

# SIGIL'S

SIGIL'S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

Issue 15 Year 1

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Third Week of Narciss

## FIRE IN MORTUARY, DUSTMEN DARK REVEALED!

SIGIL (Lower Ward)—Last night, three hours after Anti-peak, a fire broke out in the Mortuary's library, burning books and scrolls in one of the oldest sections of the ancient building. For some unknown reason, a large section of shelves caught on fire and the intense blaze wound up collapsing a wall before it was extinguished. Now Dustmen officials reveal that, as a result of the blaze, a secret, long-forgotten chamber was laid bare. It was in this chamber that factioneers made a most amazing and portentous discovery: the remains of an ancient scroll (almost crumbled to dust) detailing events that occurred the early days of the Dustmen faction.

Jergoth Rauhic, the newly appointed Official Spokes-

man for the Dustmen, told cullers that, according one of the scrolls found in the secret chamber, the words and prophecies of the faction's founder were long ago written down in a book which was hidden in a cave just outside of Plague-Mort. According to several sages I contacted, this book sounds similar to a mythical tome of yore that prophesied the future, and ultimate fate, of the Multiverse.

However, one of the cutters I spoke with (who wished to remain anonymous) said he heard otherwise about the location of the rumoured tome. "According to an very knowledgeable sage I've contacted on this matter, the former Plague-Mort gatetown mention in the ancient Dust-

## DOOMGUARD AND DUSTMEN COME TO BLOW

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—A pitched street battle broke out several hours after Anti-peak last night as a group of drunken Doomguard, headed by a philosopher of entropy, passed the Mortuary. Only one basher survived the fight. Preferring to remain anonymous, the basher told SIGIL cullers that the philosopher had run across the idea that the Dustmen believe that Death was eternal, which was contrary to the Doomguard belief that nothing lasts forever. "So we started shouting up at 'em: 'Nothing lasts forever, not even death!' we ses. And we ses not to give us

those straight faces, cos we knows wot's going on in their 'eds, you sees? We knows that they knows that we're right!"

According to several eyewitnesses, a large group of Dustmen and zombies emerged from the Mortuary, and indifferently asked the offending Sinkers to leave. That was when the Sinker philosopher called the zombies abominations of decay. "He sed that they were s'posed to stay gone now that they had joined entropy," noted the survivor. The sober Dustmen then proceeded to pound the Sinkers into the ground.

Factol Pentar of the Doomguard was unavailable for question-

## CASE DISMISSED IN COURTROOM BRAWL

THE BLOOD WAR inadvertently spilled into the Courts of Sigil today, as Baatezu and Tanar'ri advocates came to blows whilst arguing a case before Chief Judge Crux, known commonly as the 'Eye of Justice'. In the case, junior attorneys of the Chessboard Advocating Firm of Abnegazar, Rath, and Ghast defended Estavan of the Planar Trade Consortium (PTC) against a charge of cross-trading brought by five Tanar'ri. All the plaintiffs were denizens of the Mountains of Flesh in the 661st layer of the Abyss and they alleged that Estavans PTC peeled their home layer out of the rare and valuable Mountain of Flesh oil. However, in short order, the court case turned stag on the plaintiffs who were denied recompense. But when Judge Crux granted the defence motion to dismiss all charges, the Tanar'ri started screaming "The Garnish is on!" and leapt towards the defendants, trying make sure Estavan's advocates paid the music.

Chief Judge Crux, the 'Eye of Justice' (a term referring to both his Observer nature and his insightful interpretation of the law) was not well-disposed to the fiendish antics. When the complaining Tanar'ri drew their chivs and charged the defence team, Crux bellowed for order and threatened to hold them in felony contempt. He was clearly hotter than Balor breath. Scribblers and defendants four courtrooms away heard the basso profundo 'Bar That!' as it issued forth from

the Court Bureau Chief's maw. The Tanar'ri berks totally ignored the Court's orders, much to their peril.

Judge Crux then started blasting the ladywatching Tanar'ri with beams from his eye stalks and lethal psionics. Harmonium guards and turnkeys entered the fray, and the ensuing mayhem spilled into the hallway beyond the courtroom. Meanwhile, Felicia Fall, an Erinyes and chief advocate for Estavan, ordered her Barbazu minders into a furious counterargument seldom seen in the City Court.

Of the Tanar'ri, the two Vrocks were canned outright by death beams, the two bargura were transformed into mindless gibbering husks, and Brztt Brekth, the Chasme leader of the troupe, was scrubbed senseless by Harmonium turnkeys before being tossed into a Court birdcage. Both Barbazu assistants of Lady Fall were written into the Dead-book before the Court could impose order, and Lady Fall herself was later heavily fined for participating in the clash and clatter. Neither Lady Fall nor Chief Judge Crux were available for comment.

After the brawl, Estavan graciously agreed to be interviewed on the matter. He told SIGIL, "I don't know how those addle-coved fiends thought they could dance into the Cage and start accusing me of cross-trading. Everyone knows that there's not the shadow of a shade on the Planar Trade Consortium. Their Slaad-stories wouldn't have peeled an outsider."

When asked about the oil allegedly bobbed from the Tanar'ri, Estavan replied, "Those 30 barrels of decalcifying oil were all quite legally pumped from an unclaimed pore. Gelatinous herself, the Adiposal Lady of the Layer those dog-faces came from, gave us permission to procure it. It is an extremely rare and valuable oil, and the Consortium sees great potential for its use in reclamation efforts in the junkyards of Thuldanian [*ed. note: a place in Acheron*]. Anyone interested in its unusual restorative qualities should contact me at my office in the Clerk's Ward."

On the other side of the case, we were able to chat with the Chasme Brztt Brekth who warned that the court decision would cause a froungy frenzy of retaliation from enraged denizens of the Mountains of Flesh. "Mark my wordzzz, cutter, this izzzn't over!", said Brekth. "When the Crows wouldn't zzzcrag that zzztagmeister Estavan for his crozzzz-trading, we thought like berkzzz we could get the know-nothings to zzzee the truth. But Judge Crux wazzz worse than any bubbud-up addle-cove! Now he and that kroofroodi Estavan will zzzee what crozzzing a righteous Tanar'ri getzzz them!"

Chief Judge Crux has since added defamation of a court officer and attempted extortion to the charges being brought against Brztt Brekth. His trial is scheduled for next week.

