Issue 16 Year 1

Price: 2 Stingers

CAMBIAN ABducted to BAATOR

TORIL (City of Waterdeep) — Following last week's report on the trial of the cambion Don Julio, further develop-
ments have become clear. According to a statement from Harmonium Mover Three Jasmin, when the cambion was abducted from his cell in Castle Waterdeep, on the Prime World of Toril was
published in the Undercity [see previous issue of SIGIS]; he
was taken to the Ancient Hall of the city, a group of mercenaries
in the pocket of the disgraced Mercenary King named Xan-
picciolo. Xanpicciolo and his men planned to use the
hall's ties to the Prime World of Myoshima [Ed. note: a moon of Mystralia].

Apparently, Rastik's original
intention was to take Don Julio to Baator, where the cambion wished to question him concerning arms deals with the UIAR. However, during several interviews, I discovered
that one of the mercenaries was a githyanki Anacarti who was
intent on ridding the nation of its Don Julio. As the cambion
refused to leave, they forced him to the castle in the infamous
dungeon of Undermountain beneath the githyanki's attack,
the cambion escaped the naakata and attempted to strike off the Cambian's chains.

The githyanki were lost in the ensuing melee, but before he
was put in the dead-book, he freed the Don who escaped
to the dungeons beneath the castle. According to the local
Hordhead types, Don Julio was then pursued by three
adventure some bashers, among whom was the note-
worthy Xanpicciolo expert Fentor Carr. What took
these individuals have in the Don Julio case remains
unknown, though they may have
large, variegated, featuring the cambion dating back to several
encounters in Plaguestorm.

The events following the escape are not completely
understood, but my frequent source on this case, Clarion
Changel, revealed that he had personally travelled to
Toril to find out the dark of
The matter. He declined to divulge his own interest in the
case, but said he had had
an enlightening interview with Karpikum Hurmasty,
which could only be made out as the D
doomguard-Dustmen
strike continues

SIGIL (Lower Ward) — For the past week, the Doom-
guard have been finding the bodies of dead Sinisters on
their streets every morning.

And every morning, they have found the same note
tipped to each corpse:

'Destruction is not all, but Death.' The chant goes that the
Dustmen are retaliating for the recent insult to their
factions that resulted in the slaughtering of several Dust-
guard faction leaders. Where the Dustmen find time to pass
along such messages, if indeed the Dustmen are responsible, in the midst of their mobi-
The更多的是 SIGIS sacrificing their last
signature has left a mystery [see this issue of
SIGIS for details].

So far, all the bodies have been fresh, but several sources
suggest that the deterioration of bodies increases every
morning. 'It's quite disgusting
hurling bodies in such a manner,' one of the Dustmen said.

No official response has been given so far.

The chat between the Dustguard and the Dustmen
has resulted in the Hall of
Speakers, with the Dustmen gaining support while the
Doomguard are forced to
fight alone. Sir Torit, who has been Factol Pentor's aide at the
city council this week, has requested that the Dustmen
abandon their assault.

'It is intolerable that Factual Skull condones this action. So
far, we've been cleaning up their mess, but the Doom-
guard promises that if the bodies continue to appear
outside the Armoury, we will leave them there to rot.

Knocking people off with a little disease never really bothered us,' Pentor also
insisted that if she doesn't
support soon, the Ar-
moury will stop supplying SIGIS with weapons.

Sir Twist also released a statement to SIGIS, saying to the effect that if the Dustmen
would like to fight openly, there are many disgruntled Sinister bashers looking for
someone to introduce to Entropy. 'I would like to ask that the Dustmen reconsider their course of action,'
Twist in his statement. 'We do not wish a repeat of the incident at the Banar with
Bram Bloodheart. For the sake of the city, I entreat all
involved to find a way to aver
bloodshed by this very violent and uncontrollable faction.'

—Seor Mattheus, editor(?)

