Sinkers share) is slightly more fatalistic. Entropy is an inevitable fact of the multiverse, which cannot be escaped.

I don't really feel that Daemon Chaas' comments apply to us in the Archonites. We've always had a firm commitment to our beliefs, and we don't interfere in faction politics if we can help it. Recently, of course, we've been forging better links with the Sensates, but that's in keeping with our belief in fellowship and cooperation. On the other hand, the Archbishop thinks (and I agree with her) that a lot of Mr. Chaas' comments are entirely valid. The factions, especially those who are most closely committed to their civic roles, are losing sight of their philosophical criteria.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

Therefore, why fight any kind of war over it. Rushing out and burning things isn't making entropy change in the grand scale of things, it's a mere flare in the steady glow of a sun. On the other hand, putting out a forest fire is also a waste of time because it's going to go down the sink (excuse the pun) anyway.

The Doomguard have been (perhaps fairly, perhaps not) stereotyped as unintelligent slugs with an insatiable lust for blood and vandalism. I would like to break out of this mold and show the multiverse that we merely represent a constant for them to consider.

In closing, however, I would like to say that Daemon Chaas has brought up a valid point in saying that the factions are becoming unclear in their goals, message, and communications with the public and their members.

[Author: [David Byrne](#)]



## FRATERNITY OF ORDER

*by Hartin Meideggar*

Foremost let me say that the Fraternity of Order - and that is our Faction's name, not Guv's, Guv-bags, Lectern-huggers, and no, not even Guvners, for anything less is to invite a grave error and thereby *[preamble cut for brevity - Ed.]*

As I had began to say, the Fraternity is fully supportive of investigative reporting and the finding, categorising, and explication of facts. Indeed, one may even say such acts are our reason, purpose, or substance for being - but, Culler Daemon Chaas's inflammatory remarks in last week's SIGIS fall far short of this esteemed standard to which SIGIS's editors have hitherto held. It is hoped that the editors pay some attention to Culler Chaas's lack of substantial evidence when he makes his wild claims, less they fail total compliance with our Fair City's Rule of Standards of Public Notice and Print concerning the issue of the Sowing of Public Dissent.

To the point of clarification for the Edification of members of our Fair City, let me point out these facts: Over 982 years ago the Fraternity discovered the Laws, or Rules as they are known, concerning the establishment of

It is clear where Chaas's position stands in regards to Factions, but where prey-tell does he think his food, shelter, and security come from? With Knowledge gained from Factionhood comes Power. But with Power comes Responsibility. It doesn't take much imagination to realise what group in our Fair City refuses conforming to the Rules of Factionhood to avoid their own Responsibility in maintaining their place in this Fair City. In the meantime the true, law-abiding Factions must take up the slack to maintain the City for all sorts of cross-traders and freeloading ingrates such as this Daemon.

Indeed, one begins to think about certain other Factions, and their lack of Responsibility, such as the Xaositects and their lawless, immoral *[further diatribe cut for brevity - Ed.]*

-- **Your humble servant, Hartin Meideggar**,  
B4 Bureau Chief of Sigilian Public  
Information, prior B3 Judge, Bureau of Courts  
(retired.)

*[Shortly after submission of this letter, a member of the Guvners appeared demanding that the letter was invalid and not suited for printing because Bureau Chief Meideggar is now 'under temporary, official suspension due*

Factionhood. To this very date the Fraternity has been in full compliance with these Rules. In fact, as constant discoverers and followers of these Rules, it is hard to conceive how we could ever act contradictory to them. In fact, all our current actions, "running the City of Doors" and "being bureaucrats" as Chaas pejoratively describes them, are mandated by Rules discovered by the Fraternity and codified and implemented by the other Factions in the Hall of Speakers! I challenge Chaas to find where exactly in the Code of Factionhood as delineated in the Hall of Records, that our Order has failed in compliance with said Code!

*sentenced after the writing of this letter, the Guvner's insisted that the suspension was effective prior to the Bureau Chief's writing, and thus Meideggar's letter no longer represented the Order in public matters. Whatever the matter, we have decided to print his letter. We feel he would have intended to have it in print for the "Edification of the members of our Fair City" as he has put it so well above. - The Editors.]*

[Author: [Nathan Letsinger](#)]



## FREE LEAGUE

*by Janos Volkrina*

Well, blood, I may be the wrong one to ask about this. I don't belong to a Faction, after all. Still, based on what I see day in and day out, I'd have to agree with the editorial. The Factions have completely lost track of what they are about.

See, I ain't got any problems with a body believin' somethin', I just get pretty upset if they try an' force it down my throat. But the Factions aren't even doin' that anymore. They're tryin' to force their Factions down people's collective throats, without any concern for what they believe or why they should be believed. It's far worse than pushing belief, 'cause all they're pushin' is membership.

[Author: [Richard Gant](#)]



*advertisement*

## PROPER BURIAL

Don't your loved ones deserve it? The dustman just drag and drop, or worse, turn them into the never-dead. Don't let this happen to your loved ones. Give them the proper respect and ceremony. Bring them to *Arawn's Arrival Mortuary* on Lleywn Road in the Lower Ward, three blocks from the Ditch towards the Foundry.

## HARMONIUM

*by Xrithran Observer, Mover Three*

Obviously this Daemon Chaas does not understand things very well. One only need visit Ortho to discover the goals of the Glorious Harmonium. There everyone is a happy and productive member of society. There is no chaos to cause the pains and misfortunes of life. The purpose of the Harmonium is to spread this Glorious Harmony throughout the multiverse, so everything can be happy and free from troubles. By submitting to unyielding law, no one will want to commit crimes or harm their fellow living beings. Only then will true peace and understanding be achieved by all the races of the multiverse.

I will say, however, that many factions do not have much purpose. The Doomguard, for instance. They have no point but to cause havoc and destroy. The Xaosmen are nothing more than a bunch of insane freaks. The Anarchists want to destroy all power in the multiverse, probably including themselves.

Actually, the Chaas person sounds suspiciously like an Anarchist. I have here a direct order from factol Sarin ordering the gathering of all materials that may lead to the whereabouts and possible Anarchist affiliations of this "Daemon Chaas". I'm sure you will comply.

[Author: [Pirvan](#)]



Get the rest in peace you need.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## CHIPPERS

by *Naenal*

Ha. Yes. At last. The bloated factions are drowning in their own sense of self-importance. Let's hope they go under for the last time soon.

Especially the Mercykillers.

[Author: [Galzion](#)]



## REVOLUTIONARY LEAGUE

The majority of all factions are never about belief, they are instead always about control, power and greed, it has always being like that.

There are a few exceptions to this which are the Bleak Cabal, Xaositects and those who will stand up and say that they don't belong to any faction.

If any wants any greater indication about why the factions aren't about beliefs, I'll show you a few examples.

The Hardheads as our first example claim to be about peace and unity if you remember correctly. It's to our knowledge that recently some free thinking individuals who stood up for their beliefs and never harmed anyone else were attacked and beaten by the Harmonium without any provocation. The point here is that they don't want to see their power being lost here, and if they need to make an example they will. And certainly peace and unity can be accomplished without oppressing those individuals.

Another example that I'll point to is the Society of Sensation, now you all know they are supposed to be about seeking new experiences. Now why is it they have such a strong political presence for such a long time if they were about new experiences, they have yet to experience not having a strong political presence. In fact they've just been making more and more of a political presence, trying to put a choke hold on the Cage itself. The thing is that once they got they aren't going to give it up.

Our secrecy has kept us here for countless millennia. As for who it allegedly came from it is either three possibilities, someone trying to keep our secrets, some noisy berk, or some propaganda aimed at undermining our cause.

The next things mentioned are sects.

A lot of sects are far worse than a lot of factions. They are literally factions in the making, and they've already have a lot of the excesses of factions already as they have certain parts of a plane to themselves which is a lot already. The sects want power for themselves as well, and will do what they need.

They already are institutions for oppression, witness an incident that we learned of that was committed by a sect from Mount Celestia known as Planes Militant.

The sect is hard at work with an aggressive campaign to shift parts of other planes into their home plane. They have begun aggressive propaganda campaigns with the clear knowledge that they will shift parts of other planes and cause massive planar disruptions while they are doing it, which is against what they are supposed to stand for.

The sects like all the factions are basically power-hungry, it is their very intent to oppress and control the multiverse. None of them should be allowed to get a clear foothold on the power and influence they desire. That's why its up to us to stop them, or else you will see just how much worse they can be from the factions we despise.

To all the Revolutionaries out there, Keep the

As for the supposed response from our faction in the editorial, it is very apparent that we must remain hidden from those who seek to destroy us simply because we don't want to "fit in" to "work in the system" to be "another cog in the machine".



## **FATED**

*by Blaize Shadiff - 4th Level Digger for the Fated*

The factions running the City of Doors? Are you daft, berk? The Lady runs the city right out. If you don't understand that screed, then we'll have to charge you the Barmy Tax. (The Barmy Tax: one platinum. If you pay it, you owe another platinum!)

As for "changing the shape of the multiverse through belief" - Chaas seems to have spent a little too much time in that crystal sphere of his. The only one's who think they can change the worlds through belief are the Signers.

Speaking of belief - I believe its time to update our accounts...

*by, Roark Chaospeaker*

The factions no longer have goals? Interesting. I suppose that means that the individuals compromising those factions have cast aside all hope for personal advancement, enlightenment, or furthering the faction tenets. When one considers how at least half of Sigil belongs to one of the 15 factions, I find it quite shocking that so vast a portion of the population could have abandoned its hopes and dreams. Why, if that's the case, then I suggest there is a greater epidemic at hand, stemming from a deep apathy that has struck the hearts of many dwelling in the Cage. I believe the sheer pulse of the market, political manoeuvrings of fiends, and constant influx of planewalkers puts this claim to shame. Watch what you believe, lest you be swayed by apathetic cullers.

[Author: [Aaron Infante-Levy](#) and [Jim Bologna](#)]



## **BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE**

*by Strom the Gatemaker Goldwand, Factor*

Fight Going!! Its a long way we have to go to win!

[Author: [Jason Ng](#)]

## **MERKHANTS**

*by Tarak de Leynon*

I'm not sure that I understand your point. Yes, I read the editorial. I have begun to read your publication since you began to print comments from myself in it. Someone who owes me money purchases it for me.

However, back to the editorial. So? Am I to be concerned if the factions are loosing their focus? I fail to see why. They still require my services, and that is enough for me.

[Author: [Galzion](#)]



## **WYLDERS**

*by Dregori Tharsan*

Well I must say that it's about time that people realised that the true answer to the multiverse doesn't lie in the squalid streets of the City of Doors. And it's nice to see that the author of that, in my opinion, intelligent article, could see that the real work in unravelling the mysteries that make up life is being done out on the Planes.

Still, I must disagree with his lack of discrimination about who is really doing that work. Can you not see that that the answer to life lies in life itself. The variety, the beauty of the Beastlands, the power and grace...

[Editor's note: the remaining 20 minutes of Dregori's response has been chopped, as it consisted solely of a description of, and argument for, the Wylder philosophy]

[Author: [Galzion](#)]

## **TRANSCENDENT ORDER**

*by Deep Blue Sigh*

In response to Mr. Chaas' article in SIGIS 23 I would like to say this: next life, you're coming back as a pet slug to a kobold, I guarantee it! If there's any Path of Ascension, which I can see as clearly wrong, it's the one you're taking. Having successfully insulted and angered the factions of the City of Doors, including my own, I wouldn't doubt if some cutter trying to Ascend on the Path will hack you down to get in a few brownie points. (Not the faerie brownies. It's an expression I heard on the prime once.) You are obviously biased against the factions, as is evident by reading your article. For some reason you figure that bothering faction members with questions while they're working won't make them a little angry. Perhaps you've lost your common sense somewhere along the Path of Ascension, Mr. Chaas.

Another important point, which I would like to state, is over the factions' supposed 'loss of way'. Where in the Nine Hells do you get this stuff? The way I see it, the factions are still performing the function, which they were created to perform, that is, the finding of the true Path of Ascension. No one truly knows what we're supposed to do here in the multiverse, and that's why we have the factions. To find out. You may feel that the factions have lost that focus and have been caught up in politics, cross trading, and the gathering of jink. There are some poor sods out there who have lost their way due to these factors; perhaps you know some of them. This is no reason to generalise all of the factions as jink-grabbing, cross-trading politicians. I won't stand for it!

Finally, as proof of your barminess, I'll comment on your statement: "I'll tell you the real truth: the sects that are out there shaping the rest of the multiverse, these are the only real factions left." This statement simply shows your complete lack of knowledge on the matter. The only true difference between sects and factions is that the sects have fewer members. Both influence the multiverse through belief, no matter what you say or think, so get over it. Final statement: the factions are NOT losing their Path... it's straighter than ever.

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



"I notice that Daemon Chaas did not ask a member of the Transcendent Order the reason for our being. When he chooses to, we shall answer.

In the meantime, ponder on this: If the Transcendent Order ever loses its reason for being, you will find that each and every *true* Cipher has already left it.

Pardon my brevity, cutter. I have something to do."

[Author: [James O'Rance](#)]

## **XAOSITECTS** by *Skwouert T'ille*

P'raps we're decomposing, p'raps not. Us, no. Don't think so. Chaos can't decompose, really, just change shapes. We change shapes to adapt, 'cause that'd be chaos adapting to change shapes and not decompose to adapt to change shapes again. We're just surviving. The multiverse is chaos, and we still stand in that belief, but it may not appear that way, because we change, yet chaos remains. Don't think we've lost it, nope.

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#)]

[Compiled list of regular factioneers:]

*Athar* - Greg Jensen  
*Believers of the Source* - Jason Black  
*Bleak Cabal* - Inflicted  
*Doomguard* - Sir Twist  
*Dustmen* - Tee (May be dead...)  
*Fated* - Jim Bologna  
*Fraternity of Order* - Nathan Letsinger  
*Free League* - Richard Gant  
*Harmonium* - Pirvan  
*Mercykillers* - B. Mooney  
*Revolutionary League* - Jason Ng  
*Sign of One* - Chris Visser  
*Society of Sensation* - Ragboy  
*Transcendent Order* - James O' Rance  
*Xaositects* - Tom Bubul  
*Wyliders, Merkhants and Exiles* - Galzion



# stop press



## DURKAYLE IN THE DEAD-BOOK?

by *Maija Intwood*

OUTLANDS (Ribcage) -- Maybe Durkayle didn't make it to Baator after all! Chant from Ribcage is that the former Harmonium high-up, Warneck Durkayle, was written in the dead-book just outside of town. According to our sources, a small group of mercs (maybe the same group that broke into his tower earlier) crept their way into his heavily guarded encampment, which was located in an enormous cave at the base of a mountain near Ribcage. Finding their way through abandoned mine shafts in the backside of the mountain, they caught Durkayle's bashers completely unawares. Chant is that Durkayle's camp was full not only of Baatezu, but also with members of a strange sect known as the Tcharim. Apparently, Durkayle and his allies had planned a major invasion into a nearby Plane. Unfortunately for Durkayle, the mercs were able to slip into his camp unnoticed and hang the sod from the leafless tree. Most suspect that the mercs (if that is what they were) had inside information on the camp that allowed them to give the Tcharim and the fiends the laugh.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## MURDERS IN THE CLERKS' WARD

by *Sim Underwood*

OVER THE LAST two weeks, a series of vicious murders have been committed in the Clerk's Ward. While all six thus far have been particularly savage, they were not initially linked. A particularly sharp Harmonium officer, however, must have realised that the victims were all fully paid-up to be members of the Transcendent Order, for yesterday the law-keeping faction announced they were seeking a gang or individual with a particular grudge

## MODRONS CAUSE HAVOC IN THE BEASTLANDS

by *Droni Forssen*

HAVING MADE an uneventful crossing from Ecstasy to Faunel, the Modron March this week entered the Beastlands, and immediately caused utter disruption to that natural plane. Although my information is not yet conclusive, it seems that the modrons have been compelled, under the terms of an ancient treaty, to march along the course of a river, thus causing massive pollution from their own biological processes. This had not been anticipated, and those creatures able to leave the river have done so, but fish and other aquatic creatures are dying in large numbers. Clarion the Guardian reports that he has a (as of yet unrevealed) 'personal' interest in the case, and has sent allies of his to investigate. The Wylders and many other concerned groups are pinning their hopes on the success of this and other expeditions.

We will bring you more news as it breaks.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



*advertisement*

## THE ART OF LIGHT

All are cordially invited to an art exhibition opening in the Great Hall of *Told's Inn*, in the Clerk's Ward. Noted thaumo-artist Mishilan Montegrossi has produced a number of animate light exhibits, which can be viewed after dark for the next three weeks. Admission is a mere 1sp, with concessionary rates for lawyers.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



against the Ciphers.

Regular readers of SIGIS's political scandal may be surprised at this, because, at least, in my brief history as a culler, I have never come across any berk who's professed a particular dislike for the Ciphers. Who this group may be is very dark, and despite my best efforts to study official Harmonium documents, I too am sorry to say I have no leads of my own. While Harmonium patrols have doubled around the Great Gymnasium, Ciphers readers are warned to be particularly vigilant. More news as I can lift it from the hands of the authorities...

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



### **MAGES HIRED TO BUILD CATHEDRAL**

*by Blondie Bluthheim*

SIGIS can exclusively reveal that the Archonite church has hired top construction mages Relforce and Marmanion to aid in the building of the new Cathedral of Saint Sophia. According to an internal church report, the cathedral will be very nearly equal in size to the main church building at Monk's Higher, where the Cathedral of Excelsior stands. Although the final plans for the ornamentation of the cathedral are not yet available, it seems that a lot of statuary is planned, including a colossal figure of a crown archon, possibly Pronoia, behind the high altar. The cathedral is also expected to have a large tower with four individual pinnacles, and to be nearly as tall as the Civic Festhall. Rumours that it was to have been taller, and was lowered to placate the Sensates, were strenuously denied by both parties.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



### **Cullers and artists wanted for SIGIS**

**applicants must be literate and on the case**

[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)



[Consult the Mimir Again](#)

### **CIPHERS ADMIT EX-FACTOL DEAD-BOOKED IN GATEHOUSE DISASTER**

*-- by Laxuli Phae, culler --*

A RELUCTANT admission from the Transcendent Order this morning confirmed the report in SIGIS last week that a former Cipher factol had indeed been squashed flat in the tragic Gatehouse collapse last week [see also report above *Dustwoman Reveals Dark of Gatehouse Disaster*]. According to a Cipher spokesperson, rilmani Fourth Life, the factol had been admitted to the Gatehouse some twenty five cycles ago for his own safety.

After doing some digging, this culler discovered the faction had gone on record back then as claiming the factol has mysteriously ascended, as Cipher factols are wont to do, and correspondingly, admissions of new members to the faction were sharply increased that month. Forgive the suspicious nature of my mind, but this culler questions whether *any* of the Cipher factols have really ascended, or whether they're just being held in secret cells across the Multiverse!

When I suggested this to Fourth Life, the rilmani became agitated and almost lost its cool, before refusing to comment on the question. Very interesting...

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]







## 25. First Week of The Pivot

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[Christopher Adams](#), [David Byrne](#), [G. Lopez](#), [Rob Smith](#), [Tom Bubul](#), [Jason M. Black](#), [Kina Thackray](#) and [T.](#)



# exclusive

## GRAZ'ZT SEEKS BRIDE!

by *Daemon Chaas*

ABYSS (The Triple Realm)  
-- No, your eyes are not deceiving you, cutter, you read the headline right. The most powerful Lord of the Abyss, the mighty Lord of Shadows himself, is seeking his very own bride! Chant out of the Abyss, straight from the maw of a Balor, is that Graz'zt has been seeking this unholyest of unions for several cycles now, and he has whittled the candidates down to three terrible trollops.

Before I continue, I suspect that the gentle reader might wish to know the source of this chant (because it sure sounds like a pile of stinky



screed only an addle-coved leatherhead might buy). Well, it just so happens that I heard this blinding dark from none other than the Balor high-up Rackthon Firebrand, top Blood War general of the Abyssal lord Pazrael. As most bloods of the War know, Pazrael is no friend of Graz'zt, so this chant might just be a lie sent out to stir up trouble for Graz'zt. However, I have reason to believe that Pazrael is spreading *the truth* for this very same reason: to disrupt Graz'zt's courtship plans. Imagine the chaos that this bit of dark is going to stir up. Every succubus in the plane is going to scramble off to the Argent Palace (*Graz'zt's palace - Ed.*) on the off chance of becoming Mrs. Top-Fiend.

Not only do I have the chant straight from a high-up Balor, but I've also gotten the dark from multiple sources in several Abyssal layers, which is how I lanned the identity of the three fiendish candidates trying to woo His Infernal Majesty. S.I.G.I.S. also managed to gain the services of the Transcendent Cipher artist Victoria Lawbreaker (aka. [Vicki "the Hood"](#) because she breaks all sorts of Multiversal laws -> send her a note and let her know what you think of her images! ;-)) who tapped into the cadence of the Multiverse\* and scragged a psychic image of the courtship.

## THE TOP TROLLOPS

### Tashara of the Seven Skulls

This strange witch is not your typical fiend. Apparently she resides in Thanatos, the 113th layer of the Abyss, as a "guest" of the Drow goddess Kiransalee. Our sources report that Tashara has her own little kip within the "Belly of Death" (as Thanatos is sometimes called), and her case is a horrible tower created entirely of pulsing undead flesh. Those who have seen her, and kept from going barmy (very few indeed), describe her as a beautiful, green skinned woman with crimson hair. On the outside at least. But in the light of the frozen moonlit night of Thanatos, her true nature is revealed: underneath that delightful skin is an ashen skeleton held together by necromantic force of will. What a catch she is!

### Red Shroud

Any planewalker worth her salt (river of Salt that is) has heard of this succubus. She's the infamous iron-fisted ruler of Broken Reach, the top burg on the Plain of Infinite Portals. Besides her legendary beauty, Red is an obvious choice for a mate: she's held on to the hotly contested burg through numerous attacks by mobs, githzerai, and even a minor Abyssal lord, and has reigned there longer than any other fiend in memory (and fiends live a long time). Her ruthlessness, power and craftiness are a clear turn-on for Graz'zt. You won't find a more able Tanar'ri ruler in the infinite layers (although I expect a great challenge to her rule once chant of the courtship leaks - sorry Red).

### Rynin Blackscale

The final contender for the prize has also shown magnificent leadership skills; this time as a high-up in the Blood War. In her short history, Blackscale has shown tremendous ambition, a real fiend among fiends. In less than five cycles, she's moved from Manes to Marilith and has been a top leader of many a Blood War excursion. Her victories include a surprisingly successful raid on the Stones of Draetilus (a Blood War battle site in Carceri -Ed.) as a succubus. The raid allowed the Tanar'ri to hold the Stones for a full day - something that neither side has been able to do in the *history* of the Blood War. (*For the full story, check out the story Tanar'ri Seize Portal Stones in the SIGIS archives [Issue 1](#) - Ed.*) More recently, she was instrumental in a recent raid on the Baatezu Fortress of Justice (*see last issue -Ed.*). Apparently, all this has not escaped the notice of Graz'zt, and she's a hot contender to the throne.

Okay berk, at this point you must be asking yourself the crucial question: Why would the most powerful Abyssal Lord take a wife? Sharing power doesn't seem to be his style (or the style of any fiend for that matter). The short answer is one word: Dowry. (I delve into this issue more completely in the Editorial section below, as we interview the Blood War sage Akin, an Arcanoloth with tremendous insight and knowledge.)

At this time, the front runner appears to be Red as the psychic image indicates, but the others are close on her heels. She seems to have the most to offer Graz'zt - the richest burg on the plane, full of planewalkers with a death wish who are just loaded with jink and magic. However, her proposal is by no means assured, and, as we mentioned earlier, she will probably have a lot of challenges to her rule very soon.

So there you have it bashers! Where else can you get this kind of chant but S.I.G.I.S.?

\* Some berks say the Ciphers never really transcend, but these berks obviously have never seen Vicki's work!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## newsbriefs



### **ANARCHIST TRIAL BEGINS TODAY**

*by Rahel Ivist*

SIGIL -- The City Courts are expected to be a hotbed of Hardhead activity today as the brain-box behind the Anarchist cell, the Cadre, begins his much anticipated trial. Zibby the Fan, tinker gnome bombster for the Cadre, was arrested several weeks ago and indicted on multiple counts of murder, destruction and general mayhem in the months long assault on the Cage's "jinked" sectors. The first day of the trial is expected to be entirely taken up by the reading of the charges against the dirt devil.

Chief of Court Security, Mover Three Ilon Penome issued this statement earlier today:

"Though all members of the Cadre have been rounded up, we are taking no chances with the security of the City Courts. Inattention and underestimation of the foe foiled early operations against the cell. This will not be the case today. My best officers are on site and will conduct thorough security checks of



**Possible Member of Red Cell**

all person entering and exiting the City Courts area."

The trial is expected to take several weeks with hundreds of witnesses, investigating officers, cohorts, and possibly Zibby himself taking the stand to tell of the events that held the Cage in fear for all those months. No word has reached this office about the identities of the prosecuting judge or the defendant's counsel.

[Author: [Paul Wolfe](#)]



## MODRON MOCKS MARCH

by *Streebo*

*This secret missive was received by the newsrag S.I.G.I.S. two days ago by a tout from the Outlands, who claimed it was secreted out of Fortitude by a member of the Revolutionary League. Events transcribed are believed to be written by Streebo the Culler, a tiefling in the pay of S.I.G.I.S.:*

I HAVE no way of knowing whether or not this dark will make it out of this lonely birdcage in Fortitude to where you are, gentle readers, but I have faith that the truth will emerge, regardless of Hardhead attempts to stop the chant from flowing. The march has continued across the Outlands to Fortitude (gate-town to Arcadia and oppressive base of the Harmonium), but not without incident. A certain rogue box named Umpik Uhbox hipped to the idea that the proper thing for modrons to do was to march the Ring, so it set out to do just that, origins unknown. Only Umpik was a spellslinger and had a wand that it used to polymorph others into boxes as well, which made them more likely to join its mock march in the wake of the Great One.

This culler joined voluntarily, but others were "forced", including a brace of Hardhead notaries (a furtive, evil berk named Pindick and an aasimar basher named Wiggermark) and other unfortunate travelers, including some Guvner sods from Automata. Forced to march to the point of exhaustion, the small squad nearly caught the March outside of Fortitude, but an ambush by a number of Sinker slayers delayed the reunion of boxes. In the fray, the Doomguard were slain or scragged by the Hardheads, but one of our marchers was transformed into a monodrone by Umpik for insubordination. (He tried to nick the box with his arrows!) We were finally allowed to rest.



The glow of pre-peak in the Outlands heralded our continuation, and we soon found ourselves confronted by Hardhead minders at the gates of Fortitude. They seemed dubious,

but Umpik got them arguing inharmoniously about its entrance, and managed to give them the laugh by hopping through the flaming portal to Arcadia. In the pursuit and chaos that erupted, this culler managed to slip the blinds and witness the fate of the rogue box. When it approached the Great March and attempted to join, it was "assimilated" (read: disassembled and put in the dead book) by the horde of modrons and sent back to Mechanus for "reprogramming". Thus ended the false march. Umpik's wand fell into Hardhead hands (no telling what purpose they'll use it for) and yours truly was scragged for writing down the events as printed here: the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I can't guess what the Hardheads plan to report on this obvious lack of control and chaos. One thing's certain: Don't believe what you read in the Tempus Sigilian (nothin' but Hardhead propaganda).

[Author: [Tim Perrotta](#)]



## **GODSMEN ENDANGERED ON OUTLANDS NINTH RING**

*by Steuban Tuekston*

FAUNEL (Outlands) - Factol Ambar of the Believers of the Source has put out an all points warning for Godsmen traveling the Ring of Gate-Towns in the Outlands, especially in the area of the Land between Tradegate and Sylvania. Godsmen seem to be finding their way to the dead-book with all too much frequency these days as two more factioneers hit the blinds, this time at the hands of the one-two punch of wights and giants. That brings the recent loss of Godsmen to twelve, eight during the month of Savorous, and four in the first three days of the month of the Pivot.

The faction members lost in the Five Peaks area near the Wilderlands were One-Who-Seeks and Forbee the Fury. The two, apparently using bad judgment and traveling with an unknown Proxy of mischievous Loki, were ambushed by three wights who may or may not have previously been members of the Vile Hunt, the sect that sees multi-morphic beings (such as centaurs and couatl) and sentient animals (such as animal petitioners in the Beastlands, or in-and-around Faunel) as an affront to the way the multiverse should be.

After being softened up by the undead, the three planewalkers were ambushed by Hill Giants out hunting the varied food sources of the Five Peaks area. One-Who-Seeks apparently was thrown off one of the many

Until this month, the varied deaths were assumed to be just failed "tests" for ascension, but some Godsmen suspect there may be some more sinister force behind these mounting fatalities. Factol Ambar has created a commission to look into this rash of Godsmen deaths, and placed the ninth ring on High Test status. Travel in the area is suggested for those faction members of the highest accomplishments, while others are to seek out the gate-towns at their own peril. The Commission, to be led by Tia, Factor of Ecstasy, will conduct an investigation to find the dark of these deaths and whether they have been perpetrated by any particular force (such as the Vile Hunt, Loki, or perhaps the recent untimely eruption from Mechanus of the Great Modron March) or are but a massive test for the faction as a whole. More on this topic as more dark is uncovered by the Commission and this dogged culler.

[Author: [Dana Winston](#)]



**advertisement**

### **Bored with your Mundane Life?**

*Why not try living someone else's!*

HERE AT the City Sensorium, we specialise in allowing bloods to experience their fantasies. Want to be a planewalker but don't have the stomach for all those portals? Come

jumped off the sixty foot precipice and taken his own life, literally not a very "ascending" thing to do. Forbee was apparently clubbed over the head by one of the mighty monstrosities, although proof of such may be hard to find as there was very little left of the cutter's corpse.

It was just three days ago, that two other faction members, centaur warrior One-Who-Hunts and khaasta lineaged tiefling, Oricanis Maledictus, were dead-booked when they tried to cross the Fester Pits of Kokolum with the aforementioned Proxy of Loki, not far from the area in which One-Who-Seeks and Forbee were done in. It make one wonder it Loki has it in for the Godsmen. Last month, eight Believers went on to other incarnations after violent ends in the Sylvania-Faunel-Ecstasy area. Three perished when they attempted to thwart wandering Athasian defilers during a play at Faunel's crumbling Olidemareum. Two others were found poisoned at the edge of Wrath's pool while two more were found desiccated at the edge of the Halakari Desert between Faunel and Ecstasy. The last one slain during Savorous was a canny cutter named Old Ben, an ursinal assimar found skinned just outside the revels of Sylvania. The proxy of Loki has not, so far, been connected with these other deaths.

and find out what you're missing out on! Always wanted to visit Carceri but have a desire to come back again? We can let you experience it! Live out your darkest desires without fear of prosecution! And if you're evil, why not see what it's like to do something nice for a change without fear of harming your reputation!

Experiences of all varieties available from just one stinger. Discounts for parties of six or more. The Sensoriums are open all through the night and most of the day. (Tanar'ri supplements may apply to some experiences. While Sensoria are generally safe environments, no liability is assumed).

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



## **TRENCH METAL MAY CHANGE WAR**

*by Koshtrim'yamal*

MINETHYS, on the third layer of Carceri, is where the baatezu and the tanar'ri have battled for eons. The sandy soil moves with the constantly shifting winds. This sand can rip the unprotected flesh off the bones of mortals and fiends alike. This place is a battleground like no other in the Blood war; a deadly game of trench warfare. When one side wins a battle, the other side retreats back to take refuge in yet another trench. This is the battlefield where all those that fall out of favour with their high-ups go to continue to fight in the Blood War. Most hope

## **BLOODBATH IN GUILDHALL WARD AS MORE CIPHERS MURDERED**

*by Laxuli Phae*

SIGIL (Great Gymnasium) -- In the past week, assaults upon Ciphers have become increasingly more frequent and deadly. Seven attacks have been reported, leaving five dead, and healers in the Gymnasium fighting to restore the sight of one victim and the limbs of another. Both the faction and the Harmonium have issued general warnings to badge-wearing Ciphers to be on their guard, especially in the Clerk's Ward, where most of these attacks seem to have occurred.

However, despite the number of incidents,

to end their life here on the burning plains, while others go insane and rush into a sandstorm never to be seen again. The tanar'ri are the ones who experience this the most, whereas the more organised baatezu deal better with the mental anguish that comes from trench warfare.

But now all this may have changed. A mortal trench digging slave of the baatezu apparently uncovered a new type of metal ore that promises to change the direction of the War. This metal glowed, and a sample was taken to be analysed by the baatezu. However, according to a cornugon named Glemgoth, during the transport, the osyluth carrying the sample happened to "fall upon a metal shard" (a little baatezu experiment?), and the metal pierced the sadistic heart of the osyluth killing it instantly. The details are few, as the baatezu have no wish to give information to the enemy.

However, word has leaked to the tanar'ri about the metal. The tanar'ri are preparing for a mass assault on the baatezu position, and the baatezu are sending in reinforcements to stabilise the area. If this metal is what it seems to be, whichever side controls the ore will have weapons that can easily pierce the flesh and hearts of their fiendish opponents.