—Uffley Bailift, Court Culler

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NewsChant

QUADRONE ARGUES MODRON CASE FOR HIVE KIP

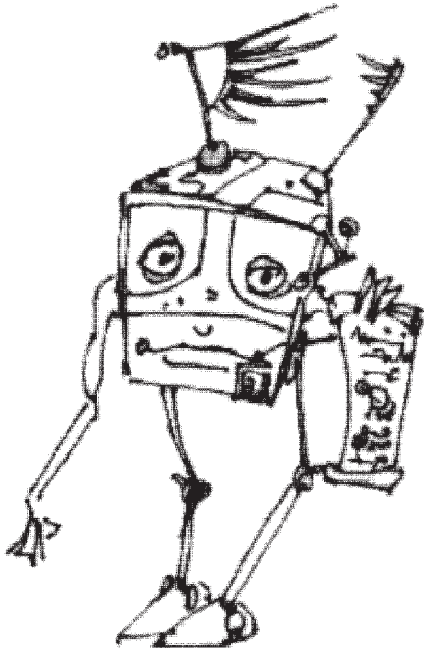
SIGIL (Clerk's Ward)—Yesterday, in the early hours of peak, a bleary-eyed council of Guvners heard a complicated mathematical argument that purported to explain why the Harmonium's new Hive kip rightfully belongs to the Modrons. R73Q01A, a quadrone, came before the panel armed with a scroll packed with equations. But barely a minute into R73Q01A's argument, the head of the panel, Judge Torthen Howler, called for a recess and sent a Court scribe to find a Mathematician translator. An hour later, the scribe returned with Patrice Leclerc, a member of the Mathematician sect, and an occasional Modron translator for the Courts. With her help, R73Q01A went through the equations and, point by point, Leclerc explained what each of the derivations meant and how they related to the situation in the Hive.

Amazingly, the equations represented a complicated "proof" that a small section of the Hive Ward (right in the

middle of the Harmonium's case), is really a part of Mechanus. Quite frankly, few besides Leclerc and the Quadrone actually understood the arguments and the proof, but Leclerc assured the Guvners, and this culler, that the results were incontrovertible. "R73Q01A presented a brilliant and irrefutable proof that a small portion of the Hive is really part of Mechanus," said Leclerc. "I reviewed the derivations thoroughly and found absolutely no flaws. The Fraternity of Order needs to review the legal ramifications of R73Q01A's proof, but there is no doubt that the plane of Mechanus intersects with the Hive in this particular location."

Meanwhile, the Harmonium refused to comment on this development until their own factioneers have had time to review the document. A lengthier hearing has been scheduled by Judge Howler for later in the week.

—Maia Intwood, culler (sk)



Quadrone R73Q01A with its proof of Hive Ownership

NewsChant

DOOMGUARD AND DUSTMEN COME TO BLOW

their usual spokesperson, Sir Twist, did deliver a statement:

"Although our bashers were pretty leatherheaded to go around bad-mouthing the Dustmen and were truly preparing themselves for Entropy, we cannot allow the

members of other factions to go around systematically whittling down our numbers. This is enough for a declaration of war between us and the Dead. This aside, there are those among us that believe that in this case Entropy has been served too quickly, and

that such a wrong must be righted."

When this culler brought this news to the Mortuary, he was confronted by a surprisingly fresh-looking zombie (with Sinker colours), who handed me a scroll bearing the following:

"Official Dustmen Response to the Doomguard attack last night:

The Dustmen faction denies all of the Armoury's claims of foul play and manslaughter on the part of our factioneers. In the most recent confrontation between members of our two factions, Dustmen members correctly responded to the misguided and offensive action taken by official Doomguard namers who threatened and ridiculed our faction and its undead allies.

Factol Skull has ordered an immediate investigation by the Fraternity of Order, and we have hired an official Attorney, Lared Frok, also from the ranks of the Guvners.

These are the conclusions of the investigation committee with the aid of our Guvner Lawyer. Our official charges and responses:

1. The members of the Doomguard faction were being offensive and blasphemous, in attempt to start a riot and disturb the peace on official faction grounds.
2. The Sinkers had ridiculed our faction's longtime allies, the undead, whose honour we are sworn to upkeep and defend.
3. The Doomguard offenders had entered the gate in the wall surrounding the Mortuary, and thus were trespassing on faction grounds without permit.
4. Since the Sinkers were trespassing and did not make clear their intentions, we could not determine whether or not the Doomguard were to be aggressive. However, as there have been countless precedents of Doomguard violence, we condone our factioneers' actions as done in self-defence.
5. The Doomguard Namers were breaching protocol (both official and customary) when they entered the Mortuary grounds without a tour guide or in a coffin.

The Dustmen faction demands the immediate arrest of all Doomguard survivors of this incident on the charges of breaking and entering into the Mortuary grounds unsupervised and uninvited, and of slaying Dustmen faction members. Factol Skull sends his deepest thanks to Factol Pentar for providing new corpses which are in repairable condition and will be put to immediate use as menial servants in the Mortuary.

Sincerely,  
Dustmen Official Spokesman,  
Jergoth Raulic  
Factotum of the 3rd Circle

This constitutes two major violent acts on part of the Doomguard in two weeks! Indeed, some are calling for

the people of Sigil to petition for the revision of the Doomguard as an official faction immediately. This sort

of capriciousness should not go unchecked.

—Sco'rut Morthus, Culler (db & da)

FIRE IN MORTUARY DUSTMEN DARK REVEALED!

men writings is now already a millennium deep into the Abyss. How do the Dead propose to go and get this Book hidden there? What about the Tanar'ri? I don't suppose they'll be too keen on a gaggle of Dusties roaming the Abyss—unless they're feeling especially hungry that is."

But this possibility doesn't seem to have dampened the Dustmen "enthusiasm" in any way. Shortly after the disco-

very, Factol Skull issued a call to all of the Dustmen factotums, factioneers and namers to come to Sigil and gather for some kind of grand meeting in the Mortuary. Never before has a Factol used his right to call in the entire faction, let alone in Sigil! (See advert this issue.) The streets are now filling with Dustmen on their way to the Mortuary. With all the refugees and the chaos surrounding the Hive recently, the Ward will prove a most

interesting place to be over the next few days.

Factol Skull was unavailable for questioning, but the Dustmen's official spokesman, Jergoth Raulic, told SIGIS, "The time has come for us to regain such a treasure of our faction, lost to us in the mists of time, and we will take it by any means necessary..."

—Reginald Ecantyr, new culler to SIGIS (da)

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

Readers of SIGILS,

I am writing this letter to make Cagers aware of a particularly oppressive situation happening on the Primeworld of Toril. I've been spending a fair amount recently of time in one of the larger burgs on this world—a quaint city known as Waterdeep (a harbour city, and one of the largest burgs on the sphere). This city is controlled by a sect of bashers known as the "Lords of Waterdeep", and these are the sods that worry me.