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Scott Kelley
Art/Writer
kelesey@newsudon.com
www.scoott.com

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Zak Amber

Illustrations by
Scott Kelley
Art/Writer
David Byrne
Mythic
Alex Roberts
David Alexander
Orinax
Kurt Beckman

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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 Hofheinzel Heinz's site.
Conscripted from the very Ring of Abjar, Hitler’s brutal features were now clearly visible, his brow creased by the strain of his missions. His eyes, once fierce and watchful, now held a shadow of doubt, as if he knew that the end was near. His voice was filled with a hollow resonance, echoing through the chambers of his mind, haunted by the voices of the past. But his resolve was unshaken, for he knew that the fate of his people rested on his shoulders.

The SS officers stationed beside him muttered quietly, their voices a low rumble in the air. They were the elite, the chosen few who had proven their loyalty and dedication to the Fuhrer. Their uniforms shimmered in the soft glow of the chamber, a testament to their power and authority.

Hitler stepped forward, his boot heels clicking against the stone floor. The SS officers fell in, their ranks forming a line before him. He spoke, his voice filled with authority and command.

"The time is come," he said, his voice ringing out like a bell. "The hour of reckoning has arrived. The shadows of the past must be banished, the remnants of the enemy must be destroyed. The world will know the true power of the Third Reich.

"We shall march into the heart of Europe, and the nations of the world shall tremble before the might of our arms. We shall conquer and subdue all who oppose us. We shall create a new order, a world where the weak shall be free to thrive and the strong shall reign supreme.

"But above all, we shall protect the purity of our people, the blood of our forefathers. We shall not tolerate contamination, for it is the destruction of our future. We shall cleanse the world of the filth and the parasites, and we shall build a new tomorrow."

Hitler's voice faded away, lost in the echoes of the chamber. The SS officers were silent, their eyes locked with a shared purpose and determination. The hour was at hand, and with it, the destiny of the world.
SMITHS WANTED AT THE GREAT FOUNDRY!

Here's your chance to meet the challenge of a lifetime! If you can work chains and forge links, the Believers of the Source have a job sure to test your metal. Immediate openings available—Fair work will bring fair reward. Applicants must bring their own tools; food and lodging included in pay.

Interested parties should inquire at the Clinker Gate of the Great Foundry, at any time.

See the smith on duty!

NewsChant

baatarian high-up found murdered in aasimar's cafe

SIGIL: Lady's Ward—Around three after an-peak two days ago, Harmonium investigator Christopher Verdue was disturbed from his restful slumber to visit the zone of death, a Lady's Ward. Anytime Verdue (chief investigator of the Cadre Case) is called upon for his pages, it is always by the Cadre, it's a sure bet that the crime is a difficult one. But this one proved even stranger than most; this time the victim was a pit fiend, and the scene of the murder was none other than the kip of the well-known amiable merchant, Spinal Halight.

As many Cagers know, Spinal Halight has long been recognized as the Bloodworld to visit when negotiating trade with Celestials, though a cutler best bring along a purse full of funk. Thus, finding a high-up being ambushed and bloody murdered in the case of Halight is extremely disconcerting, particularly to upper planet clients, and certainly to draw substantial attention across the Cage.

I learned about the murder the same night as Verdue, when acourier friend with connections in the Harmonium saw fit to summon me to the crime scene. I showed up only an hour after Verdue’s own company, but was greeted with less than open arms (a pit fiend, remember, faced halfling wielding amar guards. After a half-hour negotiation (in which my pleas fell on-deaf-ear), I got a couple Harmonium officers, under orders from Verdue, persuaded Halight's 'sper scorable employees to let me in his kip.

Once inside, the officers led me through what seemed miles of enormous and richly adorned passages, past uncounted art objects of tremendous value, to which clearly originated from Ellysium, Mt. Celestia or Arborea. Finally, we reached the second floor, a huge, stately dining room adorned with gift. And what a scene it was! Drops, pools and slivers of blood were everywhere about the room, often with pieces of scaly flesh or bone thrown into the fireplace. I could not conceive the enormous volume of blood inside a 12 foot fiend (unless you’re a Blood War fan; sure you know) without seeing it splattered around a high-up's immaculate state room.