[Author: [T](#)]

the Hardheads appear no closer to catching the perpetrators. Mover Three Malkalotl attempted to justify the faction's lack of results. "The Harmonium are working very hard to collect clues in this case. This week alone we have doubled the number of officers assigned, and we are slowly building up a profile of the perpetrator. With the recent Savorus celebrations, the faction has been sorely stretched to cover its usual duties as well as policing the boisterous celebrations and dealing with a higher-than-usual number of arrests due to bacchae and satyr visitors."

I asked Malkalotl why the faction was not employing its star detective Christopher Verdue in this case and he became defensive. "We have only one Verdue and many crimes to deal with. While the Transcendent Order attacks are clearly a high priority, we can only assign our best factors to a limited number of cases."

I then confronted the Hardhead with the rumour I heard recently on the Razorvine that the Harmonium was in fact not acting quickly against the threat to the Ciphers because they secretly approved of the perpetrator, in principle if not in deed. I quoted the recent examples of Hardhead-originating attacks on Free League members. Malkalotl's form shimmered distinctly (I believe the aasimar's true nature is dark) and the Hardhead stalked away without commenting. I leave readers to draw their own conclusions...

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



## GLITTERGLEE AND THE RULE-OF-THREES

*by Maija Intwood*

SIGIL (Civic Festhall) -- During a special seminar session in a lecture room of the Civic Festhall, the ursinal Guardinal named Tripicus revealed the findings of his study on the composition of the dangerous dream drug known as GlitterGlee. GlitterGlee (or "glee" as it is known on the streets) is a multicoloured powder that literally contains the dreams of the creatures from whom the dreams are distilled. When ingested, the glee causes the user to relive the dream in an extremely vivid

Both planar hibiscus and jarra spice are well known around the planes for their addictive and hallucinogenic properties. In fact, the Harmonium and the Planes of the Order Militant (OPM), an Upper Planes sect, have been fighting a War on Drugs for some time now, trying to cleanse the Multiverse of these substances. A few years back, another prominent Cager newsrag [Lady's Sharper Eye](#) ran a series of articles on a pact between the Hardheads and the OPM. (See article



fashion, which some Sensates have described as a "transcendental Multiversal extravaganza". However, after a half-dozen glee hits, users often act out their dreams in a most disturbing fashion. For instance, if you glee dream a murder, you might wake up to find your spouse dead by your hands.

SIGIS ran an expose on the glee in issue 11, and one of our cullers uncovered a glee factory (which turned out to be a living Tanar'ri fortress under the swamps of Torch) in issue 15. After that story, the factory disappeared from Torch and the glee disappeared off the streets. But recently, the substance has reappeared in several gate towns, including some upper plane burgs like Sylvania, Tradegate and even Excelsior. Authorities in all the burgs are very worried about what this means for the fates of these towns and their citizens.

Meanwhile, it seems that Tripicus has been doing his own bit of research on the drug. In a special lecture, advertised with a few fliers around the Clerk's Ward, Tripicus revealed that the glee powder was composed of three very potent natural compounds. "With the help the bariaur Wooly Cupgrass\*, I have uncovered the nature of the Glitterglee," said Tripicus during the lecture. "Through an extensive process of elimination, we discovered that the powder is composed of three natural substances: *planar hibiscus*, *jarra spice*, and a very rare substance from the Prime known as *glow weed*. Combined in the proper fashion, and with the use of strong enchantment magic, these three substances can hold the dream essences of all sorts of creatures for an indefinite period of time."

16.) Apparently, they agreed that the substance caused all sorts of chaos and evil wherever it went, and they were determined to stop it. The pact was a defining moment in the history of the two groups, as Factol Sarin sat down for the first time with Prefect Increase VII of the OPM to work out the agreement.

Tripicus continued to say that the glow weed was not a weed, but rather a fungus that grew deep underground. "I stumbled upon the glow weed pressed in the pages of an ancient Prime alchemy book, perhaps 400 years old " continued Tripicus. "The weed, which is really a fungus, was still glowing brightly after all this time! I took it straight to Cupgrass who said he'd tasted it before in some glee - it was only a matter of time before we figured it all out. I'm still puzzling out the language of the manuscript, which is akin to Prime elf, so I don't know what crystal sphere it came from. If any of you know some Primes who could help me out, please send them over to me right away!"

The findings of Tripicus may be the big break needed to cleanse this "scourge" from the Multiverse. Only time will tell.

\* Wooly Cupgrass is well known around the Cage for his ability to drink all sorts of liquids, including potions, with almost complete immunity. So far, not even Bebilith venom has been able to permanently harm the basher, though he has been known to a few suffer stomach aches and side effects. Many cutters visit Cupgrass to have him identify potions and poisons.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## editorial

### THE DARK OF GRAZ'ZT'S COURTSHIP

by Daemon Chaas & The Friendly Fiend

BY NOW, chant has spread to the far corners of the Multiverse that Graz'zt is seeking a Union with a powerful Tanar'ri. The headline article of this issue



gives the chant on the three potential candidates. However, the article does not reveal just why the most powerful Lord in the Abyss would seek such a marriage. It seems counter-intuitive for a Tanar'ri to share power in any way. In order to solve this puzzle, I went down to the kip in the Lower Ward known as the "Friendly Fiend" to have a chat with my good friend A'kin. A'kin is the Arcanoloath owner of the kip, and is a reputable sage of fiendish lore.

After serving me a steaming cup of Arborean green tea, A'kin told me there could only be one reason for the great Lord to wed: the reward of a fabulous Dowry. "Graz'zt, like all Abyssal lords, is only interested in power," said the friendly fiend. "I can only conclude that he believes such an alliance will net him something quite marvellous that he could not gain in any other way. Or at least not as quickly; Tanar'ri are not known for their patience."

I asked Akin what kind of treasure might be worth the power sharing that might come along with a such a union? "Whatever it is," Akin assured me, "the prize will certainly bring him more power than he has to give away to the Bride. And he will have to give her power, make no mistake about that. I suspect that the prize might be enough to allow Graz'zt the opportunity to scrag another layer. Each of these [\*ahem\*] lovely ladies is a major high-up loaded with jink and power. And the one who comes up with the best offer will get the hand of his Lordship. What Tanar'ri would not kill all comers for such a proposal?"

But what exactly might these ladies have to offer? "Well," continued A'kin, "I suppose that Red Shroud might be able to offer the most important burg in the plane: Broken Reach. All the planewalkers and their jink march through there first, and it might be the ticket to owning the whole layer. Blackscale might be able to offer a legion of Blood War veterans, and Tashara a whole horde of undead. But really, they might have many more things to offer that one could only wildly guess at. More tea?"

So there you have it dear readers. A plane-shaking cat fight for the Lord of the Triple Realm's hand. The bookies down at Fortune's Wheel are going to be working overtime placing bets for this one. Remember bloods, you can't get dark like this anywhere but S.I.G.I.S.!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



# MERCYKILLER LYNCHED BY HIVE MOB

by *Blondie Blutheim*

SIGIL (Hive Ward) -- In a new heightening of faction tensions this week, a Mercykiller who entered the Hive to scrag a jail-breaker was lynched and burned by a violent mob.

Veelik Noshbrothot had been commissioned personally by Factol Nilesia to recapture the escaped gangster Queeger Benn. Benn was being transferred from the courts to the prison, when he escaped, killing two of his guards. Benn had been convicted for extortion, murder and encouraging others to worship the Lady of Pain. When Noshbrothot entered the Hive, where Benn was reported to be hiding, his presence was quickly announced by numerous street-rats, and within half an hour he had been dragged through the streets and hanged by an angry mob of locals from a tavern-sign in the heart of the Hive. An eyewitness told S.I.G.I.S. that, as the Mercykiller appeared to be dying, his still-twitching body was set on fire by rioters with torches. In the ensuing chaos, the Spitted Mule tavern was burned to the ground, although it is not believed there were any casualties as a result of the blaze.

Benn is still at large, and it is believed he may have fled the city. The Harmonium and the Mercykillers have launched a joint investigation into the murder.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## Letters



### LET'S SET THE CHANT STRAIGHT

In a recent S.I.G.I.S. (Last issue: "GITHZERA! GIVES HARDHEADS THE LAUGH, AGAIN!" -Ed.) it was reported that one Moff Neaxalder (aka. Neax) had given "the Hardheads the laugh". As a response to this obvious Anarchist screed and in the

# POTATO BOSS RUNS AMOK IN THE LADY'S WARD

by *Eclipse Dabusmind*

HEARD THE dark, cutters? The Potato King of Sigil is acting up again. This Xaositect boss was first spotted in the Hive, mucking about and causing no end of nuisance. After a couple of poorly chosen wishes, the sod got himself a bottomless bag of potatoes. Now he and the chaosmen who follow him go around spreading potatoes around the Cage. Some of these potatoes get eaten by the critters of the Cage, and others end up in soup, but most of them just lie to rot among the razorvine. His latest spree through the Lady's ward littered the streets with spuds like cobblestones.

The Hardheads have been after him, but it seems the Sinkers are protecting his chaotic efforts because it stirs up the Cage. One of his followers was caught yesterday and taken in for questioning. This particular sod was running about tying potatoes to the back of cats and dogs in the Cage. He tried to tie one onto an innocent looking dog who was actually a shape-shifted wizard. The wizard reported him to a local Hardhead, who scragged the berk. His fate is unknown at present. The Hardheads have offered a reward of 350 gold for the arrest of the Potato King.

[Author: [Sable](#)]

### PUBLIC NOTICE FROM GUVNERS TO SIGIS

*[A Faction of Order tells SIGIS how to run itself once again! -Ed.]*

*Let it be known hereafter that the Sigil's Independent Global Information System -*

Primes alike, it is important that this libelous chant be barred. In a peaceful, harmonious way, I shall endeavour to spill the dark on this "well-lanned cutter", so that others will be able to avoid any danger. To wit:

1) These are the current charges against Moff Neaxalder [case #119-65a/4]:

- Possession of Illegal Property with Intent to Disseminate (Factol's Manifesto: see case #119-65b/1 "Birthday Gift")
- Resisting Arrest (twice)
- Receiving Stolen Property
- Assault on an Officer with Intent to Harm
- False Representation and Identification
- Attempted Murder
- Murder (two accounts)
- Association with Known Felons
- Endangering Public Safety
- Evasion of Justice (Mercykiller case filed and pending)

Heroic, eh?

2) The families of the two loyal and unfortunate Notaries who were put in the dead-book by this felon are paying now for his "heroic deeds", are they not? Funeral arrangements in Arcadia have been made and the Harmonium is accepting donations for their orphaned children. A reward of 1000 jinx has been tendered by the Factions of Law for any chant leading to the scragging of this "hero". A warning: do not attempt to apprehend this cutter alone, as he has shown in the past no regard for the lives of others or their safety.

3) Investigation into the dark of this culler Godsmen, Steuban Tuekston, has revealed that no such persona exists within the Great Foundry records or in the City Courts. What sort of culler poses chant with a pseudonym and expects others to act on it? An **Independent** culler, alright, who obviously can go stag on a faction faster than a modron'll go barmy in Limbo.

If S.I.G.I.S. wishes to remain harmonious with the peace-loving factions of the Cage, you'd best check your chant for accuracy in

*otherwise known as S.I.G.I.S. - public forum article, denoted in title as "Faction Reaction," has been found in conflict with the Rule of Public Discourse as discovered and practiced by the Fraternity of Order - specifically in regards to Rule of Standards of Public Notice and Print concerning the issue of the Sowing of Public Dissent. The Rule of Standards of Public Notice and Print state clearly that no public forum, or semblance of, shall incite public discord, based on, or concerning, questions arising from unwarranted or unfounded allegations, where the questions in question are capable of insinuating wrongdoing, or suggesting lack of substance of the function or meaning of a lawfully chartered and publicly established faction existing in the city denoted as Sigil to its current populous.*

-- Paragraph 1, Section A, Article I, Volume I of the Establishment of New Public Protocol Concerning S.I.G.I.S. and Faction Involvement Therein, Factol Hashkar.

DEAR Readers, fellow Seekers of Knowledge, and Lawful Public:

A new rule concerning the correct, that is to say morally lawful and fair, content of print and expression of thought has come to light. After the meriting efforts of our previous Public Information Bureau Chief, Hartin Meideggar - otherwise known as the Fraternity's 'Faction Reactor'- has discovered that the format of the Faction Reaction Article of the S.I.G.I.S. is both morally unhealthy and degrading to the Public Trust. As a result of his research, we formally request the editors of S.I.G.I.S. to change the format of the article to reflect our faction's Rule of Public Discourse, so that the public will be led by lawful knowledge and not led to civil unrest by chaos-spawning provoking questions.

In regards to the numerous inquiries of Bureau Chief Meideggar's mental health, we are happy to report he is in stable condition at the Gatehouse. The Bureau Chief's confrontation with the Faction Reaction's unlawful format reminds us the constant sacrifice by our Fraternity's members to maintain Order in our fair City.

the future.

In Harmonious Service to Law

Signed, *Measure 4 Stalkrim of the Harmonium*

[Author: [Pillthroat](#)]



SIRS of S.I.G.I.S.,

I am offended that after several months of a good relationship between my faction and your newsrag, you resort to rumour about the Doomguard instead of coming directly to me as you have so often in the past. I could easily have told you that Lady Pentar has indeed left the Cage on faction business. She has gone to the Inner Planes to attend a regular meeting of the Doomlords.

As a gentleman of Sigil, I would ask that you ask myself regarding the state of my faction rather than listening to chant off the street. Especially if you're stooping to asking the Sensates.

I hope that our relationship will continue along its flawless path as it has until this point.

Yours in Entropy,

Signed, *Sir Twist*

[Author: [David Byrne](#)]



*advertisement*

## **GANYMEDE**

The Sigilian City Opera continues its season of operas by Petrino Rhabando with this popular work about the Olympian pantheon. This new production by Laam Thinvail combines modern style with the classic and timeless ambiance of Arborea.

*Starring:*

- Nul Val-de-Sarne (Tenor) as Zeus

May Oghma hold and preserve you.

Signed, - *Jamis, Bureau Chief of the Ad Hoc Bureau of Courts.*

[Author: [Nathan Letsinger](#)]



*[Another letter complaining about last issues article on Neaxalder - seems that Harmonium just don't like this berk very much!]*

## **REFUTATION OF STEUBAN TUEKSTON'S SCREED** *by Sergeant Stubonius*

Dear Editor -

As a strong supporter of the Harmonic Way and the loving efforts of our faction, I find it inconceivable that you would present such a biased presentation on the activities of murderers and Knights-of-the-Cross-Trade. I of course speak of your article from the last issue of your newsrag, "Independent Githzerai Gives the Hardheads the Laugh, Again." This cutter, Neaxalder (a.k.a. Moff Neaxalder, Neax and Alexander Bittzelbacht) has dead-booked three Harmonium in the last year. Tuekston attempts to avert the responsibility of Neaxalder by claiming that crime may have been done by "some Blue Slaad also named Neaxalder." The fact that both that Blue Slaad in last year's lawful raid in the Hive and the githzerai from Tuekston's article both transformed into Black Puddings is enough for my brain-box to put it together, just as Measure Four Stalkrim states in his official report and retort in this very issue.

And as for Tuekston's assertion that Measure Four Stalkrim admiring this addle-coved spellslinger, it is pure screed. I've heard the good Measure speak on this disturbing situation and he has nothing positive (nor even neutral) to say about this murderer of fathers and sons. It's bashers like Neaxalder that makes the Cage (except for the Lady's Ward, of course) unsafe for the good Citizens of the Multiverse who wish to know that Justice and the Rule of Law make every cutter, basher, barmy and berk, safe. Biased screed, such as presented last issue,

Ganymede

- Minette Sheaffer (Contralto) as Hera
- Tomas Kamilevic (Tenor) as Eros
- Amartina Petronella (Soprano) as Aphrodite

*and Introducing:*

- Albrecht Weltschlange (Bass) as Prince Maramus

At the Circus Operum, Clerk's Ward, every four days at 6 AP for five weeks. Tickets 2 jinx.

Lathander and Tyche is still running, and performances of Ganymede will take place two days after performances of Lathander and Tyche.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

encourages those who are "rough around the edges" to deny the potential of the Universal Harmony that the Lady has called on us to enforce. Factol Sarin has placed a reward of 1000 yellow jink on this Transcendent Convert. Citizens of the Cage, let's work together to get this githzerai off the streets of the Cage and into the Prison where our good friends, the Mercykillers, may apply the Justice he deserves, after a fair Guvner trial, of course.

Print all the Chant, Not Just Half-Screeds.  
*Signed, Measure One, Sergeant Stubonius*

[Author: [Dana Winston](#)]

### ***Update on the Harmonium/Neaxalder story***

*We just learned that Harmonium factioneer Sergeant Stubonius was given this threatening message concerning his letter:*

'Stubonius you are busted/scragged! You had better check out the new SIGIS before you think to write for the Harmonium, berk. If you were indeed a true Measure, you would know that Stalkrim has already responded to the article in SIGIS and has issued the formal faction statement regarding this matter. Just who do you claim to work for? We'll have to start investigating you, Mr. rogue "Measure"...'

*Stubonius asked us to print this because he is afraid for his life. Does the message signal some internal conflict that goes beyond the problems with Neaxalder? Is this a signal of some deep divide in the faction over cross-trader policy and who gets credit for what? We here at SIGIS would not be surprised to find the Harmonium acting less than harmoniously once again.*

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



# streetchant

## SHATTERED TEMPLE STREAKED!

by Ainvar Aberth Menua

SIGIL (Lower Ward) -- The Lower Ward was in uproar yesterday after a rather bizarre intrusion upon the Defier's patch. Seems a barmy Chaosman - is there any other kind, we ask - took it into his head that "streaking" the Shattered Temple would be a good idea. Naturally, the berk had to go and do it shouting,

"Praise Paladine! Praise Mishakal! Glory be to the gods of good!"

By all accounts, the Xaositect was under the influence of a "haste" spell, and for quite a time the Athar were unable to lay their hands on the poor sod. When they did, mind you . . . well it doesn't bear further consideration.

What did the locals have to say about all this?

Lucius of the Athar: This was an intolerable intrusion onto our patch. These leatherheaded believers are constantly preaching their mindless, half-headed babble. I can't blame my companions for tunnel-jacking the barmy.

NI of the Xaositects: Illbay asway ay icenay ellowfay. Ay ittlelay isguidedmay, uetray, utbay lay inkthay atthay anyoneay ohway ivesgay ethay Efiersday ethay aughlay isa orthway oremay anthay ay ukedplay ickenchay. Atwhay? Ehay idn'tday ivegay emthay ethay aughlay? Elphay! Elphay! Ay ephitmay! Etgay esethay iderspay offay emay!

Tashnal, Choking Cloud, Lord of the Bleak Wastes, Mephit of Finest Dust: Yes, I was present at the display. Amusing how you petty sods find such trivial pursuits of interest . . . though I must say those bally Defiers are always good for a chuckle.



**Lucius of the Athar**

[Author: [Christopher Adams](#)]



## feature

**PLANEWALKER JOURNALS**

**HUNTER AND HUNTED**

**TANA'S RELIGIOUS REPORT**

*by Elder Tana of the Morrigan*

by Quin'tatheal "DeathStalker"

### *Dawn comes to the horizon*

I sit here looking out over the plains wondering if all that we have gone through is really worth the trouble. Then I gaze upon the troubled face of me sleeping kindred. If not for him, I would most likely be with my god, battling countless legions of undead beside him. It was 20 long years ago when myself and me kin was exiled from Evermeet for my practices of the ways of the Paladin. We had hid it for so many years before we were found out, then all was chaos as the council thought to execute me.

### *looks to the snoring dwarf and chuckles*

After the defeat of that Necromancer on the prime, we decided it best to enter her portal and seek her master. To our surprise, we ended up in Sigil. We now walk the planes in search of undead legions to vanquish. We know that at any time some lich or worse could crush us into oblivion, but it comes with the territory.

### *tiefling stirs*

Well, it would seem that the day for us has begun again. We are on our way to the Grey Waste in search of what ever awaits for us.

*Signed, Memoirs of the Bone-Crushers  
(penned by Quin'tatheal)*

[Author: [Rob Smith](#)]



**advertisement**

## **NEED SOME GUARDS?**

YE BE travelling the plains? Ye be needing guards? Well, look no further, for we of the *Silver-Swords Company* offer our services...for a price. We supply Wizard types, strong-armed Warrior types, P.T.G. (professional treasure gatherer) types, and on dem rare occasions, a Holy Warrior type.

If interested...contact *Silver-Sword's*

My name is Elder Tana and I'm a celtic Druid. Seems S.I.G.I.S. needs some people to report religious chant, and that's what I'm here to do. Here is a listing of religious happenings I'm familiar with around the Great Ring and in Sigil.

This week marks the historic reenactment of the war between the Celtic and Greek pantheons about 800 years ago. While there is still a considerable amount of friction between both groups, this is put aside for the playing mock battles. The greatest victory we Celts achieved was the Battle of Thalasia, where we took the burg for a period of 3 days in the heart of Olympus by sailing from Ossa and invading during the night. For those of you who are more of Greek bent, The Battle of the 9 Isles reenactment is for you. The superior Naval forces of the Greeks sailed from Hade's realm and blockaded Arawn's palace on Albain from the other nine Isles of Annwn for 4 days before they were defeated. While this is obviously contrived, anyone is welcome to participate and have a great amount of fun. Afterwards, a feast sponsored by Dionysus's church will be held for all participants.

This week is Multiversal Faith Week, as sponsored by Brihaspati and his church. Numerous sessions and discussions about faith will be held all about the city of Sigil (Athar need not apply). Most temples will be open extra hours, and healings prices will be lowered for non-faithful. Faith marches and walks are being sponsored by the following religions: Girru, Enlil, Brigantina, Moradin, Laduguer, Osiris, Pthah, Corellon Larethian, Eilistraee, Ukko, every gnomish and halfling god except Urdlen and Urogalan, Zeus, Athena, Maglubiyet, Gruumsh, Brihaspati, Ameratasu, Odin, Thor, Shang-Ti, and Ilsensine. Lastly, most every religion has organised peaceful (or perhaps not so peaceful) protests against the Athar near the Shattered Temple. (Also note that during this week the government has forbid protestations against established religions or gods by the Athar or other groups).

This is just a rumour, but it might bear some



Adventuring Company in da Lady's Ward.

[Author: [Rob Smith](#)]

it that Bast has discovered a way to do away with the Cat Lord who is so hurting her religion. While The Church of Cats and Pleasure has been peery about people asking questions, I managed to get some rumours out of a mid-ranking priest. He said that the discovery of a very ancient tome has revealed a sure-fire way to defeat the Cat Lord for good. That's all for now, go with faith in all your endeavours.

[Author: [G. Lopez](#)]



# the faction extraction

## FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



### MERCYKILLERS

*by Justiciar Tragus Cul*

Has your enemy escaped justice by a quick death at your hands?

True Justice knows not death. Return the remains for resurrection, trial, and punishment in full accordance with the Law. All bounties honoured.\* Remember, don't take the Law into your own hands, take them to the Red Death.

\* Disintegration and Shadowfiend gems not honoured.

[Author: [Nathan Letsinger](#)]



### XAOSITECTS

*by Quirk the Collector*

Blue mural painting week! All this week, particular to nothing in celebrate, there will be a great artistic outburst - all Cage throughout the! Provided we feel like it that day. Join in the fun, brush a building and grab and attack the nearest bucket! I'm off to the mud pits now, recipe for grues and a pit fight are a

### BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE

*by Strom the Gatemaker Goldwand (Factor of the Godsmen)*

Hello bloods! I've got the latest chant in the Cage for you all to hear. Tis great news! A couple of prime planewalkers recently arrived in the cage from a prime world known as Valdor. It seems that one of them is a priest for a local god of knowledge, Oderan. A few days before they arrived in Sigil, this priest of Oderan says that he and his fellow priests all received dreams of their god's disappearance. He says that Oderan combusted in a great cloud of godly power and rose to the heavens above until he disappeared from sight. He's not dead, they know that for sure, but the next day none of their prayers were answered.

The way I see it is that Oderan discovered the secret of the Multiverse, or at least some of it, and advanced to the next level of existence. This would explain why the priests know he isn't dead although he is no longer granting spells and seems to have disappeared. There you have it, Cagers! Proof that the Godsmen know what they're

giant in sandworms instant fun, eh heh!

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#)]

may you find yourself up another ring on the ladder next time around.

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



**BLEAK CABAL**  
*by Otum the Mad*

Well, apart from the whole roof-caving-in-and-killing-a-bunch-of-factols incident recently, the Gatehouse has been rather quiet. Sure, old Mr. Pickling (a barmy old illithid in the criminally insane ward) has been a bit more off the cuff than usual these days, but sod it, who isn't, what with all the factions at each other's bloody philosophical throats these days? Oh well, he can be barmy as he wants for all I care. Mmm. Anyhow, current events, let's see... there's the flower exhibit in the Gardens coming up soon, that's always a show, as they let some of the barmies out to have a look and enjoy the air. Should be interesting; it usually is.

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#)]

**ARCHONITES**  
*by Droni Forssen*

In a press release this week, the Archonites announce that the popular composer Tuleman Ralesil is to be the organist and director of music at the new cathedral of Saint Sophia. The announcement has added to speculation that the provision of sacred music will be high on the agenda in the construction and furnishing of the new cathedral. Ralesil, who has recently achieved great acclaim for his oratorio *\_Sophia\_* and his anthems for the institution of Archbishop Julia Spesinfracta at St. Azrael's church a few weeks ago, is thought to be working on several new projects, although he is presently living in Excelsior and was not available for comment on his new appointment or his work.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



**HARMONIUM**  
*by Ear to the Gear*

Has the Harmonium traded one Baatezu-lover for another? The appointment of the outsider Catrina de la Coeur as Chief Interrogatrix Diabolus (C.I.D), a Mover Four position, led to insinuations that the Harmonium will be pursuing "business as usual". The position of CID has recently been opened after the disappearance of Mover Five Durkayle and many other Harmonium officers.\*

CID de la Coeur was seen recently at the Rule of Fours celebratory gala\* in the Fire room with a bunch of her cronies next to the table of Ambassador Zimimar of the Dark Eight. The chant is that the CID raised an expensive pint of flaming Torch ale and proposed a toast to the Ambassador's good health!

**FRATERNITY OF ORDER**  
*by Rujana, Marut Servant of the Bureau of Pubic Information*

Investigation of Unidentified Appearing Object code H-18 (UAO H-18), otherwise popularly known as the "Acheron Cube" continues. All Citizens with information concerning this incident, or the whereabouts of missing Mathematician Par Vectum Hexadecimal, last seen in the Gatehouse, are to direct their statements immediately to Bureau Chief Jamis in the City Court.

Bureau Chief Jamis reports that if you wish to avoid long processing times at the Public Courts, please have all forms and scripts in order. Disputes involving animal mounts or livestock do not require the animals in question to be present. Those bringing animals into the courts will be stiffly fined for the removal of any soiling refuses.

[Author: Kina Thackray]



## stop press

### BROKEN REACH UNDER SEIGE

by Maija Intwood

ABYSS (Plain of Infinite Portals) -- The defensive forces of Broken Reach reportedly came under the biggest siege since the infamous Assault of Furcas (now a member of the Dark Eight) 673 cycles ago. But this time the invasion did not come from Baator. Instead, just as our culler Daemon Chaas predicted (see Headline Article, page 1) the burg is being assaulted by mobs of maddened Tanar'ri. Apparently, chant leaked about the potential "Union" of the burg's high-up, the succubus Red Shroud, to the Abyssal Lord Graz'zt. Suddenly, all sorts of fiends went barmy and started to swarm up from all layers of the Abyss, and converged upon the town.

One planewalker visiting Broken Reach from Plague Mort looking for a specific magical item said he first lanned the chant from fiends in the "Gutless Grill" tavern. Tefel, a tiefling mage-warrior, said the chant barely left the lips of a nearby babau Tanar'ri, when absolute chaos broke out. "I was just about to nail a deal for this excellent Abyssal long sword," reported Tefel, "when the fiend just started screaming 'Red's shacking up with Graz'zt! Graz'zt is coming!' Of course this started a vicious brawl which I avoided with a Sphere of Force under a table. Just as it got really vicious, a Nalfeshnee burst in and dead-booked the babau. I think it was Ygrax Skullbiter, Red's right hand fiend. He came in with a bunch of Herzou who quickly ended the brawl in a most impressive fashion. Then the Herzou started rounding up berks to fight, saying 'Mithrengo\* is attacking - let's get the sods!' which seemed to excite the fiends."



At this point, Tefel decided to slip the blinds on Ygrax fearing he'd be recruited to defend the burg, and his notion wasn't too far off. "As I left the pub, I saw the fiends rounding up all the planewalkers in the burg and sending them to the walls to fight. Most planewalkers who come to the Abyss are pretty well prepared for trouble, so this was a smart decision by Red. They also tend to fight in a more organised and effective fashion than the fiends with lots of magic. I knew I was next, so I teleported to the Plague Mort gate which was a very good thing, because right after I slipped out, Red ordered the Gate sealed, probably to keep the planewalkers in. I had to bribe my way out with all the jink I had - who cares for jink if you're in the dead-book, right?"

Since the gate was sealed, no more information has been coming directly out from Broken Reach. In other Abyssal news, it seems that portals to the Triple Realm have been sealed by Graz'zt, perhaps because of the same chant-leak. The Abyss is always in turmoil, but sages say this may herald a whole new era of chaos in the Lower Planes.

\*Mithrengo is another burg on the layer, not far from Broken Reach.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## DEMONWING

by *Sconion*

MY NAME is Sconion, Alu-fiend sorceress who in on the team of reporters with Koshtrimâyamal. I have been sent on a mission to find the ship **Demonwing**, and report of its recent whereabouts. After a sighting in Baator, the ship disappeared and reappeared on the River Styx in Khalas, the first layer of Gehenna. The boat was said to be giving passage to anywhere for anyone, for a fee. The Demonwing has the ability to go anywhere in the known Multiverse, and perhaps beyond. The Abyssal lord Demogorgon was said to have contracted a well-known tanar'ri shipwright named Reyniss to make the ship. Reyniss has since disappeared from sight, but rumour has it that the ship is made of an entire layer of the Abyss. Although the ship doesn't have a crew, the ship is now without a owner. Major players in the lower planes have made moves to find and control the ship, but all spells and other methods come up short. Demogorgon has refused to comment on the ship, or how he lost control. *[Like we could get a hold of him anyway! Sometimes the cullers are a little overly ambitious. -Ed.]* Anyone with information please contact S.I.G.I.S. as soon as possible. A reward of 100 gp is offered for information leading to the finding of the ship.

[Author: [T](#)]



## PLEASURE PALACE (PANTY?) RAID

AS WE WENT to press, it was reported that Mistress Daratzia's Hall of Pleasure, a nightclub and brothel in the Rue des Vetement en Cuir, near to the Festhall, had



## CHAOS ON ELYSIUM

by *Serafine d' Lache*

ELYSIUM (near Tradegate) - Unconfirmed reports have reached the SIGIS offices that a small horde of slaad invaded Elysium, near Tradegate. Chant on the planes is that some unexplainable planar effect dumped about 200 of the frog fiends into a platoon of guardinals. Though details on the incident are sketchy, it is believed that at least one Sigilian merchant caravan was involved in the altercation that ensued.

The Planar Trade Consortium was quick to deny that the caravan belonged to their operations, stating that "there are so many independents these days. More the reason for a strengthening of planar trade regulations."

[Author: [Paul Wolfe](#)]



## HARMONIUM ISSUE VAGUE DESCRIPTION OF CIPHER KILLER

IN AN unusually abrupt announcement, the Hamronium have issued what can only be described as a pathetically vague description of the killer of Ciphers, who is at the time of press still at large in the Cage. The eye-witness descriptions, so inadequate they could have been gleaned from a *speak with dead* spell, describe the attacker as "human-like, of average height and build, wearing nondescript clothing, and with no special distinguishing features". A stunned gaggle of cullers heard this announcement and were too

been raided by the Harmonium. Although the precise details are at this stage unclear, it seems that the establishment was the front for some kind of slaving cartel. However, Sensates in the place said the Harmonium were just looking for a thrill. We'll have the full dark of this story next week.

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

Hardheads involved in the investigation had made themselves scarce. On later grilling, Mover Three Malkalotl admitted that magic and psionic detection had been used to determine the description, a practice which has led in the past to suspects escaping from trial on technical grounds. However, given that the killer is more likely to be killed by a falling rock than get caught given that description, the Harmonium appear to be making a rather poor pretence of doing their jobs, in this cullers humble opinion.