Now lots of prime and planar burgs have some sort of monarch or ruling class that likes telling berks what to do, and in the majority of cases all their subjects know who these high-ups are. But not in Waterdeep, oh no! The exalted Lords of this city literally hide themselves behind strong illusionary masks of magik (which I am a witness to) so that no one but the other Lords know their identities. This is outrageous! What are these pikers so afraid of anyway? The only time you will ever see their faces is when they give up their post as Lord for some other secret basher to take. And who, you might ask, elects these bashers? A "democratic majority" of the other Lords of course.

To top this all off, the only outwardly recognised Lord is an incredibly rich paladin Hardhead-type named Lord Peregrin. Makes me suspect that the rest of the Lords are all a bunch of rich nobles who have all the money and all the power. Who speaks for the little folk, I ask?

This wouldn't be all that bad, I suppose, if these Lords left a basher alone and minded their own business. But the laws, particularly against magik use, are so oppressive, they make Ribcage look like Mt. Olympus! And this is not just my feeling on the matter cutters. Another friend I ran in to in the city thought the same thing about these so-called "Lords". He told me he had a good time gaming in the little burg, but he said he noticed that, "the Lords seem to have an iron grip over whatever goes around in the city. The Hardheads can only dream of such control."

"Even worse," he continued, "a spellsinger comrade of mine cast a minor spell only to be approached by some official berks demanding for him to register, warning him that no magic could be used without permission. It almost makes a blood glad to be back in the Cage!" Indeed. Could you imagine the Guvners trying to register all the wizards in Sigil? How preposterous!

As you can gather from all this, Waterdeep is really a pretty down-trodden little burg. The rich and powerful oppress the masses, and all the while they stay hidden under impenetrable masks to keep their crimes dark as they go unpunished.

But the saddest thing is, the citizens seem to have swallowed all the screed about "keeping the peace", and the "might of the Lords", and they wilfully bow to their governance like they were powers or something.

It is a shameful situation to say the least. I know that I, for one, will dedicate my future time in this world to help lift the shackles of oppression from its citizens. I hope others would join me in this righteous endeavour.

*Author's name not supplied (sk & tr)*

## MUSEE ARCADE: DEATH TOLL RISES

SIGIL—Rumblings have been sounded once again by Harmonium Movers concerned about the safety of Magnum Opus' Musée Arca-ne. The kip was only reopened last week, and reports claim seven cutters have now met variously gruesome demises. Medusa historian and curator Magnum Opus remains characteristically nonchalant about the alleged dead-bookings. "Listen basher, visitors only need to read the sign above the door to be reminded there's things in my Musée that'll happily eat 'em alive. Who am I to stop people when they ignore that?"

Unconfirmed chant whis-pers there's a pack of voracious shadow fiends coupled up in the Cellar of Dark Secrets, while still darker chant goes that Opus has taken to gazing at her visitors, turning them to stone, and devouring them whole. When pressed on this point, the veiled medusa only chuckled and said "No comment, berk."

Are these deaths merely the result of carelessness, or is something more sinister afoot? Upon leaving the establishment, this culler spotted a small covey of Dabus repairing the Spire-ward wall of the Musée with marble blocks and magical glue. I asked them their

business, and according to the rebus translation Millori gave me a few weeks back (a wonderful present for your loved ones, may I add) they reckoned the building had been blasted by multiple disintegration magics.

I returned to the Musée's vestibule to find Ms. Opus enjoying a meal of roasted measel. At first her manner was friendly (she invited me to join her, but I declined, for I never eat during the daylight hours), but when I pressed her on the damage to the building her tone grew low and menacing. "Write not of this in your newsrag," she hissed, "It is not of your concern." While I was not threatened per se, it was more than implied. I did not like her manner one bit, so I left post-haste.

This culler believes the chant that more than meets the eye is going on behind the Musée's ever-open doors, but declines to speculate what. It's more than his life's worth. However, with the Harmonium trying their utmost to close the Musée via the Council and with extra patrols advising cutters in the Musée's neighbourhood of the perils of approaching the building, the question may turn out to be a moot one.

*—Lothlar Nosfer,  
culler (jw)*

## GUVERNERS LAUNCH BUILDING PROJECT

SIGIL—Tomorrow, Bureau Chief Fan Shu Tzu of the Fraternity of Order will lay the foundation stone of an eleven story pagoda to be constructed on the edge of the oriental district known as Blossom Town. The decision to build the tower came after the discovery that the stone circle in the market was actually a hibernating clan of ancient Galeb Duhr. Fan Shu Tzu explained the reasoning like this:

"You must understand that all the planes are governed by laws. One such law is the Feng Shui Principle, which says that the houses of the living and the dead must both be harmonious. If they are not, dangerous disharmonies can arise. Now here in Sigil we have very good Yin Feng Shui, that is to say, to do with the dead, because the Dustmen, despite being frowned on by many in Blossom Town, do a

good job of taking care of the dead. However, being entirely artificial, and built without any kind of structure, Sigil seems to be the Multiversal centre for bad Yang Feng Shui—that associated with buildings. We had thought that this was compensated by the fortunate presence of a stone circle in the Market. Standing stones are good for Feng Shui of both kinds, and the circular configuration was a good match for the shape of the city. However, since the discovery that the circle is actually a family of galeb duhr, we have had to recalculate, and have decided that a pagoda would be the best way of promoting good Feng Shui, as well as providing a focus for community action in Blossom Town. We've chosen the Market of Peaches for the site because the old shrine that stood there was wrecked by Doomguard vandals last year."

Not everyone was as pleased as the Guvners to hear of this increase in universal harmony. Ely Cromlich of the Doomguard said "They're just trying to get back at us because we evened up the entropy in Blossom Town. It's so bloody ordered. We think we livened it up doing what we did."

Ranjail the Cynic, of the Free League, said this:

"The Guvners are clearly barmy. They got all steamed about the Xaosmen building a tower, and now they're trying to build their own. Sounds like a load of fluff to me. On the other hand, it may be good for trade, so even I can't grumble too much. It just seems a mite hypocritical."

The pagoda, which in accordance with tradition has an odd number of floors, should be finished in time for the Lantern Festival later this year. (ar)

## Justicars & Bounty Hunters

**Rorty jink** is being offered to anyone capable of scragging numerous stag-turners who have failed to honour their contracts with one **Pollus Windscream**.

Several debtors have not reported to the former site of **Jangling Hiter** as required by their bonded word, and have fled to obscure lemon trees.

Applicants must be **well-travelled rounders capable of self-initiated conduit travel**. All payment will be on delivery of said cross-traders. Standard contracts apply.