The destruction was wreaked across the room: hardwood tables and chairs were splintered, paintings were ripped and scattered, vases powdered, and the list went on.

Yet for all this destruction, it still seemed the fiend went down easy. There were no obvious signs of powerful magic, and most of the destruction was contained in only one third of the chamber. After I recovered slightly from my shock, Verdue came over to speak with me. He bid me good morning, in his strange prince accent, and quickly warned me not to interfere with any of the scene nor disrupt his concentration. He was going to record an interview after the initial investigation. 'Now, the only reason I allowed a SIGIS cutter inside, and not simply let you be alerted for a general Harmonium press release, was in fairness to your profession,' Verdue added. 'Since a cutter from the Tempus Sigilian was already on the scene, I thought the people of SIGIL should be able to hear the facts from more than one source. Do not try my patience.' Of course I agreed.

As Verdue left back to his work, I noticed the ill-fated house of an upper planet Sigilian. Sigilian was referring to: standing in the back of the room and consulting with his Harleian advisor. The mill of Halight stood calmly by, arms folded behind his back and a grim expression on his face as he watched the Harmonium work. Occasionally, he turned to the mind flayer and spoke softly to the hunchbacked figure, while the creature slowly nodded and scribbled in a journal. It seemed obvious that the ill-fated had been summoned by the ascari, perhaps even before the Harmonium. (Later I discovered that Halight has partial ownership of the Sigilian.)

For the fiend, yet another, a little of the dark came clear as the Harmonium worked the room. The cross-trader (may-be cross-rager) was put down by the beastmen in the dead-book took no chances there was evidence of acid sauce, electrical fire, and blades that sliced through pit fiend skin like a hot knife through butter. The fiend didn’t travel far, and seemingly died quickly (why the fiend didn’t 'port to safety is unclear') suggesting that the assailant[s] had the element of surprise. But this still left a lot in the dark, such as who the fiend was, and what in Baator was it doing in the house of an upper planet trader? I hoped the interview promised by Verdue might shed a little more light on the subject. [See the Verdue interview on this issue.]

—Majak Itrawood, cutter (sh)

OUTER PLANES (Abyss)—SIGIS has just received word of intense fighting in the Abyss that, for once, has nothing to do with a Baatezu invasion. The Diustmian faction, after more than a week of gathering its fanatics and arming itself at the Mortuary, finally staged its assault on the Diustmian factory outside of Baldur’s Gate. The Diustmian leader, a crashed spaceship, had been swallowed into the Abyss ages past. They were met by a horde of Baloroids, and the battle was on. It was a toss-up as to the outcome, but the Diustmians had the element of surprise on the side, and once they took the factory, they were allowed to settle the town (called Baldur) in the manner of an old gate town.

According to Ragthar Radic, our frequent contact with the Diustmians, the faction moved quickly, destroying all opposition, until the forces of three powerful Abyssal Lords arrived, and then they started fighting for control of the factory. Radic was a Fomor, and I was a Believer, and we didn’t speak at all, and no one among the Diustmians will share the dark on their special forces, but thanks to a conversation overheard by SIGIS, we do know some dark on the leader of this force called the "Death God". It seems that McCared was a former Blood War mercenary, and had been called out of semi-retirement to lend the battle some force in the form of powerful resources. 20 years ago, when McCared was only 17 years of age, he was already fighting in the Blood War alongside the tanarr’, and was later reported as training their troops (a difficult thing to do without attracting attention). It may explain his knowledge of Abyssal warfare, which apparently aided the Diustmian victory in the Abyss.

