

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 seafort, 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 psionist 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)

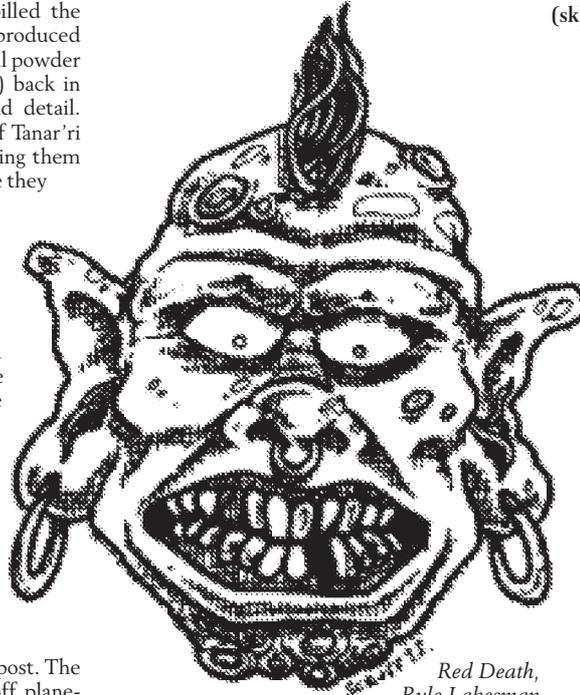
Glee Machine A Hoax?

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 Bailift, 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-coved 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 Gozroy, 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!

Gozroy, 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

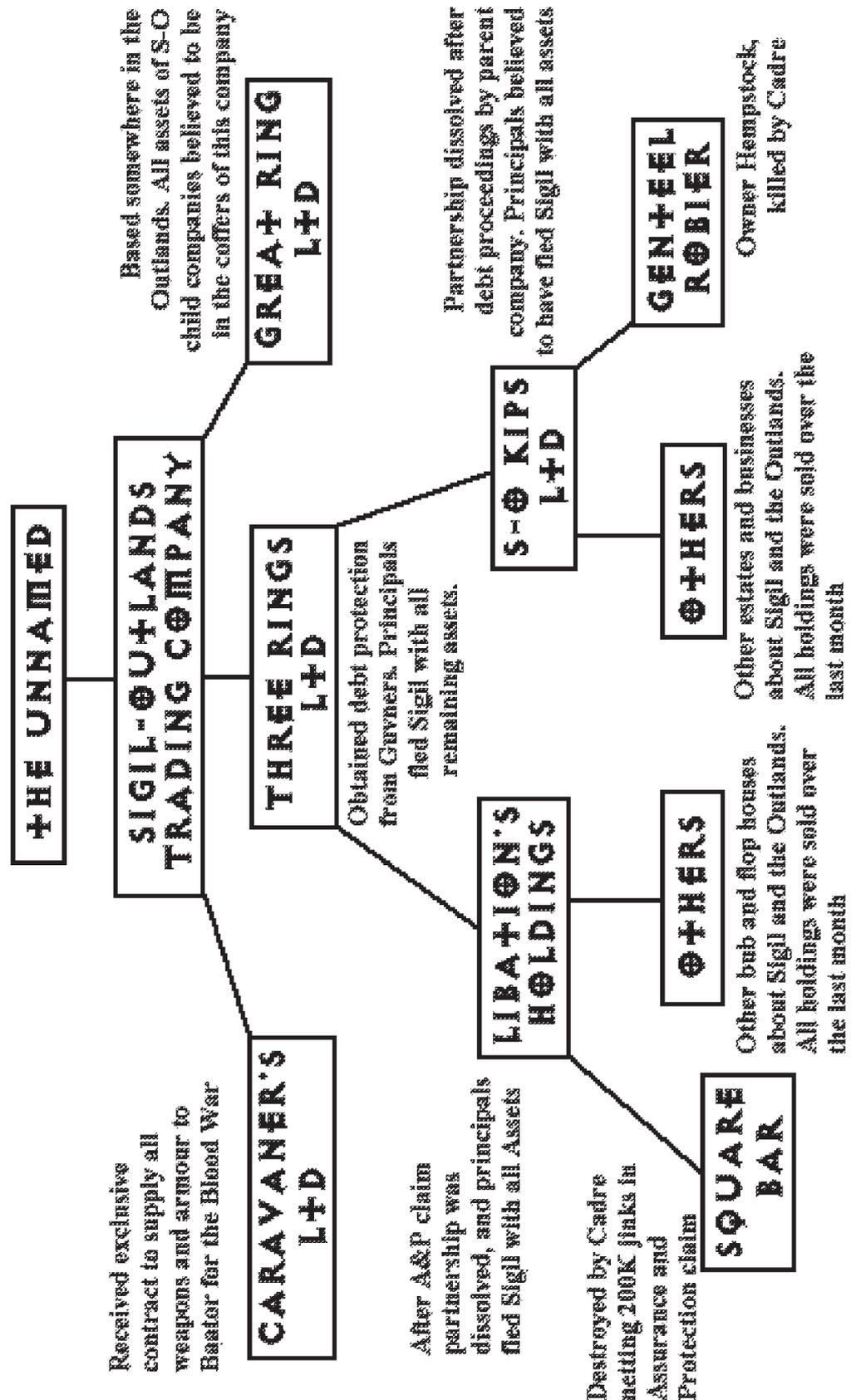
In recent months, a seemingly random series of attacks have plagued Sigil's marketers. A purported Anarchists cell known as the Cadre began bombing key trade centres, businesses, and the merchants themselves, claiming that by destroying centres of jink this would simultaneously destroy centres of power. 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 Bleaoid'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)