

S.I.G.I.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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NewsChant

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 jink, they've done it today! I'm busted, berk, with not a jink 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)

Editorial

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:

CLAIRVAN /AIDUE, PRIME PRIESTESS OF TELLUDE
 "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."

RATH WED'A, AHDADODHAD 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."

KATALD MACIELLAN, FROM TIR 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."

JEDY /TAAHED, 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)

CLAIRD 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 FADTAMAGOR, OF THE DDDMGHARD
 "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."

URDLD JEANLITH, 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, LODER-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 RALESIL

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 cutlers, 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 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

**HERDES FOIL DEATH BID
ON SENSATE HIGH-UP**

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.

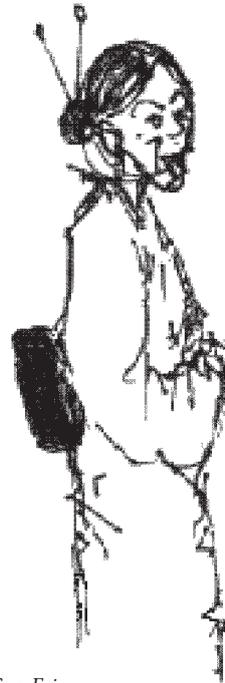
SIGIS was later able to verify that this gathering did indeed occur and was held to celebrate a rich trade deal Hal'oight negotiated with a Bytopian merchant operating out of Yeoman. None of the bashers we spoke with who

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



Sun Fei, owner of the Green Dragon

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)

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

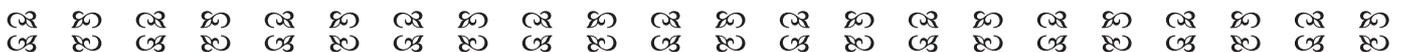
struggle, the lamp was knocked out. When I re-lit the lamp, the ninja was dead. They took off his hood, but he seemed to have taken poison—he was really badly discoloured, and no-one could have recognised him."

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)

**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

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.

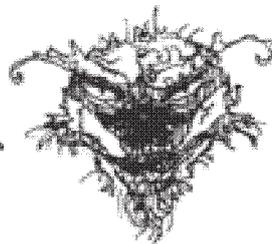
—Farrel McDuncan, culler

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 RICH!

Race from Xaos to Sylvania

We invite ^{all} WHO ^{want} to participate in a

THE RULES ARE SIMPLE

You are not allowed to participate if you have ^{three} 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 ^{starts} in oXaS and ^{ends} in Sylvania.
The one who first reaches SYLVANIA wins.
The first ^{and} ^{only} prize is a magical long sword.
Well it is a long sword now, we don't know
what it will be ^{then}.

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.

ATHAZ

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...

DISTMEM

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.

HABADUUM

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!

AWAYCH41373

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.

SEMPATES

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?

SIGDEBS

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.

CITHEBS

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!

XADJTECTS

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 Sensitive/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

Z

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!"

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)