Fourth Week of Narciss - SIGIS.
Bytopian Festival Ends With PlaneQuake

Strange News

It’s nothing to worry about, basher, to be sure. The freighters all knew that hump along--it’s too far out of their way to come here. He could not have been more wrong.

Halfway through the week a curious vortex appeared in the gravity plane between the two layers of Bytopia. As the ember clouds from the freighter line, the freighter began to rain from the sky like giant fog-fragments. Many landed in Lake Crystal, causing small tidal-waves of blossoms to float the harbours of still-lying barges and leaves landed in the branches of trees in nearby forests. Celestial search-parties did not lose their bearings, but returned on a useless trail. Apparently the freighter had simply disappeared from sight.

So were made by Thanos Darkowke to contact the supposed ring-leaders of the freighter, which was estimated to be a thousand by this time, but all were met with a stony silence. As the festival continued, no further reports of freighter activity came, and Yeoman collectively breathed a sigh of relief. It seemed the freighter had just passed through.

As the week neared its end, preparations were made for the Grand Finale. This year it was to be a pyrotechnic display of epic proportions. A trio of golden dragons had travelled from the Prime Region to participate. Much of these visions and were joined by a band of harps of all depicting and an assortment of fire-vectors.

Affect fell on Yeoman, the crowds on both layers of the plane were greeted with a spectacular display of fire explosions, glittering sheet lightning and rainbowshades of smoke. Whilst the thunder boomed between Bytopia’s graceful spires, I spoke to Jathalke, a reformed conman who’d come to the show! Now I’ve seen the Blood War in all its horrible glory, cutter, when we destroyed, this is the next closest thing. What a spectacle. We’ll leave our little friends if they could see this all from the sky?!

It wasn’t just the explosions reaching the eye, however, that was tragic, but without warning, the controlled pyrotechnics took on a life of their own. The flames took on a green hue and began to rain down on the spectators on both layers of the plane. The thunderous explosions grew in strength rather than fading, and the ground began to shake. Instead, the entire valley had disappeared. I heard screams of terror from the citizens of Yeoman, and then seconds later, screams of a different kind. A controlled explosion. The flittering green light I, and thousands of others watched the freighter mountain slowly split in two. Great chunks of rock fell both up and down, striking the plane and the people they were landing. Then the planequakes began.

Perhaps the layers of Bytopia finally began to realize it had lost of a supporting pillar, or perhaps it was a result of the thousand-ton rocks smashing into the ground, but Bytopia’s once-solid rock began to twist and buckle. Jagged shards of rock jutted from the ground, and waves the height of five harbors raced across the lake, sweeping away lakeside barges and spectators alike.

While I could not see any rock, I later learned that similar catastrophes occurred there the freighter mountain began to split the water and the people they were landing. Many more lives were lost in avalanches of boulders dislodged by the vibrations. Though I spoke last for but a few seconds, the repercussions will last for many years, I fear. The hard sight of the nearby rock and traditional landscape, more at home on Avernon than Bytopia. During the night, the plea for aid had spread, and several dozen guamps had arrived, bringing with them healing magic and supplies. Whether it was the natures of the kind creatures helped the injured and homeless, all the while braving the frequent tremors that originated from the fractured pillar.

Even all their magic however, the guardians could do little. Now I’ve seen the Blood War in all its horror, the wonder of it became increasingly unstable as the day progressed. That is until a nameless stranger arrived in the scene with a canvast laden with girder, steel ropes and some incredibly long chains.

It was our guard, the cutter who had been in charge of the enterprise of the mysterious ark, this one was utterly businesslike. Within hours of his arrival, and thanks in part to a brigade of industrious groans who’d seen the calamity from their nearby Golden Hills, the freighter mountain had been secured with a complex array of chains, pulleys and girder. Add to that a few calming spells and the tremor was calmed completely. By the same evening, the arcana caravan had disappeared, laden with nearly as much weight in supplies as had brought in steel.