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



***Callers and artists wanted for SIGIS  
applicants must be literate and on the case***  
[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)



[Consult the Mimir Again](#)





## 26. Second Week of The Pivot

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# exclusive

## ATHAR TRIAL SPLITS FACTION

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



newsbriefs





## GOD OF WAR TARGETS PEACEFUL ELVES

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [John Kyle](#)]



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

by fiendish correspondent Bur'loth Ja-Kar

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

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

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



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

[Author: Jon Winter]

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



## UMPLEBY CONVENIENTLY DISRUPTS COUNCIL VOTE ON WEAPON TAXATION

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

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

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



**The Umpleby, mid-electrocution**

[Author: Jon Winter]

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



## TRIPLE REALM SEALED

*by Maija Intwood*

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

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

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

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



**Mounted Fiendish  
Fighter  
at Broken Reach**

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]

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

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

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



## **RIBCAGE BROKEN?**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [John Kyle](#)]

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



## GUVNERS LIKE IT DEAD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]

*advertisement*

## ON YOUR MARK CUTTERS!

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

[Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)]

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



## feature

### PAGES FROM THE MAZES

*Author Unknown*

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

#### *Mimir Transcript*

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

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



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



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

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

*[End of recording.]*

[Author: David Fontana]

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

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

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



## feature

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

*by Tellus Ambrose*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [Adam Reeve](#)]



## editorial

### TANA'S RELIGIOUS REPORT

*by Old Tanaburs*

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [Greg Lopez](#)]



## Letters



### TRULY SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

*Good Editors of SIGIS:*

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

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

### NEW SHOP OPENING IN THE HIVE

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

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

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

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



## STOP THE POTATOES

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

*Signed, Lysa Feldwater*

[Author: [sable](#)]



# streetchant

## "THREE DOT" NEWS FROM THE GREAT RING

*by Streebo*

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

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

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

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

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

Rolling Mausoleum



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

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

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

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



## OUTLANDS STREETCHANT

*by Louis Forget (Louie Forjhay)*

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

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

"I want you to go to the old Myrlockovian

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## feature

### TALES OF THE STALKER

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

#### THE BEATINGS

*by Thomas Stalker*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [Richard Gant](#)]



## the faction extraction

## FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



### ATHAR

by Skeg, a Soapbox Preacher

*[Overheard at outside Fortune's Wheel]*

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

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#) ]



### BLEAK CABAL

by Otum the Mad

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

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

[Author: [Tom Bubul](#)]

### HARMONIUM

by Daemon Chaas

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

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

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

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE HALL OF RECORDS

## BELIEVERS OF THE SOURCE

by Strom the Gatemaker Goldwand (Factor of



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

We apologise for the inconvenience.

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



## **DOOMGUARD**

*by Sco'rut Morthus, Culler*

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

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

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

S: Is this an official faction activity?

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

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

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

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

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

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



## **DUSTMEN**

*by Jyde*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [David Byrne](#)]



## stop press

### HINTERBANDIT WANTED BY HARMONIUM

*by Twilight, culler in Sigil*

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



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

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

[Author: [Gary Dawkin](#)]

### GNOME BOMBER TRIAL STARTS, CLOSED TO PUBLIC

*by Terrich Swainwrith, independent culler*

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

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

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



### **The Wanted Wanderer**

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

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

[Author: [Sable](#)]



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

*by Blondie Blutheim*

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

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

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

[Author: [Paul Wolfe](#)]



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

*by CrazyEddie*

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

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

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

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



## SIEGE MENTALITY GROWS IN HIVE

by *Blondie Bluthheim*

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

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]

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

[Author: [Cliff Brannon](#)]



## CLARION MISSING

by *Blondie Bluthheim*

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

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

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

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

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

[Author: [Alex Roberts](#)]



**Callers and artists wanted for SIGIS**  
**applicants must be literate and on the case**  
[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)



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## 27. Third Week of The Pivot

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# exclusive

## INTERVIEW WITH NEW *INTEROGATRIX DIABOLUS*

by *Daemon Chaas, culler*

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- Once again SIGIS has managed to give you another top shelf exclusive interview with one of the Cage's movers and shakers. I finally managed to track down the new head of the Harmonium's Diabolus Division, Mover Four Catrina de la Coeur. The Diabolus Division is one of the most important and challenging wings of the Harmonium: they are in charge of investigating and counteracting fiendish activity around the Multiverse. Because of their work, many in the Division, including their last high-up Wermak Durkayle, have succumbed to fiend machinations, which is probably why the Harmonium have hired an outsider this time.

You might recall from the Harmonium Faction Extraction last issue that I tried, unsuccessfully, to obtain an interview with the Mover at her "Tower of the Claw". Instead I arrived to find her apparently on her way out of town. After what happened to her predecessor, I assumed that she might have also been fleeing the Cage, but I appear to have misunderstood the situation. After a short while I was finally able to track her down, and this is what she had to say.



\*\*\*\*\*

**SIGIS:** Apparently, I was wrong about you abandoning your post in the Cage. I apologise for jumping to such a hasty conclusion based on so little evidence. Of course, after what happened to your predecessor, it is natural that I might jump to such a conclusion. Would you be willing to tell the readers where you did leave off to and why you went unaccompanied by the typical retinue of Harmonium?

**Catrina de la Coeur:** Yes, you were definitely mistaken. I was simply on a shopping trip to the market ward for some fresh ingredients. The Bronze Fisherman has a stock of the finest sepia ink that Arborea can offer. And as for my companion, he provides more than adequate personal protection.

**S:** Could you tell us how you, a Prime, became such an important figure in the Harmonium? Apparently you did so by moving directly into the position and not by ascending through the ranks, correct?

**CC:** Well...as I recall, I first made Toni's [Mover Five Tonat Shar's] acquaintance prior to the Ascension of Fortitude a few cycles back. My colleague, Keeli of the Clan Ironstar\* and I were instrumental in untangling some difficulties that arose during the Ascension. And to answer the second question, yes you are correct - I have never held any official position in the Harmonium.

**S:** Where did you get your, presumably, vast knowledge of fiend lore that allowed you to qualify for the position of Chief Interogatrix Diabolus [Chief Investigator of fiendish activities] for the Harmonium?

**CC:** I have spent many years travelling the outer planes and making many interesting acquaintances. Why, I still remember, with appreciation, the hospitality shown to me by Plague Mort's Arch Lector Byrri Yarmoril. I also have access to many sources on fiend lore and politics provided by Tenemus Al Karak, the Head Librarian of the Fraternity of Order's private collection. And, speaking of libraries, I have also gained valuable new insights into fiendish society while visiting the Archduke Dispater's extensive library. My tours of some infamous Blood War battlefields, such as the Field of Nettles [on the Grey Waste] didn't hurt either.

**S:** Lots of Cagers have been heard muttering that a Prime shouldn't have been put in such a position of power in the Harmonium. How would you respond to these critics? Are you worried that the typical bias against primes in the Cage will be an impediment to your job?

**CC:** Not at all. I don't believe being born a Prime will hinder my job performance. I would remind these critics that Factol Rowan Darkwood and my current Factol Sarin are also Primes.

**S:** Can you tell us about the "toast" you made with Sigil's Ambassador for the Baatezu? It was reported that you made a toast to the health of the Ambassador over at the Rule of Fours [Ed. Note: see issue 25, the Harmonium section of the Faction Extraction]?

**CC:** Indeed I did! I wished her Excellency a 'long and prosperous existence'. There is a Prime saying that the enemy you know is better than the enemy you don't. See? You can learn something from us Primes after all...

**S:** Can you tell us any information about what exactly happened to your predecessor, Wermak Durkayle? Why did he betray the faction and for whom? Is he indeed in the dead-book?

**CC:** Former Mover Four Wermak Durkayle had been subverted long ago to the Baatezu cause. One of my esteemed Mercykiller colleagues, a Justiciar in fact, exacted final justice on the sod down near Ribcage.

**S:** Are you at all worried that the corruptive influence that affected Durkayle will affect you as well?

**CC:** No. Let me state clearly that my loyalty to the Harmonium is unwavering. My superiors do not have to fear any betrayal on my part, and I believe that was why they were so quick to bring me on board as a replacement. My actions have always spoken louder than mere words.

**S:** From talking to you, I sense that there is something personal in this new job of yours. Am I right about this hunch? Have you been directly affected by the activities of fiends in some way that you would care to talk about?

**CC:** Coming from a Prime world, I have been distinctly aware of the meddling of fiends into mortal affairs for a long time now. I believe that this interference needs to be dealt with much like a gardener might deal with pests that inhibit the development of a beautiful rose.

**S:** In what direction would you like to see the Harmonium move in the future, and the Diabolus Division in particular?

**CC:** Order and harmony provides a necessary bulwark against the insidious plague of the lower planes. As the Chief of the Diabolus Division, I am committed to providing the intelligence the Harmonium needs to combat this pestilence.

\*Clan Ironstar is a Dwarven Clan on the Prime sphere of Toril.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



## newsbriefs

### MURDER AT ATHAR TRIAL

*by Vido Togarini, Political Culler*

**Sigil (Lower Ward)** -- This morning, after a week-long suspension, the Athar held the second sitting of the trial of Factor Flogisto. Flogisto is a high-up factioneer that has been charged with treason. After the tumult raised last week, this time the main terrace of the Temple was practically deserted. Only the highest ranked factioneers were present, along with eyewitnesses and a group of cullers. The session began with Factor Terrance restating the charge of treason and the evidence against Flogisto. The elf was repeatedly seen at the Godslayers' fortress in the Astral, an act of high treason for an Athar. The Godslayers are a radical splinter group of the Athar who take an active approach to reducing the powers. They think the powers should be destroyed, and this militant attitude got them kicked out of the Athar long ago.

To begin the session, Factor Terrance asked Factor Flogisto whether he wished to defend himself from the prosecutor's accusations, or if he admitted guilt. The elf stood up and silently smiled, looking confident and very self-assured. "As many of you realise by now, I am what Cagers call a mindnick -- a psionicist", said Flogisto. "I can touch your feelings, I can read your thoughts, and I can play with your brains like a child plays with a mudball." At this point an indignant murmur arose; was Flogisto threatening the assembly?. " Therefore, it is clear that I might solve this trial without any difficulty, just by convincing your subconscious minds that I'm not guilty. Which is true. But I will not do this because there is simply no need for it. Despite the evidence put forth by the prosecution, this trial doesn't question my fealty to the Athar cause. Factor Gadlik Tress and his allies are simply frightened by my remarkably quick ascension in the Faction's hierarchy. I see this trial only as an occasion for the faction to put my intentions to the test and realise my importance to the future of the...." Suddenly, Flogisto's speech was interrupted by Caylean, a popular guide in the Shattered Temple who ran into the Terrace



pale and covered with sweat.

"Factor Tobias Gnoas' assistant has been killed, my Factol!" He declared nervously. "Just a few hours ago, in the Astral Citadel, Garla Fistian was murdered." Factol Terrance darkened. "Do we have any clue about the killer?" he asked. "More than that, my Factol. We seized him while he tried to escape. He's Meb'Zkias, a bladeling thief, one of Factor Flogisto's subordinates."

At this point, Factor Tress jumped up and shout angrily, "He has sent his hound to kill one of our factioneers. What other proof do we need to declare him a traitor?" Factol Terrance was evidently confused. "Factor Flogisto, what do you have to say in your defence?" asked the Factol.

"My Factol, I can assure you that I didn't even suspected that Meb'Zkias was about to accomplish such a horrible act", replied Flogisto. "After all, at the beginning of this trial I was suspended from all my tasks; therefore I haven't seen any of my fellow factioneers since then. How could I speak to the bladeling? And why would I have wanted Garla Fistian's death? I didn't even know her!"

"Don't trust him, my Factol!", shouted Factor Tress. "He is lying! He has already admitted that he's a mindnick, and they can send thoughts wherever they wish!"

"No, my Factol, I do not lie", countered Flogisto. "Unfortunately I may know who is the real instigator. I fear that it is my personal assistant, Syra Taknach. During my suspension, she has been in charge of my affairs. Meb'Zkias is currently working for her", explained Factor Flogisto calmly.

"He may be telling the truth", said Factor Deiana, one of Terrance's most devoted friends and head of the clergy of the Great Unknown. "I spied Syra speaking with Fraz Madlain, just a few days before we discovered he was a Godslayer spy. At that time I didn't suspected Syra of anything, but after the latest events I may wonder if Factor Flogisto isn't correct."

Factol Terrance remained silent and thoughtful for a long while trying to absorb the news. Then he told his subordinates, "Call the Harmonium. We'll hand Syra and Meb'Zkias over to them. We may prosecute Flogisto for internal security reasons, but murder is a crime and it's their concern".

Although Syra Taknach was quickly arrested and brought to the Barracks for questioning, Flogisto has not been discharged, and the charges of treason still stand. He is still suspected of treason, and during the next sitting, Factor Gadlik Tress will try to establish Flogisto's forbidden relationship with the Godslayers.

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



## SERIAL MURDERS SHOCK POPULACE OF AMORIA

*by Garth T'artan, aasimar Indep*



**Elysium (Amoria)** -- For the past several weeks, Amoria, the first layer of Elysium, has been plagued by a series of horrible murders. The victims, nine so far, were all residents of the Plane of Perfect Rest. Public reaction to these crimes has been one of fear and disbelief. "It's horrible," stated one resident, who wished to remain anonymous. "I moved to Elysium to escape this kind of thing. I haven't been afraid while living here until now. I am afraid for my wife and my children. Who could do such a thing?"

This sentiment is echoed by the Guardians who have organised



a team to investigate the murders. The investigators' spokesman, Ayala Swifteye (see sketch), had this to say: "Elysium is the essence of peace, kindness, tranquility. The culprit has not only taken loved ones from our brothers and sisters, but these ideals as well. He will be found, and he will be brought to justice."

When pressed for details about the crimes, however, the bariaur spellslinger remained tight-lipped. "I would prefer not to discuss such matters at this time for two reasons: first, out of a basic respect for the feelings of the victims' families and friends. Second, for fear that if the intimate details of the

crimes are revealed to the public this might hinder our investigation."

When asked about the nature of the murderer, Ayala responded passionately. "It would take an incredibly depraved person, in my opinion, to do something so heinous. Also, considering the unique travel conditions of the plane, the perpetrator must be an incredibly convincing actor to pull off enough good deeds to get from victim to victim and to avoid notice for nearly a month."

Ayala concluded the interview with this statement:

"I want the people of Amoria to know they are not alone. We are doing everything we can to prevent any more deaths. We will soon be joined in our search by Krodescus, an ursinal scholar, whose insight we believe will be a tremendous aid in the investigation. However, we do not want to become a band of vigilantes or a band of jackbooted law enforcers, nor do we encourage such behaviour among the populace. Have faith in the power of Goodness, and all will be made right."

S.I.G.I.S. will keep readers posted on new events in this case when they arise.

[Author: [Matt "King Snarf" Maybray](#)]



## DEADLY PLAGUE STRIKES HOPELESS, FEAR OF SPREADING

*by Laxuli Phae, Outlands Culler*

**Hopeless (Outlands)** -- The miserable burg of Hopeless, gate-town to the Gray Waste, suffered another blight this week when news spread of a deadly plague sweeping the city. According to reports coming out of the place, up to three dozen victims have been claimed already, and more are falling ill by the day. The disease is all the more worrying because, according to rumour, it is incurable by even priestly magic.

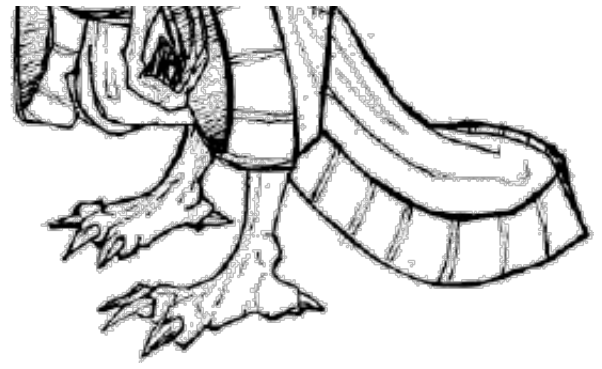
Typically, the ruling council of Hopeless (if they can be given such a title) are doing little or nothing about the problem. I interviewed Grynn, an outcast abishai merchant who I met on the outskirts of Hopeless as he fled the burg...

"The burg's divided", the fiend told me. "On the one claw there's the residents of Hopeless, who seem resigned to the plague and aren't doing anything about it. On the other claw there's visitors like myself, and we're leaving that godsforsaken place as fast as our wings can carry us! I mean, it's not to say



I'm a coward, but by the Abyss, they're dropping like flies in there."

Apparently, it seems the visitors to the burg have been hardest hit by the plague. Reports show that many travelling merchants and planewalkers have fled the burg this week. Most of them died before escaping the barren wastes around Hopeless, but residents of Torch and Curst fear an influx of diseased refugees. At the same time, however, few Hopeless locals seem to have been afflicted. Presumably they are used to such illnesses and less easily affected.



Not wishing to enter the burg myself, I instead travelled to Torch to get the local reaction. It appeared no refugees had actually made it as far as the gate-town to Gehenna, though it was not hard to guess why. "If any plague-bearers come near our burg," wheezed Sherrif Triskn of Torch, "we'll crossbow the bleeders in the marshes before they get anywhere near us. Sodding disease-ridden scum. Should know better than come looking for charity in Torch".

There were no officers of the law available for comment in Curst. To be honest, I don't think they *have* any that would have made sense anyway...

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



## FACTOL ERIN "SNUBBED" BY NEW STATUE

by [Kilhans](#), Arts Culler

**Sigil (Clerks Ward)** -- Controversy was courted yesterday when a new statue commissioned by the Society of Sensation was unveiled, commemorating the Factols who had contributed most to understanding of the senses and the faction's well-being. That was the press release before the unveiling, anyway. At the official ceremony, however, jaws dropped when the piece was revealed for the first time, because the current Factol, Erin Montgomery, was absent from the piece (pictured below). A few muffled "boo"s were heard from an otherwise aghast crowd of Sensates, who were quickly ushered back to their business by red-faced Society factors.

I spoke to my good friends [Troika](#), all three of whom were present at the unveiling. "I don't understand!" they exclaimed. "I ordered the piece from Turgar myself, and specifically requested a statue of the most spectacular factols of the Sensates. I can't believe Erin wasn't included".

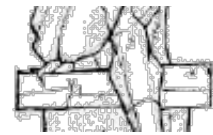
"Did you not specify which factols you wanted engraved?" I asked.

"No! Turgar is as good a Sensate as any of us, and he's seen 'em all," replied Troika.

The dwarf Turgar, master artisan of the [Sculptors Guild](#) and not known for giving interviews, is in fact another close friend of mine, and I spoke a few rare words to him later about the mix-up. "Why was Erin not included in the piece?" I asked.



"Hrumph! Because she's not special!" muttered the dwarf.  
"Listen Kil, my cutter, when you've been here as long as I have..." [Editor: *Turgar is reportedly 490 years old*]



"...then a pretty girl in tight leather leotard don't impress you much. Troika asked for a statue of the most memorable Factols, and in my time I've seen a damn sight more inspiring than her. Now shoo, I'm busy."

Ex-factols who were included in the piece were the stone giant Shrug, who discovered the lode of diamonds under the civic festhall that has led in part to the faction's great wealth today; the great illusionist-wizard Lydar, who was the first planar to learn the spell *weird* from its gnomish inventors, triggering the faction's obsession with illusion around 300 years ago; and the writer Ethili, the first elven factol, who brought the beauty of Arborean poetry to the faction's attention.

Turgar, who was reportedly paid one hundred thousand jinx for the statue, is unrepentant. The current gossip in the faction ranks is Turgar dislikes Erin after she turned down a proposition from the dwarf only a few months ago. Factol Erin herself was unavailable for comment.

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



## feature

### SAGA OF THE DRAGON-EYED SWORD (Part 1)

[Featured on the cover]

by *Daemon Chaas, culler*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- According to Norse legend, at the root of the plane-spanning Yggdrasil tree lies a tremendous Wyrn, a dragon of immense proportions called Nidhogg. This infamous Nidhogg is a beast that dwarfs the mighty Tiamat like a Frost Giant dwarfs a cranium rat. And how should such a mighty beast spend its time? Why, by chewing endlessly and eternally at the root of the great Yggdrasil tree of course! How else could it have gotten so large? (And we aren't even going to talk about the dung.)

Although the Norse claim that the Wyrn has been chewing Yggdrasil forever, and followers of Thor will gladly bash your brain-box for suggesting otherwise, many sages have doubted this particular claim. Some, such as Mimi Fletcher (see sketch), a tiefling treasure-hunting archaeologist and member of the Fated, say that Nidhogg wasn't always a five hundred ton waste-producer. "Long before Nidhogg settled herself down on the Waste to exercise her jaws, she was a powerful force for dragonkind in the Multiverse," said Fletcher.

"She wasn't nearly as large as she is now, but she was a fierce leader of her kind as they attempted to stake their claim to the Outer Planes. Nidhogg led many successful forays into different planes and ancient [written] sources suggest that it was Nidhogg's actions that established Tiamat, Bahamut and



Chronopsis on the planes."

Like most legends of the powers and "mythical beasts", much of this tale is certain to be exaggerated or even false. However, Fletcher and other 'greybeards' say there are many little gems of truth to be found in the tales of Nidhogg, truths which reveal the dark of her existence today. One such gem is found in the *Scrolls of Merratet*, a set of ancient manuscripts that chronicle a very alternative history of Ysgard. (These scrolls are named after the Ysgardian realm of Bast, the Egyptian cat goddess, where they were discovered.)

According to the Merratet scrolls, Nidhogg did not roam the Multiverse alone. Rather, she was accompanied by her only offspring, the dragon known as Tornn. In the legends, Nidhogg and Tornn made the Greek's Hydra look like a garter snake with a multiple-personality disorder. They were so incredibly destructive that they threatened to permanently alter the shape of the entire Multiverse as the power of fear crept over the planes. Of course, this drew the immediate attention of the powers, particularly those of the Norse variety, who sent their most powerful proxies to neutralise the threat. Some texts suggest that the Norse were embarrassed that a creature from their own land, Ysgard, could escape their control and be such a nuisance. Nidhogg was too ancient and powerful to kill, but her young offspring made an obvious target. According to ancient texts, the proxy of Odin, Geirskogul (now a Valkyrie) managed to defeat the great Wyrn by landing a longbow shot with a blessed arrow through the Wyrn's eye.

Nidhogg was devastated by the death of her offspring and she abandoned her conquest as she mourned her loss. In her depression and bitterness, she fled off into the Gray Waste to live out her angst for all eternity. According to the ancient writers of this tale, Nidhogg is claiming her slow revenge on the Norse by killing off their magnificent tree inch by inch.

This is the part where we get to the sword. As a trophy, Geirskogul took out the eye of the Wyrn and escaped back to Ysgard to present it to Odin. As a token of his gratitude, Odin had the eye set in the hilt of a fabulous two-handed sword which was presented as a gift to Geirskogul. Interestingly, following the suggestion of Loki, the hilt of the sword was made from the forearm of another proxy who died in the conflict. This proxy was a follower of a Vanir Power (Odin is the father of the Aesir Powers) and they were very offended that the remains of their hero were given away by Odin instead of properly buried. Thus began the terrible feud between the Aesir and the Vanir, which continues to this day.

Because they were so appalled at this act by Odin, and because they couldn't go after Odin directly, they plotted to have Gierskogel murdered so that they might reclaim the arm of their proxy. And assassinate her they did in a most dishonourable manner, according to the Aesir that is. The result of this event, which led to a Ysgard-shaking war between the Aesir and the Vanir, was that the sword was lost, likely stolen in the chaos of the battle. (Loki was said to have a hand in both the assassination and the theft.) And until this week, the dragon-eyed sword was little more than a forgotten legend in the story of Nidhogg.

Now, many millennia after its disappearance, Mimi Fletcher and her intrepid band of treasure hunters have found the dragon-eyed sword and brought this legend back to life!

Next issue: The story of the discovery and its significance today.

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



editorial

# TALES OF THE STALKER

## XAOSITECTS

*by Thomas Stalker*

It all started with an addlecove in the Market Ward. You know the type: one of those plump housewives who thinks everything's precious. Normally, I ignore her type. I always feel like a small piece of my intelligence is lost if I listen to their bleating with any seriousness. But this time, I couldn't ignore it. "I think the Chaosmen are perfectly charming," she brayed. I stood, motionless with shock as she continued bleating. "I think they're perfectly clever, and their unpredictability makes them so cute. They're so much nicer to have around than the those overzealous Harmonium officers or those stuffy Guvners." Then I grabbed her by the collar to punctuate my points. "The Xaositects are not cute! They are not clever! They are dangerous lunatics, and the only reason they haven't been scragged and written into the dead-book is because they've managed to have just enough organisation to claim Faction status!"

Her husband moved to intervene, and I kned him in the stomach. "They are not your friends! They are not clowns! They are madmen, and they advocate that insanity be the order of the day!" I pointed at the now-terrified housewife. "If you think they're so wonderful, why don't you spend a few seconds using your bone-box for something more than a hatrack, and find out about them!" And so, my Editor Whose Name Is Not Decent Enough To Print, this explains several things. Including, obviously enough, why this article is about the Xaositects. Rearrange this piece and I'll rearrange your face.

## THE ONE-EYED STAARE

I'm writing this from a hovel across from the Xaositect "faction headquarters", a ramshackle slum with holes knocked in it for the convenience of the namers. The only thing that distinguishes it from the other slums in the area are the sheer number of complete lunatics. Dangerous, unpredictable lunatics. Men and women and less identifiable things that will kill you for any reason at all, or perhaps for no reason except for the "winds of Chaos in their brains". Sure, they're not all dangerous; but any Chaosman at all is just as likely to kill you as they are to ignore you or be pleasant. This particular hovel is home to a young woman who used to be quite attractive and pleasant to talk to. Her name is Staare, and she's 23. For a resident of the Hive, she's well educated and well informed. Once she had dreams of becoming a minstrel and escaping the Hive. Now her only dreams end with her waking up screaming. See, when she was 15, the Xaositects across the street had the "winds of chaos" blow a different direction in their brains. A baker's dozen of them came over and grabbed her and 8 year old brother to serve as entertainment for a night. In a sick sort of way, you can make a case for her having been the lucky one: she was "only" passed around as a toy, and she still has one eye, and both legs. Her brother? When she can manage to talk about it at all, she can barely mention what happened before. She gets what the Lady's Ward doctors would call an "attack of the nerves". All I know is that she heard him scream all night...

## CHARITY GAMES

This burnt-out shell (and I'd show you a picture, if my green-clenching waste of an Editor would spring for an artist and engraver for me) was once a charity house for the Ring-Giver sect. A number of the Sectarians had decided to try and improve conditions in the Hive. They claimed this building as a base of operations. Free classes were given to the residents, so they could learn the basics of a trade and try to better themselves. There was also a surgeon and an herbalist on call who would treat the illnesses and injuries that afflict the locals. Conditions in the neighbourhood had almost improved to the point that it resembled the worse sections of the Lower Ward. Then a bored Xaositect Boss started tossing rocks at the building. Because he was a Boss, other Xaositects showed up and started throwing rocks as well. When one of the Ring-Givers came out and asked them to stop, they started throwing rocks at him. Of course, the Ring-Givers couldn't count on the Harmonium for help - they never come this deep

in the Hive. So they tried to help themselves. One of the staff was a spellslinger of sorts, and he tried to put the mob to sleep. Sure enough, some of them drifted off. But the Boss didn't, and he charged the building. The rest followed, and they killed everyone in the building (I hope) before burning it down. Then they roamed around and killed and maimed some of the people in the neighbourhood, just because they could. What happened to the Boss? Well, he gained status in the eyes of the Faction. If you've spent some time in the Hive, you might even know him. Ask Mordrigarz Anthill about it sometime. He still jokes about playing "ring-toss".

## THE GREAT SURPRISE

This spot isn't even in the Hive. I've chosen it because it's more familiar to the great masses of unwashed clueless berks who infest the Cage. It's a desolate square near the Great Foundry, and it was the scene of some "excitement" at the beginning of this year. Remember the Xaositect's "Great Surprise" reported in the first few issues of SIGIS? The unstable mass of girders that the Chaosmen put up in an effort to build a "spoke across Sigil"? People laughed and joked about it, and called the Madmen "amusing" and "cute". Over 40 people were killed by the unstable structure, mostly by falling chunks of steel. Over a hundred more were injured. If a cell of the Revolutionary League had built this, the Hardheads and the Red Death would still be hunting them for mass murder and assorted acts of terrorism. But because the Xaositects did it, a group widely considered to be "cute and harmless barmies", the architects of those deaths are still free on the streets of Sigil.

No doubt, a lot of you stupid berks out there are reading this now and thinking that your Correspondant is an evil, chaos-hating bastard. You're probably already preparing your defences of the Xaositects, in which you'll claim that not all Chaosmen are like that. You'll say that some have redeeming features, that they randomly do kind things and make people laugh and smile. That's true, but it's also true that a Slaad may just play chess with you instead of carving your heart out and eating it as a snack. The Madmen are dangerous. Until you recognise this, and insist that something be done to make them abide by the same laws the rest of us have to follow, you are just as guilty as they are. I hate you all.

[Author: [Richard Gant](#)]



# Letters

## MATTADOS RANTS

*[Note from the editor: Mattados, creator of the rather bizarre "[House Of Mattados](#)" mentioned in Brix's Guide to the Cage was threatening me with a Wand of Many Things when I agreed to publish this letter. It was stained and written on a paper napkin, but I think I managed to get most of it. He is a strange man indeed!]*

Yes it is I MATTADOS! And Indeed I am alive, despite what that Infernal Brix's Guide to the Cage would Have you Believe! I wrote this to rectify several things about me, First I appreciate the thought but I DON'T LIKE having flowers sent to my family saying that they are sorry about my demise! I am ALIVE! It was hard enough to convince my family I wasn't a Lich before all this but now every time I try to visit my dear Mom I get Holy water thrown at me and that priest stars Bopping me with a Hammer! If Only I hadn't Created that Infernal House! Its Not as if I can only find it every other day and the mercenaries keep stealing my Furniture! So Just to Clarify I AM NOT DEAD! Also... Stop looking around in my house for treasure... If I catch you I will be very Angry! In Addition..

[Note from the editor: Well.. That was all I could make out... From what I could read of the remaining parts the man is going to go and look for the mephit Brix next and he began talking a lot about cheese danishes towards the end. He also asked me for a position on the newspaper, and, as he still had that wand pointed at my head, I didn't see how I could say no... In any case look forward to many more articles by Mattados in the future! I really must go now... He is waiting in the next room for the first copy of the paper and he still has that wand...]

[Author: [Mattados](#)]

## **HALL OF RECORDS, HALL OF DEATH** (The continuing saga of Dark Avail)

My name is the Merry Mimir, and I am the magical familiar to the mage known as the Dark Avail. The Dark Avail has been fighting an on going war with the Illithid, or Mind Flayers as the Clueless call them. This war is reaching a turning point, as the Illithid are now being exposed to the public by my master. He hopes this will force the Illithid's hand, and that they will make a mistake. Recently, an informant of my master's contacted him and requested him to meet him at the Hall of Records. Through the special link Dark Avail and I share, I will relate what occurs.

The night was foggy, more than most in Sigil. The fog left a wetness on everything that it touched, and combined with the red haze from the Lower Ward everything looked covered in blood. Dark Avail emerged from a shadowed alcove near the Hall of Records. The place was silent, even for Sigil. There were guards, but they ignored my master. Dark Avail walked into another shadow and came out on the roof of the Hall, and looked into a skylight. For some reason his divination spell couldn't penetrate the Hall; something or someone was protecting it from far-sight.

My master's informant, with whom he had prearranged a meeting, stood in the middle of the hall stiff as a statue. Something was wrong, and my master smelled a trap. Dark Avail took a second to make sure all of his protection spells were in place, and proceeded to move through a shadow to stand a little ways from his informant. The informant, a tiefling named Tragot, had a hood up, which was unusual for the little thief, as Tragot liked everyone to know who he was.

"Tragot, what information do you have for me?", Dark Avail asked his informant. Dark Avail waited, but there was no answer. "Tragot, I haven't got time for this! What information do you have for me? Payment will be delayed for how ever long you take to answer." Even this didn't get a stir out of the tiefling.

Dark Avail moved toward the tiefling and poked him in the back. The body fell forward on its face. Spells flashed from ever direction, hitting Dark Avail's shields and almost overwhelming them. Avail moved with practised ease and cast a new spell called Shockwave, sending out a wave of force in every direction. He was rewarded with a number of cries of pain, but the spells kept on. Avail heard the drawing of steel, and the yells of a charge coming toward him.

A wise mage once told Avail, a standing mage is a dead mage. Using an *Improved Blink* spell, Avail began to move around to get a better glimpse of what he faced. With a blink to a high corner, Avail saw that there were at least 4 mages throwing spells at him. Avail wanted to find someone in particular, the mind behind them all. Blinking again to the back corner, Avail continued looking for the Mastermind. Upon landing, he felt his blink spell disappear and saw one of the mages smiling ear to ear. Looking past the mage, Avail finally saw the mind behind it all: a hooded creature with tentacles spilling out from the darkness under the hood.

Avail cast another new spell, called *Ride the Light to Darkness*. The area was blanketed in an intense light, and when the light faded so did the Hall of Flayers...

Signed, Merry Mimir for the Dark Avail



[Author: T]

## THANKS BUT NO THANKS

SIGIS ran an advertisement recently (issue 25) "**Bored with your Mundane Life?**" concerning the Civic Feshall's Sensoria. The Society of Sensation would like to make it clear this advertisement was not sponsored by the Society itself. It is not Society policy to promote the Sensoria in such a frivolous manner, and at present, an investigation is underway to determine who paid for this advertisement to appear in SIGIS. The Society would like to make it clear the Sensoria are not a freakshow, nor a bona-fide opportunity to commit crimes. Portraying them as such in this advertisement has attracted some very unwelcome customers recently, and because of this, for the next month access to the Sensoria is strictly for Faction members only. We will review this policy in one month.

