

S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 5, Year 1

First Week of Accordant

RIGAN ARMIES DEVASTATE TIR NA OG

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MECHANT OFFER BOUNTY AS UNREST PERSISTS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

— Reported by Marcanto Di Capella (rm)

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

Copyright 1997 by

Scott Kelley kkellys@ucsu.colorado.edu
Jon Winter mimir@geocities.com
Teresa Angelucci s302728@student.uq.edu.au
Roy Morton mortoro@finsys.mi.com
Paul Wolfe ragboy@outer.net
Submissions by
Scott Kelley kkellys@ucsu.colorado.edu
Jon Winter jon@mimir.net
Teresa Angelucci s302728@student.uq.edu.au
Roy Morton mortoro@finsys.mi.com
Paul Wolfe ragboy@outer.net

Disclaimer Note:

All of the published Planescape characters, character names, symbols and distinctive likenesses thereof are trademarks owned by TSR, Inc. All other material here is original and copyright 1997 by the given author where noted. Should there be given no author the article is copyrighted by the editors Jon Winter and Scott Kelley. None of it is endorsed by TSR, and none of it is in any way "official". This material is for personal use only and may not be published, altered, redistributed or posted on News Groups, Mailing Lists, Web Pages, FTP Sites or Bulletin Boards without the permission of the author.

The original SIGIS is in HTML format and is hosted at <http://www.mimir.net/> a site maintained by Jon Winter. The SIGIS in RTF is hosted at <http://www.geocities.com/TimesSquare/Arcade/6827/> a Hofbauer Heinz's site.

NewsChant

XAOISTECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

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

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

PrimeTime

TORIL'S TIME OF TROUBLES

WHY SHOULD WE planars give a flying sod about Toril?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Wanted: Labourers and Trappers

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

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

it's just a futile waste of time."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

StopPress

XAOISTECT SURPRISE MARKS NEW CYCLE

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

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

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

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

StopPress

MYSTERY EXPLOSION ROCKS COURTHOUSE

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

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

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

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

— Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)