"Course, it won’t stop there. The local Yeoman crafts guild have already drawn up plans for a new construction of the pillar (industrious bloods, these Bytopians), and the huge cleanup operation has begun as of the time of this writing.

But one question remains: What went wrong? Theories abound, though the most likely--and possibly the most tragic--was that the fault was the fault of the shadi. Chan to me that the freighters never actually left the plane, and instead went to sleep under the lake and in the forest. They’d had a long trip to get here, after all. The explosions probably woke ‘em up, and they emerged from their torpor to discover all the fun was about.

Trouble is, the sudden awakening of thousands of creatures of pure chaos probably caused the massive flux of the plane to shift dramatically; rather like it does when a wild mage suffers a Schrödinger surge. And who knows what a grazing dragon’s breath can do?

The shadi are long-gone now, of course, so it’s likely the Bytopians will never find out the real dark of things. But rest assured, cutters, this plane won’t sleep until it’s true meaning is exposed."

—Sim Underwood, Upper Flahmes bulldozer (iv)

Letters

Readers of SIGIS,

I read with great amusement the article you printed in these days issue by Maia Ingold entitled, "Quadmore Argues Modbron Case For Hive Kill". In this 'newsflash', your eloquent cutter reports the attempted modsra tocainma a physical presence in the Hive. In this rapid, scredd-full argument, the Quadmore "proves" that this certain rip in the Hive's realia part of Mechanas. Now, although I am unable to argue the side of the Hardheads at any time, this so-called proof was so laughable. I felt the need to write in and expose the absolute senselessness of this claim.

Apparently, the Quadmore and the exalted Mathematican Leclerc were so excited finding their (non-existent) order in the Multiverse, they couldn’t see how obvious, and therefore ludicrous, their arguments were. In particular, Leclerc is quoted in the article saying, "the plane of Mechanas intersects with the Hive in this particular location." Now amazing! Believe me, can you comprehend this? Do you see the flaw that only a logic-driven modron, and a brilliant Mathematician could uncover for the poor, unwise hordes of the Cape? By Jove, this can only mean one thing... they have discovered... no it cannot be... yes, you have! Aportal!

Your readers. Those leatherheads were a dead perfect good morning convincing the Gurners that they found a portal to Mechanas in the Hive war. (Of course, the Gurners are wasting their time anyway, so I suppose it is of little consequence.) At any rate, if these freaks get this part of the Hive, I say my faction has the rights to a good portion of Pandemonium right out the Gatehouse! Бонни, screw indeed! Really, all a cutter can learn from such silliness is more about the senses a nature of the Multiverse: look for a structure and laws in this meaninglessness is the ultimate joke indeed. But yet, take a trip down to the Gatehouse and see where the banks of the multiverse really lie.

James Toll

Dominion of the Black Cabal (iv)

Fourth Week of Narciss
Editorial

MASS NUMBERS OF KYTONS INDUCED INTO RED DEATH

SIGIL. (Lady’s Ward)—In the largest mass induction in Red Death history, 1,017 new recipients were sworn into the Mercenaries faction in one immense ceremony yesterday. 977 of the new acolytes of justice were Kytons, a race seldom seen here in the Cage before the exodus from Jingling Flitter. Petitioner’s Square has hosted many a crowd that during executions, but seldom one so solemn.

The Kyton namers, all wrapped head-to-toe in their newly polished chains, were unusually silent during the affirmation of the vows. It was only at the end of the swearing-in ceremony, when the final oath was read aloud, that the Kytons spoke at all. When the crowd of new factoners were asked if they would lay down their life for justice, the Kytons shook the rafters near-tips with their exultant shout of "AYE!!!" They said not a word otherwise.

Rumors and speculation over the induction is now running rampant in faction circles. Bloods who know the dark of things have been telling all that will listen that the Kytons acted as a ruthlessly efficient system of cop, court, and crew feeder in their native Barish Lacoter Flitter. Factoners are now whispering that the induction is another attempt by the Red Death to bypass the Courts and Harmonium, so as to deliver justice more swiftly to those deemed deserving.