Signed on behalf of *Factol Erin*

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



# streetchant

## PAGES FROM THE MAZES

*by Anonymous*

*[Note from the Editor: Hello Favourite Readers! With the help of our favourite modron here at SIGIS, a barmy rogue named Ylem, we were able to access some hidden parts of that Mimir we found last issue. The recording of this Mimir, found abandoned in an alley, appears to relate a bashers experience inside one of the Lady's Mazes. We thought the recording had ended, but thankfully we were wrong! Ylem opened a whole new part of the skull, and there may be more to come, especially if a certain culler (not to be named) would stop dropping the sodding thing on the floor. Enjoy!]*

Pheew! That was close! For a second I thought I opened a sodding nexus to the Negative Plane. I probably have used up all of my luck this time ... usually, sticking a portable hole on a demiplane is Nature's way of saying "Get lost, you clueless". Or the Lady's way, most likely.

Let me see, where am I now? That is the most annoying part of being tossed in a Maze: you never know where you are. Not in the Center of All, anyway. That's for sure. That's the second Axiom of the Multiverse I've broken. Factol Hashkar [of the Guvners] wouldn't be happy.

I had never found Red Tavralani's joke about Mazes being the suburbs of the Planes very funny -- well, I must remember to tell him that his definition is good, after all. If I manage to get out of this sodding prison, of course. I've been here for more than a week now. If I hadn't access to my spells I'd be close to starving dead, as sure as Stygia. Nothing grows here; no animals hide in the alleyways. All I see is a model of the Cage, a dark and low-populated corner of Sigil. Very lowly populated, actually. I still haven't met anyone.

- That may be because you haven't looked very hard, berk. Many people call the Mazes "kip". You'd better get used to it too.

- Don't be silly. I won't stay here much longer. I'll soon find a way out. Who are you? Your appearance marks you as a tiefling, a spellslinger possibly. But I don't recognise the glyph you wear on your robes.

- Of course you don't, foolish prime. How could you? This symbol [glyph] was banned from the Cage long before you stepped into your first portal. It dates from before the Great Upheaval. Before our Tower was cast out of the City of Gates when the Lady realised she was scared of our power.

- Blood of giants! You're an incantifer!

- Correct, clueless. There are many of us in the Mazes. Our Tower lies here along with our knowledge. The Lady hasn't eliminated us. We're still a threat to her. Even more than in the past; we're just out of her reach -- for the moment.

- Fascinating ...

- Isn't it?

- And have you managed to find a way to leave the Mazes? I mean: if your magic is as powerful as you claim, getting out of here'd be nothing short of a joke for you.

- Don't tease me, prime. I can kill you with but one word if I wanted. You'd better understand this.

- Of course I do.

- And by the way, your ironies are completely meaningless.

- Are you trying to say that you already have managed to leave the Mazes?

- Yes. Our Factol has.

- Your Sectol, you mean. "Factol" is a title that only the leaders of the thirteen true factions may claim.

- That is a stupid statement, leatherhead. What do you know about Factols? Sacha Kryntz has been our Grand Master for the last three centuries. He holds more power, wisdom and authority than all of your Factols put together. "Sectol" is an inadequate word to describe his position as leader of the Incanterium. He definitely deserves to be called "Factol".

- Very interesting. Why are you telling me such a dark? Don't you fear that I may use this knowledge against you?

- What are you hinting at? Do you really believe I'm afraid of you, a weathered old man? You may be stout and strong, but your weapons are mere sticks against my magic.

- Yeah, right. Oh, by the way, thank you for the information. I think I'll go have a chat with your Factol Kryntz. I'd like him to lann me the secret of getting out of here.

[sounds of battle, pain cries and magic blasts]

- Stupid wizard. Your overconfidence has killed you. If only you had wondered why an "old man" like me was tossed into the Mazes, you might live yet. If I am here there must be a good reason. I am as threatening to Her Serenity as your Sect is. This is why we should have helped each other. Now all I have to do is to find the Tower of Incanterium.

[end of recording]

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



# PRIME-TIME IN THE CITY OF DOORS?

by Famir Falfacetious



**Sigil (Market Ward)** -- Three days ago, a group of prime screed-mongers commandeered the stage at the Seawind Theatre in Chirper's under the pretence of revealing some important dark about their prime world and began spewing forth barmy nonsense at a pace on par with a Chaosman changing his mind. Now it's not a surprise that primers would be able to promote their lies at Chirper's knowing the kip's history as a gathering place for prime leatherheads, but this screed would've make Loki proud.

The spokesman of the group, a one Sanjust Wipright of Toril (see sketch), told the listeners how Sigil's very existence is dependent upon the commerce and patronage of visiting primes, especially the primers from his world of Toril. As is the case with all greenies, Sanjust put his foot in his mouth when he made an outrageous claim that the Planar Trade Consortium actually had its beginnings on his homeworld, and that Estevan (high-up of the PTC) was in violation of a trade agreement with the prime's insignificant king. Unfortunately for the primes, Oryon, one of the PTC's bashers-extraordinaire happened to be in Chirper's and

didn't take kindly to those words. Well, the ogre warrior proceeded to take Sanjust and his companions outside for a little tête-à-tête.

Of course, immediately the chant began flowing, and after a Hardhead break-up of this meeting of the minds between Oryon and Whipwright's bunch, many good folk of the Cage began discussing the significance of this primer's claim. Harys Hatchis, also in the crowd and never one to let an opportunity pass by, suggested a poll be taken amongst all the major store owners in the market ward to decide the significance of prime influence in our fair city. He would happily perform this service, with the results being doled out for a small fee, of course.

Was this nothing more than the ranting of another barmy primer? Does the dark of it really matter if these Torillians can just pop into our city and cause such a ruckus with such outrageous claims? Is their business worth the trouble? This culler thinks not! Just look around and watch these primer. Are they not always the cause of long lines at Fari's Fine Foods and Ferrets, or constantly asking you sodding barmy questions, such as "Where can I find the Lady?", or perhaps just falling into the dead book right at your feet? The list of prime-tainted problems is as long as Demogorgon's arms! Are they more in the way rather than paving the way (as the Torillian suggested) to greatness for our fair Sigil? It seems no dark to me that the problem lies in the primes themselves and not Sigil as many of "them" would have you believe. However, far be it from me to make-up your sodding mind for you cutter. But until you do, keep your eyes on the portals for anything green!

[Author: [Randy Nichols](#)]



# the faction extraction

## FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



### DUSTMEN

by *Jasmine Azagtoth*

From the culler's mimir: "Hello, my friend! Stay awhile, and listen... I've heard something about the Dustmen's search for a necromancy book buried in the debris of the Gatehouse. Actually, it seems that the book isn't necromantic at all, although the dusties certainly want everyone to think it is. The chant is that the book has something to do with yugoloths, not necromancy. The dead who told me wouldn't spill anything else, except that a barmy gehreleth named Hideous-or-something is somehow involved. The Dustmen are also busy advertising the release of a book written by one of their spokesmen, Christian DeSaville, the one that likes to call himself 'spokesdead', and seems more like a statue than a person. Creepy cutter, that one. Anyway, the book is called 'The Nature of Pleasure and Pain', and from what I've heard, claims that pleasure and pain are a sickness that needs to be purged from the soul of those who want to evolve. Standard dustie stuff, but he also states that pleasure and pain are one and the same. They're both simultaneous, sides of the same coin. Well, ask the Sensates, I say. After all, they're the ones who -- What are you staring at? Oh, my dagger. Do you like it? Here, you can have it..."

[Author: [Tee](#)]



### FATED

by *Ear to the Gear*

There is a new force in the Lower Ward that seems to have ties to the Fated. A gang going by the name of the "BoneSmashers" has moved into the ward. Their motto is "Might makes Right", which is a Fated slogan if I ever heard one. Most of them are large humanoids, such as ogres and

### REVOLUTIONARY LEAGUE

by *Ear to the Gear*

Now they've really done it. You thought the Anarchists were evil when they bombed the market ward (see SIGIS Issue 17), but, according to Hive Ward sources, you haven't seen nothin' yet. Apparently, the sods have brought a disease to the Cage that threatens to bring the burg to its knees: the Torch Flu. By now you must have heard about this devastating flu which has dead-booked a significant number of the humanoid residents of the Hive. Well, sources say that Anarchists went to the swamps around Torch and bottled fire-frog saliva. This saliva contained the disease, and the Anarchist cell that grabbed it have released the disease into the Cage (after making themselves immune to it first, of course). The plan is to destabilise the Cage by killing of a good portion of the population. Then they can bring in the "new age". So if you feel yourself coming down with a very, and I mean very, high fever, you know who to blame!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



### WYLDERS

by *Sheran Dolenth*

It has been a good couple of months in the Verdant Guild. In accordance with the instructions of our leader, Karleona, we have been hunting down the members of that detestable group, the Vile Hunt. We are happy to report that no fewer than three members of that organisation have been located and.... neutralised. What's more, we have information on their leader, D'kess, that looks very promising. At this rate, we will have wiped them from the Planes within the next three or four years, at worst. We'll teach them that though we revere and protect nature in all it's forms, we're

half-giants, and they carry around really large clubs that look like elephant thighbones. Many of the local merchants have been threatened by these thugs who are extorting "insurance". You should see the number of broken noses on the streets! Everyone I talked to in the ward was afraid of the BoneSmashers even more than the fiends in the Hellgate neighbourhood. And who is going to take care of these poor neighbourhood sods? Not the Harmonium, that's for sure!

[Author: [Scott Kelley](#)]



### MERKANTS

by Tarak de Leynon

As it appears that this information is already going to be appearing in the pages of your publication, I suppose I am not breaking any rules in confirming it; a leadership challenge has begun within the Merkhant sect. We will discover the outcome shortly. I am interested, however, in knowing where your culler gets his information. These details should never have been leaked to non-sect members. Where is he anyway, he doesn't appear to be in the City of Doors at the moment?

[Author: [Galzion](#)]

pretty fair hunters ourselves, when the need arises.

Meanwhile, to answer those who claim that there is division in the Verdant Guild, such baseless accusations can only be meant to diminish the accomplishments of the Guild, and we will not stand for it. There is no division; we are united in our beliefs and goals, as we ever were. The Guild goes from strength to strength, of late, and long may it continue.

[Author: [Galzion](#)]



### XAOSITECTS

by Mattados

Personally Offended deeply am I. About the article... Or is it an article? Stateing that the factions have lost their purpose... The Purpose of changing the Multiverse through Belief and Jellyfish sandwiches. Besides the fact that we dislike sandwiches of any kind... I would Like to say Personally That The faction That I belong... Or perhaps do not belong? To Has always believed that The Multiverse is Chaos Has been Chaos and will always be Chaos... And the That Fact that Tuna wear purple shoes and that it Seems That Maybe the universe isent chaos sometimes is also just an effect of the chaos! You see what I mean? In any case I will try to... Withhold My... urmmm... babble for a second so that those less smart out there can get my point... My faction never lost its purpose because it never had one! We feel no need to cause the universe to lapse into chaos because IT ALREADY IS IN CHAOS! See what I mean? IN any case I must be going now and remember Yellow is the yummiest snow!

[Author: [Mattados](#)]



## stop press

### DEMONWING SPOTTED

by Sconion, lower-planes culler

### STALKER CAUGHT IN HIVE

### WARD

**Gray Waste (Oinos)** -- This is Sconion, Alu-fiend and reporter for the Sigil based newsrag SIGIS, who is on the Blood War reporting team of the Cambion, Koshtrim'yamal. I have been on the trail of the fiend ship Demonwing, which was last spotted in Baator. The ship is said to contain an entire layer of the Abyss, which was transferred into a ship capable of travelling any sizeable waterway in the Multiverse. The ship has been spotted in the Gray Waste, on the first layer Oinos, on the Blood War battlefield known as the Field of Nettles. At the banks of the Styx River, near the battlefield, the ship was observed letting off a large number of Tanar'ri into the fray/

There was no evident owner of the ship, but rumours from some of the Tanar'ri troops spoke of a barmy human dressed in rags. Chant also had it that the human told the Balor leading the Tanar'ri army that the only payment for the transport was that of a bird's head (talk about addle-coved). With that the Balor, Trithbor by name, turned and ripped the head off of a Vrock and handed it over to the human. The human was said to have the head mounted on a pike near a throne in the middle of the ship. I plan to follow up these rumours to the source, and I will keep SIGIS informed of any new developments.

[Author: [T](#)]



## STILL NO LEADS IN CIPHER MURDERS

**Sigil** -- The Harmonium came under fire from high-ups in the Transcendent Order today over what is seen as severe inaction concerning the recent spate of murders of Cipher members. In the last two weeks, a further fifteen assaults against faction members have been reported, eight of them fatal. One death proved to be a hoax, however, and another was perpetrated by a copycat killer, further throwing confusion into the investigation. The Harmonium are reportedly no closer to catching the killer or killers, and pressure is mounting on Factol Sarin to install the faction's star detective Christopher Verdue to solve the case. Sarin is understood to be reluctant to do this because he believes the faction should not come to rely on one man to solve all their problems. Perhaps, this culler suggests, he is

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- Last issue we reported on a stalker who had been trailing innocent bloods in the Hive Ward and following them back to their apartment, where they were later found brutally murdered. Early this morning, Harmonium officials apprehended their prime suspect in the slayings, a stalker named Orb.

At the time of the arrest, Orb was carrying a bag of holding, identified by Johandi Elarius, a Sensate wizard of the cloth. Inside the bag, an entity was extracted using an Nth dimension teleport spell, crafted by Johandi. The creature appeared to be some sort of Undead, though where it got its power was unclear since it was not of the negative material plane. Orb said, under gentle Harmonium questioning, that he had gotten it from the Hinterlands, and claimed not to remember a thing since he picked it up. He didn't even appear to know where he was when he was being questioned.

To test the reactions of the undead creature, and the veracity of Orb's proclamation of his innocence, the Hardheads experimented with the undead by putting a gazelle into the room with it. Upon releasing a gazelle into the room, the creature seemed to study it for a moment, then devoured it, ripping it to shreds in the process. Xaositect scholar Max LAlaLAro called the creature a Xlhemix. After having named it, he theorised that the beast was from another set of planes beyond the hinterlands, and its feeding gave birth to new life there. This theory is still under investigation. The only form of life it didn't seem hostile to was razorvine, which it merely ignored. While plans were underway to relocate the beast in a prison somewhere on Arborea, the Xlhemix gave the Harmonium the laugh, and carved a trail of blood on its way out. Witnesses saw the creature entering a portal nearby, but their descriptions of where the portal was and what the key was varied greatly. Plans have been made by the Mercykillers to send Orb to the leafless tree. More information as it comes to us.

[Author: [elfsable](#)]

afraid the detective's success might come to threaten his own leadership of the Harmonium...?

[Author: [Jon Winter](#)]



***Cullers wanted for SIGIS  
Must be literate and on the case***

[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)





## 28. Fourth Week of The Pivot

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*exclusive*

### **DARING ESCAPE FROM MERCYKILLER'S PRISON** *by Sim Underwood*

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- Faction insiders confirmed to me today that there has indeed been a break-out from the Red Death's prison right here in Sigil. Three days ago a band of five inmates broke out from a high security wing of the jail through a portal which opened into the corridor of the wing. How this portal was able to open despite the rigorous magical shielding around the Prison is a matter of great concern to faction high-ups, who speculate a "blink many" spell may have been involved.

This culler has exclusive evidence of how the escapees managed to break out! This picture somehow arrived in my hands, showing the interior of the prison as seen through a well-known painting in Magnum Opus' Gallery of Venoms. Yet the subjects of the picture can clearly be seen climbing out of the picture into the room in the foreground! Don't ask me how I got hold of this, because I don't know; it just arrived on my desk yesterday, but when I confronted the famous medusa historian Magnum Opus she was remarkably tacit about the subject.



"Call that scrag of paper 'evidence'?" she flounced, her snakey hair writing behind her veil. "It's a drawing of a painting! Even I wouldn't base a theory on that! Besides, the Gallery of Venoms is closed for refurbishment. Nobody can get in or out without me knowing. Now be off with you before my veil



slips off, accidentally." Hrumph, I say. This culler has seen flimsier evidence presented in her museum, and no mistake. I have handed the picture over to the Harmonium and will bring more news as I learn it. Oh, Mercykiller factors vigorously deny any escape has occurred, by the way.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)



## **THE SENSATE'S TOURNAMENT**

Erin "Darkflame" Montgomery, Factol of the Society of the Sensation has organized a Fighting Tournament in Sigil, and she is calling all the inhabitants of the planes to combat in this awesome championship. The victorious warrior will take home

**1,000 merts**

and an amazing

**color changing stone**

called "The Opinum", owned by Lady Montgomery. Inscriptions are open, the requirements are:

**50 jink Entrance Fee**

**You must be a Warrior or a Wizard**

**You must not be afraid of Death**

The Combat Championship, called "The Sensates Tournament" or "Death Sense" will be in five days. So if you are interested, hurry up blood!

Author: [Luis Grande](#)



# newsbriefs

## **SINKERS' DELIGHT**

*by Zebaenasch Sunstream, Planar Guide*

**Gehenna (Chamada)** -- The realm of Rictus, home of Gehenna's Illithid petitioners, is dying an agonizing death. Two days ago, at the Trianym, representatives from the Athar and the Fraternity of Order informed the public about this momentous event. The following is a transcript of that speech, recorded via mimir:

At the beginning of last Tithing, Elrid Uli, an Athar factotum whose task is to catalogue all the forgotten powers floating in the Astral and to examine their decaying process, came

back to the Astral Citadel of the Athar with urgent news. He claimed to have found another corpse in the Silver Void. His direct superior, Factor Shalin the Faithless, immediately organized an expedition in order to verify the truthfulness of Uli's words. After much research, Factor Shalin managed to identify the dead power as Maanzecorian, the Illithid god of magic. His mithrallic body was partially disintegrated, with crumbs of his godly figure floating around him.

Apparently, no greybeard knew of the power's death and none of them could guess the reasons of his disappearance. After all, his worshipers didn't seem in diminution during the last years. Though difficult to explain, it remains a matter of fact that Rictus is crumbling like a sandcastle caught by the waves. Fragments of volcanic rocks are drifting through the negative current while ashy smoke melds with the cold darkness of Entropy. I have seen it, and believe me when I say that the death of a Realm is a hideous event. The petitioners are drained of their life essence like fruit exposed to fiery heat, and clerics and proxies moan in sorrow while their prayers remain unanswered. Only the Altar of Memory, the core of the realm, remains intact -- for the moment.

No one knows for sure what will happen next to Rictus. Sages speculate that it may be completely absorbed by the Negative Energy Plane, though it is not clear whether the conduit'll shut itself down after that process. The most fatalistic Doomguards affirm that the Entropy Heart - as they call the nexus - will continue to expand over and over. To them the whole Multiverse will be progressively disintegrated. Is Gehenna really threatened? Is the whole Great Ring menaced? Factol Hashkar, high-up of the Guvners, claims that the Multiversal Laws guarantee that only the dead Power's realm will be destroyed by the negative energy. According to Hashkar, the death of a realm is a natural phenomenon, just an extremely rare one.

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



## **WANTED**

Cutters to act as *messengers* between the Sign of One, and parties located in Faunel and on the Beastlands. Applicants should be **experienced, discrete planewalkers** with first hand knowledge of both the Outlands and the Beastlands. For various reasons members of the Verdant Guild need not apply. Those seeking further information about the post, including requirements and rewards, should apply to Sarotha Kainel at either the Hall of Speakers or the Roaring Wind tavern on Thistlewind Way.

Author: [Galzion](#)



## **PLANET EXPLODES!**

*by Blondie Blutheim*

**Prime** -- The return of the prime space cartographer vessel Esoteric to the outer planes brings confirmation that a planet, an entire prime sphere, has been destroyed. According to the crew of the Esoteric, Norse gods and giants descended on the world of Gnuvar, principal planet of Gnuvarspace, and fought a cataclysmic battle there. Reports indicate that, toward the end of the conflict, a Corpse-Tearer Linnorm, one of the spawn of Nidhogg, devoured a root of Yggdrasil causing the entire world to collapse. The crew of the Esoteric report discovering an asteroid field, with remnants of an atmosphere,

in place of where there should have been a planet with more than half a billion intelligent inhabitants.

The Norse gods are noted for being warlike, but this latest exploit marks a new level of ferocity. Priests of Norse cults are claiming that the gods are gearing up for Ragnarok, the cataclysmic battle that they say will lead to the total eradication of Yggdrasil and the end of the Planes as we know them. Gunnar Skjarlson of Magni had this to say:

"This proves we are right. The Archonites have been trying to convince people for years that the future holds some kind of ultimate peace. There is no ultimate peace, until there is ultimate war. Ragnarok is coming, and our gods sent their physical forms to fight on this world of Gnuvar in order to defeat the giants and the dragons. Not only that, but they won! Great Magni, his brother Modi, Thor, Sif and all the other gods have slaughtered Surtr and Thrym's wicked giants, and their worshippers are drinking with them in their halls right now. This can only be the beginning of the end. Planars can now expect Fimbulwinter, the great triple winter before the end of time, to descend over the whole universe. The suns will be blotted out, and the get of Loki will rise to devour the worlds. Every mortal being must stand with our gods now, so that the victory will ultimately be won by the Aesir and their Vanir allies."

Priests of Balder are reported to have received visions, but they are all fiercely denying that anything is wrong. The Bright Hall of Balder in Trollbergsgatan, in the Lady's Ward, has been closed to non-worshippers for most of the week, and the priests have been unavailable for comment. On the other hand, Modo of Loki, an itinerant priest of the Norse trickster-god, has been muttering strange things about mistletoe and weeping hags in the markets of Sigil. Other seers are seeking an interpretation of his ravings, but none has been found. Moreover, the sighting of a child of Nidhogg adds to the existing confusion surrounding the Merratet Scrolls and the history of the Dragon-eyed sword. [See articles last issue and this issue for dark on the scrolls and the sword - Ed.]

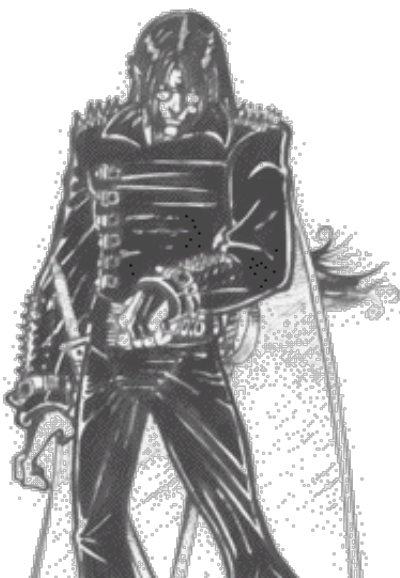
Author: [Alex Roberts](#)



## IS THIS THE FACE OF EVIL?

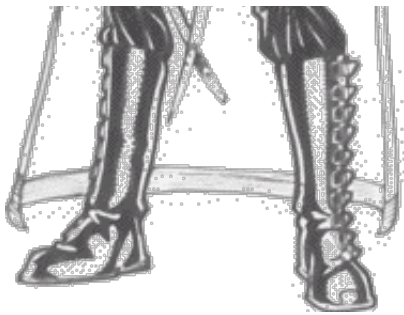
*by Ufftleay Bailift*

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- The Harmonium today arrested their first real suspect in the hunt for the slayer of (now) two dozen Ciphers, much to the jubilation of members of the Transcendent Order. Ciphers have already been seen gathering outside of the City barracks demanding the scragged sod be fed to the Wurm. (The slogan "Don't hesitate, just decapitate!" has become quite popular among the rather bloodthirsty members of the faction, much to the dismay of the Lady's Ward upper crust.)



The alleged killer, one 'Sharpman Troy', a curiously-dressed Sensate human from an unnamed prime world, has apparently confessed to the Harmonium his role in a gory murder perpetrated six days ago. Embarrassingly for the faction's investigation team, Troy handed himself in to the City Barracks under no duress, claiming to be wracked with guilt over his crime.

A self-confessed addict of the Sensate sensoria, Troy admitted to spending up to ten hours per day immersed in fantastical and bizarre illusions, many of them too morally devious to be explained in a publication of this sort. [Expect the Tempus Sigilian to cover them in full later this week! -- Ed]. Increasingly, claims Troy's legal representative "Sly" Nye, he had been reliving these horrific experiences outside of the sensoria in "flash-back" events. Some of his experiences apparently included voices instructing him to kill Ciphers, and he was



unable to resist their urges. Troy is pleading not guilty on grounds of magical affliction.

These events have apparently outraged both the Sensate and Cipher factions. Factor Cesh Maturin (link to <http://mimir.net/factions/sensatescesh.html>) angrily refuted these claims. "My darling Ufftlej", he assured me, "the possibility of sensoria corrupting a hedonistic explorer is out of the question! We Sensates are able to view and even partake in events that might shock or terrify

others less-well versed in the art of the senses, but to claim that seeing such an instance forces one to act is simply ludicrous! No, my dear, the death-wish the poor fellow has expressed comes entirely from within his own secret desires. The man is clearly barmy. Blaming a magical stone is not going to hold up in a Court of Law, oh no!"

The Ciphers seem less convinced, however. Bariaur factioneer 'Rush' Headlong bleated, "We're scahahahred, to be sure. That Sly Nye hasn't lost a case yehehet, [Except for the one he purposefully blew a few weeks ago while 'defending' Spiral Hal'aight - Ed.] and if he gets this maniac off the hook, he'll surely come back for revenge, yehehes."

However, it seems one vital part of the jigsaw does not fit. Troy claims responsibility for only one crime, yet twenty-three other very similar murders have been committed. Exactly how these fit into the scheme of things isn't yet understood. A Hardhead faction sneak tells me that magical lie detection has failed to catch Troy out, but confirms that the one killing was by his hand.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)



## feature

### SAGA OF THE DRAGON-EYED SWORD (Part 2)

by *Daemon Chaas, culler*

**Outer Planes (Pandemonium)** -- Last issue, I told the story of the Dragon-Eyed Sword, and how the Norse Power Odin forged the sword using the hand of a proxy and the eye of Nidhogg's spawn. [Nidhogg is the Norse dragon who chews endlessly on the roots of the Yggdrasil tree - Ed.] I also related to you how the sword played an important role in the war between the Norse Powers, the Aesir clan and the Vanir clan, and how the sword was eventually lost to the mists of time. (For the rest of the story, you'll have to scrag a copy of last issue from some unsuspecting planewalker, since my green-clenching editor refuses to pay for any extra verbiage.)

This issue, I continue the story of the sword and bring it up to modern times. Here I tell the tale of how the planewalking treasure-hunter Mimi Fletcher managed to dig up the location of the sword and follow this chant all the way to Pandemonium. Fletcher's sword-story began several cycles ago when she stumbled upon an ancient set of scrolls, the *Scrolls of Merratet*, which chronicle a very alternative history of Ysgard. Among other fantastic things, the scrolls told the tale of the ancient weapon called the Dragon-Eyed Sword. According to Fletcher, a notable Norse scholar who studied at the **Hewwig School of the Powers** [A reputable seminary school in Tir Na Og -Ed.], the scrolls had a "ring of truth" to them. "Truth is always subjective when it comes to the Powers, and the 'official' legends, but the tales told in the Merratet scrolls were very different," recalled Fletcher. "The Merratet tales were almost an 'anti-legend' which gave them instant credibility. They were sarcastic, biting, and even humorous. I'd say they were written by a proxy of Loki if they weren't so critical of him."

The stories were convincing enough that Fletcher went on a search for more chant on the whereabouts of the Dragon-Eyed Sword. After several years getting sages, mages and knights of the post to spill useful screeed, Fletcher lanned a reliable source in Pandemonium. Gathering a group of hardy planewalkers and a guide to the caves and tunnels of Pandemonium, she set out to the burg of Windglum on Phlegethon, the third layer. "The hardest part of the journey was the damnable wind," said Fletcher. "Blowing, whistling, screaming in your ears...no wonder the plane is full of barmies! Everyone tells you this when you go there, but you just have to experience it to understand what it does to a sod. The whole party went barmy pretty quick. Hekakup the half-orc warrior was drooling so bad we made him walk in the back so we wouldn't slip on his slime."

After a grueling journey, one that included encounters an enraged gnoll tribe, a heard of Howlers and even a Murksa [Howlers and Murksa are native to Pandemonium - Ed.] the now-barmy crew found their way to Windglum and the Scaly Dog Inn. It was here they found their man, sitting at the bar drinking watered-down bub and screaming obscenities at every passerby. The man they found was as barmy as they come, which is saying a lot on Pandemonium. But he just happened to be a fallen proxy of Loki!

This was indeed the kind of break Fletcher was hoping to get. Better than that, the sod actually knew where the rumored sword was laid to rest long ago. However, that was the last of the good news Fletcher and her crew received from the fallen proxy, because it turned out that the sword was left in the last place in Pandemonium you would ever want to look: **the Harmonica**.

Next issue: Fletcher and Co. brave the Harmonica.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## Letters

### AND THE MARCH GOES ON...

Dear Readers of SIGIS,

Normally I do not submit letters of any sort to newspapers, or any person in general (they might use them to trace me). But when I accidentally passed through a portal located, to my surprise, in one of the my attic windows I lanned some chant that I just had to spill. You see I was up in my attic cleaning up the goats blood and, other assorted pieces, when a rat decided that it didn't want me stealing its food and bit my hand before scuttling off. In any case, to make a long story short, I got rather ticked off and I had to dive out the window to escape the fire.

Imagine my suprise when instead of ending up with a broken leg on the street, I discovered myself in some sort of forest! After several hours of experimentation, it became apparent that the portal I had leaped through was one-way and that it would be very difficult for me to get back home. I headed in the direction of the setting sun, and was quickly rewarded by what sounded like the sounds of marching feet somewhere off to my right. As I came closer, the sound grew louder, and louder, and louder until I came out of the forest and viewed ahead of me a truly remarkable sight to behold: the modron march. Now lotsa berks have seen the March, but the remarkable thing was the fellow floating above it with these glowing robes that shifted colors. All the while, he was throwing some sort of weird energy bolt down at the modrons. Everywhere one of those bolts hit it caused something strange to happen. Some modrons started walking the other way only to be stomped flat by another mutated metal basher. Then there would be a big explosion and more than a few modrons would get blown apart.

The strangest thing was that no matter how odd the bolts other effects were, about half of them just stopped marching and made every effort to escape the march. Some near the edge escaped but most were squished flat. Any ways I talked to one of the modrons that managed to escape, and he said that he felt like his mind had been chained then suddenly freed! Anyways, after that it took me a few months to get home, and after I drove out the bums that had taken over my property I did some research. It seems that the odd robe that guy was wearing was a "robe of the wild mage". The amount of rouge modrons that make it to Sigil has increased a bit, and I suspect this wild mage basher is the reason. The way I figure it, that wild mage must have figured out a way to drain the law right out of those modrons.... Weird huh? You can only wonder how the barmy managed to do it...

Signed, **Jacco the Quick**

Author: [Mattados](#)



## streetchant

### KING MISER

by *Kora Rechan*

**Sigil** -- A while back I informed you that the recent rises in the prices of more or less everything in the cage was due to a rumoured leadership challenge amongst the Misers (aka. The Merkant Sect). Apparently, members of the sect were jockeying for positions of power.

Well, it turns out that my sources were spot on, because three days ago there was an official challenge to the leadership of Tarnin Golthax (see sketch). Who, made the challenge I have been unable to confirm. Nevertheless, the rules of the sect are quite clear on what happens next. A month from the date of the challenge all members of the Misers must give details of all their properties, belongings and wealth to the secretary. The secretary then counts up the value of all the declated commodities, and ranks the membership from the one with the least jink to the one with the most. The one with the most is the Master of the Merkhants, King Miser.

Golthax is still leading the pack, although Tarak de



Leynon and the rogue

modron Root of Nine are other major contenders. It has also been suggested that the gnome Dolan Greenbank is a dark horse in the contest. As I revealed last time, Golthax is behind almost all trade in Baatorian Green Steel that goes on in the City of Doors, or pretty much anywhere else. Well, chant has it that Greenbank has approached the tanar'ri about helping him out. What aid those fiends may offer, if indeed they offer any at all, remains to be seen, but it is quite possible that the tanar'ri would like to see a Master of the Merkhants that was more amenable to them. After all, the Master of the Merkhants has got to be rich, right?

One or two other names have been floated around as outside contenders, but it appears unlikely that any will be able to challenge the big four. However, the possibility of a surprise contender emerging remains. After all, they've got a month to acquire all the jink they can, and many Merkhants own things in names other than their own.

And for the rest of us, the normal sods on the street? Well, the next month is likely to be pretty tight I'm afraid. Belts may have to be pinched as prices will continue to rise. But after that, the Merkhants will hopefully go back to more long term plans of economic domination, in which they try to grab as large a slice of the market as possible. This means they will try to undercut the prices of their rivals, which might just mean that prices will start to fall. This will be welcome news indeed for Cagers.

But just in case they don't, any chance of a raise boss?

[Ed. - No.]

Author: [Galzion](#)



## LOWER WARD GETS "TORCHED"

*by The Goblin*

**Sigil (Lower Ward)** -- First off I'm not a damned Dwarf. I'm a Tiefling and proud of it. I've a few spells up my sleeve, but I'm best at being sneaksy-tricksy so watch your step or you'll be feeling a shiv in your ribs. Sure, I look Dwarf enough, but without the beard, and my skins a bit greener and scaliier than your average hammer-swinger. Let's just say those who know call me the Goblin and you can picture what you will (you twisted sicko).

I've been out of touch for awhile, having my way with the locals in Elysium. If anyone wants to know a sure way to win over a Muse when you look like a Dretch-reject, just ask me sometime. So I'm sipping the nectar of the gods with this dewdrop from Aphrodite when I spot a local newsrag. It seems news from Sigil makes its way everywhere. Here is what I read:

"15 children and 4 adults perished during last week's arson of Our Lady's Orphanage in the Lower Ward. No suspects have been named by the official Harmonium contingent, however several local Mercykiller vigilante squads believe they know who did the deed and have vowed retribution."

