

S.I.G.I.S.

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

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First Week of Retributus

SRUBUDOR SPEAKS OF TIR NA OG DEVASTATION

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

— *Maija Intwood, culler (sk)*

CADRE'S "DEATH SPIDER" THREAT ENACTED

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

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

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

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

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

— *Zeines Pauch, independent culler (pw)*

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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

SIGNER QUARANTINE LIFTED!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(jw)

NewsChant

SIGIS EDITOR RESIGNS!

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

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

NewsChant

DEATH OF THE KRYNNISH GODS?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(rg & jw)

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

Signed,
Seamus Keller

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

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

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

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

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

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

THE DARK OF THE CADRE'S BOMBS

by Callamez, Smith of Clan Damage, Godsman

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DEAR EDITOR,

YOUR RECENT SERIES OF ARTICLES describing the invasion of the RIGAN ARMIES INTO THE CELTIC REALMS OF TIR NA OG WERE extremely informative AND WELL RESEARCHED. HOWEVER, IN TRUE SIGILIAN FASHION, I BELIEVE THE WRITERS OF SIGIS OVEREMPHASISED THE ROLE OF SIGIL'S FACTIONS AND FACTOLS IN THE SKIRMISH (E.G. THE TITLE "SENSATE/SINKERS FORCE RIGANS FROM TIR NA OG") WHILE BELITTLING THE BRAVERY AND HEROISM OF THE CELTS WHO DID THE MAJORITY OF THE FIGHTING AND DYING ON THEIR SACRED LAND.

JUST BECAUSE A BASHER LIVES 'OUT OF TOWN' DOES NOT MEAN SHE IS INCAPABLE OF DEFENDING HERSELF OR HELPLESS WITHOUT THE PRECIOUS FACTIONS AND POLITICS OF THE CAGE. PLEASE REMEMBER THIS WHEN REPORTING ON FUTURE HAPPENINGS AROUND THE MULTIVERSE.

Signed,

Swgeneth
Tarsbridge
Gloriam

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

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

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

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

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

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

(kl)

Edges of Infinity

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

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

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

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

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

—**Fandango, Indep Psionist**

"Even I couldn't guess the conclusion!"

—**Axarax the Augur**

Performances every night for the next month, at the

Th  atre Broulliard

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

HARMONIUM WARNING:

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

(jw)

Stop Press

SLAADI GATHER AT SPAWNING STONE

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

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

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

"I can see the Spawning Stone from my vantage point

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

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

(jw)

ALLIANCE BETWEEN ATHAR AND BLEAKERS

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

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

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

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

(ps)

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