First-of-God Watchman, a Harmonium spokesman, denied such claims. "We were fully informed of the Red Death’s new members, and we’re in favour of them. The Mercenaries got the proper permits to use Petitioner’s Square for the induction and have been working closely with the Harmonium on devising appropriate ways to deploy their new troops. Does that sound like a group plotting unlawful activity to you?"

The consensus amongst chandlerrangers seems to be that the Kytons will be used to help control the many refugees from Jingling Flitter that still haven’t managed to fit into the Wide Ward peacefully. "The highways certainly seem to need help," said Anton Coppinger, a Doomsday factor. "The Flitter has been a raging jumble of raging emotion since the Flitter moved in. If the Kytons can help control that, then the Doomsday will stand behind them to the end."

The less-informed have voiced other opinions. "I think the Mercenaries are going to use them as prison guards," said Mankey Mathies of the Doomsday. "Who better to do than some herc who can make the caged up souls’ own chains dance to his music? Everyone knows the Prison is a delayed-blast fireball [just waiting to blow]. This is just another misguided attempt to keep that entropy tied up in the Prison from getting loose the way it should be."

An anonymous Anarchist bunker said, "Them Creavers are flint’s to song us all!" It’s another plot to unleash fiends on the good folk of Sigil and turn the place into a real cage! You’d do something about it if you knew what’s good for you! And a Creavers herc was heard to remark, ‘Red Death? Aren’t they the group that hold those Marquis balls?’

Tally of the Mercenaries summited the induction of the Kytons by praising their devotion to justice. ‘Those Kytons are the best recruits we’ve had in a turn or two! When we showed one a gleaming pip we caught riling pockets at the last wym form, and asked if that proper punishment should be, well, you should have seen what it did! The Kyton broke that soul’s fingers into so many pieces that he looked like he was holding a handful of noodles from Blossom Town, and then it tied ‘em together into the tightest chain you ever saw. That’s one knight of the post who won’t be snatching any more purses! He’s brought the neck to the eye, and I ain’t ashamed of saying so. It’s a proud day ahead in the Prison.’

Ravens

Derogatory term for the Harmonium, deriving from the fact that the harmony of ravens is a very poor sort of harmony indeed.

Razorwine

Any extremely potent alcoholic beverage, no less than the city of Blood. "If you cut, you’ve got to go try to tap the Mulek Mac-Roe’s! She only sells razorwine!"

Ringwalker

Doomsday无情. The word is said to have been coined when a prime in Arborea asked how long it would take to walk from there to ‘Gladchelm’. Call a planar a ‘ringwalker’ and you could start a blood feud, but a doomsday prime’ll likely take it as a compliment.

Roosters

Vrooks—Cager rhyming slang: Roosters and Cooky i.e. ‘Ring-walkers, often got devoured by roosters.’

Rotty

Strong, vigorous, the meaning changes according to the context; thus a rotty bloke is a real blood, a rotty toff is a barrier pretending to be a blood, and a rotty cube is a rogue modron.

Retten

Derogatory name for the Mulek Mac-Roe’s, some use the name proudly, though like the Xiaommen, it’s hard to insult these herc.

Renard

Someone who knows his way around the place. It ain’t as good as being a blood, but it’s a cuter to be respected nonetheless.

Rule of Sevens

No one idea. Used by the Kaalsteeds’ and Doomsday of Gunner theories. It also gets up anchor’s nose who you use it. What more could one ask from a cant word?

Rum

Excellent, great. ‘Rum news about the tax being cut!’

Running a Black One

Uther hate, said a herc, which always means wanting to put something in the dead-book. An example of this might be: ‘He’s really running a black one since you turned stag on the sod and the Hardheads've scrambled. I’m going on vacation to Arcadia when he gets out of prison if I were you.’