Two thoughts came to me. The first was that there was a story here that the Hardheads didn't want out and about, and the second was that I was done with Lady dePoldar of Aphrodite and it was time to make myself scarce.

"Lady dePoldar," I crooned, "I bid thee await my return from yonder floral-establishment. I saw a blushing bud that pales next to your loveliness, and I would that you have it and none other." That seemed to do the trick because I left and she didn't follow. Once I was out of sight, I gave her the laugh and made my way back to the Scourge [Ed. note: a disreputable section of a disreputable Ward].

I've been from the Abyss to Baator and there is nothing like the Scourge. Sure there is hopelessness and despair all over the Lower Planes, but you never see it framed against the passing Deva or Vicar of some deity of Light. You can taste hope for others there and know that it will never, ever be there for you. You take out your lust and rage on anything weaker that comes along and what is left over, if it survives, often finds itself on the doorstep of Our Lady's Orphanage. That's how it started for me, anyway.

Standing before what was left of the structure made me wonder how anyone made it out of there at all. Whoever did this must have hit all sides at once. There are three ways to figure out the dark: ask someone who knows, hunt it down or let it come to you. Being who I am, I chose the latter. I slipped into a shadowy place, between some razorvine and a warren of cranium rats, and staked out the place.

The drizzle and stench didn't bother me, and I was careful the muck puddle next to me wasn't one of the Lady's quick-exits. The usual riff and raff made their way around up till anti-peak, then it got interesting. All of a sudden this black haired elf with a jewel in his forehead and a two-foot long dragon with gossamer wings on his shoulder starts sniffing about what was left of the Orphanage. His face was white, not white like an albino but white like a Drow-elf is black, if you follow my meaning.

Well before he got too covered in soot this Hardhead starts barking at him and he did the sensible thing and vanished down an alleyway. Now, if I tell you I followed the elf you need to know that there isn't a blood alive that would know they were being tailed if I was doing the tailing. I followed the elf. Someone else was following him as well and it wasn't the Hardhead.

The elf made it up a wall next to the ubiquitous razorvine so I pulled back to see who else had taken notice. Sure enough that foul-toothed Jazrad, the human tout working for the Fated, was running all hunched down after the elf. It looked like he didn't want the elf, or anyone else for that matter, to notice him. He stopped not a gnoll-arms length from me and waited for the elf to slip over the building. Before he could take up the chase again I put some cold steel against the small of his back.

"Don't turn around Jazrad," I said, "and you won't be adding any chapters to the dead-book."

"Wuh, huh? Who are you, what do you want? How do you know my name? I'm a Fated factotum and they'll be looking for me soon." He was stenching himself, so I knew I had him scared.

"Spill the dark and we'll see what we see." I tossed a small bag of sparkle out in front of him. "Who was the elf?"

"His name is Saepius and we think he knows where Tiamat's Chosen are hiding out."

"Who's we?" I asked. "The Fated, of course!" he lied.

I tightened my grip and let the edge cut through. He squealed and soon figured out I meant business, he finally said, "We're the BoneSmashers."

That made sense, that BoneSmashers were the Fated gang that ran this part of the Hive. I loosened my grip a bit and he settled down. I had no idea what he was talking about, of course, so the next question was the trickiest if I was going to let him live. "What do you know about Tiamat's Chosen?"

He hesitated, he had no idea whose side I was on or what the 'right' answer would be to insure his life. That's the way I wanted it. Since he had no idea what to do, I was hoping he'd figure he might as well tell the truth. "They're from Torch, but they're holed up somewhere in the Lower Ward. They carry around firewands and shoot flames out of their mouths like they are some sort of Dragon or something. And the Hardheads aren't doing squat to stop them! Before they torched the Orphanage they put the Wheeze high-up in the dead book."



"What are the BoneSmashers and the Wheeze doing about it?"

"We aren't waiting for the Hardheads, that's for sure! We're tracking them down cleaning them out of town, one way or the other."

"What's the dark on the elf?"

"The day after it burned down he shows up with some nasty looking bloods and starts pilfering through what's left. We figure he's covering up evidence, you know. The Hardheads come up and he talks to them. That lasts a few minutes and then he gets scragged and hauled off. We don't know anything more till he shows up today and now you've helped him get away."

"Here is what your going to do, Jazrad. You're going to step forward and pick up the jink in that bag. You aren't going to turn around until after the bag is in your hand. After that you can do anything you want." I let him go and gave him the laugh.

Well, as the rule of three goes, there were three questions that needed answers: What does Tiamat's Chosen want? Why were the Hardheads letting them get away with it? And how did that white-elf fit in?

The best way in is always through the backdoor, so I figure I'll start my hunt backwards. I'm going after this white-elf Saepius character and see what dark he knows. Once I got it I'll let you know.

Author: [Dennis Castle](#)



## A GRUESOME DISCOVERY

*by Ynos Reenoip*

**Sigil (Hive Ward)** -- Over the past few weeks, I have been investigating an ever-increasing pattern of murders in the Hive Ward. My investigation started with two simple questions that occurred to me after reading the street chant column of SIGIS Issue 21, in which Surveys Culler  $n=n+1$  estimates the number of the immigrant clueless in Sigil.

Question 1: Have the deaths of clueless (and non-Sigilians in general), increased as a result of the influx of clueless?

Question 2: Does the origin of clueless sods passing through Sigil influence their survival rate? For example, does a basher from Athas (a prime world) have the same probability of surviving as a basher from Toril (another prime world)?

Well, these simple questions on "Sigilian Selection", so to speak, were the beginning of a gruesome discovery. Here's the chant.

Thanks to the patience and the work of Mr. Georg Abiegnus, third accountant of the Mortuary and fifth keeper of Low Profile Statistics, we found out that the number of corpses found in the Hive (and brought in by the collectors) had increased in a mathematical pattern. During the first week of the survey, the collectors found 8 dead bodies. In the following week, they found 16 more. 24 were discovered on the third and 32 in the fourth and last week reviewed.

Ok, you can say that's the work of some barmy with a passion for math, but this is not the end. Here's the dark: about half of the "new" bodies founded (clearly stripped off of all their possessions and left quite naked in bloody pools) may come from the upper or noble classes. This was confirmed by the autopsy (requested by some high up!) as follows: the victim's hands were smooth (not wrinkled), the

muscles were slender and untrained, and the teeth belonged to beings that ate only soft bread and well cooked food. Not the type of folks you'd expect to find in the Hive.

More Dark: none of the bodies showed any sign of a struggle. Apparently, they were killed by a stab in the back, or by garroting, both of which are typical tools of the trade for knights of the post. It seems that someone is killing nobles here in Sigil. Following my leads, I checked the "deadbook" for Sigilian nobles, and asked the Harmonium if any nobility had been reported lost in the past month. Guess how many I turned up: zero.

So all these deaders must be Outsiders! Who or what would take the time to drag murdered nobles and dump them in the City of Doors? Could it be the work of a lonesome barmy, or the united forces of a "Thieves Corporation"? Is this an Anarchist ploy to silently rid some Prime world of high-ups? I've checked with the Harmonium, but the only response I got from the bashers in red were: "No need to exaggerate the things" and "Move along, this is not your business sod", which means that there's some official investigation being carried out by the Harmonium.

For certain, something is amiss and someone is giving the law the laugh. I'll keep my eyes open, and you, dear reader of SIGIS, will be the first to know what I discover.

Author: [Andrea Baruzzi](#)



# the faction extraction

## FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



### ANARCHISTS

*by Droni Forssen*

The recent informal siege of part of the Hive, in which Harmonium and Mercykiller forces surrounded unknown subversives, has dissipated without further incident. Apparently, a cell of Anarchists which had been organising the action disbanded, enabling the Harmonium to demolish the barricades and get fresh food and water supplies to those within, many of whom had not been well provided by their alleged representatives. The Mercykillers have not made any further statement over the death of Veelik Noshbrothot, which triggered the siege, and are continuing their enquiries. There seems to have been a total absence of comment from any of the concerned parties, leading outside observers to suggest that the whole sequence of events was a cover for some more serious occurrence. If this turns out to be the case, SIGIS will bring you the

### DUSTMEN

*by Nixilixility, Lord of Moths, Slayer of Spiderwebs, Eradicator of Dir*

Recently, the Undead community in Sigil has undergone a slight upheaval. Although they are generally associated with the members of the Dustmen, a curious sect of various free-willed undead decided to show the faction just how free-willed they are and formed their own sect, the League of Emotional Undead. These creatures have disbanded from the formal Dustman society, complaining that, just because they were dead, didn't mean they couldn't LIVE! This splinter group preaches an almost Sensate-Like approach to life, but is strictly Undead. This means that it focuses on purely Undead sensations -- like the feeling of sucking the life out of a berk, or of being turned by a cleric. And, they don't hold with the whole Sensorium experience either. These bloodless bashers say you need to experience it

latest news as it breaks.

Author: [Alex Roberts](#)



### MERCYKILLERS

*by Stroke of Justice*

Here you are bashers: chant from the depths of the Prison, where chantmongers go in but they don't come out. There has been a great deal of construction within the Prison lately, which has been pretty disturbing to the neighbors to say the least. Well the dark of it is that the Mercykillers are building a bunch of bleachers. Yes, bleachers! According to my sources in the Prison, they Red Death wants to sell expensive tickets to Sigilian high-ups for watching the Cage's biggest criminals swing from the leafless tree. As you know, Zibby the Fan, the infamous gnome tinker terrorist, has been sentenced to die, and the high-up merchant Spiral Hal'aight is not faring well in his trial. Imagine the kind of jink the Death is going to rake in for that double-header! Although the locals hate the construction, the Sinkers are just loving it. Some Doomies have even been spotted helping out the constuction by helping to carry wood and stone, and even by going out to cut down the trees. They must see this as a sign of major decay and want to help it along. However, the Hardheads are pretty peery of the camaraderie between the two factions, and tensions between the Red Death and the Harmonium are on the rise.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)

yourself, have your own taste of what it's like. So they run experiments, organize hunts, and the like. Now, this may sound a bit barmy, but they do it all covert-like. And the only reason they haven't all been scragged by Harmonium paladins or even enraged mobs is because they're said to have their rotting claws into a nameless Harmonium high-up who's protecting them. From what exactly is anyone's guess, but the chant says that the high-up is a Prolonger who was promised Lichdom. Pretty wild screed, but reports have Harmonium factor Grahs looking a tad underfed these days.

Author: Anonymous

(Contact the Editor to get due credit.)



### ARCHONITE

*by Droni Forssen*

SIGIS Press is to be the official publisher of the forthcoming new edition of the Archonite Worship Canon, and its accompanying volumes of scriptures and hymns. SIGIS, which is independent of all religious bodies, has been selected by the Archonite church in Sigil for the high quality of its printing, and the advanced techniques it employs. The publication of a new text is likely to prove popular, despite the persistence of traditionalists in the church who say that the earlier editions represent the *summum bonum* of Archonite teaching. It is expected that the new material will incorporate much that is in the spirit of the earlier works, even if the specific wording is somewhat altered.

Author: [Alex Roberts](#)



## stop press

### HARMONIUM DENIES KNOWING CLARION'S WHEREABOUTS

*by Blondie Blutheim*

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- The Harmonium has

### INFORMATION UNCOVERED

*by Anonymous staff culler*

**Sigil** -- This berk stumbled into my office a day or two ago saying he had the dark on this *Gray*

denied all knowledge of the location of Clarion the Guardian, who remains missing. In a formal statement, Mover Three Jasmin Tealybuck said that the Harmonium had no interest in arresting Clarion. Although they were concerned for his safety, the Harmonium did not intend to devote official time to locating him. The statement came amid further speculation about Clarion's true agenda in the City of Doors. SIGIS has pledged not to foster inquiry on this matter, but we have received scores of letters offering advice and information on the aasimar's disappearance. Here we reproduce some of the most useful, in the hope that they will help Clarion's friends to locate him.

Morla the Coveter, a tiefling who wavers between the Fated and the Sensates, tells us that she knows Clarion personally. He has seldom left Sigil in the past fifty years (showing that he's a sight older than he looks!), and that he has travelled to an undisclosed prime world to investigate Baatezu infiltration at high levels of government. SIGIS suspects, but cannot confirm, that this would mean Clarion has travelled to a planar-friendly world - Toril being the most likely.

Rule-of-Three countered Morla's claim with the following triadic response:

"The baatezu are infiltrating the Prime, and so is the aasimar."

"All prophecies are lies, but some come true."

"Ignore Clarion's family ties. What of his missing foe?"

(Rule-of-Three declined, not surprisingly, to elaborate on these comments, and we were unable to decipher them. However, we are sure his comments were directed at a specific audience that will likely get the message.)

Pentremo, a human Hive Ward resident, suggested that Clarion might have been involved with the investigations in Mistress Daratzia's, the venue exposed as a brothel in a recent SIGIS. If so, it seems possible that Clarion is amongst those missing the Gnuvarspace catastrophe [Ed. Note: See NewsChant this issue].

Author: [Alex Roberts](#)

change the direction of the Blood War. I thought he was barmy, and sent him on his way. "Nothing could change the course of the Blood War except a bunch of Yugoloths," I told the sod. But this berk, a teifling of all sorts, refused to leave and insisted that he had information about this fantastic Gray Metal. (Aren't all metals kind of gray? What's the big deal in that?)

The tiefling said that he was being hunted for the information and that he needed to give it to someone before he was put into the dead-book. I thought that maybe I should see what this berk had, and he handed me this gem. With that, he took off, leaving me to scratch my head at all the barmies in Sigil these days. But the gem itself was quite interesting: it looked like a storage gem those people from that Society of Sensation always played around with. Was it a Recorder Gem?

Next thing I knew, I was tripping over the teifling's body as I skipped down the block on my way to the Sensates HQ. Dead-booked in the middle of the day - this was no mugging! Guess I ought to check out this gem right quick. Right after I find a safe little hidey-hole that is.

Author: [T](#)



***Cullers wanted for SIGIS***  
***Must be literate and on the case***  
Applicants should contact the Editor





## 29. First Week of Catechism

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# exclusive

## DOUBLE FEATURE AT THE PRISON Public executions of Zibby the Fan and Spiral Hal'aight by *Daemon Chaas*

**Sigil (Prison)** -- True to the chant spilled by SIGIS in last issue's faction extraction, the Mercykillers announced early this morning that they will be selling tickets to the biggest execution of the cycle: the public execution of Zibby the Fan and Spiral Hal'aight (see advertisement this issue). Zibby the Fan is the tinker gnome leader of the Cadre, the infamous anarchist organization that masterminded the Bazaar bombing ("Cadre firebombs devastate the Bazaar"; SIGIS [Issue 17](#)) and other gruesome murders around the Cage. Spiral Hal'aight [pictured right at the sentencing dock] is the aasimar merchant sentenced to death for the murder of a noble class pit fiend. We present more details of the trial in another story this issue entitled "Spiral Hal'aight to swing from leafless tree" (see below).

Chant has it that the Mercykillers are eager to make jink off their latest building project. With the help of prison labor, the Red Death have constructed a massive set of bleachers inside the prison walls where they hope to make



serious jink with their execution "entertainment".



A spokesman for the Mercykillers, a high-up factioneer known as Sarevok [Second only to the Factol herself - Ed.], told a group of cullers that the public executions were meant to show Cagers that justice comes swiftly to the guilty. "For too long, the people of Sigil have been kept outside the walls of the prison while the forces of justice have finished the work of the law," said Sarevok. "Now it is time for the people of Sigil to see justice executed so they will know that criminals do not go unpunished. From this day forward, we are opening up the Prison to the public for weekly executions. It is time for justice to be fully served."

According to the factioneer, the ticket price will "cover the cost of the bleacher materials" and labor. However, Sarevok did not say when, or if, the cover price will be reduced. Unity-of-Rings, a monavic deva known for his many charitable acts in Sigil, told SIGIS that he was appalled by the idea of selling death. "This is a sad day indeed for Sigil," said Unity. "The Mercykillers' decision to make money off public violence sets a very bad example for the children of this beleaguered city. And all the while, they continue to pack the Prison with non-violent criminals accused of stealing loaves of bread or other such small crimes. I see the 'killer', but where is the 'mercy'? The only consolation for Sigilians is that the injustices perpetuated by the Mercykillers will eventually come full circle."

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## **ADVERT: REAP WHAT THEY SOWED**

[Get your passes now to the event of the Cycle!](#)

In 7 days time, the Mercykillers will be carrying out the Lady's justice by executing two of Sigil's most infamous criminals:

### **Zibby the Fan**

Evil Mastermind of the barmy Anarchist group known as the *Cadre*. This is the sod responsible for the Bazaar Bombing and the atrocious murders of high-up merchants in the Lady's Ward. Come see us get revenge on the berk (the sworn enemy of "bashers with jink") by hanging him from a solid-silver leafless tree [Featured on the cover - ed.].

### **Spiral Hal'oight**

High-up aasimar merchant sentenced to death for illegal trading of weapons and for the *murder of a noble baatezu*. See how we meet out justice on the rich and poor alike as we put this guilty sod in the dead-book.

A brand new set of bleachers made from Arcadian ash wood have been erected for this collasal event. Tickets can be purchased at the temporary kip set up outside the Prison walls for 200j a head. (Special accommodations are available at markup price for a limited number of extra-large planars.) Warning: purchasers will be carefully screened for allegiances to the condemned.

Come on down to the event sure to be the talk of the town!



# newsbriefs

## FREE TRADE IN TRADEGATE?

by Reporter X



**Outlands (Tradegate)** -- Just last week I was sent out to Tradegate to investigate some fiends that had recently been selling "Parts". In this case the "parts" came from intelligent beings. Little did I know that investigating almost got *me* sold for parts.

I had intended to take the investigation slow... Spy on the various participants for a bit... But I got word that some local religious types were going to stage a raid on it in just a few days and I didn't want to take a chance that my story was going to get hacked to bits before I had a chance to investigate. I was getting paid double after all!

In any case after staking the place out for a day I hadn't spotted any incoming "Shipments" of parts. I could only figure that they were being sneaked in somehow... Perhaps through a portal or an underground tunnel of some sorts... Certainly some of the customers came in with bags of some sort, perhaps bags large enough to hold a few pieces. But when they did they usually left with the same bag full of... something. In any case I had not seen anyone other than fiends go into, or out of, the building. I assumed that the owners might not take kindly to a human entering their establishment.

One illusion spell and several hours later, I entered the store, appropriately named "Bits n' Pieces". I managed to have a short conversation with the owner [pictured left] and I picked up a few things about how he runs his business. Apparently, there are two ways you can get Peices from the fellow, you can buy them, or you can trade. Of course it takes a lot of money, or a lot of parts, to trade for something unusual, and even if you are looking for something more common the Fiend won't accept trades for double or nothing... He rarely has to order things himself and when he does he doesn't have to order much.

After finding this out, I heard an odd noise behind me... Apparently one of the "Customers" had entered the store and seen through my illusion. One lightning bolt spell and one decimated wall later, I managed to escape... Ironically enough I managed to do more damage to the store than those clueless Paladins that attacked it the next day. Go figure.





## SPIRAL HAL'OIGHT TO SWING FROM LEAFLESS TREE

*by Daemon Chaas*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- The short, secretive trial of the high-up assimar merchant Spiral Hal'ought, accused of murdering a noble class pit fiend, came to an abrupt end yesterday as a Guvner tribunal found him guilty and sentenced him to hang from the leafless tree. Three months ago, SIGIS lanned the chant that a high-up baatezu had been found dead-booked in the assimar's case under very mysterious circumstances ("Baatorian high-up found murdered in aasimar's case"; SIGIS [Issue 16](#)). The discovery prompted a through inquiry into the case by the Harmonium, the Guvners and even the baatezu themselves. After being scragged and charged with the crime, Hal'ought was put to a fairly public trial in which allegations surfaced that the high-up engaged in a weapons' trading scheme with the fiends ("Pit fiend murder case takes bizarre twist"; SIGIS [Issue 18](#)). Hal'ought was also accused of heading up a weapons-grade ore mining scheme that was destroying parts of Elysium and the Beastlands (Issue 18, 21 respectively). Apparently, the deceased pit fiend was visiting Hal'ought to negotiate a weapon's trade when he was dispatched.

After the very public and embarrassing defection of Hal'ought's counsel, the brilliant but notoriously slippery 'Sly Nye' ("Pit fiend murder trial: Taint, hate and the Dark Eight"; SIGIS [Issue 21](#)), the case was closed to the public. The Guvners appointed a secret tribunal (whose identities still remain in doubt) to oversee the case, and Hal'ought found new counsel from Mt. Celestia. According to sources within the Courthouse, the tribunal quickly pounced on the theory that the motivation for the murder was a result of Hal'ought's weapon's dealing, and they suspected that Hal'ought had the fiend dead-booked over a deal gone bad. However, the tribunal put forth no direct evidence that Hal'ought murdered the fiend. Instead, they concluded that Hal'ought conspired to commit the murder, and they found him guilty of such a conspiracy.

According to our anonymous (but reliable) sources, the tribunal determined that Hal'ought invited the baatezu over to his kip during an extravagant party ostensibly to talk business. The fiend came to the party polymorphed, so as not to attract attention, and Hal'ought's servants led the fiend up to a waiting room where waiting assassins ambushed the basher. During the closed trial, Hal'ought's counsel, a deva named Ophelia, argued that the investigation had not produced any hard evidence of such a conspiracy, and had failed to find the real perpetrator of the crime. But her pleas fell on deaf ears, as the tribunal found sufficient motive and opportunity for Hal'ought to commit the crime.

The official statement released by the Guvners after the sentencing revealed almost nothing about the case except to say that Hal'ought's guilt was unquestionable. In fact, the statement was far more revealing in what it didn't say than what it did say. The report failed to mention anything about previous evidence cited in the trial, there was no mention of a search for the assassins, and the report indicated that many of the details of the case would remain "classified" until further notice.

### Fiendish Investigation

Meanwhile, the baatezu investigation into the murder continues. The cornugon baatezu named Gehylon, we discovered reporting to the baatezu's Minister of Public Relations in Issue 21, continued to scour the Cage for powers-know-what. Three times a day, the cornugon and her spinagon retainers could be seen coming in and out of the Baatezu embassy to Sigil. They continually refused to answer any of our questions, and following them around the Cage proved impossible. (We suspect that the fiends used a great deal of illusions to spoil the trails for our cullers and informers.) What is clear is that the baatezu aren't waiting for the Harmonium to finish their investigation.

The only information we scragged about the purpose of the baatezu investigation came from the tanar'ri chant-seller known as Lecutis. For a considerable number of merts, the fiend told SIGIS that the baatezu were trying to track down the actual assassins and they were extremely worried about a blood (or bloods) who could get the drop on a Pit fiend. "Them sods are really shedding scales over this one berk," said Lecutis gleefully. "Imagine a basher able to sneak up on a pit fiend and snog it without the blasted baatezu able to waste it with a spell, or even get in a good swipe. I suspect the 'loths had a hand in this one for sure!"

## Public Reaction

We were unable to lann the chant from Hal'oight's counsel. Apparently, she skipped out of town through the first portal to Mt. Celestia she could find. However, bashers on the street protesting the verdict had plenty to say about the judgement. Glin, a bariaur indep said the judgement was typical of the corruption rampant in the 'big three' (Harmonium, Guvners and Mercykillers). "This whole trial stinks like ogre offal! I'm no fan of high-ups like Hal'oight, but this tribunal knew the verdict before the case started! How could Hal'oight have dead-booked a pit fiend like that, and why would he whistle the Hardheads about it?" The previous prosecutor of the trial, a tiefling named Ghar, who was dismissed when the case went to a private session, told SIGIS that the real crime was the situation on the Beastlands. "Now that Hal'oight's being fed to the Wyrms, we don't have a chance of getting the Beastlands cleaned up. The ore mining operation is destroying the tribal lands of the Tiamo and killing all sorts of beasts swimming the Oceanus. Those dwarves doing the mining are in the pocket of the Merkants who are dealing with some radical celestials! I think the members of the tribunal are secret factioneers of the Merkants with a financial stake in the operation, and they are scape-goating the aasimar to protect the operation. This way it will never get stopped!" A female Eladrin protesting the verdict outside the Courthouse, said that the trial was a farce from the beginning. "A pit fiend gets murdered? Who cares? I mean, isn't this a boon to the Multiverse? The death of a fiend means life for thousands, perhaps millions of other beings."

Protests aside, Spiral Hal'oight is now sitting in a cell praying to a Power for deliverance. The sentence is to be carried out within the next few weeks, giving little time for any appeal. However, the real story seems to be with the Baatezu and their mysterious investigation, and SIGIS will be there to follow this story.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



### **TO DUSTMEN OF THE CAGE**

**Wanted:** Information on the Adventuring Company *The Flaming Flagons*

Last seen in the Lonesome Tankard Inn in the Lower Ward, this adventuring company may have inadvertently brought the essence of a Power into the Cage. The company is known to have in their possession an artifact of great evil power known as

*The Crown of Horns*

which supposedly contains the last remnants of the Torrilian Death Deity **Myrkul**. Our initial attempts to stop them were thwarted when they teleported, amidst a mass congregation of various clerics of death and the undead, out of the Inn to parts unknown. They are presumably no longer in the city, if they live at all.

We are eager to stop these wayward primes from disturbing the great procession of

decay and walk of death which we hold so dear to our way of existence. If you have any information regarding their current whereabouts please contact me via usual channels in the Great Mortuary.

Signed, *Markus Daggerfall*

Secretary to the Factol

Author: [Shawn Nicolen](#)



## COLLEGE OF DRAKKMAGIC OPENS

*by Jikrak, the Waurac Scribe*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- A new school of magic has opened in Sigil. And I do mean new. Located at 1056 Papyrus Way, the College of Drakkmagic, as it is dubbed, specializes in "unusual, unorthodox, and untested pseudo-magical thaumaturgies" according to their advertisement.

And do they mean it, cutter. Though most of the ad is complete sparkle-barkle, my connections have said that the school doesn't offer the normal types of specialization that most spell-slingers are used to. Instead, they use some downright warped practices to allow their mages to use pretty much any spell they can think of and develop. And, believe it or not, this can include priest spells normally granted by the powers.

For instance, the college claims to be able to teach a student how to use "Anti-Magic," which uses the opposite of magic (whatever in all of the infinities that is) to power spells. It's said that this method can break through magical resistance. There's even said to be a spell able to obliterate a god -- and it's reputed to be easier than a wish spell.

Well, chant like that can get some berks riled up. Especially various powers. However, being in Sigil has conveniently protected the tower from godly interference, and it is said that the colleges' bizarre magic can more than protect it from the servants of said powers.

But that isn't all that's raising eyebrows at the college. They also teach some pretty bizarre methodologies, including the study of fantastic creatures. Chant has it that some mages can use the souls of these creatures to enhance their powers, or even bend them to their will, much like summoned fiends. And the odd purplish mists that shroud the tower every few weeks, raging like the bloody plane Lightning and ringing like the cubes of Archeron, have the whole ward worried.

I'm not about to list the extensive (and warped) magical practices of the place, but if you're interested, their college is very receptive to curious visitors. Just be prepared to be bewildered by babble that sounds like a Xaositect explaining the theory of elemental atomics. It's not just the college itself that is in the limelight, though. Equally interesting is it's founder, one Drakkmarr. I was unable to find him at the time of this article, but chant says that he's a real mage's mage, with mortality to spare. His aides said he was "meditating in the plane of doors" when I inquired, and that he would "attend to mortal concerns later." Well, after a bit of digging, I found out all I could about him. Apparently, he does not belong to any faction or sect in the planes. In fact, he is a prime who claims to have more magic in his armpit hair than all the gods put together.

If his glassy-eyed aides are to be believed, I will be able to interview Drakkmarr when he returns from his sabbatical. I hope, in a future issue of SIGIS, to report more on this warped little berk and uncover a bit more about his new systems of magic.



## feature

### SAGA OF THE DRAGON-EYED SWORD (Part 3)

*by Daemon Chaas*

**Outer Planes (Pandemonium)** -- The Harmonica: an enormous cavern full of screaming towers of doom in the depths of Pandemonium. Not your typical vacation hotspot (I recommend the Sensate's Golden Palace on Arborea), but that's where Mimi Fletcher and her band of intrepid treasure-hunters found themselves searching for the Dragon-eyed sword. Last issue, Fletcher told us how she tripped to the dark of the artifact's location after a barmy, bubbled-up mage in Windglum [a town in the third layer of Pandemonium - Ed.] gave them the chant...and proceeded to laugh hysterically when Fletcher told him that was their destination. The avaricious treasure-seekers remained undaunted by the madman's derisive laughter (he was barmy after all) and they trudged off to the enormous cavern to find an artifact of the Gods.

A portal in downtown Windglum made the journey to the cavern quite trivial, although the band had to pay though their nostrils for the key. For those of you who haven't had the "pleasure" of visiting the Harmonica, let me describe this strange and ancient cavern. According to data I gathered from the Guvners' library, the cavern is roughly 10 miles in diameter and is filled with spires soaring into the center from all directions. Imagine an enormous, spherical iron maiden and you've lanned the gist of it. Each of the hundreds, perhaps thousands of spires are what give the place its name. The spires are huge twisted stalagmites (or stalactites, depending on your perspective), with staircases meant for giants winding around the pillars, and holes of all sizes randomly puncturing the pillars. The wind of Pandemonium blows though these holes making a cacophony of sounds of every possible pitch. Fletcher says that if you want to hear similar sounds, you can get a taste of it at a Morvun and Phineas concert.

Climbing the spires is extremely dangerous. Most bashers who attempt to scale a spire get blown off or go completely deaf. With so many spires to choose from, Fletcher needed a way to find the right spire before they all went completely barmy. "I knew that artifact wouldn't be stuck in any old spire," said Fletcher. "There had to be something unusual about the hiding place. As I stood there listening to the screeching and moaning of the cavern, I suddenly lanned the dark of it. The Harmonica is all about strange noises right? So I figured the spire with an artifact of such power would sound...special! Different from the others in some tonal way; I knew that sound was the key."

Fletcher scragged the basher in her party with the best hearing, a Coure Eladrin name Gesthemne, and flew right into the center of the enormous cave, which mean straight up. The little Eladrin sprite they called "Gessie" transformed into a small ball of light, a unique ability of her people, and flew off with Fletcher illuminating their way. After a few minutes, Gessie heard an extremely low moan, well below the range of hearing of most humanoids. To Gessie, the noise sounded like the blowing of a Norse battle horn. "Gessie guessed that the presence of the powerful Norse artifact inside this spire altered the shape of the holes making them sound like a Norse horn," said Fletcher. Having identified the spire, they now had to get inside and retrieve the sword. And this is where the real fun began.

Thrilled with the quickness of the discovery, they shot up the spire in record time with the assistance of some fly spells and a few solid ropes. Fletcher lead the pack, with Gessie clinging to her shoulder, followed by Hekcup the half-orc warrior, Cho the githzerai priest of Sung Chiang and Arb, the bariar path mage. The party was roped together to prevent anyone being blown off into the cavern. All of these bashers were seasoned veterans of many a planewalk, but this did not help them avoid being sucked into the spire half a mile from the top.

"We were flying fairly straight when Arb was scragged by the spire like a fly caught on a frog's tongue," recalled Fletcher. "Arb was clever enough to have fitted a stonewall on himself, or he'd a been thrashed. Not only did he smack into every wall and rock in the cave, but we all landed on top of the poor sod in the end."

The vacuum ceased as abruptly as it started, and the group found themselves inside a debris filled cave riddled with small holes. They were desperate for a way out before the vacuum started again and pulled them all to pieces through the holes like cheese through a grater. Fletcher: "Gessie lit up the room and Cho immediately spotted a stone set oddly in the back wall. Hekcup levered the stone out, and, amazingly enough, this revealed a tunnel leading off into the middle of the spire. This was all extremely strange, and I started to suspect another force at work here."

The tunnel bore deep into the heart of the spire. Everyone except Gessie was forced to crawl almost a mile on their elbows and knees. Fletcher's wings were ripped and bleeding by the time the party found their way out of the shaft. They slid headfirst down the final 30 yards of the tunnel falling in a heap in the midst of a large carved room that looked like a hallway exiting opposite the entrance tunnel.

Although the group was exhausted, they had only a moment's rest before the first attack hit them: a group of Mezzoloths crept out of the dark recesses of the cavern and pounded them from all sides. "To this day, I still can't decide whether the loths followed us or were waiting for us all along," said Fletcher. "Logic tells me that they followed us in, but my instincts tell me that they were there all along." The mage was the first to die as his spells failed to affect the loths and the canny creatures played 'rule-of-threes' on the poor sod. Arb's screams echoing in their ears, the party ran for their lives out the exit tunnel. Using a wand of frost, Fletcher blasted a thick wall of ice behind the fleeing party to slow the loths down. Unfortunately, the loths found another hidden exit out of the room and set up another ambush.

Fletcher: "We found ourselves running into a huge room, a temple of some sort I guessed. It looks like dark caricature of a Norse shrine. And there was the sword, shining like a wet dragon scale. I swear that the hand at the end of the pommel motioned me to come forward, and as I stared at the blade the eye blinked!" [See the sword on the [cover of Issue 27](#) - Ed.]