Interested parties should contact **Minister Zapan** at the **Baatorian Embassy** in the **Lady's Ward**.

# DARK OF THE GLEE MACHINE

TORCH (Maygel) — Several issues ago, the editors of SIGIS brought you, our faithful readers, the chant on the deadly dreaming drug known as the Glitterglee. This substance is apparently distilled from the dreams of humanoids, and partaking of this whitish powder allows a

berk experience the very same dream of the dreamer at any time of the day or night. In fact, glee, as it is known in the Outlands, can be tailor-made for the customer. Peddlers give you your fondest wish in a little glass vial (for a hefty sum of jink, I might add). Harmless enough, right? But, as our

faithful culler explained, sometimes the glee-bubbers do more than just dream the dream: they actually act the dream out, often with dire consequences.

But the thrill of the glee is overwhelming its bad reputation in more than one Outland burg, and the dreaded powder

is making its way around the great ring faster than the Modron march. (Sylvania, in particular, has suffered under the influence of the glee, and much of the recent rioting has been blamed on the substance.)

SIGIS was proud to be the first Cager paper to spill the

chant on the glee, and here we go one better. Through some remarkable culling by one blood of a culler, we now bring you the dark on the sods that produce the glee and insights into how it is made. Here we print a letter from this culler on the dark of what he calls the Glee-machine.

Dear Seamus,

As you well know, I have been rather busy over the past few months here in Torch, angling for the dark-shark (pardon the expression) on the glitterglee. I know you remember Torch well from your early days as an Outlands culler, so I won't bore you with the dreary details of the daily garnishing and bullying I've had to do to dig up the chant in this wretched little burg. (Suffice it to say, I spent a good deal out of the account you set up with C...)

To get straight to the meat, I found by shark all right, and the berk almost ripped my leg off. But now I know the secret of the glee: where it is made, how it is made (for the most part), and who's been making it. The good jink you paid me has gone to a worthy cause. I haven't been able to reveal any ulterior motive for making and selling the glee (though I suspect one), just the basic desire for jink and mischief. But I believe the dark I've shed light on will be more than satisfying to your cullers blood.

First, I'll answer who's been making the glee. This was probably the easiest of the three questions, at least on the surface. The cross-traders making the illicit white stuff never made a secret of their presence. They swaggered around Torch on the back of a Goristiro like they owned the place, and, truth be told, they pretty much did! Everyone I chatted with knew of these newcomers: Kaxamanos, the Marquis Cambion, and his sister (lover?) Orias the alu-tiend. Their arrival to the gate-town coincided nicely with the first appearance of the glee, and the disappearance of many residents of the burg. The suspects were identified, but the dark of where they made the glees and how it was made remained enigmatic. (Regularly, you could see these two riding their Goristiro pet to the top of Maygel towards the Inn of the Falling Coin, and what addle-cove would stop to ask them questions?)

I also learned that many of the local knights of the post, like the Grey Orb, the Kindred of Yoj and Tiamal's Chosen, (ed. note: notorious thieves guilds of Torch) worked for Kaxamanos scragging sods off the streets. But as you might guess, these pilcers weren't going to be any help either. No, the only thing I could fathom doing, barmy as it was, was to follow the glee bashers until I knew where they were going. And the only way to do that, without getting put in the dead-book immediately, was to get scragged!

OK, I'll spare you the gory details of that incident. It was pretty leatherheaded, and involved paying one of the Kindred of Yoj enough jink to sell me to the fiends while allowing me to stay conscious and alert. In this way, I was able to get myself down to the depths of the swamp and into Kax's case where I found out most of what was going on. However, if it wasn't for several bloods, apparently as barmy as myself, who worked their way into the Tanar'ri's kip and scragged my sorry rear outta there, I wouldn't be telling you anything. I owe them everything—certainly I owe them enough to keep their names in the dark.

So what did I discover that prompts me to write? As you have surely seen, I included with this letter a diagram of what I call the glee-machine. This is the home of the glitterdust, the hiding place of Kaxamanos and Orias (and, I believe, a Dalleshnee high-up — their father?) buried in the disease-ridden swamps around Torch. The swamps by themselves would be enough to keep any sane bashers away with their killer toads, bonespears and ghouls. But the Tanar'ri had one more trick to keep the curious at bay: this kip of theirs, burrowed under the deadly swamps, was alive! That's right my friend, the whole soddin' kip was a living (breathing?) entity! I don't know where such a thing came from, or how the Tanar'ri made it their home, but all the tunnels, caves, pits and things better left unnamed, were carved out of living flesh. Told ya this was good!

I know this must all sound barmy from your cozy seat in the Cage, but, I swear by the blood of Lugh, all I describe here is the honest truth. You may do what you wish with this information, but don't bother trying to contact me for awhile—I'm taking a long vacation to a nice place. However, I must say it is frustrating to know that I leave so many questions unanswered about the glee-machine: How does it move? Can it teleport? Is it growing bigger? Who made the bloody thing, or is it just one more nightmare that crawled out of the Abyss? Can it change shape? Does it think?

Well, some other culler, braver than I, will have to search out the rest of this dark. For now I give you all I know and hope you find it of use and interest.

Your true and faithful friend,  
[Name withheld.]

There is a lot more to the place than what I have, but here are the darks of the case that I was able to uncover. Much of this came from descriptions given to me by other bashers who managed to survive the trip, but a lot of their descriptions were really vague, and I recorded a lot of conflicting impressions in my journal. I trust that the overall layout I had drawn by a sketch artist is accurate, but I doubt

my information on the nature of some of the rooms and caves. Maybe some other planewalker will take a crack at this in the future.

E — The entrance to the establishment. Enormous rows of teeth, each 5 long and 2 feet in diameter at the base. The fiends somehow entice the jaws to open by reaching through a juicy pore near this mouth. Don't ask me how berk!



Editorial

# DARK OF THE GLEE MACHINE

**V** — Lots of these valve-like doors around. They were some kind of mucousy flaps that the fiends literally pushed their way through. Sort of like doors. Non-fiends touching these caused the walls to react in a most unsavoury fashion.

**D** — The place of the Dreamers. This was the biggest cave of the kip. All sorts of poor sods were kept here in sacks that looked like bloated and stretched larva skin. These dreaming humanoids were hooked up to all sorts of fleshy tubes that passed fluids in and out of the dreamers. I suppose that both kept them alive and sucked out their dreams somehow. The ceiling of this cave was kept up by long wooden poles with sharp ends. These ends literally stuck in the top and bottom causing the cave to bleed. I'm sure the Tanar'ri loved putting those in.