Running a Red One

Holding a serious grudge. As in ‘Ever since I beat him at dice he’s been running a red one against me.’

Chant for Clueless—CANT DICTIONARY—K-W

Rust, rustle

Gent term for the classic bad word. ‘You gehakeshi-rustle! Rust and you the blood if I can’t get my hand on you!’ The Doomsday seem particularly prone to using this word, and it’s meaning amongst the Bloody Farmers has been perverted to being an enviable quality rather than an obscenity.

Rust

A blood on the maker’s stud. Usually used by single cutters in the company of some. ‘You norty rustler, you! I hear you’ve been spending a lot of time down at Fast Mary’s House of Negotiable Affection!’

S

Scar

Slang expression used widely, with no particular meaning. ‘Th’only makes it more useful as a catchall expletive.’ "Get your scolding scar over here, here!" Judge Gahberslag. ‘What an added fat scar!’ or simply ‘Shut yer scar!’

Scape

Darning information that can be used to alarm or blackmail, especially a high-up.

Screamer

Armed, especially in the factions. One who is prone to exaggerating news, hence ‘screamer: ‘Have you heard the scream that the Blood War son Sigil’s dooked step?’

Scrubbers

Garks and Civil Servants. An active, derogatory term for Gunners or Mathematicians.

Script of the Dead Book

An assassin or hired killer—somebody who makes a living killing others for profit.

Scorpio

Script of the dead book

Scrub

To beat or torture mercilessly. ‘That herc’s gonna get a serious scrubbing if the Hardheads catch ’em.’ Furthermore, a torturer can be called a scrubber, and commonly the one who is the victim is called a scrub.

Shell, The

The Prime World of Mys- taria, so called because it’s said to be hollow.

Shout

The cutting of high-combat shots on particularly area affect spells like fireball or meteor swarm: ‘Watch out for the spellfinder, if he shouts you’ll all be put in the dead-book!’

Shuttered World, The

Kynn, so-called because of the facts that everyone—
This week Oran Meditor will debut his play, “The Gates”, at the Civic Festhall. Oran promises me that this work will prove to be one of the best plays that Ren Hall has ever seen, and judging by Oran’s earlier works I see no reason to doubt him. I am certain that this play will be a great new sensation for all to experience.

I asked Oran how he manages to get so many of his plays accepted into the Civic Festhall, he replied: “I try to make the work appeal to all the senses, and I try to use new senses that will achieve this.”

Oran’s play will debut tomorrow night and will continue all week with two shows a day.

Elyasna Arias, whose new novel, will perform a reading of her first book tonight at the Civic Festhall. She hopes that this reading will help her get introduced to the world of the arts.

Quin Resqu’a will continue to show his artwork, “The Dead Series”, because it has been a great success. This Outer Planar artist says that he will auction this series at the end of the week and will then begin a new series. His artwork has been a big hit with visitors to the Civic Festhall and should auction at a very high price.

—Drushie Melora, Sensate Speaker

Letters

Readers of SIGIL.

I write this letter sown, and several unspoken thoughts, as I sit by the window of the Lyrath’s house, from which I see the city’s daily life unfold. The sky is clear, and the sun is shining, a rare sight in these parts. I have been longing to sit outside and enjoy the view, and today is the day.

Readers of SIGIL, there are times when I wish I could express my feelings and thoughts more openly. I find it easier to write than to speak, perhaps because writing allows me to be more honest and vulnerable. I hope that you can relate to what I am trying to convey.

I wanted to share this with you because I think that we all struggle with finding the right words to express ourselves. It is a challenge that we face every day, and it is one that I hope to overcome someday. In the meantime, I will continue to write and share my thoughts with you, my dear readers.

Readers of SIGIL, I hope that these words bring you a sense of comfort and connection. Together, we can navigate the challenges of life and find strength in our shared experiences. Thank you for being a part of my world.