Before Fletcher could rush out and scrag the blade, the loths were on them once more. Hekcup and Cho fought in vain for their lives. They lasted about a minute with the loths, and took three of them down, before they fell. Fletcher managed to keep herself alive with the assistance of Gessie and a few magical items, but a single slice of a halberd sheared off her wings, leaving her mortally wounded. Bleeding to death, surrounded by mezzoloths, Fletcher made a final desperate gambit for her life: as the loths surrounded her, she used her tiefling nature to create an illusion of her squatting, waiting for death. While the loths circled and toyed with her illusion, she crept through the shadows and made a lunge for the sword. The last thing she recalls clearly was the sword's pommel, made from the hand of a dead Norse proxy, grasping her wrist like an iron manacle. "I felt incredible energy flow through me - all my wounds were healed; even my wings grew back," recalled Fletcher. "Then the sword just took over and the rest is all a blur. Gessie later told me that I fought like I was possessed by a demon and the loths never had a chance. I wish I could remember taking revenge on those sods for what they did to Arb, Cho and Hekcup."





### *Fletcher's Desperate Ploy*

Fletcher and Gessie escaped with the sword back to Sigil and are now using powerful magic to study the artifact in the College of Drakkmagic [See article this issue -Ed.]. The Norse, of course, are clamoring to regain the sword, but they seem to respect the efforts and sacrifice of Fletcher and her crew. They have agreed to wait patiently for the research to be completed, and several temples have offered Fletcher substantial sums for the artifact when available. But Fletcher says that the sword may ultimately decide its own fate, Norse temples be damned. "I have no doubt that the sword drew us in to find it," said Fletcher. "I believe that the sword is sentient and has allowed itself to be found for a reason after being buried for so many centuries in the Harmonica. I have no idea what that reason might be, but I bet you it's not the desire to sit in a temple to Odin."

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## editorial

### TALES OF THE STALKER

#### **Black and Blue**

*by Thomas Stalker*

First of all, I want to make a statement. Despite the currently circulating chant, I am not the individual who was seen wandering the streets of the Lower Ward wearing nothing but a red steel helmet, claiming to be Factol Sarin and striking people with a leather strap, all the while demanding respect for the authority of the Harmonium. My enemies have circulated these slanderous claims, and I have retained the services of Sly Nye to prosecute those who continue to propagate this vicious lie.

Now that we have dispensed with this foolishness, there is some concern as to why I did not write a column for the last issue of this rag. The Editor Who Makes My Life a Living Hell even sent his enforcers around to demand the reasons for my absence. I know this, even though I was not at home

during the last two weeks, because they left threatening notes nailed to my door. I am not pleased. Nevertheless, Your Correspondent is a Professional. These insults do not diminish my dedication to Journalism.

I have spent the last two weeks moving among the cells of the Revolutionary League within the Cage. Yes, among a pack of drug-crazed antisocial deviants and misfits straight from the sweaty nightmares of Factol Sarin himself. I have spoken with them, and I have returned to tell the tale. I have even returned with an interview with the leader of one of these cells, which I will now present for your education and edification. Be grateful.

(Editor's note: The following is transcribed from Thomas Stalker's Mimir, as closely as possible.)

**Tom Stalker:** I'm sitting here in a location I will neither describe nor disclose, speaking with the leader of the Revolutionary League cell -

**Blue Death Leader:** (Interrupting) The only real cell of the Revolutionary League.

**TS:** (continuing) -known as the Blue Death. To begin with, what are the general aims of the Revolutionary League?

**BDL:** It's quite simple, really. The current high-ups of the Multiverse are all corrupt. They exist to keep themselves in power, and to keep everyone else subservient to their whims and desires. Furthermore, most people don't even know the dark of it; the high-ups have convinced everyone that it's perfectly natural and normal. We've tumbled to the dark of it, though. We're going to pull down the high-up men, break up their thrones, and destroy their power. Then everyone'll have a chance for genuine equality and liberty, on terms that everyone can agree with.

**TS:** Suppose you succeed -

**BDL:** (interrupting) We will! It's just a matter of time.

**TS:** What will you do then. Will the Revolutionary League disband?

**BDL:** Yes. Unless new high-ups begin taking power from the people again. Then we'll reform and pull them down once more. And the cycle will continue again and again until there really is equality, liberty, and brotherhood.

**TS:** "Equality, liberty, and brotherhood"? That almost sounds like the Harmonium.

**BDL:** In a way, it does. I don't have any real problems with that part of the Hardhead philosophy. I just think they're an example of bald-face hypocrisy - equality and brotherhood used to justify fascism and oppression.

**TS:** A few minutes ago, you said that the Blue Death cabal is "the only real cell of the Revolutionary League". What do you mean by that?

**BDL:** It's very simple. Our brothers in the revolution mean well, but they are misguided. They lack focus, and they mistake symptoms of oppression for the root causes of oppression. Some cells attack temples and murder priests. Others operate on the Prime, assassinating kings and presidents. Some claim that wealth causes oppression, and others claim that greed is the cause. The Blue Death cell has identified the root cause of oppression and has reached a consensus on how to act against that root cause. We do not waste our time lashing out blindly against mere symptoms. We strike against the root, and we strike hard. Once the other cells realize what we know, we will be able to bring the oppression of the high-ups to a grinding halt within a single human lifespan.

**TS:** And...?

**BDL:** And what?

**TS:** What is this "root cause"?

**BDL:** Oh, that. It's quite simple, really. It is the color (spitting sound) blue.

**TS:** (Pause) The...color...blue.

**BDL:** Yes. I can see from the stunned look on your face that you have grasped the truth of this. The color blue is associated with the heavens, coloring the mortal image of the Powers. Blue is the color of the sky, one of the realms of control for the leaders of most pantheons. All of the mortal tyrants who have ever lived have either been blue, or have worn blue at some point in their lives. If we can totally eliminate the color blue, we can cut oppression off quickly and cleanly.

**TS:** The. Color. Blue.

**BDL:** Ah, you have realized it as well. Join us, and help to eliminate this scourge from the Multiverse.

**TS:** (sputtering) I.. you... this... this is a joke, right?

**BDL:** No. We are in agreement, and we are serious. Blue must be destroyed.

**TS:** You... do the rest of you really believe this? (Sounds of agreement come from several voices in a number of accents.)

**TS:** I can't believe this. I honestly can't believe this. You pack of half-wit, barmy, berks actually believe this.

**BDL:** Insult us at you-

**TS:** (interrupting) SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! (a rhythmic sound, similar to that of a drum or a bell, begins) I can't BELIEVE you BELIEVE THIS! This is ludicrous! Absurd!

**BDL:** Help... someone...

**TS:** SHUT UP! The color blue is NOT responsible for ANYTHING! It is a COLOR! I! Can't! Believe! You! WASTED! My! Time! With! THIS!!!

**Unidentified voice:** Let go of him now.

**TS:** You want a piece of this? I've got a bloody Mimir and a wand of paralysis that says you don't! (At this point, the Mimir's recording degenerates into various uninformative shouts and threats and then ends.)

Author: [Richard Gant](#)



## Letters

Dear Berks,



Look, haven't we all had just about enough of those stupid articles on the Prime? Sigilians are sick to death of Primes. All those clueless, green leatherheads asking, "Where's the Gods?" or "How come you allow demons and devils to just walk around? Don't you know they are evil?" (As if one of these sods could go and tell a Baatezu what to do. I wish more primes would try it.) And I really hate it when Primes walk out of a portal, have a few dry heaves and demand, "Take me to your leader!" Oh, I'll take them to the Lady any old day if they like.

Yeah, we've all had enough, but you keep printing this nonsense about primes. First we have to hear that some of them are telling Cagers that they keep Sigil running [[SIGIS 27 "Prime Time in the City of Doors"](#)] then we have to hear that one of their useless worlds has "blown up" [[SIGIS 28 "Planet Explodes!"](#)]. Like anyone really cares?

Cirily is right: the primes should just go back to where they came from and stop bothering us planars. You leatherheads at SIGIS don't help matter when you publish so many articles about the prime. They feel that they are more and more important, especially when you print articles with the primes telling us all how much they are worth!!

So enough of this screed! Get back to the Blood War and cut the prime crap.

Signed,

**Torc the loner**

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



**streetchant**

## **TANA'S RELIGIOUS REPORT**

*by Old Tanaburs*

Greeting Cutters. Old Tana here, with the latest chant on the religions around the Great Ring and elsewhere. In fact, today's article focuses on the 'elsewhere' part: the Plane of Earth, to be exact. I'm sure all you bloods out there are familiar with Grumbar, the high up deity who protects all earth. Now the old sod (excuse my pun) doesn't have a whole bunch of devotees, but the ones he does have are some of the most faithful berks in the Multiverse. Now here comes the interesting part: the whole lot of Grumbar's worshipers have decided to reunite Mage Elemental Earth magic and Priest Elemental Earth Magic.

You might ask, how in Baator does old Tana know this? Well, just last week a small temple to Grumbar in Automata experienced an explosion during an experiment when trying to reunite the two magics, and they were forced to go public by telling the authorities in Automata. After hearing this, I asked for an interview with Geyorg Bratlakistan, the high priest of the complex. Being a basically good man, he agreed.

**T:** Why has your religion decided to combine the two magics into one?

**B:** Well our research has shown that Mage and Priest magic was the same at one point- everyone could cast either type of spell. By combining, we make our religion much stronger.

**T:** You mentioned that people were once able to cast both spells. What about those who are both Mages and Priests?

**B:** You see, those people have two areas of knowledge- priest and mage. By combining magic, you could remain a priest and pray to your god for wizard spells or be a mage and memorize priest spells you have copied into your spell book.

**T:** What about gods who offer their priests the ability to pray for wizard spells?

**B:** Magic is still not unified. The deity must expend much more energy to draw upon a separate magic source and channel the magic to his priests.

**T:** So would this also work for wizards?

**B:** No, though we are not sure why. We can help priests to cast wizard spells, but wizards would not be able to cast priest spells. It is very mysterious, but such is the way of the Powers.

**T:** Do you think that other religions could be trying this technique?

**B:** Most certainly, though I doubt they would be as open about it as our religion (he goes off mumbling about stupid, dishonest heathens).

**T:** When do you feel you will have this project completed?

**B:** Certainly a long time for now- something very powerful divided wizard and priest magic a long time ago. But like a good, hard rock, we will persevere in our research for centuries if need be.

Well, that's all for now. Gods bless!

Author: [Greg Lopez](#)



## SHICHIHOKUGETSUHAN, INTERPLANAR TRAVEL AGENCY

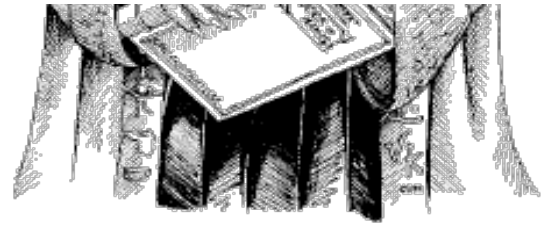
*by Brix*

**Sigil (Blueleaf Road, Clerk's Ward)** -- The Shichihokugetsuhan must be one of the least visited establishments in the Cage. This comes as a real surprise considering that the Shichi caters to planar travellers, and should have a brisk business in the Cage. Probably it's because of the lack of advertising, or maybe its poor location in the burg. Found in the Clerk's Ward, not far from the Tear of the Barghest Inn, the Shichi stands very close to the outermost border of the "concave doughnut". From its front windows, the Void can be seen nearer than from any other place in Sigil. Coming from the Hall of Speakers, just pass the Whole Note Inn, it is practically impossible to miss the two story stone building that hosts the agency. The rocky blades that adorn its whole surface make it seem much higher than it actually is.

Not many Cagers suspect that part of the building was Fell's former shop until the Harmonium made him abandon it (after a few years he opened another tattoo-shop in the Market Ward). Over the little wooden door hangs a sign-board that represents a bear-shaped constellation and the name of the agency. The owner is



Eshael Shininglobe, a male eladrin godsman, and a former Arborean scout. Very sociable, he is always willing to help customers to organize their journeys across the Multiverse. It is unclear why he has left his home plane, but it is evident that he likes Sigil very much. He has many contacts around the town, but has always refused to



meet Harys Hatchis for promotionals. A body'd think that the eladrin purposely tries not to become too popular, but no one has yet been able to understand why. Though the agency's official runner is Eshael, the shiere actually has two bashers that now and then show up at the Shichi: Nametius the Versifier, a male ursinal Signer, and Dareimos a male rilmani Free Leaguer, rumored to be a former proxy of a Power named Azuth.

The agency probably hides a couple of portals in its depth, but no customer has yet been allowed to see them. Akin the Friendly Fiend claims that Eshael actually doesn't know what their keys are, since he simply found the portals in the cellar of the building when he bought it. Maybe Fell knows something about them, but up to now he hasn't "told" anyone the dark. Moreover Eshael hasn't even tried to ask him, preferring to have Nametius and Dareimos handle the gates. The eladrin and the dabus, in fact, don't have any relationship today, though it is recorded in the Harmonium archives that the Agency was once suspected of plotting Aoskar's resurrection. But the three firms were never officially charged of the crime. Likely, they have a secret contact in the Court of the Guvners that helps them not to have problems with the law. Actually they may have many other contacts, since they seem to have many useful darks for customers.

Author: [David Fontana](#)



# the faction extraction

FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



## MERKHANTS

*by Kora Rechan*

The election battle for the Master of the Merkhants is over. The members have handed in their lists of assets to the secretary, who has verified them, totaled up the accounts, and announced a winner.

Last time I wrote here, I said that the smart money was on current Master Tarnin Golthax to retain his position. Well, let's deal with that straight off the bat; smart money isn't always right, and Golthax is now the ex-Master of the Merkhants. Chant has it that Golthax has sworn revenge on those who brought about his downfall. Given that Golthax controls almost all trade in Baatorian green steel, most of the trade with the gate-town of Ribcage,

Both Sigilians can breathe a sigh of relief now that the election is over. The members should stop scrabbling for every last piece of jink like it was going out of fashion, and investment money will start flowing back into the Cage. Ok, these are Merkhants we're talking about, but I suppose the best we can hope for is that they go back to taking a slightly more long term view about the acquisition of jink.

Author: [Galzion](#)



## HARMONIUM

*by Headhard*

In a surprising announcement at the City

and is said to have friends in pretty high-up places (amongst the baatezu, no less) he has the power and influence to cause concern within the Planar Trade Consortium.

Yep, you read that right. The PTC. Not all Merkhants are members of the PTC, but there's enough overlap that if both organizations decide to pull together, they make a pretty powerful bunch. And that's exactly what happened in the election. Members of the PTC organized a transfer of assets to a single member, in order to boost that member's wealth to the point where they were able to defeat Golthax. Not entirely ethical, according to the secretary, but not actually against the rules.

Various members of the PTC were involved in this fix, but the two really prominent ones were Estevan and Tarak de Leynon. Both would have been considered contenders to be master themselves, especially de Leynon, so when they both transferred their support to one candidate, victory was almost assured.

And that lucky candidate? Who is the new Master of the Merkhants? None other than the Rogue modron, Root-Of-Nine who is now officially the richest member of the Misers, and perhaps the richest berk alive. (Apart from a few powers, of course, such as Abbathor, Mitara, and possibly Hiddukel.)

Of course, being the cynical basher that I am, I can't help wondering what exactly de Leynon and Estevan are getting out of their support of Root-Of-Nine. On the face of it, they've spent quite a bit of jink in order to get the modron elected over Golthax, but these are Merkhants we're talking about, and there must be some sort of payback involved.

There are still questions over the ethics of the election, and questions over what de Leynon and Estevan are getting out of it. Most chant-mongers agree that Estevan and de Leynon choose Rule-Of-Nine because they felt he could be manipulated much more easily than Golthax. There are also questions over the future direction of the PTC given their significant involvement in the election, and their overt connection to the Misers.

Barracks, Mover Five Tonat Shar of the Harmonium proclaimed a "new understanding" between the members of Sigil's Law Enforcement and the Society of Sensation. Starting this week, certain Sensate namers will be permitted to "Stride Along" with the Harmonium patrols in the Lady's Ward to record the experience for others to absorb. "This will give the dark of it to the Cagers who already know: The Harmonium has nothing to hide", said Shar, speaking to the cullers gathered in the Barracks auditorium. "The Harmonium has been targeted by slanderous screech and false chant for years. Now the public will be able to see through their own eyes the dedication and bravery of their City's thin red line: the Notaries that walk the Cage every day." The Mover refused to answer any specific darks about how the agreement was reached between the factions, only asserting that the "exchange is mutually beneficial" and that he "hopes the public will see who the Cage's real heroes are".

Adelay, a human Sensate culler and chant broker, is reported to be one of the chosen participants. "The Society has been generous enough to allow me the use of several special items, including high duration Recorder Stones, with which to capture the sensations of a stride along. Everything I experience will be sent back to the Sensorium for others to live." Aware of the dangers associated with Harmonium duty, this "culler" also was canny enough to obtain an elven cloak to render him less intrusive. "I have been assured that the Hardheads, er, Harmonium will not seek to edit or tamper with the experiences I record. It will all be recorded live on location with the members of Sigil's Law Enforcement." Sensates will then be able to relive the stride along in private rooms in the Sensorium.

Author: [Tim Perrotta](#)





# stop press

## BIG ARREST IN GREAT BAZZAAR

by Rhys II

**Sigil (Market Ward)** -- The Harmonium scragged a high-up in the infamous thieves gang called The Sewer Rats. Clive the Rat was arrested when he entered a local watering hole where a Harmonium patrol, acting on tip was waiting for him. Taken by surprise his bodyguards had no time to react and Clive, along with two other members of the guild were taken into custody. Harmonium officer Gabriel, an Arcadian aasimar was the arresting officer. He says that the arrest went "smoothly, without a hitch."

Clive, a wererat is now in the Prison awaiting his trial. He has been charged with theft and living off the avails of the cross-trade. No bail was set.

Author: [Mike Dickinson](#)

## CIPHER KILLER FREED!

by Staff culler

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- In a sensational twist to the Cipher murder case, the suspect Sharpman Troy has been found "not responsible" by the City Court for the murder of a Cipher. His defence council, 'Sly' Nye, read the following statement to gathered cullers. "My client was found not to be responsible for his actions. Although he did kill one member of the Transcendent Order, as he admitted from the outset, the Court agreed that his actions were uncharacteristic and he acted under magical duress. My client was found not guilty on grounds of influence by *geas* or other enchantment. The prosecution was unable to determine the caster of this magic." A spokesperson from the Harmonium was unavailable for comment, although this culler has learned that they have redoubled their efforts to search for the alledged spellcaster. To this effect the Civic Festhall is crawling with Hardheads, especially in the Sensoria, and at least one patrol with leashed displacer beasts has been seen prowling the corridors. More news as we learn it.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)

## IDENTITY OF PRISON ESCAPEES

### KNOWN

by Staff culler

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- In a dramatic about-face, the Mercykillers today admitted a group of prisoners had indeed escaped from the City Prison as reported in SIGIS last week. Trellis Thar, maelephant spokesman for the faction stated, "These escapees are armed and highly dangerous, and should be approached only by rorty bloods. A substantial reward is offered for the capture of these wanted criminals, or for their heads." The identities of the escapees was later announced, and included the notorious lycanthrope Yorr the Bitten (a dangerous weretiger whose transformations are triggered by portal activity), the arcanoloth mind bandit Qaz'zti and the suspected anarchist Utho More. Utho More is the ringleader of many organized riots that burned down half of the City Barracks ten cycles ago. Whether these three are working as a team in some new criminal venture is unknown, but sources point to Torch as their likely hiding place.



The Musee Arcane curator Magnum Opus (pictured left) is still being held for questioning following allegations that a portal in her home was used to aid the escape. In the meantime, the Musee is closed to the public, and a Harmonium guard has been established at the gates.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)





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### 30. Second Week of Catechism

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*exclusive*

## PRISON GOES BOOM!

### ZIBBY THE FAN STRIKES A FINAL BLOW

*by Maija Intwood, culler*

**Sigil (The Prison)** -- In a shocking turn of events, Zibby the Fan, the tinker gnome leader of the Anarchist group known as the Cadre, stuck a final parting blow against the Cage. Just moments before the gnome was to be publicly executed by the Mercykillers for his role in the firebombing of the Bazaar ([SIGIS Issue 17](#)) and other hideous murders, the sod blew himself up, taking a good number of Sigil's high-ups with him. According to witnesses, the Mercykiller Factor Sarevok had just finished placing the noose around Zibby's neck when the gnome smiled, said a single word of magic, and all Baator broke loose.

"There was this moment of complete silence, then a tremendous explosion as fire, lightning, and shards of metal blew out of his little body like an erupting mount of Gehenna," said G. "Lilly" Septum, githzerai owner of Septum's Survival Supplies in the Market Ward. "The first three rows of bleachers were completely decimated, and the rest set ablaze. Even fiends didn't stand a chance! I saw a stroke of lightning dead-book a barbazu and his spinagon friend. It was the most terrifyingly exciting event I have ever witnessed. I'm very happy I was late picking up my tickets!"

The explosion could be heard all across Sigil, and some religious Cagers rushed outside believing that their favorite Power had finally broken into the Cage. As many as 40 high-ups with jink perished in the blast, and 150 others were injured according to report leaked from the Prison. [The injured included our own culler Daemon Chaas who had been reporting on the story. Hang in there Chaas! -Ed.] The names of the dead have not been confirmed, but chant has it that members of some of Sigil's richest families are in the dead-book, including the family of Bezen Hempstock who was killed by the Cadre's "Death Spider" back in the first week of Retributus ([SIGIS Issue 9](#)).

The explosion spoiled the opening day of the Mercykiller's new public execution entertainment within the Prison. The Red Death had just finished construction of a special set of bleachers within the prison, and had sold tickets to the executions for some serious jink. The day was billed as a double header, with the infamous Zibby the Fan and the high-up aasimar merchant Spiral Hal'ought to be executed on the same day. (Hal'ought died instantly in the blast while he stood silently next to the gnome.) The executions attracted a large and wealthy crowd, many of whom had been financially hurt by the Cadre or who knew Spiral Hal'ought from business dealings.


Although the incident comes as a complete surprise to many, sources outside the prison said that the Mercykillers should have expected Zibby to have one more trick up his sleeve. "Zibby planned it all along," said one Anarchist source. "He had that device buried deep in his ribcage a long time ago just for this occasion. I wouldn't be surprised if members of the Red Cell [An anarchist cell that is part of the Cadre -Ed.] infiltrated the prison weeks ago and encouraged them to build bleachers and sell tickets to high-ups."

More investigation is needed to verify our source's chant, but one thing is for certain: Zibby's destructive action signals the "death" of public executions in the Prison.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



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TALKING TURTLE  
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**MARKET WARD**

**FREQUENTED BY JACKAMO THE GREAT, THE FAMOUS  
SENSATE BARD!**

Author: [Arafel](#)



## newsbriefs

### DEMAGOGUE ARRESTED

*by Darlath Coberrl*

**Bytopia (Yeoman)** -- The leader of a splinter faction of the Order of the Planes Militant (OPM), a group of bashers hailing from Mount Celestia, was arrested today in Yeoman and charged with arson, murder, conspiracy to commit murder and assorted other criminal charges. Following several weeks of intensive proselytizing on behalf of the OPM, Hidalgo Klannis confessed today to ordering his fellow sect members to set fire to the market stall belonging to the gnome toy-maker Johnaos Whitebrow. "It must have been a magical fire," said Johnaos. "There is no other way the fire could have spread so quickly. I was lucky enough to be pulled out by a bariaur who was passing by, otherwise I would have burned along with my toys..."

The first to publically suggest wrongdoing by Klannis was the guardinal Perseus, a resident high-up of the burg, who brought forth evidence against the OPM and its leader. Perseus obtained this evidence from a group of vigilante types from Sigil. The group claimed to have been visiting the burg for entirely other reasons when they came across the dastardly plot. "The outsiders were impartial and could solve the crimes that I believed were being committed by Hidalgo and his lackeys," said Perseus. "Indeed they brought me solid evidence pointing towards the guilt of the sect that has been turned over to the authorities here in Yeoman."

When asked to comment, chief Justice Elannar Plantas said, "Once the evidence has been heard and arguments made on both sides, I will make my ruling. It is too soon to say any more than that. To ascertain one's guilt or innocence before a trial would defeat the purpose of said trial."

Hidalgo Klannis, now in custody, told SIGIS that he was only "doing his sworn duty" as a member of the OPM. "I did what



needed to be done to banish the forces of chaos that run rampant on the Planes," said Hildago. "I will not apologize for that. Indeed, if I had to do it again, I would not change a thing."

The alleged arsonist and murderer is unrepentant, it would seem. We shall see if his tune changes before the rope comes taut around his neck.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)



## INDEP ORPHAN CASE FUNDED BY HARMONIUM

by *Simone Trenchant*

**Sigil (Hive Ward)** -- A recent bit of wigwag has opposed factioneers rattling their bone-boxes about an unusual occurrence in the Great Bazaar: an orphanage for wayward Hiver children (girls only) has been made into a case under the peery eyes of Milana, a bariaur priestess of Idun. "The Great Ysgardian Goddess of Youth has seen fit to provide me with the vision and power to watch over the young women of the Cage and elsewhere who need guidance and protection from the evils of the multiverse," explained Milana. "Here, a girl can tend the apple trees, garden, and learn the ways of Idun free from the pressures of the streets."



Surrounded on three sides by Indep tents and businesses, the chant in the Bazaar is that dozens of orphans and refugees from the Hive Ward have made a fresh start under Milana's watchful presence. "Putting 'em here gives them a chance to grow up without any thought guilds trying to force their beliefs on 'em," stated an unidentified Indep basher, who claims to assist the tree-lined orphanage/shrine to Idun. "By the time they leave the Bazaar, they'll have a free mind and spirit."

What promises to be an unusual alliance was revealed to this culler: a Harmonium Measure is said to have made a considerable jink donation to Allesha's Pantry in the Hive Ward, with the condition that all young women are to be escorted to the Idun shrine in the future. Although the faction has neither confirmed nor denied involvement, Measure IV Angonia of the City Barracks (pictured to the left) issued a brief statement when questioned about this bit of chant: "The Harmonium has always supported the protection and rights of the young citizens of the Cage as is accorded to us by the Lady's Law. Individual charities notwithstanding, the Harmonium does not endorse any children's program in particular, save the 'DARE' youth program (Daily Accountability Reinforces Education) in Arcadia and the Junior Notaries Club." In addition, the Measure said, "This is the sort of thing Harmonium officers do for which they often don't get much credit. Here again, the social order is promoted through good deeds of our faction."

Milana claims to be in the dark as to the chant regarding Hardhead sponsorship, but was not bothered by the rumors. "It's their jink, and it looks the same as any other bunch of stingers. As with anyone, they should be free to do as they please." Time will tell if there is more to the chant than appears. Already, some Indep bashers are expressing peeriness as to the possible Hardhead associations developing. "Sure, we raise 'em, feed 'em, case 'em... then the Hardheads move in and bash 'em," commented an anonymous Free Leaguer. "Nice little Unity of the Rings there, eh?"

Author: [Tim Perrotta](#)



## THE SENSATE'S TOURNAMENT BEGINS

by *Luis Le Grande*

**Sigil (Civic Festhall)** -- The Combat Tournament of the Society of the Sensations has begun! Erin Montgomery, Factol of the Sensates told SIGIS, "I'm very proud of the Sensate representation in the Tournament. We are not in first place but the experiences we've gained are priceless!"

The favorite warriors are: Melrych Darkskies (Mage, male, human prime) a clueless with great power; Döck Stickard (Fighter/Psionic, male human signer) an incredible warrior



who has the ability to read minds; Ciara Janus (Wizard, female tiefer sensate; see picture right) representing the Sensates at this tournament; Twrch Twrth (Fighter, male human xaositect) a lethal warrior with no mercy for anyone; Sertium the Invincible (Fighter, male human dustman) a deadly and fast bounty hunter who works for Ho Ling Kuay, a rich magnate from Mount Celestia who desires the Opinum (the tournament's first prize); and Rhys (Factol of the Ciphers) who impressed the crowd with her quick and beautiful attacks.

The most exciting moment of the tournament so far came in the third round between Sertium the Invincible and Barinthus the Barbarian. Sertium won the fight with one single hit to Barinthus' neck, and the crowd went bacchanal with glee! Another chaotic moment was when Melrych Darksies used all his energy against Madoc Dedobuni (a high Archon) and threw him into the crowd.

On the other hand, Tonat Shar, the public face of the Harmonium, isn't very happy with this tournament: "Uncontrolled violence leads to more violence. We are having too much trouble with Factol Erin Montgomery's tournament. We may just have to shut it down." Factol Hashkar of the Guvners isn't content either: "This Tournament is completely illegal. We have to do something to stop it. Factol Sarin of the Harmonium, Factol Nilesia of the Mercykillers and I will have a reunion next Market to discuss a solution in this respect". Factor Sarevok of the Mercykillers, speaking for Nilesia, had a different point of view: "The Tournament isn't bad at all, a lot of criminals are dying there. And besides, the attention of Sigil is concentrated in this event so the streets are a little bit more calm."

Would the Lady of Pain be glad with this Tournament? Who will be the champion, and will the tournament even be allowed to continue? More info next issue!

Author: [Luis Grande](#)



## DWARVEN SHARPSHOOTER ADDS TROPHY

*by Kilian, Master Thief of the Five Blades*

**Sigil (Lower Ward)** -- Although I had been searching for him throughout the City of Doors for three long days, the Dwarven sharpshooter and trader of rare gems Oric Shaftspitter once again managed to startle and stun local berks. I was tipped off yesterday to Shaftsplitter's whereabouts by a reliable source from the Five Blades. My source, using the better part of his idea-box, placed dust of tracking on the dwarf prime, making it easier than catching a skag of a key to trail him. The sparkle-dust led me to an elven pub not too far from Fire Pit Square called the Tree of Lasting Leaves.

The Tree of Lasting Leaves (called the "Tree" by local berks) is of ornate High Elven construction. Finding the door was not easy because the whole building was covered in the thick smog from the Pit. As I entered the main foyer a feeling of rejuvenation shot through my aging bones. Now bashers, being a gnome half a millennium old with my vast knowledge of arcane magical forces, I knew this was not some illusion. The Tree's sensation had to be the handiwork of a powerful graybeard who must somehow have channeled a way to bring prime high-elven magic to the City of Doors.

My first glance at the inside of the Tree was enough to show any basher that this is where high-ups sought entertainment and dined exclusively at their leisure. Then I realized that the main hall was much larger inside than it looked from the outside. The entire enormous chamber was illuminated by life-sized woodland creatures sculpted from semi-precious stones, all of which were enchanted with some odd sort of fairy fire spell. The vast interior of the Tree contained rare furniture lavishly crafted from exotic woods from throughout the Multiverse. The table linens and window dressings I touched were made of silk that was woven by hand, and to my surprise thick rugs covered the floors. As I examined the rugs my infravision picked up magic script in the rug fibers. As I studied the carpets the script hovered above the floor telling of legendary heroes from the fairy folk. But what I found most unexpected and startling stood in the middle of the great hall of the Tree.

Towering above all in the vast hall was an ancient yew tree that had to be at least two hundred and fifty feet tall and forty feet wide at the base. The yew tree emanated a strange and powerful aura that I had never encountered before in all my years of rounding.

I pulled a scroll of understand ancient magic from beneath my robe and quickly spoke the script. As the last word left my lips the strong aura hit me violently. Then I understood that this was no ordinary tree but a living magical creature: a Treant. This magnificent sight overwhelmed my brain-box. As I drew closer to this creature, I noticed scattered throughout its towering branches hundreds of small dwellings that were kips to pixies. I called out to one of them, "What have you to



do with the ancient ENT?" As she flew by, she called out, "We are the keepers of the Great Treant, gnomish one!"

I was so taken in by the whole tree and the pixies that I never noticed an approaching elf. Startled by this berk, I redirected my attention from the treant to the elf. The elf, robed in a long, stately, crimson cloak, rapidly closed on me. He spoke first, saying, "Is this your first time in the Tree of Lasting Leaves?" I told him it was. He went on to say, "I am called the Nameless One, and you would be?" "Kilian, of the Five Blades," I responded. The Nameless One stated in a harsh tone, "What has brought you here, gnome? Your kind do not visit regularly here in the Tree." Not wanting to look like a bloodcrow, I said, "I am trying open the chant on Shaftsplitter." He responded with, "Well Kilian, it seems to me that you have gone through more trouble than most skags to get close to Oric this night. I sensed that someone was counting layers on my dwarven friend and then I noticed the tracking dust on his clothes." His stern face turned to a slight smile. Chuckling, he said, "I was expecting to find the crow-feeder more clever." I quickly yelled, "Who made you the kobold king of the T...."

Magic erupted from his hands-- the green fire sprang forth at startling speed. The Nameless One engulfed me in a powerful spell. The impact of the spell ripped apart my magical defenses, dropping me to the carpeted floor and sucking the very air from my lungs. The elf mage held the inked quill inches from the parchment of the dead-book, where he was poised to scribe my name. Then he started probing my mind with some kind of spoonbender ability. I was totally defenseless to his magical ability as this mage/psionicist stole the dark of my being in the Tree of Lasting Leaves that night.

Moments later I felt the air rush back into my lungs as the green fire flickered out around me. Then the Nameless One helped me to my feet. I soon noticed that there was no physical damage done to my body. He sat me down gently in a nearby chair to let me gain my composure. He said, "Sorry, gnome, here in the Tree I do not take any chances with new faces. You can never tell which bally bad neighborhood berks are trying to make some jink feeding the crows. I hope you can accept my apology, Kilian. Let me be the first to introduce you to a very old friend, Oric Shaftsplitter."