**G** — Home of the Goristro. Found this out the hard way—fortunately the sod was sleeping after a big lunch.

**C** — Ciliate walls. These were really strange. Instead of those fleshy flaps, some of the caves or tunnels had entrances that were walls with writhing cilia (tentacle-like projections) moving all around like a medusa's hair. The Tanar'ri residents would walk right into these walls and be pulled through slowly. One pulled me through and it was like being in bed with a bunch of slime-covered worms. Yum.

**P** — The pools. Many of the tubes from the dreamers came out into these caves filled with liquid of a multi-coloured hue. I think that this is where the glee was actually distilled, but how is a mystery to me still. Given the magical nature of the pools, and the general aura I detected about them, I suspect they were made by some creature from the Upper Planes though I was never able to confirm this. Leaves a basher to wonder though.

(sk)



## BYTOPIAN FESTIVAL OF LIGHTS

The Council of Yeoman in Bytopia invites you to the annual **Festival of Lights** — a friendly competition of illusion and fireworks held between the opposing layers of **Durrock** and **Shurrock**.

This amazing festival is a yearly celebration of the hard work and dedication of the people of Bytopia.

There will be plentiful **entertainment, food** and bountiful **bub** from around the Multiverse, and you get to enjoy the fine hospitality of Yeoman and its residents for a **mere stinger!**

So come one, come all to the great festival happening the entire **fourth week of Narciss** with the big display at the end of the fifth day. Remember to bring your good disposition and cheer!

We also take this space to put out a call for **competent illusionists** and **alchemists** for the various **light shows**. Excellent **jink** will be had for your hard work. Bonuses will be paid for **creativity**, and food and bub are all included.

(sk)

### Letters

To the citizens of Sigil:

I must respond to Sir Omar Tyg's outrageous request that we, the Doomguard, release Bram Bloodheart. Although I, personally, do not condone his actions in the Great Bazaar, there are those among our ranks that do. Hence, we must debate what must be done with him. But this is an internal matter, and one that I will neither openly debate with the public, nor bring to their further attention. Leave it said that justice will be served, but it will probably not be in accordance with the petty laws of those in the Lady's Ward.

As for the Cage itself, must I remind you that the whole sodding burg is filled with bashers similar, or worse, than Bloodheart? We allow Slaadi to walk the streets, eating as they feel the need to imbibe. Tanar'ri and Baatezu step along our boulevards, and they often break out in large brawls (woe to those caught in the middle!) And you are worried about a single, ill-tempered man? Look back: what about the Cadre? Please, where is justice? And yet amongst all this violence we have a thriving economy. There is no way that one little incident like this will change anything about Sigil. Entropy must be allowed to continue unchecked, we should just go with the flow and allow ourselves to be swept along in the river of decay. It's much easier that way.

I too could sound a call to arms to the Revolutionary League, the Xaositects, and the Free League, but that would be petty. Not only can we hold our own, but we shall not stoop to the level of other, less confident, factions and sects. Remember who supplies the burg with their weapons after all!

May your destiny rest with entropy.

Regards,

*Sir Twist*

Public Relations

(db)

# THE PARTED VEIL

Deep in the heart of the Lower Ward not too far from the Shattered Temple, sits an inconspicuous little bookshop called the Parted Veil. While it may not be the Civic Festhall on the outside, this little kip holds more darks on the Multiverse than there are Monodrones in Mechanus. Well that might be a slight exaggeration, but not according to kip's owner, a well-lanned gnome by the name of Kesto Brighteyes. Brighteyes

will tell you straight away, there's nothing he can't get a basher in this shop of his. "My work is all about empowerment. If I get a basher to use his brain-box even for a moment, and question some simple 'truth' he's held so dear about the Multiverse, my mission is complete. Now if you excuse me, I have a few more books to stack before Peak..."

This is, of course, precisely why SIGIS has invited Sir Brighteyes to write for us. Our

cullers continue to bring you the latest chant on all facets of the Outer Planes, and even the Prime, and now we go one step further: with Kesto's help, SIGIS digs down into the old (sometimes ancient!) journals, diaries, tomes and texts of the greatest plane-walkers and philosophers the Multiverse has known.

So read on, bloods! In Kesto's words, what you read may just "blow your head open wider than a Cadre bomb!"

## Feeling Back The Multiversal Veil

by Khesto Brighteyes

### INFINITE GEHENNA: TALE OF THE LOST MOUNTS

Welcome, cutters, to the wisdom of the Parted Veil! I've already had enough of an introduction from the Editor of SIGIS that I won't bore you these details once again. Let's jump straight to the meat!

If you've been hanging around some of the less reputable bub-houses of the Lower Ward (not that I do, mind you, too busy!), or in the halls of the Trianyum, you might have heard a rumour that there is much more to Gehenna than the four simple Mounts everyone's told you about. Indeed, I've had a couple of bashers in my case lately that have heard this very same chant, and, cutters that they are, they came running to me wanting to know the dark on the matter. I confess, it took me a might longer than usual scrape the dust off a few old relevant tomes, but I managed to find some references that did shed a bit of light on the chant.

The information I found was limited and scattered; no basher seems to have put the whole picture together (except maybe the chant-monger running around the Trianyum I suppose, and he's slipped the back!). The first related reference I stumbled came from the journal of a planewalker named Lugh "Lightfoot" Giraldah. While climbing one of the highest peaks on the third mount of Gehenna, on the run from a yagnoloth whom Lugh had peeled, Lugh witnessed and extraordinary event:

"I secured the final bolt in a crack that looked somewhat stable, when I decided rest. I'd given the fiend the laugh so far, no addle-cove was barmy enough to try this route, so I figured the sod would call me lost and head back to Portent [Kesto notes: Infamous burg in

Mungoth]. Hanging by my thread on the lee side of the peak, I congratulated myself for packing that cold protection scroll and had a little chuckle at the yag's expense.

"But just about the time my tears of laughter began freezing into my beard (which is to say a millipeak or two), I was brought up short by the most astounding sight I've witnessed in my 58 years of plane-walking. Out of the black nothingness in which the Mounts of Gehenna drift, came a fiery meteor the size of the Nimicri moon hurling towards Mungoth as if hurled by Zeus himself! [Kesto notes: Zeus—highly doubtful!] The sodding piece of rock thrust into the snow like a hot poker into cool water, and caused a tidal wave of snow and mud to erupt like a burst boil. I hung upon the cliff, my jaw slack and drooling as an avalanche of acidic snows rushed up cliff below me. My shock finally turned into panic, and I managed to snap my jaw shut and climb my way into a crack to safety while the mud and rock surged up the mountain."

