

S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Fourth Week of Regula

BELIGIOUS BIDDING ROCKS SYLVANIA



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

- Reported by Marcanto
Di Capella
(rm)

NA'TAK KARARI TRAVELS OUTER PLANES IN 89 DAYS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

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NewsChant

XAO SITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

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

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

deliberations proceed the structure isn't getting any higher.

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

(ta)

CrossTrader

CREATIVE ACQUISITIONS UNLIMITED Used Weapons Sale

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

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

(cdb)

Stop Press

XAO SITECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

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

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

(ta)

Obituaries

BLOOD WAR CULLER KILLED IN OUTLANDS

MEPHIT RETURNS REMAINS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Poetry

THE DEATH OF A SEDSATE by Ruin deKaye

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

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

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

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

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

ADARCHIST'S DELIGHT by Phill Howard

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

NO!

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



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



Of course, I cannot prove a word...