He turned and headed toward Shaftsplitter's table saying, "We have been adventuring around the Prime for the better part of the last few centuries." As we neared where Shaftsplitter was sitting, the dwarf yelled, "Leave that gnome alone, you long-eared freak. You nearly made me spill my wine with all your green fire slinging. It could catch everything on fire! Then I would really be narky with you, long ear." In a loud bellowing voice he continued, "So you're the berk trailing me through the streets?" I replied, "Yes, but I am only following the chant and your fancy wrist-crossbow shooting. Local bashers are still chanting about the stumpy dwarf prime." Then Oric said, "Made some large purses of jink that night, with an old friend, NightWind." "So what are you planning on doing tonight?" I asked.

Oric told me that an elven archer named Falerous Quickflight (pictured below), was coming to the Tree that night to challenge him. Oric told me that long ago (two hundred years or so), the dwarven Clan of Thunder Axes of his prime world had raided his home. He said, "I found tomes of leaf-benders on my home world telling that my grandfather put the iron to the entire Falerous family. Being the only survivor, Falerous was an outcast driven into slavery who somehow escaped. Planars say that some prime rogue elf archer trained him. So Falerous is running a black one on me and every dwarf he comes in contact with. He sought revenge first on the entire Clan of Thunder Axes, sending them all to the dead-book."

"Falerous has become a dwarf-slayer, you could say," continued Oric. "He was for the longest time bounty hunting on the Prime putting arrow shafts in every dwarf he could find and gathering the jink and gems of the vanquished for his own evil needs. Now I hear he is killing randomly throughout the Outer Planes.

"He piked me with five flight arrows half-a-turn back and thought I was boxed. The Nameless One and I found him two days later. I put a real scraggen on him with a battle-axe; broke his longbow in half, I did, but those damn long ears can run fast when they have to. Dwarves can't run that fast, you know."

"So he got away?" I replied.

"Yeah, and I have not seen nor heard of him in many a turn of the wheel. Till last week in the One-Eyed Dwarf. Did the owner some needed business for chant. Then sent word to the dwarfslayer through the wizard NightWind. So I'm here waiting for Falerous on neutral ground."

"What is at stake in this duel?" I asked. Oric stood up saying, "Honor and pride to kill the dwarf-slayer" for the Clan Bel a' Rak, young gnome." "What's in it for the loser?" I asked Oric. With a stern look he said, "The dead-book."



Soon after anti-peak a robed figure walked into the Tree with an oilskin carrying case and a quiver of arrows. Two more robed bally sods accompanied him. The three walked toward our table and pulled down their hoods in mid-stride, stopping just short of melee range. Oric yelled out, "You remember my axe, long ear?" "Well, well, sharpshooter, nice to get your mimir," Falerous replied. "It was not a note of love, long ear," Oric swiftly



replied. One of the other robed elves shouted, "That's lord to you, dwarf!" "Tell your minion to shut his bone-box if he wants to walk out of here tonight," The Nameless One replied almost instantly.

As the tension rose in the Tree, the unexpected happened. From the center of the hall the great yew tree started to speak in an ancient language. The Nameless One quickly jumped up and walked toward the tree. He started to talk to the treant in the strange tongue, and then repeated it to the now-forming audience in common. "The Great Treant has spoken to us in the Hall of the Lasting Leaves. He says the rules are simple--each champion is to choose only one weapon and step out onto the main floor when ready."

I had not noticed the mob of sods that had gathered in the Tree, a crowd of onlookers who were followers of Quickflight and Shaftsplitter. Their standards and flags stood like saplings in each corner of the Tree. Local

berks tried to mingle to get a better view, but their efforts were in vain. As tension grew, I watched the two champions ready their weapons.

Shaftsplitter entered the floor armed with a lavish heavy crossbow with two quivers of bolts. He was wearing a cloak of forest green and gray and a suit of bronze dragon plate armor with no helm. In its place was a small magical metal strip crowning his head. He wore a horn of battle around his neck.

Quickflight entered the floor with a longbow and one overfilled quiver of sheath arrows with one arrow wrapped in black velvet carried in his left hand. He was dressed in leather armor and wore an elven-made cloak.

At that instant Quickflight fired the first shaft. Shaftsplitter then sent four bolts at startling speed toward Quickflight. The heavycross cocked itself and the dwarf was fast to load. The first shaft missed Shaftsplitter by a hair as the quarrels zipped by Quickflight. The assembled crowd yelled out for their champion, and horns and drums of dwarven clans sounded as dark elves sang to their evil spirits for victory. Quickflight tumbled backward, drew two shafts, and fired them toward Shaftsplitter. The two shafts collided in midflight with two quarrels, deflecting the shafts from their target. Oric yelled out, "You are outmatched, long ear." Then multiple shafts hit Oric in the left shoulder and chest. He never flinched, but the blood trickled down his armor as he fired more bolts at Quickflight.

Quickflight was fast as he dodged the barrage of bolts, rolling left and then releasing shaft after shaft at Shaftsplitter. The dwarf cried, "You will like these, long ear," as he fired two quarrels straight up into the air, then rolled right, dodging six deadly shafts. The strange quarrels arched high and then streaked down with such force that only magic (enchanted with SEEK) could be pushing them. They stapled Quickflight's feet to the hard woodfloor. Falerous yelled out in pain, but kept releasing arrow shafts at extreme speed. Shaftsplitter threw another barrage of four quarrels. Each of the last two when released turned into a ball of fire that headed fast toward Quickflight. Quickflight dropped to his knees but not soon enough because one fire arrow impaled his left hip, setting him on fire. Shaftsplitter stood with multiple shafts sticking out of his body. Blood and sweat filled his face as he watched the fire engulf the elf. But from within the flames the elf had not given up. His final shaft was the one he had carried in black velvet: the arrow of dwarf slaying. Stunned, the crowd stood as the elf sent the death shaft to its mark. Shaftsplitter's keen eye picked up the deadly shaft in midflight and the centuries of training took over. He quickly pulled his best quarrel, fletched when he was a young dwarf: the very quarrel the master fletcher said would aid him well some day. Tipped with a bolt head enchanted with sharpness, it flew from the crossbow of speed. The quarrel found its mark, splitting the arrow of slaying in half, the deadly magic exploding only feet from Shaftsplitter. Onlookers pushed onto the floor to see the outcome. As the smoke cleared the dwarf prime remained standing, watching Quickflight's smoldering body on the floor. Oric reloaded the heavy crossbow, walking toward the now boxed elf. Oric sent one last bolt into the corpse as he lifted the horn to his mouth, sending forth the victory song for his clan and his people, the Dwarves.

Author: [Zach Taylor](#)



**feature**

## HE RAKKMARR INTERVIEW

*by Jikrak, the Waurac Scribe*

It's me, again. Yes, your loyal culler has followed through on his promise to deliver to you an exclusive interview with one of the many cutters rattling the cage recently, the founder of the College of Drakkmagic, Drakkmarr. The berk recently agreed to be mimir-interviewed by none other than I in a Sigil tavern (that shall remain anonymous).

To look at him, he's not much more than a pale, young-ish half-elf. He also says he's a Prime, which, given how rarely this guy seems to admit he's lesser than anyone, I'm inclined to believe. And he's a wizard. To most planars, it would seem like he's a few steps away from his own personal grave, as the guy has no racial talents, no outer-plane knowledge, and his special abilities are unreliable at best. Well, scratch that last one, anyway. Drakkmarr may be a cocky cuss, especially for a half-elf, especially for a Prime, especially for a wizard, but if you believe what he spouts, he's got reason for it.

I'll leave it up to you to decide. What follows is a transcribed mimir conversation with him. You'll notice that he's got his own strange way of talking, like some sorta weird prime accent, but we tried to filter out most of it, so that people would be able to understand it.

Jikrak: Have a seat, Mr. Drakkmarr. Want some bub? I hear this place serves great --

Drakkmarr: (interrupting) I don't care what this vomit-bucket serves, and I don't want any of your pathetic rot-gut. Are we going to talk or get "bubbed up" as your little colloquialism goes?

J: (nervous laughter) Of course, of course. Then let's talk about the new college of magic you've opened? I've heard that --

D: You've heard it, I've heard it, all of this gods-forsaken doughnut has heard it thanks to your scribbles in that shoddy piece of ass-paper that is the aptly named "rag."

J: You're referring to my article in the SIGIS?

D: Of course I am, you bloody rat! Now get on with the interview! I'm a busy man!

J: (brief pause)As I can see. It was difficult for me to find you before the press time of my first article. Your aides claimed that you were "meditating in the plane of doors."

D: Yes, yes. I had to attend to greater concerns than those that I have here in Sigil.

J: Care to explain what concerns?

D: Well, if you must know, there was a bit of an uprising on one of my temples on the Prime. It's so difficult to keep those petty little mortals on track.

J: You're not a "petty little mortal" yourself?

D: No, I am immortal, much like many of your numerous vermin here on the planes.

J: But you're just a half-elf. That's not an immortal race.

D: Not as a race, but as a person. I have been granted unending life by the gods themselves.

J: Are these the same gods that you claim to be able to kill?

D: Indeed, they are, fuzzy one. Some may call it a lack of gratitude, but after...convincing...the gods to grant me this boon, I have spent my existance trying to destroy them.

J: Kill a god? That's impossible!

D: Only next-to-impossible, you bipedal harbinger of disease. The bodies on the astral speak otherwise.

J: But those were put there either because they were forgotten about or because they lost to another god. Surely you can't wipe out an entire religion, or proclaim to be a god yourself!

D: Ah, but is possible to destroy entire religions. I have done it. I can destroy them all.

J: You sound like a Godslayer.

D: Don't you dare affiliate me with that disgusting society of trophy-hunters, you disgusting pied piper of pestilence! They

merely want to kill the gods to prove they can. They have no concept of how to reshape all of that raw belief into what they desire!

J: So that's your plan? Kill the gods and use the belief yourself?

D: Exactly. That's why I have temples, you see. It's the power of belief. The more people I get worshipping me, the closer I get to becoming equal to the gods.

J: Which is how you will kill them? By fighting your way up the ladder? Now you sound like a Godsmen!

D: Now you see why I don't subscribe to your little clubs known as factions. None of them truly fit my vision.

J: Which is...?

D: Peace and harmony for all. I know, I know. Now I sound like a...what do you call them? "Hardheads?" The only problem is that my idea doesn't fit with theirs. My idea of peace and harmony isn't necessarily everyone obeying the laws. It's just a world without gods to bicker amongst themselves, without high-ups to get in the way.

J: Not the first time I've heard Athar and Anarchist words in the same breath. So you want to shape the multiverse in your image, like a Signer?

D: In a way, yes. Though I favor action over thought.

J: Like a Cipher. And you're taking what you want, like a Heartless. How is it that you can survive in Sigil with no real faction backing?

D: I have my ways.

J: Of course you do. But why come out about it now? What planar will take you seriously after you tell them you want to be the only god?

D: More than you may think. Jink often speaks louder than thoughts. That's part of the reason I established the college.

J: Yes....Uh, about the college. Could you further explain the "unorthodox" magic you practice there?

D: Well, it is difficult to explain to an midget such as yourself, but let me put it in a bit of perspective.

J: I smell a lecture.

D: You're more astute than you look. You see, "magical effects" in this multiverse are limited to three forms: the Mind, the Body, and the Soul. The Mind Magic is called Wizardly Magic, the Body Magic is called Psionics, and the Soul Magic is called Priestly Magic. Drakkmagic takes its power from the union of these three forms. By focusing both mind, body, and soul, you can attain the powers and strengths of the Self, while sharing only the disadvantages that all three share. Drakkmagic is the process of focusing all three energies into a "mancy" that invariably depends upon the person using it. That is why we can, for instance, teach dwarves to use the Fireball spell, despite their usual magic resistance.

J: ...because magic resistance doesn't apply to Psionics...

D: Exactly. That is how we can get around that bothersome little quirk that destroys the mind and soul of magic. Instead of teaching schools of magic or spheres of belief or disciplines of psionics, we teach "Mancies" that combine all.

J: That doesn't really explain the storms that surround the college every few weeks, though.

D: Those are the result of our...pop quizzes. There are certain things that I use in my college that I would not want to force upon the planes at large.

J: Speaking of "the planes at large," you speak of the multiverse as one among many. How is that?

D: This is only one among many in the mind of the eternal dragon, who dreams of us in his slumber.

J: So that is your belief? That we're all in a dragon's dream?

D: That is not my belief, that is fact. I have proven it. I don't believe, I know.

J: You sound very confident.

D: I have reason to be. I have amassed more power in more worlds than you can count.

J: Why is it, then, that you still struggle for dominance over the gods? If you're really that powerful, can't you just destroy them from another multiverse?

D: It's not entirely that simple. When the gods granted me immortality, they did not also grant me omnipotence. I must rebuild my power from the ground up upon entering any multiverse, or if I am killed on one. Once I can attain sole rulership of a multiverse, I move on to the next. When I have ruled every multiverse, I will have dominated the dragon.

J: So, if the dragon dreams of the multiverses, what does he exist in?

D: One of the multiverses that he dreams. He is his own dream. It all comes full-circle. I imagine that my final conflict will be with the eternal dragon himself, before I become the dreamer of existence, and supreme. I will then remove the evils from the world that the dragon has made, and replace them with goodness. The core reason behind this is the betterment of life, for the one that currently dreams up the multiverses is evil to the core, hence the evils of the world.

J: Wow...that's...

D: What, crazy? "Barmy" if the basal language is to be used? Believe that if you must, but I have told you, and now all of the planes, the truth about why I am here. You will debate it in your petty little halls, and drunkenly discuss it in your taverns, while I will be ruling all eternity.

J: Before you leave, at least put to rest this one last question.

D: Very well. If I must.

J: What is the connection between you and Lu Ruskin? I've heard that she's angrier than a grind in Baator at you for something or other.

D: My dear rodent, she's angry at me because I didn't repay a favor she granted.

J: What is this favor?

D: She freed me from my prison.

With that, the berk up and disappeared.

Now, I'm not exactly the braniest cutter in Sigil, but this guy's screed makes a warped kind of sense. The rule of threes, the power of belief, the unity of rings, the center of all -- it all seems to fit together pretty nicely. It does seem like the guy's found a loophole in the laws of the multiverse.

But taking a cue from my drinking buddy Julius the Symmetrical, there are faults in his thinking. Getting that much belief from the folks on the prime is gonna take a lot of doing, even for a guy with an ego that big. And if he's killed, he'll hafta start all over again as a baby. That could take a while. And when he said that bit about Lu "freeing" him, it got me thinking -- a cage that could hold the berk for eternity might just be the way to go to get him off the planes forever. I can only guess, though, 'cause I don't know what the hells this guy has been through already. He might have gotten out, and put insurance to make sure it doesn't happen again. There's always the chance that this is just another Prime that snapped, and that his barminess just makes a bit more sense. Probably the better chance, actually.

But he is in Sigil. And the normally non-magical races that come out of his college can still cast spells. And the gods to seem to resent his very presence. I can only imagine that these gods, the most powerful berks in existence, bar none, have some plan or another. If they don't, we could all find ourselves one day looking up to Drakkmar as the omnipotent creator of all. Great. All the lives on the planes looking up to one cocky half-elf. What is the multiverse coming to?

Author: [Jacob Driscoll](#)



## editorial

### TALES OF THE STALKER TRACKING THE TAXMAN

by Thomas Stalker

It is a little known, little used legal technicality that requires the Fated to open their books and show what they do with the

taxes they collect every Taker's Day to anyone who wants to know. They don't like it, but they have to do it. See, there's this little thing called "accountability", and the other Factions would love to have an excuse to swing the entire Fated from the leafless tree - it would mean less competition in the kriegstanz. There have to be public records of the income tax and expenditures; what goes where, who gets how much, and so forth. Most people just don't put forth the effort to go and look. However, there is nothing in this little law that requires them to be polite or happy about it. Furthermore, due to the existence of the Revolutionary League, they are allowed to search and/or question anyone who wants access to those records. After all, destruction of the tax records could mean that somebody doesn't get taxed and then the Factions don't get their jink. Nobody wants that. Except for all of us who see the taxman coming on Taker's Day. When the prune-faced little man at the desk asked me why I wanted to see the records, my reply was not the model of decorum and restraint it could have been. I had been awoken two hours early by Athar street-preachers chanting anti-hymns outside my window, and had to use a compound of lotus extract and glitterglee dust\* to alleviate the fatigue induced by pursuing them through the streets with a cudgel while threatening them with legal action. My answer to the unpleasant prune-faced little man (who was slowly beginning to metamorphosis into an unpleasant combination of a badger and a melting candle) was: "To find out what you Heartless sods do with the jink you bleed out of us every Taker's Day, you greed-bloated tax-swilling jackal!"

My response was obviously not what the prune-faced melting badger wanted to hear, and I quickly found myself sequestered by a number of sweating, ugly, ill-tempered men who felt the need to determine if I posed a threat to the sanctity of their tax records. Their "analysis" composed entirely of rude and loud questions, rummaging through my personal effects, and a singularly unpleasant invasive search of Your Correspondant's personal orifices in an effort to find any possible explosive devices concealed about my body. After two hours of this unpleasant craziness, they finally decided that I was no threat to the Fated or their holy tax records, and I was escorted to the Hall of Records.

Unfortunately, this is where I find myself at this very moment. In the holy of holies of the most cutthroat, amoral, mercenary Faction in the Cage. Everywhere I look I am confronted with visions of grasping degenerates clutching and stroking their prized possessions while visions of what their greed will amass tomorrow dance before their eyes. I can see the looks of contempt and hatred passed towards me. They know I am not one of them. I do not share their gospel of survival of the fittest, and I do not partake of their sacrament of taking what I can take. I am an Outsider, and I defile the sanctity of their holy place. I open a ledger, but my thoughts are racing wildly. I cannot concentrate on what is before me. They know! They know! They know I am an infidel. Even now they plot my death! Death to the infidel! No. I must remain calm. They can sense blood and fear. If I give them reason to suspect that I know their plans they will be on me, clutching and grasping, taking from me what they can until I am dead.

Quickly, I eat another cube of lotus and dust. I must remain calm. I close the ledger, which makes an alarmingly loud noise. All around, Takers turn to stare at me. Takers with the heads of hyaenas and jackals, and hands like spiders and pincers. The Hall of Records is filled with Yugoloths! The Fated have shown their true forms, and now I will never be allowed to leave! Remain calm. Show no fear. One of the Takerloths walks towards me, tongue lolling, saliva dripping from it's horrid jaws and blood in it's eye. "Sir," it says, "there's no eating in the Tax Department Archives." Horror crawls up and down my skin. The fiends!







## *Inside the Hall of Records*

*(According to Thomas Stalker)*

They will take me from their Holy of Holies and feast on my blood and my soul. I must act. In a move of sheer desperation, I kick the Takerloth in the stomach. It staggers backwards, gasping. In that instant of confusion, I make my move! Grabbing my satchel, I burst through the door and slam it shut behind me. Now, if I can just find the exit before any more Takerloths find me, I will be free!

But the halls spins in obedience to its fiendish masters - they know, now, and will attempt to hold me here. But I will defy them and their hellish plans, and I will escape alive. Finally I stagger into the lobby, resolutely ignoring the walls which gibber for my blood, and chant litanies of loathing and hatred. And then the Fear clutches my spine, and ice fills my veins. The head Takerloth, the Factolloth Rowan Darkwood himself, is in here with me! I must not show fear. He will kill me if he senses fear. He will bind me on his altar of greed, offer my heart as a symbol of his Heartlessness, and offer my eyes to his voyeur-god so that he can watch his bridge of broken colors more carefully. Even now I can hear his mental commands to his minions, directing them to seize the infidel who would violate their Holy of Holies. There is no escape for me now. I clutch my wand with clammy fingers, and silently vow that I will not be Taken without a fight.

\*The Editor and staff of SIGIS take this opportunity to disavow all knowledge of Mr. Stalker's illegal activities.

Author: [Richard Gant](#)



# streetchant

## **CULLER IN HANDS OF FLESH TRADERS**

*by Louis Forget (pronounced Forjhay)*

*Our fearless streetchang culler expounds on his latest travels through the Multiverse on the heels of the Blood War slave trade.*

**Prime (Somewhere Nasty)** -- I spied on the strangely lit camp that I found for some time, but was unable to discern the who or the what. Upon closer inspection, the bespeckled band of great multi-coloured wagons revealed a strange gypsy folk. They belonged to an ancient bloodline of some rare type, obviously from some shadowy prime. The train was a score in length, and it was illuminated by a line burning with an emerald flame drawn in the sand around the entire train. Everything seemed fine at first, then I asked for food and water. (Don't look at me like that, a blood has his needs).

Later I found myself tossed into the back of one of those strangely decorated monoliths. That's when I met Arkadius the Lore-Master. He said that he had been studying the gypsy caravan for nigh a week now, and that he was nearing the end of his work. I asked him exactly what was going on and he responded with an underlying need to share.

It appears that the gypsies trade in various humans and humanoids for profit. These were gypsy slave traders, who typically sold sods to the fiends for use in the Blood War. Though he had never met the high-up, Arkadius knew she was an old crone by the name of Delfina (a witch of great power) who governs the caravan and leads the band. The caravans are bulbous and colorful and most are used to transport their humanoid cargo. When a new caravan is constructed, many spells and wards are used in the process making it formidable. It was also rumored that they could travel across any plane. (Yes! Both outer, inner and the prime. Don't ask me, I'm just relaying what I heard.) It also appears that the old crone and her followers enjoy the taste of human flesh. Cannibals and slave traders. Lovely.

I asked why the caravans hadn't been attacked or destroyed by now, but he just laughed. Apparently they are only hassled by those seeking to rob them of their precious cargo. Arkadius said that the notion wouldn't be wise, 'cause it's easy to fight like demons when you are in league with them. I was also told that a sudden influx of carrion crows foreshadows the caravans passing, and that eating all that human flesh causes some kinda moon madness in some of them. (I call it lycanthropy myself.)

So anyway, then the caravan stops and we found ourselves in some strange tumbleweed filled barter-town. Arkadius seemed very interested in this, as they had not stopped at any settlement for as long as he had been with them. At this point

I told him to shut his bone-box! I said, Arkadious, you are not studying them, you're just one of the sheep! He just laughed at me and tapped his nose with introspection. I shrugged my shoulders and looked for some means of escape.

So anyway, the Blood War is still raging, and my present master has me taking notes on troops movements and mortality rates. But I figured I'd pop [send] the ol' rag [SIGIS] a bit of the chin wagg [chant], and let you all know that I'm still kicking. I plan to be back in Sigil as soon as possible. Hope you get this. (About Arkadious, I think the old crone got sweet on 'im, if ya catch my meanin').

Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)



## STEALING THE SENSATES

by *Aileron Locke*

**Sigil (Market Ward)** -- In retrospect, such a conflict seemed unavoidable. All the signs pointed toward it, and it certainly shouldn't have taken a graybeard to tumble to the fact that tensions between the Harmonium and the Society of Sensation were already high. Nevertheless, there I was, my mouth agape, as the social gathering turned into a free-for-all food fight. It sounds like so much screed from a Bleaker, I know, but just read on.

All had been relatively peaceful when the Sensates agreed to a few "stride alongs" with Harmonium patrols throughout the city. Even the patrols themselves didn't seem to mind-at least not enough to give their orders the laugh. But then, as the Lady would have it, a few of the recorder stones sent with the Sensate notaries disappeared. Why would this be of concern? Well, frankly, the Harmonium is terrified that somehow Factol Montgomery is going to use these stolen stones as evidence against the local law enforcers in court. And frankly, it doesn't sound that far-fetched. At least, not at first.

Many Harmonium factors, however, apparently never chose to look beyond the obvious, as earlier this week, in a gathering arranged by Sensate factors to smooth relations with the Hardheads, this food fight erupted. Now, even a leatherhead could tell a body that trading Arcadian fruit pies to the face is much better than the drawn-chiv equivalent, and in fact the entire childish aspect of the whole thing has a bunch of folks shaking their heads and looking the other way. But is this the sign of something more to come? It could be, but here's the dark: it isn't.

For one, Factol Montgomery didn't authorize any confiscation of the stones. Though she herself wasn't available for comment, a faction high-up named Quinn Emry denies any and all claims of robbery. "Impossible," he insists. "And if Montgomery didn't authorize this, there's no way the Society would use this in court." He goes on to say how the oppressive Hardheads should just back off and not worry; if they're clean, they're clean, right? Why panic if you've got nothing to hide? Needless to say, his bias doesn't exactly help the Sensate's case, but he's not the only one defending the factol.

On the other side of the story is Pearce Ambrose, a Measure in charge of one of the "stride along" expeditions. "I had no trouble at all during the whole ordeal," he said. "And I seriously doubt the Sensates would so blatantly abuse this unique opportunity. The entire point of recording these events was to share experiences and show the public that the Harmonium isn't the bunch of monsters we're supposed to be." After shaking his head and sighing, he added, "I just can't see Factol Montgomery abusing such a benevolent operation."

The factor's words certainly don't agree with the rest of (or probably even the majority of) his faction, but they are strong support for Sensate innocence nonetheless. And whatever the case, the Harmonium seems eager to keep the Fraternity of Order on the sidelines during this one. Though this makes some Sensates wonder (does the Harmonium not trust its allies?) about relations among the two lawful factions, they nevertheless have to agree.

Author: [Craig Stalbaum](#)



# the faction extraction

FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



**DUSTMEN**

On his return, the reporting cutter stepped through a portal

by *Aileron Locke*

Rumors abound regarding the Dustmen Collectors, and the possibility that they're doing more than cleaning up bodies! It seems the Collectors may be creating some of those corpses! 'Course, this isn't exactly breaking news. A plane's worth of graybeards've been speculating that Factol Skull has been up to no good throughout the faction's history, and this is but one of the rumors. It's a rumor even the Guvners might find interesting.

See, just a few days ago a Godsmen basher by the name of Acris Mens experienced some first-hand evidence that some "Agents of Truth" might actually exist. "I won't keep it to myself," he said, "I don't like the Dead. But does anyone, really? It doesn't matter, though, not right now. You see, I've seen these spies and assassins before. Just a few months ago I knew a poor clueless berk that was threatening a few Dusties picking up bodies near a tavern we both frequent. It wasn't anything to get worked-up about. Just a few comments from a bubber down on his luck. But see, the next day he disappeared. And those Collectors? They stared at his house a long time, exchanging a hidden understanding with looks alone."

Now, Acris dismissed any notions that the leatherhead Clueless managed to get himself scragged that very night, for according to the Godsmen, the Prime stayed in the tavern all night. The bartender, who wishes to keep himself and his establishment anonymous, confirms this fact. Coming from a Believer, it may just be so much screed, and a good deal of folks, especially skeptical bloods, will probably just leave it at that. But Acris isn't alone. Testimonies keep piling up, and sighting of these Agents seem to be happening more and more often. If you have any information regarding the Agents of Truth, please contact me at the Civic Festhall.

Author: [Craig Staulbaum](#)



## **FATED**

by *Domaru*

Many a folk's been talking about this college of Drakmagic. Well, I got some fresh chant on it. These berks get powerful magic by taking shortcuts. Sure the spells work nice here in Sigil, but try using 'em elsewhere. They make things much more specific than a standard spell. This means that they have to give up the ability to do a lot with their magic.

I know that it must sound barmy coming out of a defiler's bonebox, but mark my words, they are in for a hard fall. They claim to have a power slaying spell. Lemme tell ya that if this works it either must be targeted for a specific power or usable in a specific place on a specific plane. They're researching it in Sigil. Piercing the veil between planes is a bit of a blind from the Cage, so odds to sods they are trying to disappear something in the Cage. And there is only one thing godlike in the Cage, if you get my meaning.

Author: [Bailey Watts](#)

flames! He reports that the Foundation has made its first attack on the Outer Planes by burning the small berg of Nepertarry, a village on the road between Ecstasy and Faunel. The militia of Faunel apparently responded too late, as the elemental fire burned the village to the ground in little time. Is this the start of a major confrontation between the Inner and Outer Planes? Or perhaps is access between the two ends of the Multiverse too restricted for any large confrontations? We will keep our eyes and ears out for any further signs.

Author: [Heiner de Wendt](#)



## **SENSATES**

by *Lady A'vel*

A new sensation is being displayed to the public at the Civic Festhall. It seems that Jackamo the Great has returned from some unknown place and recorded an experience that has become a huge draw at the Sensoriums. The chant is that he went singing with a black dragon! Nobody knows where or how, but the dragon was apparently so taken with the bard's performance on his magical lute Hendrix, that the great creature took him on a flight of fancy. They went dancing through the sky with the very air accompanying them in a symphony the like of which has never before been heard!

If you think this sounds like so much barkle, you can open your ears and eyes to it yourself at the Sensates' Sensorium. Care is recommended, though. It seems that the experience is so profound that berks are coming out the Sensorium slack jawed and stare-eyed, in a complete daze. The Sensates have provided a recovery room nearby. Originally, they played soothing music while the audience recovered, but it apparently it was such a contrast to the recent exalting experience that some of the customers actually became violent! They are now left to recover in meditative peace.

The extreme reactions to this performance are of course resurrecting the rumors that the Sensates spike their performances with hidden messages. Some cutters have always believed that the faction is trying to convert the audience members to their way of thinking, perhaps even addicting people to the extreme experiences that they can have in the 'safety' of the Sensoriums. The Sensates, of course, categorically deny any hidden messages of any kind in their recordings.

Author: [Lady A'vel](#)



## **XAOSITECTS**

by *Aileron Locke*

A guiding hand need not be visible; or so any Anarchist would tell you when speaking of their occasional puppets, the Xaositects. More proof supporting this principle recently came into play when only days ago a group of Chaosmen painters somehow made their way into the City Court and



## FOUNDATION SECT

by Lady A'vel

An interesting story appeared in one of my message crystals the other day. A blood, who wishes to remain anonymous, returned from a visit to the Inner Planes. He reports on the pet project of a Fire Elemental named Shhrechh. Being angered by constant invasions of armies from the Outer Planes, the powerful Fire Elemental gathered some of his weaker brethren around him, and began investigating why the armies again and again fought over a certain spot in his beloved home. In the end, he found out they were fighting over a mystical staff, an item carved from the very essence of the Outlands, which has the ability to let large parts of the Outer Planes shift along the Great Ring.

Shhrechh became fiery wild when he understood, and shattered the staff. He cursed the unimportant philosophies of the Outer Planes. Why could they not simply keep everything pure and untainted? In his rage, the Fire Elemental decided to take up the battle against the "Tainters", in a large style. He created a group called the "Foundation" in order to accomplish his goals. The Outer Planes, with all their "natural" shifting and barmy beliefs, have to be wiped out. Only the purity and untainted beauty of the Inner Planes should exist. The Prime, a child of the Elemental Planes, is acceptable, but should be kept clean from Outer Planar influences as well.

Shhrechh created a tower of white-hot fire in his home plane, where the first members of "Foundation" joined his cause. Other elemental creatures have become interested as well, and now there's an elemental tower in each of the Inner Planes.

painted a series of nonsensical symbols and letters upon the High Justice's bench. Needless to say, the Guvners were appalled when the next day's trials started.

Though the Anarchists took no credit for starting this escapade, four of the symbols were actually the four rings of the Revolutionary League emblem. Now, knowing the Chaosmen, this could have simply been a whim of theirs, but the Guvners just aren't sure. See, the graybeards among the Fraternity think the only reason the Anarchists did not take credit for the incident is that they simply don't want to give the Chaosmen even a hint that they in fact did start it all! It is admittedly unlikely any of the barmies would care, but the chant is that the Anarchists want to assure future opportunities for puppeteering, or so some Guvner high-ups have claimed.

One of these factors, Priestess Jamis, was available for comment on the paintings. "The rabble has been roused, yes," she said with a smile, "and their work is surely a nuisance. But what they don't seem to realize is that they hurt only themselves with these activities. You see, the Courts may be the home of our Fraternity, but it is also the city's haven. Here those that would infringe upon the rights of others are dealt with in accordance of the law. This harms no one and benefits all; the Revolutionists simply choose not to see that." Jamis shook her head several times before continuing. "They may complain all that they want about our supposed injustices. They may even smear their dogma upon our city's Court. But they will answer to Law eventually. Not necessarily Sigil's law, and not necessarily the Harmonium's or the Mercykiller's law; they will submit to the laws of the multiverse. Why? Because everyone does. That is fact. That is Law."

Updates on the prosecution of these vandals will be forthcoming as evidence presents itself.

Author: [Craig Staulbaum](#)



## stop press

### SIGIS CULLER ARRESTED IN HALL OF RECORDS BRAWL

by Noh Aviche

**Sigil (Hall of Records)** -- A Harmonium street patrol was summoned to the Hall of Records at approximately half-past one after peak to take SIGIS culler Thomas Stalker into custody after what witnesses describe as a "drunken brawl with the Fated guards". According to Hadrian Milleaus, the Harmonium officer in charge of the patrol, "Mr. Stalker is being held for drunk and disorderly conduct in public, one count of physical assault, and five counts of assault with nonlethal magic. At the time of his arrest he was also in possession of eight grams of a potent narcotic, which we will be attempting to identify in order to determine it's legality." Factol Rowan Darkwood, who was present when the brawl began, has declined to make a

"Magical affliction! Feh! We all know the real reason behind the Cipher murders: a Sensate plot to take over the Great Gymnasium! Go ahead, berk. Call me barmy. Call me a leatherhead. I don't care. Many a graybeard has tossed that chant before, and it's never been able to stick. Why? Because everything Orov says comes true!