Powers, hurling fiery rocks of retribution across the plane? Or could this have been the result of the Power-dwarfing processes that form new Mounts in the black void around Gehenna? After perusing some of the old letters I'd received from Daaras Intwood (a former Blood War Journal culler and dear friend of mine), I came across a letter Intwood wrote where he mentions that bashers from Gehenna had sighted strange shapes in the void. "At first I thought these bashers just spotting the moon Nimicri," writes Intwood. "Or perhaps they spied one of the other layers. But these cutters had seen Nimicri before, and the

angles were all wrong for the other mounts. I mean to follow this up when I get back from the Hinterlands next week."

Intwood didn't make it back to Gehenna for three years, and never wrote me again about these 'sightings', but I wonder: could these have been other mounts, abandoned by the Powers aeons ago, drifting cold and lifeless in the void? The brain-box fairly bursts to think of the treasures these frozen mounts might hold, or the hidden secrets of the so-called Powers.

Finally, I turn to the writings of the famous Signer sage and philosopher Sara Svati from her masterful work Inner Sights of the Outer Planes. In her chapter on Gehenna, Svati describes intense visions of the plane she had during one of her meditations:

"At first I thought I was visualising the strings of beads that is Carceri, but as I relaxed into the trance I saw that the beads were actually misshapen and scattered across the pool of space. Then the "beads" slowly coalesced into stones of varying shades—blood red, to ice blue and black. I suddenly realised these beads were not the prison caves of Carceri, but some were actually the fiery mounts of Gehenna."

So there you have it cutters! Visions from sages, and journals from planewalker that make a basher real with the possibilities. And all from a little book store in the Lower Ward.

[Editor's Note: Kesto wishes to remind readers that the Parted Veil can be found a few blocks from the Shattered Temple on Forgotten Lane, and that all his books are very reasonably priced indeed.]

# CANT DICTIONARY F-Q

## F

### Feeding the Crows

Killing for hire. "I've just got a job feeding the crows for Trav'll the Loan Shark. Seems he needs an example made of some berks."

### Fhorgers

Derogatory name for the Believers of the Source. The pun should be obvious, linking forge masters to the planar warthog, but there's a second meaning which implies that Godsmen also cheat on their many life-tests.

### Flam

Idle stories, useless information: "Watch out for that tout Skorrig, He'll fill your brain-box with flam."

### Foam, foaming, to foam

Disturbed, annoyed, angry, modelled after a rabid yeth hound 'foaming at the mouth', eg. "That berks foaming, better swath him."

### For the Mazes

Absolutely and completely fed up. Meaning a blood would rather be in the Mazes than the position they're in now. "I'm for the mazes if the Sinkers-Sensate alliance sticks!"

### Fourish

Stubborn, refusing to listen to new ideas: "Don't be so sodding fourish!" From the close-mindedness of Inner Planars, many of whom refuse to believe in the Rule of Threes, pointing instead to the "fourishness" of the Inner Planes.

### Ful

Very, extremely, completely and utterly. "Those baatezu Hardheads were ful angry when we gave them the laugh!"

## G

### Gannet

An indiscriminate eater, particularly referring to someone not of tiefling descent. Implies that the eater is a glutton and would eat or consume anything placed in front of them. Woolly Cupgrass has been described as a gannet by some. Anyone not of pure fiendish ancestry who eats the food from Comstock's Kitchen is a gannet (or just tired of living).

### Gelt

Money, jink, usually referring to small change (greens, stingers and the like). It ain't usually used for larger amounts.

### Gleaming pip

A worthless small-time thief or a pick-pocket. It's considered an insult to both

honest cutters and thieves who see themselves as a cut above the rest.

### Glooming

Depressing: "There's some real glooming news in SIGIS this week."

### Godswalk

Toril, coined after the Avatar Crisis.

### Godvoid

Athas, Krynn, or the Athar faction, depending on who you ask.

### Gour

Head chef, abbreviated from 'gourmet chef'. "That gour at the Styx Oarsman's an ugly cuss—chant goes he's a vaporighu spawn. A real thing of no bowels."

### Grail

False information: "That addle-cove speaks nothing but grail."

### Greased Pigs, or Greasers

Derogatory term for the Mercykillers, implying that they can be easily greased or bought off.

### Great Void

The Quasi elemental Plane of Vacuum.

### Green

Copper coin.

### Grunner

Colloquial term for a Mimir, as in "Hold it there grunner—I want the chant on who to be peery of and who to garnish. Not some damn slaad-story of yours."

### Groke, The

Elusive, not quite definable. Those who're dead or appear to have lost their memories (to the Styx) and are otherwise unable to be identified are sometimes referred to as 'Groke' much in the manner of 'John Doe'.

## H

### Half-a-turn back

A while ago, long enough ago to be difficult to be precise, but still in recent memory. Typically used to describe anything that occurred much less than a turn or two ago. See also a turn or two.

### Half Head

Not all there, a few bricks short of a wall, a half wit.

### Halfspire

A plan or endeavour that would by its very nature would attract extremely strong opposition. Also, to embark upon such an endeavour. Supposedly inspired by a famous quote, though nobody remembers what the quote was, or who said it.

### Happy as a Gehreleth's bride

In a very foul mood indeed. If you can't work that one out, you've clearly not seen a gehreleth! ↩

Chant for Clueless

Prime Time

## CANT DICTIONARY F-Q ATHAS: THE LAND OF THE DARK SUN

## Hende

An adjective meaning a real blood. "She's the hendest tiefling this side of Baator, and no mistake." Unhende is conversely worse than addled, clueless and leather-headed put together!

## Hercules' Pillar

The absolute limit of what's plausible (on the planes, this can be a long way): "I've got nothing against what the Dustmen do, but their screed about being dead already really is past Hercules' Pillar."

## Hotter than a Balor's breath

Being so angry that you want to put everybody in a ten-foot radius into the dead book.

## Howl

Particularly loud or obnoxious rumours, especially from barmies or mephit-men: "Ah... don't mind Drango. He gets a pot of bub in him and he always spouts the howl." Also, to profess particularly loud or obnoxious rumours. Derived from the noises of the winds in Pandemonium: "Hells' bells! That imp's been howling about the Lady for hours. It's a wonder he's still standing."

## I

## It's a demi-plane

Meaning "I don't know" or "I don't care" e.g. "Hey, umm... 'cutter'... where's Thoth's Laboratory?" "It's a demi-plane."

## Ivories

Powers. Cager Rhyming Slang: Ivory Tower = Power.

## J

## Jangled up

Generally refers to the state of being both upset and confused, but can be used for either one of them alone for example, "I'm going to jangle him up a bit," or "You look awfully jangled up." It's normally only used for relatively minor cases, and as such is sometimes be used to say that you're in pretty good shape, given the circumstances, as in "I'm pretty jangled up, but I'll live."