"How do you know so much about the Multiverse?' they'll ask me. 'It's the Art, isn't it? It's afflicted you with some curse!"

"No, my friend. The Art has afflicted nothing; it itself is the affliction! It is the curse that plagues my waking dreams. I know and see what will come to pass. Beginnings and ends, that's what my vision lends me. And you know what all of it means, cutter? Nothing. Just like everything else."

[Excerpt cut due to massive ramblings. -Ed.]

formal statement on the matter.

Author: [Richard Gant](#)

## DE-CIPHERING A KILLER

*by Aileron Locke*

**Sigil (Lower Ward)** -- It's taken some work, but I've found a witness who swears he knows the dark of the recent Cipher killings in Sigil. Now, one thing a body's got to understand about this witness, a basher named Orov, is that he isn't quite right in the brain-box. He's a diviner of a sort, though some might say only through his own delusions. Whatever the case, what he has to say is mighty interesting, though it may all be just so much screed. This is what he had to say:

"Where was I? Ah, yes. You see, the Sensates need the Gymnasium. Sure, they've got the Festhall and their sensory stones, but all that's just mental stimulation. Even the illusions and training rooms aren't the same as the real thing. See where I'm going with this, berk? You'd better, because it's the truth.

"The Sensates are programming their stones to send out magical commands and suggestions to poor sods who happen to stumble upon the wrong sensation. Take a look at that Prime--just a victim of the faction game. And there're many more like him, I'm sure of it.

"Think about it, berk. Orov doesn't toss the chant for his own good. The next time you're in the Festhall, don't touch the stones! And by the Lady, watch those that do!"

Author: [Craig Staulbaum](#)



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





### 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..."

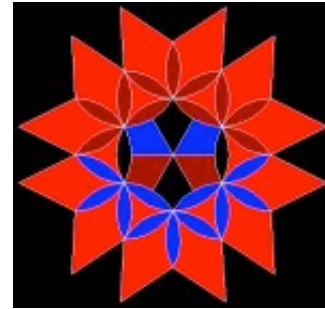
"What do you want to know? Will this be the headline story?"

"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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*WHAT THEY WILL BE!*

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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](#)

## **THE SWORD AND BOLT MERCENARY COMPANY**

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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 vigoalantes 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 under-handed 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, Adrius, 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!

Author: [Lady A'vel](#)



Author: [Jon Winter](#)



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





## 32. Fourth Week of Catechism

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*exclusive*

### ABYSSAL WEDDING ABORTED

*by Daemon Chaas*

**Abyss (Triple Realm)** - Sources inside the Triple Realm revealed the shocking news that the wedding plans of the Abyssal Lord Grazzt have been called off. Grazzt was betrothed to a Maralith ex-Blood War general named Rhynin Blackscale, whom he took as his bride after she presented him with a significant dowry. Blackscale managed to win Grazzt's favor over two other suitors: Red Shroud, the Succubus high-up of Broken Reach (the most important burg on the Plain of Infinite Portals), and Tashara of the Seven Skulls, a powerful undead sorceress and commander of legions of ghouls, ghosts and wraiths on the Plains of Gallenshu. [See [Issue 25](#) for pictures of these lovlies. - Ed.]

The wild rumors circulating this event were summed up nicely by a slaving Dretch named Pu'K, a puffed up chantmonger in Zelatar, capital of the Triple Realm. "There are three possibilities berks are going on about," reported Pu'K. "One, Rhynin stilted Grazzt at the altar. Two, Grazzt got tired of his fiancée and hacked her to pieces. And three, someone else got tired of his fiancée and hacked her to pieces."

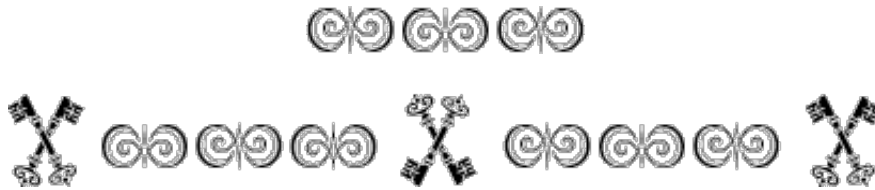
Pu'K went on to say the third possibility was the most likely. "Who in their right mind would stiff the most powerful Abyssal Lord? And why would Grazzt murder his bride before the dowry was secured? After I could understand, but before? No, someone else played a part in this, maybe her competition, a jealous lover or another Abyssal Lord who feared Grazzt and his escalating power. Myself, I put my money on Red Shroud. After all, she's the one who said, 'One dose of poison is worth twenty daggers.'"

Pu'K may really be on to something (besides his own fetid drool). Shortly before the rumors started, Rhynin and her entourage were noticeably absent from the wedding mockery rehearsal. The complete disappearance of Rhynin and her top fiends suggests something much larger than a simple back-stab by

Red Shroud, and rumors surrounding the disappearance of the dowry, whatever it was, indicate something far more sinister was afoot.

Adding to the confusion, there has been a massing of Tanar'ri in the middle of Zelatar around what Pu'K assures me are a fleet of Chaos ships. Remember them? These are the ships specially built by members of the Doomguard for the fiends. Clearly, Grazzt plans a major offensive in the very near future. The destination of this force should prove very interesting and may provide the answers to the question of who disrupted his wedding plans.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## newsbriefs

### BLOOD WAR ON THE PRIME

*by Darlath Coberrl*

**Prime (Sphere of Theracia)** -- Hundreds of cycles ago, a series of magical armors were devised by fiends involved in the Blood War. These dweomer-ridden suits of armor bestowed their dark gifts on mortals making them as powerful as the strongest of fiends and capable of supporting the dark forces of the fiends in the War. But their gifts did not come without a price, and the price the fiends required of these mortals, in exchange for the powers of the armors, was more than just their lives. "Forever would their souls be a part of this War," said Sithrannas, a black Abishai historian of the Blood War. "As larvae they would rise up and perhaps one day make it into our truest ranks. Kings and wizards we would corrupt with the armors, paupers and peasants. It made no difference to us. Just more souls to have for the struggle against the vile tanar'ri."



### HIVE SCRAGGING LEADS TO HARMONIUM - SIGNER CLASH

*by Darlath Coberrl*

**Sigil (Hive Ward)** -- A reliable source within the Harmonium today, confirmed the story run by this culler in the last issue of SIGIS: an unnamed 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 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," said Harggard. "An' all's I sees was this basher, his dagger dun' covered in blood, standin' at the corner. He didn't 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 know who the basher had killed, nor did he know why the murderer 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."



### *Mortal Wearing Fiend Armor*

For many years these suits of armor have been lost to the fiends, but just recently this culler found evidence of them on the Prime. Those of you who have been to Chirpers lately will probably have heard a bard named Timothy tell stories of a land far off in the Prime. He speaks each night of a land of conflict, called Theracia, with three Kingdoms: two of them, D'Karon and Falconfrey, constantly warring with each other. The third, Relanthian, prospered under a good and just king but struggled to remain in peace despite the war that ravaged the rest of the world. His story told of a holy warrior who served under this king named Sir Veidner, and his story went something like this:

Sir Veidner was known throughout Relanthian as a man of immutable and noble character. He was a knowledgeable man and soon found out about the fiendish armors. One by one, Sir Veidner did what no fiend had been able to do: He traveled to far corners of Theracia and even onto the Outer Planes and retrieved each of the suits, bringing them back to Theracia. Once there, he buried them together in the ground while he tried to find a way to destroy them. Powerful magicks he had set around them to protect them from the eyes of those that should not be able to see them.

In time, however, the magicks faded. Meanwhile, the leaders of Falconfrey and D'Karon, in desperate efforts to gain an edge over their opponents, made dark pacts with fiends. Fiend lords answered their calls and the

He kept fingering this jeweled dagger at his belt, as if he were afraid that someone would steal it," said the witness who asked that he remain anonymous.

After being informed of this scragging, SIGIS kept a close eye on the movements of major Harmonium forces. It appears 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 these underhanded authoritarian 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 Signer factioneer and find everyone who that person has been in contact with and throw them in a birdcage! Is this their idea of justice? 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](#)

## **ATTEND THE ASCENSION OF FORTITUDE**

The Officers of the Harmonium and the Citizens of Fortitude are proud to announce a **Grand Celebration** to commemorate the *Ascension of the Township of Fortitude* to the Glorious Plane of **Arcadia**.

The Celebration will be held in the central square of Fortitude on the third day of the fourth week of Catechism. The Ceremony of Ascension will commence when the tower light faces Gatewise.

Come and revel in the power of Law and the beliefs of the People of Fortitude.

Come and see the power of the celestials of Law and the denizens of Arcadia.

The High Paladin, Daneel, of the Harmonium will conduct the ceremony.

demons poured into Theracia. With all the fiends in Falconfrey and D'Karon, each of the leaders was driven to a bloodthirsty frenzy, seeing in his own eyes that he was close to victory. Soldiers fell on the battlefield and fiendish magicks raised legions up from the bloody soil. The King of Relanthian trembled. He had no celestial help to call, nor did he know of any diplomacy that would work with the fiends or with the madmen that had called them forth.

Following leads given to me by Timothy, I found a soldier that had fought in the Falconfreian army living in a hovel in the Hive. He shivered when I mentioned the fiends and told me of the first time his unit had come across them. "They came upon us in the night, howling like all the demons of Hell. There was so much terror and confusion that when the officers tried to bring us into some sort of order it was useless. At first we didn't know what had happened, but then I saw a horrid creature the size of a small building standing before me, a jagged, flaming sword in one hand, slicing up men as if they were made of clay. When it was over, no more than a handful of us survived. Ten thousand men... they let sixteen of us go to spread the word. 'Tell them of the wrath of the Abyss,' said the horror. I will never forget that moment."

The leaders of the warring kingdoms believed that the demons were at their command. What they did not know, what they could not know was that the fiends fought not for Falconfrey or D'Karon, but for their own diabolical purposes. The rediscovery of the hell-spawned armors was seen by the fiends as an edge in the Blood War. So wondrous were the powers of the armors that Sir Veidner had collected that the fiends would not hesitate to destroy an entire world to get them. As the Ballad of Theracia, told by the bard Timothy, ends:

The devils fought with precision,  
laying claim to the armor and lore,  
leaving a land full of dead men,  
and the aftermath of a war.

Theracia no longer has beauty,  
Theracia no longer has war,  
Theracia no longer has armor,  
Theracia is simply no more.

So the Baatezu found out about where Sir Veidner had hidden the armors and they seized

*Do not miss this once-in-a-lifetime event.*

Xaositects and other rabble-rousers will not be admitted.

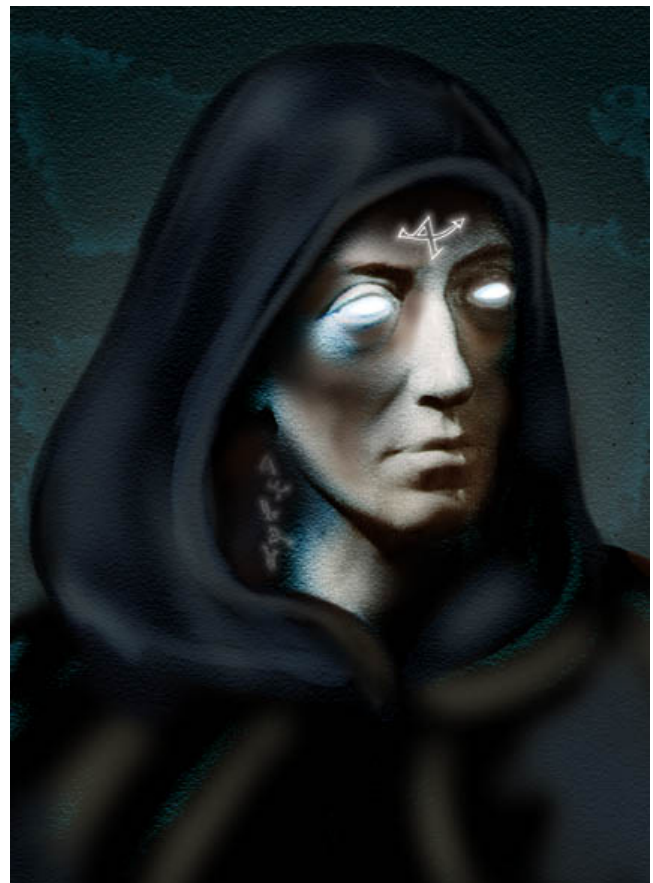
Author: [Constantine Markides](#)

## FEATHERED MINDS

*by Lady A'vel*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- Two nights ago, in the Clerk's Ward along the border of the Hive Ward, a meeting of spoon benders was disrupted by an unknown cause. The mental mayhem experienced by the group caused them to go running from their meeting like a flock of gray pigeons. (The club is in the habit of wearing gray robes for some reason!) One observer reported that some were actually flapping their arms as they ran!

An interview with one of my rumormongers turned up the story. The 13 who had gathered at the meeting were members of a club of minor psionicists who met periodically to practice their fairly minor skills. As they went into their meditative trances, or whatever it is they think they do, it seems that their minds were swept up straight into a flock of birds flying overhead!



*Spoonbender Out of Sorts*

them. The war, which had by this time ravaged Theracia for nigh on a year, ended when the Baatezu abandoned their human summoners and took their spoils back to Baator. The Tanar'ri, in their rage laid waste to Theracia. They did more than destroy the trees and the houses and the people. The entire crystal sphere was drawn into the Abyss.

This culler does not know of any creature or artifact powerful enough to accomplish this amazing feat. However, all the portals that had previously been recorded as leading to Theracia have now been divined as leading to the Abyss.

Noted Planeologist Grenth Droidama, a priest at the House of the All-Father, was not surprised when I gave him this information. "I have heard this information recently", the priest said "a group of trusted emissaries of this Church, led by a more than capable paladin, have been sent through a portal to what was Theracia to investigate. I cannot say what they will find, but an investigation is being initiated here in the Cage to ascertain what, if anything needs to be done to reverse the situation. I say 'reverse', because the Prime cannot spontaneously be drawn into one of the Outer Planes. The nature of the specific Prime would have to change dramatically for this to be something more than a temporary event. Therefore, we believe that something is holding Theracia in the Abyss, essentially acting as a conduit for the Abyss into the Crystal Sphere. However, the tanar'ri are not fools. They would know this. There must be some reason they are doing what they are doing. I have no idea what that reason is, but SIGIS will continue its investigation into this matter.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)

The middle aged man being interviewed was twitchy and nervous throughout the interview, occasionally lifting his elbows in an odd, abortive motion.

"I felt feathers in my mind!" he whispered, eyes darting nervously around. "Everything was dark, and rustling, and the wind rushed by my head, and the feathers sifted the air over my wings!" He put his head in his hands and held his head as though to guard it from something and refused to say more, except that he must not let his shields drop.

Are these the same birds reported before? Where are they from, and what is the dark of their presence in Sigil? Are they a true danger, or were these berks just too open at the wrong time? I will keep my ears out, and keep you informed.

Author: [Arafel](#)

# Wanted!

## Adventurers of unusual prowess!





*The Wrecking Crew is looking for recruits!*

*Applicants must be extraordinary in abilities, skills, and, above all, courage!*

*Join Aziz the Great and Jackamo the Magnificent in their quests throughout the multiverse for jink and a good time!*

*Successful applicants will be immortalized in song, even if they don't survive!*

*Send word to Lady A'vel for an interview appointment when the Crew is next back in the Cage.*

The Wrecking Crew is a PbeM adventure group, looking for one or two new players.

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CONTACT: ARAFEL



# Letters

## DISTORTION AND DEFAMATION!

I expect you to correctly display my ad as I had intended, or I

see no other alternative than to seek restitution against you for the attempted mockery.

**To the SIGIS Editorial Staff:**

This is to protest the unapproved alterations to my advertisement in issue 31. I am the owner and proprietor of the House of Shadowed Delights, and I am appalled at the license you took with my business! I submitted an advertisement to you with a proper gothic tone, portraying the dark elegance of my establishment, and you transformed it with bright buffoonish letters into a banner more appropriate to a carnival! I demand an apology, and free advertisement in the next issue, this time with a tone more suitable to my enterprise!

Signed,

*Mar Elaysius, Shadowczar*

**To whom it may concern:**

I am writing this letter in an attempt to remedy what I feel has been an oversight on the part of your editorial staff. I have allowed an ad for my establishment to be advertised in your paper, and I feel that you have attempted to make a mockery of that ad, and therefore of myself as well. I am referring to the use of clownish, and extremely gaudy colored letters in my ad.

This is not what I had given you, nor is it anything I would ever condone, for use as a representation or invitation to my establishment. I am not pleased by this flagrant disregard for professionalism, and the lack of any semblance of manners.

Signed,

*Mar Elaysius, Shadowczar*

P.S. I am returning to you your dues collector, who so boldly entered my establishment yesterday, thinking that I would be grateful for your services. I imagine he would have had a better go of it had he not. Please be careful, as I have not trained him, and he is undoubtedly not used to functioning in such a state of disrepair. Also, it might be beneficial for you to increase your employee's salary as this one was slightly undernourished, and that gives them a gamey taste.

Author: [William](#)

**Reply from the Editor:** *As the reader can plainly see, we received two letters purporting to be from Mars Elaysius, the proprietor of the House of Shadowed Delights. The signatures are almost identical so we were not sure which was from the real proprietor. We decided to publish them both to make the real proprietor aware of any potential deception. We also note that the "buffoonish" artwork we used in the advertisement was sent to us by an unknown party. Furthermore, we do not send dues collectors directly. We typically work through Hatchis Advertising Inc. and we received the money directly from them. It appears that there is some treachery afoot. We are, however, upset at the possible dire fate of this so-called "dues collector" and have arranged for Harmonium officer to look into the matter.*



# the faction extraction

**FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND**







## ATHAR

by *Maija Intwood*

The Defiers have really had it with the Godsmen this time. Factol Terrance of the Athar issued a blistering statement of criticism of the Believers of the Source yesterday, accusing them of fostering "Power-loving barminess" inside the Harbinger House.

The Factol was apparently upset that the Godsmen were trying to create a Power inside this strange house of theirs. "It serves the Believers of the Source right that their little experiment blew up in their faces," stated Terrance. "How dare they try and perpetuate more madness on the Multiverse! One more Power to fool the gullible, one more false God to 'worship' with blood and sacrifice. What a bunch of raving barmies! They have a lot of explaining to do about this terrifying episode and they better start explaining themselves at the next meeting of the Factols."

But a spokesbeing for the Godsmen replied that the Athar were just upset because the experiment failed. "Factol Terrance knew about Harbinger House for a long time now," said Ombidias, a male Voadkyn Godsmen factor. "Like many of the high-up Athar, he hoped the experiment would succeed and even helped fund the project. The Athar figured that a mortal ascending into Godhood would prove the whole thing is a sham beyond a shadow of a doubt. Now that it has failed, Terrance wants to distance himself from the affair. What a hypocrite!"



## BLEAK CABAL

by *Ear to the Gear*

Two members of the Bleakers were unceremoniously ejected from the ranks of the Bleakers last week for being "too joyful." Elspeth and Edith Torhaven, identical human twins originally hailing from Ysgard, found themselves factionally homeless after Factol Lhar signed the notice banning them from membership for their downright cheery attitudes.



For several months, members of the faction had accused the twins of being "disgruntled Sensates." Cerhard Downlo, a bummed-out Tiefer factioneer spilled the chant that the twins tried several times to organize Bleaker meetings in the Hive Ward to talk about issues. "We can't have that kind of rubbish in this faction," said Downlo. "Too many meetings suggest that there is some purpose to our existence, that we ought to be doing something. That kind of Deva dung really gets me depressed...I think I'll go lie down for awhile..."

In their defense, the twins claim they actually have an affliction they inherited from their mother called the *Cycle Madness*. "One minute we're up and acting like Sensates on glee dust, the next we make the Bleaker Factol look like an Arborean dancing girl," said Edith Torhaven. "Our mother was exactly the same way; if we could only belong to the Sensates one week and the Bleakers the next, we'd be all set."



Author: [Scott Kelley](#)

## HARMONIUM

by *Daemon Chaas*

Chant in the Cage is that the Harmonium have "lost" several high up operatives over the past few weeks. Apparently, these bashers were conducting clandestine operations in the Lower Planes when they were either kidnapped or dead-booked (let's hope the latter for their sakes).

The Hardheads aren't forthcoming with the dark, but a few Mover twos in the employ of the Interrogatrix Diabolus\* said these sods got scragged in Dis by the Lord Dispater himself and their ashes were shipped back to the Cage. After several casks of the finest bub, the hapless officers claimed that the operatives discovered some damning information about the Abyssal Lord Grazzt's wedding plans and some connection to Baator. They also suggested that one particular operative managed to breach Grazzt's Triple Realm and bring back wedding news. This would be no mean feat given the fact that Grazzt sealed off all portal access to his Realm not long ago!

\* The Interrogatrix Diabolus, Mover Four Catrina



*Elspeth Torhaven*

de la Coeur, is in charge of investigating fiendish plots for the Harmonium. See [Issue 27](#) for her mug.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## **SOCIETY OF SENSATION**

*by Lady A'vel*

Once again, the Sensates have a new sensation in their Sensoriums. The new shows are a series of death scenes, violent killings viewed from the victim's point of view. The scenes are not fully first person sensual, but are seen from an outside perspective. There are many different races involved, and the deaths seem to occur in a number of locales. It is like viewing a kaleidoscope of death, scene after brief scene leading the watcher into a macabre state of stunned fascination. A group of Sinkers was seen entering the exhibit and leaving looking less pleased than might be expected from this expose of entropy in action. Chant has it that one of their own was involved in the creation of this display. If so, will Factol Pentar see it as a clever way to advance the fascination with entropy, or an overzealous act of initiative unsuitable to a true belief in decay?

Author: [Arafel](#)



## **stop press**

### **TROUBLE BREWING BETWEEN SIGNERS AND HARDHEADS**

*by Darlath Coberrl*

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- As this issue of SIGIS was going to press, the Harmonium announced that a basher by the name of Kemp Zigkrat had been apprehended and charged with the murder of three dabus as they were engaged in their duties. In a joint statement, the Mercykillers announced that Zigkrat had been found guilty of murder and heresy and would be "fed to the Wyrms" in five days time. When asked what the charge

### **GODSMEN COVER MURDERER**

*by Darlath Coberrl*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- New information has come to light in the continuing investigation into the explosion that rocked the Clerk's Ward, and destroyed the Godsmen's asylum Harbinger House, last week (more details in SIGIS 31). As you may recall, SIGIS speculated that the explosion was possibly related to the

of "heresy" meant, the Mercykiller representative refused to comment any further. Zigkrat is a member of the Sign of One, which would explain the recent disturbances between the Hardheads and the Signers. Harmonium officials did not allow this culler access to the condemned Zigkrat for an interview.

A Signer spokesperson announced that the Sign of One will no longer kneel down to the fascist regime imposed by the Harmonium in the Cage. "Religious freedom is a joke when a cutter can be dragged off the street, beaten almost to death, and then sentenced to death for nothing more than revealing his religious beliefs," said the Signer. When asked about murder, the spokesbeing, a water genasi named Prisine, said, "This is not about murder. Did anyone on the street witness a murder? You will have a hard time proving that any such act occurred. This is about the freedom, or lack thereof, to practice the religion closest to ones heart."

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)



Take a **Gryffon** down to:

# Tallia's Treasures



ascension of a Power-in-the-Making, one Sougad Lawshredder, who the Godsmen had interned at the asylum. Lawshredder is implicated in a number of murders that occurred just prior to the Harbinger House explosion.

A young tiefling, by the name of Keltarin, has told this culler that she and a group of, what she called, "top-shelf bloods" were asked to investigate the murders. "Factol Hashkar of the Guvners was pretty broken up about having one of his factotums murdered right in his own library. He just stood there wringing his hands while the dabus cleaned up the blood on the floor of the library. He offered us a hefty reward if we found the one who committed the atrocity and brought him to justice. Needless to say, we accepted his charge. Unfortunately, it didn't end up quite the way we expected..."

A source within the Harmonium, who asked that her name not be revealed, corroborated Keltarin's story saying: "When I got to the scene of the explosion, the crowds were already thick in the streets of the ward, but as my men began moving them back, I saw them come out of the ruins of the House. It was the tiefling [later identified as Keltarin] and several other bloods including the aasimar paladin and the bariaur, all of who have helped us in the past..."

A cursory investigation had brought Keltarin and her companions to Harbinger House. The connection between the Lawshredder murders ten years ago and the present ones was not easy to escape. According to Keltarin, Sougad Lawshredder had staked out twelve victims and was in the process of ritualistically killing them when the custodian of the Asylum, Bereth strode in. "Just as what was happening right before her eyes sank in, Sougad grabbed her and slashed her with his large blade a dozen and one times. The focrux sprang to life, spinning, and lightning arcing from it to the now triumphant form of the Lawshredder. There was nothing we could do. We desperately tried to destroy the focrux, but we weren't



## The Best Pleasure Palace in town!

We have all manner of *luscious lovelies* to please every taste.

**You name it, We tame it!**

**Tallia's Treasures** is located next to the Dragon Inn on Alehouse Row in the Lower Ward.

Don't let the dull exterior fool you:

**Inside is as exciting as it gets!**

## GRAZZT DECLARES WAR

*by Daemon Chaas*

**Abyss (Triple Realm)** - After the abrupt dissolution of his marriage plans, the most powerful Lord of the Abyss decided to take out his considerable vexation on the Baatezu. According to Planewalkers who narrowly avoided enscription, scores of Tanar'ri were sent hurtling down the River Styx on the way to the Pit. A whole battalion of fiends were observed taking to the skies in Doomguard constructed Ships of Chaos.

Apparently, Grazzt blames the Baatezu for the wedding disruption, and the most amazing chant is that Grazzt plans a siege of the City of Dis, a tactic never seen in the history of the Blood War. After an absolutely chaotic fray of Tanar'ri amassed within Zelatar yesterday, Grazzt opened an enormous portal to the River Styx, and the fiends flooded into the waters on boats and rafts. Many of the hastily constructed contraptions failed miserably and hundreds of fiends drowned quickly in the inky waters. Sources on the inside continue to monitor the situation and destination of the Tanar'ri army and SIGIS will keep you informed of further developments.

Meanwhile, more news surfaced concerning the disappearance of Grazzt's fiancée and her dowry. It appears that several rogue agents, perhaps employed by Baatezu (Lord Dispater?), may have been in on the escapade. Some high-up Zelatar fiends were overheard bragging about how they elicited tortured confessions

able to do it in time before it blew straight through the ceiling. Sougad turned into a luminous figure and sprang straight up through the hole. Just as the shadow of the Lady passed over us all..." After that the events unfolded as eyewitnesses described to me before (for more details see SIGIS 31).

The Godsmen went out of their way to appear to be rendering aid to the noble group of bashers. They gave them information on Sougad Lawshredder and Factol Ambar himself implored them to stop the murders. They, in turn, did their best to find and contain the Lawshredder, even though it was clear to them, and to anyone with half a brain, that they were outmatched. The Power-in-the-Making was able to outmaneuver and overpower anything that was thrown at him.

The Godsmen made sure of this. They wanted nothing to stand in the way of his ascension. The information that was given to the group was useless and out of date; no material aid was provided whatsoever and even information on the workings of the focru, the artifact that mediated the ascension (and has been in the possession of the Godsmen for generations), was carefully and purposefully withheld.

I submit that the events at Harbinger House are more than just a tragic accident. At best they are the result of criminal negligence; at worst, outright conspiracy to commit mass murder. Factol Ambar and the entire leadership of the Believers of the Source are directly responsible for what occurred and should answer for that responsibility.

This culler was unable to reach Factol Ambar or any of the high-ups in the Godsmen to comment on this matter.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)

# Gryffon

from the lips of a few tiefling informants. These informants apparently helped these bashers find the hidden site of Rhynin's dowry. We can only speculate that the agents worked for the Baatezu and may have either destroyed the dowry or taken it. This news may be related to the Harmonium's "lost operatives" reported by Maija Intwood in this issue's Faction Extraction. Your faithful culler plans to follow up this chant until the dark is revealed.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



**Hate your commute? Running from the Hardheads?**

**Have a meeting with your Factol across the Cage in 10 minutes? Need a lift to Tallia's Treasures?**

**Head over to a local Gryffon Taxi Service and let our beasts handle your burden!**

**Gryffon Taxi Service: Rides depart constantly from every Ward in the Cage.**

**Two stingers will get you across the Cage right quick;**

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(Street side Hive Ward stops cost a jink.)

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**WAGON DRIVERS WANTED - EARL E FOSSIL TRANSPORT** an Arborea-based shipping firm is hiring experienced muleteers to live in Sigis and drive the run to Arborea, Arcadia, and the Beastlands. Good pay and benefits. Contact Ray at the Sigis office, Grainery Way, Market Ward. (A)

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have had no previous run-ins with Baatezu. Previous experience with baatorian green steel preferred. Pay dependent on references and previous work experience. Contact Master Jackalic care of SIGIS, ad#1257 (C)

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(A) = [Arafel](#)

(C) = [Constantine Markides](#)

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DONDRE'S ARMOR REPAIR in business for 35 years, Owner to retire. Great Opportunity, Good Future! Contact Dondre, Tinker's Ave., Lower Ward. (A)

***Cullers wanted for SIGIS***  
***Must be literate and on the case***  
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### 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:

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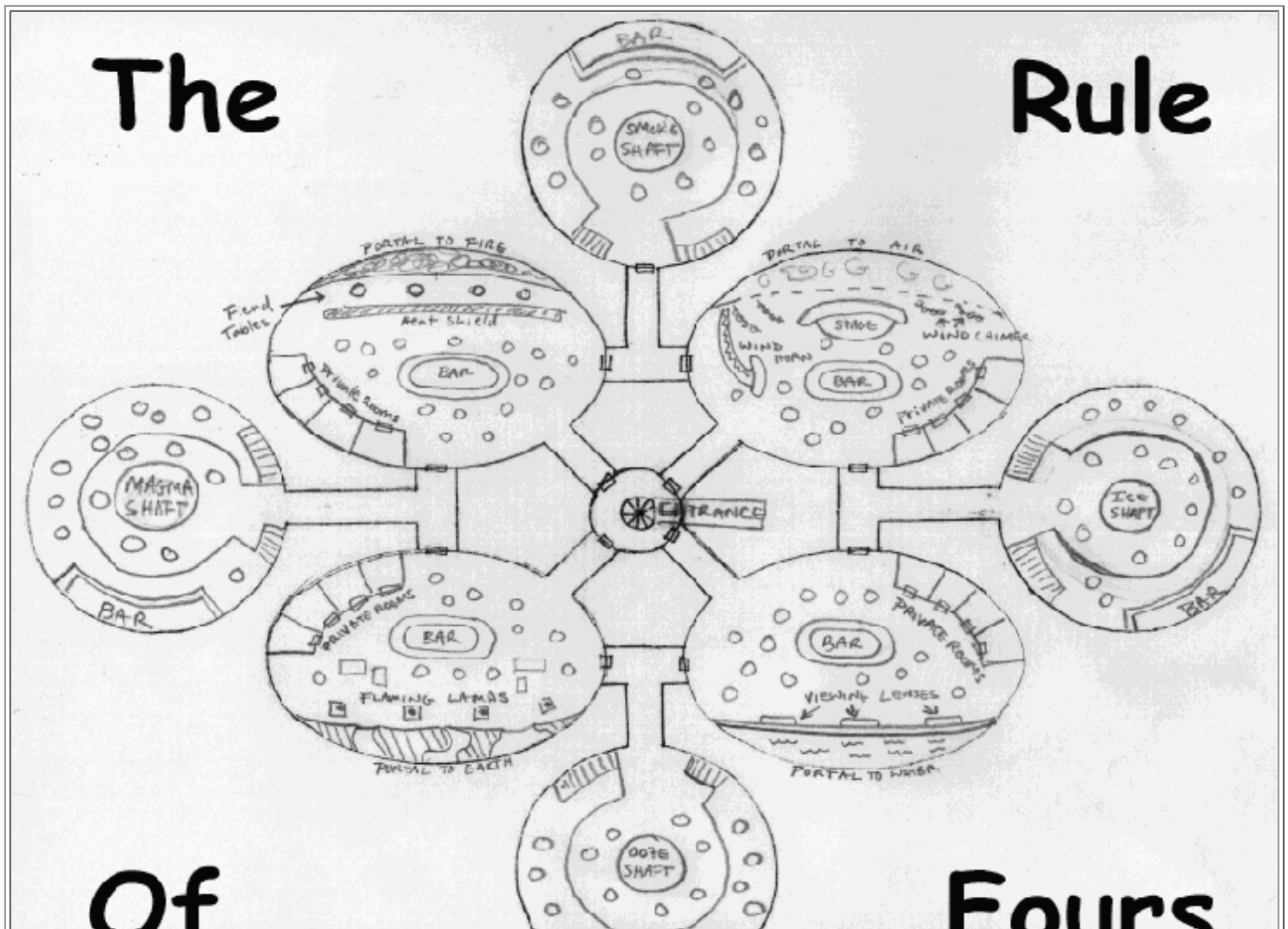
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**And Ogle an Order of Ooze!**

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 Hordonious 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 Feshall. (A)

NOW HIRING: Lingerie & Figure Models. Almost all races/saxes. 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](#)