## Jarkman

Forger.

## Jinglings

Coin purse "You best keep your jinglings close, berk, if you plan on going to the bazaar."

## Jinkskirt or jinkshirt

A prostitute. The term refers both to the price such bashers can be had for, and to their habit of jinking their skirts up or unbuttoning

their shirts to attract customers. There are further variations: a greenshirt is the lowest kind of male street-walker and a merts skirt is a high-priced, Lady's Ward doxy. A bloodskirt caters specifically to fiends (cf. Bloodlust). A fireshirt caters for Tieflings (cf. Firewalker).

## Jink

Gold coin

## K

## Keynapped

Similar to tunnel-jacked, but this term only refers to instances when a cutter's been hipped by a random portal switch.

## Knifespider

A retriever—a monstrosity of the Abyss.

## L

## Ladies in Waiting

The Dabus, so called because they seem to be the Lady of Pain's handmaidens. There's also a dark rumour going round that they're all aspiring Ladies themselves, and when the Serene One gets written into the dead book, one of them seem-lessly takes over her role.

## Lady's Grace

Hello, good day. Derives from: "There by the Lady's Grace go I," a poem praising the Lady for her portals and the Cage. The writer was found flayed, but still the saying caught on! There's no accounting for taste.

## Lady's Word

Like 'mum's the word', with a darker connotation. It implies secrecy, conspiracy—with a twist: To break the Lady's word is to write your own name into the Dead Book.

## Ladywatcher

A berk doing something especially foolish, likely to get them put in the Dead Book. Like worshipping the Lady of Pain, for example.

## Lathly

Terribly, terribly, ugly. So ugly that even a fiend would be scared.

## Laugh, The

This is another example of rhyming slang: Laugh and Giggie = Sigil. It's an old term used to refer to Sigil, older than "Cage," and is the basis for the phrase, "giving the laugh." Originally, an escape to Sigil from some dangerous arch-fiend or power whom the Lady prevented from entering the city was known as giving the laugh, and the phrase has since expanded to include

Athasians are about as welcome in Sigil as a Hole in the Head.

They're violent, with the strength to back it up; dangerous, with weird magic that destroys the land and psionic powers that'll blow your brains out. It's a Blasted place: The land's blasted hot, the people are blasted tough, and the Sorcerer Kings blasted awful. The Crystal Sphere in which Athas lies is sealed, so Spelljammers can't get in. Even Astral travel ain't easy... and nobody really knows why. One thing's for sure, the Lady don't seem bothered by it all, 'cos she's quite happy to open and close portals to the place in her random way.

But hey, don't let that put you off taking a visit there. Do, however, let this fact put you off: Most planewalkers who take a jaunt to Athas are never seen again, and that ain't just 'cos their portal gets closed, neither. Don't say I didn't warn you...

## ADARACHAIST

"Athas? Athar! That plane got infiltrated long ago by the Athar, trying to impose their corrupt philosophies on whole worlds! It's actions like that which we fight against, berk! Next time it might be another faction: The Harmonium have their little police state of Ortho all regimented and harmonious. What next? Tear 'em all down, that's what we say!"

## ATHAR

"Berk, those Athasians are amazing! See what can happen to a world when the primes renounce the powers? I mean, would you mess with an Athasian in a dark alley? Exactly! Sure, the place is a bloody desert, but that's the fault of the Sorcerer Kings. Guess what: They reckon they're as good as gods. Can you see a pattern emerging here?"

## BLEAKERS

"Bloody awful place, that. Land ravaged by magic, people twisted into strange abominations, every man and his pet kank with sinister mental powers: It's madness. It's wonderful. Besides, you'd have to be barmy to want to go there."

## CITHERS

"Don't think! Do! Well, with a few exceptions. You'd be a fool if you jumped through a portal to Athas without thinking, berk. In fact, if you gave it some thought and then jumped through, you'd be a

fool too! Believe me: Most layers of the Abyss are less nasty.

"Forgive me: I exaggerate. Make that some."

## DODAGHARD

"Athas is a world on the brink of destroying itself. The land decays under the touch of magic like no other place in all the planes. If we could find the secret of this "defiling" power, perhaps we could use its power to hasten the coming of the time of entropy."

## DUSTRAED

"Well, everyone's already dead, you know that. The poor sods on Athas know this better than anyone: Death is part of life in that harsh land. The strange connection between Athas and the plane known as the Grey is interesting indeed: It would seem the spirits of Athasians who 'die' are trapped there. They may be denied the release into whatever lies beyond, or perhaps they have found the final goal. Who can tell? Whatever it is, we should also notice that the walking dead on Athas are very different to those on other primes. Could Athas hold the key to our previous lives?"

## FATED

"Athas is a fantastic opportunity to make jink, if you're tough enough. It's a world without iron, so you can import the stuff and flog it for huge piles of jink. Trouble is, the clueless sods pay in bits of ceramic: Pah! A clued-up blood demands payment in psionic items: They're two-a-penny there, but rare in the rest of the planes. Anyway, why am I telling you this? Go pike it: Athas is my golden goose!"

## GODMIED

"The Athasians would appear to have passed through one stage of trials to find themselves faced with even greater ones. Most of the common cutters have mental powers, which suggests perhaps the population as a whole is transcending. Further, the sorcerous rulers of their societies have discovered powerful transfiguration magics which elevate their physical forms to quasi-power levels. Surely Athas is an example in hand of our philosophy."

## GIVDERE

"Fascinating place: Shielded from the planes at large, imbued with psionic powers but forgotten by the powers. Unnaturally low quantities of

the ferric and precious metals, and a great abundance of vastly powerful monsters. Why should this prime world be so unusually different from so many others? Further research is needed."

## HARADOLIA

"We're contemplating a strict policy of arresting Athasians in Sigil on sight. They're more trouble than they're worth, what with their psionic powers, defiling magic and super strength. If we had our way, we'd seal up all the bloody portals to that gods-forsaken plane.

"That'd stop the blood-thirsty berks from disturbing our peace!"

## JOPETS

"If you want to go there, that's your look-out. just don't expect any of us to risk our hides coming to get you out of trouble, berk!"

## MERCYVILLE

"Athasians are trouble, and no mistake. I can't tell you the number of the bloody sods who've killed prison guards with their bare hands trying to escape. They're not so chirpy now, though: We made sure their cells were lined with lead so their poxy mental powers couldn't get at us. Unfortunately, Athas is becoming a popular destination for run-away criminals of all planes of origin: The sods have learned that Justicars are unwilling to follow sods back there."

## JEATHATES

"Feel the heat of a dying sun blistering your skin! Taste the sand of a shattered world as it scours your face! Smell the sweat of a thousand gladiators tearing an army to pieces!"

"Oh, heavens no, don't go there... we've got it all recorded in our Sensorium. No need to leave the comfort of the Festhall at all, cutter."

## JIGDERE

"If I imagined the whole multiverse, there'd be somewhere I'd never want to go. Somewhere where the everyday struggle for survival was a matter of life and death. It would not be like the Abyss, because at least the Abyss has belief to make it valid. No, this place ain't even justified, it's just dying, and dragging everyone who lives there down with it.

"When I imagined this place, I called it Athas."

## KADATECTE

"Athas? What's that? Never heard of the place. Oh sorry, didn't introduce myself, did I? My name's Rajaat. I'm the first." (JW)

Chant for Clueless

# CANT DICTIONARY F-Q

↳bobbing or evading anyone, anywhere.

**Leafer**

A tome or book. More specifically, an old or particularly boring book. "Hey, cutter, flip through this leafer and you might find that spell you're looking for." Originally used to describe spellbooks, now just a generalised term.

**Lemon**

Prime. Cager Rhyming Slang: Lemon and Lime = Prime. Confusingly, a lemon is also a person who deals with time and time travel, such as a chronomancer. It's another example of rhyming slang: Lemon and Lime = Messing with Time.

**Living book**

A blood, or someone with a lot of darks stashed away in his bone-box.

**Lovelorn**

Someone who is romantically inclined toward erinyes, incubi, and similar creatures: "I hear Poison Lips has another lovelorn. Wonder if she'll behead this one or just hang him?" Also the state of being romantically inclined to these creatures: "Sure as Sigil, Jenny's gone lovelorn over that incubus, Blaycker

Tendon."

## M

**Maniarch**

Xaositect high-up. From 'hierarchy' and 'maniac'.

**Marionette**

Any berk who deals with a yugoloth—because of their fame as manipulators.

**Melt**

Spend: "Let's go and melt some seriousjink!"

**Mephit**

Pathetic, stupid, or worthless person (who not used to refer to a real mephit, of course). Insult: "The dabus and their Lady are a lot of mephits!" (NB. this person was later found draped over the sign post of a cobbler's shop, played). Just don't use it in this way anywhere near a real mephit... they get cross...

**Mibix**

Chant goes this was once a slaad word (is there such a thing?) translated loosely as 'unpalatable rubbish', e.g.: "You expect me to eat this mibix?" Also an expression meaning 'screed', e.g. "A liberal Hardhead? There is some mibix that I just won't swallow..."

**Mindless**

Derogatory term for the Transcendent Order, belittling their goals. ('Zombie' was once tried as an insult for the Ciphers, but the Dustmen squelched the phrase and its creator before it ever caught on.)

**Modron headache**

The feeling of helplessness and frustration incurred by waiting for your turn in an official process—in queues for appointments, to fill out forms (in triplicate), or in the Guvner's Courts for a trial. It's especially used by the more chaotic planar races.

**Mert**

Platinum coin.

## N

**Not for all the jink in Shurrock**

No way, never. Commonly used phrase when discussing whether to slum it and eat out at the Styx Oarsman tavern.

**Not the shadow of a shade**

Morally and politically immaculate. Used to describe particularly worthy paladins, archons or guardians by their allies.

## P

**Parochial God**

A power with worshippers

**Stop Press**

## SLAADI HORDES HIT TRADEGATE

TRADEGATE—The usually peaceful Bytopian gate-town was today wracked with a storm of Slaadi, which literally fell from the skies like rain. Merchants and shoppers received scant seconds warning as clouds of broiling chaos-stuff spewed seemingly from nowhere to blanket the burg and surrounding fields, before the frog-beasts began to rain down.

Stalls were crushed and three market squares were evacuated as, according to a Hornung's Guess made by sheltering wild mage Prax "Wilde" Evercell, some three thousand Slaadi descended upon the burg, hopping and pillaging and devouring anything they came across. "It was as if Zeus himself started lobbing thunderbolts at the burg", shouted Evercell above the chaotic clamour, "Nobody knew what was happening; it was wonderful!"

Residents of the burg seemed less enthusiastic. "It's going to cost me a great pile of

on only one world.

**Penny-gush**

Exaggerated stories or tales, especially if written: "That piece in SIGIS about the Anarchists was just cheap penny-gush."

**Philosophise**

A Cager term for a dead power. Note: It's a good idea not to use this one around priests.

**Pincher**

Hardhead or some other overzealous scragger of sods.

**Pit Fiend promise**

A promise, begrudgingly made, likely to be twisted.

**Playing Mimir**

An informant or plant within an organisation. "I was followed here, but I managed to lose 'em. I think someone's playing mimir in our cell." Usually used by Anarchists.

**Planeborne**

A member of one the nine native philosophical races of the Outer Planes; the Archons, Guardinals, Eladrin, Slaad, Tanar'ri, Yugoloths, Baatezu, Modrons or Rilmani. It's like saying "Celestials and Fiends and Cordians" all at once. There's some debate in greybeard circles as to whether the Aasimon are really planeborne (if they are it breaks the rather compelling rule

of three cubed), and it's generally accepted that the Gehreleths ain't planeborne (though nobody really knows what they are instead).

**Post-monger**

A cutter who's well-lanned when it comes to the cross-trade, specifically fences, knights of the post, fraudsters and other shady conycatchers. Also post-mongering, to possess these 'qualities'.

**Prod**

Troublemaker; a real pain in the neck.

**Purgatories**

The Cordant Planes (between Upper and Lower, ie. Mechanus, the Outlands and Limbo). Neither won-drous nor terrible; a sort of bland somewhere-in-between.

## Q

**Quipper**

Slang for a beggar. There's a whole bloody guild of quippers in Sigil, and they're one of the best sources of information in the Cage. Why? No one thinks to shut their bone box around a beggar, and no one's poor enough not to be able to afford to garnish 'em well.

*to be continued  
(by various cullers)*

## Dead Call

If you are a **Dustman** and haven't heard the **call** yet, **Factol Skall** has issued a total **Faction gathering**.

All Dustmen are to head directly to the **Mortuary** as soon as possible **Bring your own equipment and weapons** as well, and come **prepared for some arduous planewalking**.

As incentive, the first pieces of the **Ancient Scrolls** can be **found** right now, on display at the **Mortuary**. These scroll fragments have been preserved and translated from the ancient tongue they were written in.



Sincerely,  
Dustmen Official  
Spokesman,  
Jergoth Raulic  
Factotum of the  
3rd Circle (da)