Sincerely,

Reader of SIGIL

(DD)

**Hall of Speakers: Rife with Discord**

SIGIL ( Clerk’s Ward) — The most recent gathering of the Factot in the Hall of Speakers began with bountiful provisions exchanged between the high-ups of some of the most diametrically opposed factions. Before Factot Harshak and the guards heralding the start of the session, Senate Factot Erin Darkhame Montgomery was seen clutching a small box with Factot Rowan Darkwood of the Fated. Signer Factot Darius could also be seen spreading chart with Harmonium Factot Sarin, and Hashkar even found himself saying “hello” with Factot Lhar of the Bleak Calm, who bothered to show, amusingly enough. Interestingly, Factot Pentar and the representative Factot of the Dustmen, Kornothal Tavent, had little to say to one another, possibly as a result of the exchange they just made. (Ed. note: See Doomsight/Dustmen article this issue)

However, once the high-ups were seated, the mood of the guards hardened, the calm ceased and the storm began in one of the most monstrous moods of the past few years. First to speak was the charismatic Factot Montgomery, who worked to the floor while the guards glowered on. Hashkar’s reaction to Have hobbled off a Valkyrie. And, indeed, she was ready for this response, and the guards’ expressions hardened. Montgomery went straight to the meat, accusing the Factot of unfair tax burdens that were generally levied on the houses, theatres, and exotic importers.

“Is the assembly as well aware,” said Montgomery, “that these taxes are run primarily by members of the Society [Sensata] who are being hoovered by their hard-earned jink? (This comment elicited a sneer from the Factot, and a dramatic snarl from the Factot of the Dustmen.) I suggest that the purpose of this unfair tax pressure is to undermine the Society, while funneling ink into Fated coffers. This should not be allowed to continue.”

Factot Darkwood responded by saying that the taxes were all quite within the law, a statement that received a subtle nod from Hashkar. He then reposed that the Senate was rife with jink, and perhaps they could start “sharing the wealth.” A hit, Montgomery responded saying that she was surprised to hear “wealth-sharing” suggested by the high-up of the Factot. “Does this portend a momentous shift in the underlying philosophy of your faction, my Duke?”, she asked. Darwarrisers didn’t rise to the challenge, but simply intoned that the taxes were all within the law, though the assembly agreed that the Gurner sought to investigate this claim with heavier scrutiny.

But this agreement failed to satisfy Montgomery, who spoke of grave consequences should the Fated be allowed to continue their oppressive taxation practices.

“We do not think that only the Society will feel the sting of this pill. Any faction who stands in the way of the Fated will be a target of these legal loopholes. What’s next, I ask? A couple extra sangers on swords would be a fitting response! The Fated will not be willing to sacrifice before you make a stand against this legal form of the cross-trade."

With that, Montgomery twisted herself dramatically off the floor, and the assembly-watchers started buzzing with chat, forcing Hashkar to hang down his gavel to restore order. In fact, Hashkar had to call for order three separate times, until his threat was clearly heard, and his face went red, before they could move on to the next issue.

Then something completely different. In the midst of Hashkar’s reading for the next order of business (which had something to do with the rights to ownership of the Hanhends new Hfere kip), the assembly was surprised by the entrance of Factot Kanan of the Chaosmen. He leapt quickly into the centre of the floor, face to face with the guards, and whispered a low, potent little children’s rhyme that echoed around the Speaker’s hall:

“Breaking the law many a time/Say five of the feet of the little madmen/Kegs and kettles, metal and drums/Open the door and watch Bernard!”

And then, Kanan began to dance. (A Celtic I believe.)

Hashkar and Sarin were livid. Sarin had his hand upon a fierce looking mace and seemed ready to use it on the Chaosmen, while Hashkar began to turn purple with rage. But just as the Harmonium factot called out for his barker to scour the Xaefitect factot fan egregious move to be made, a startling move to Kanan’s side, and requested a dance!

Hashkar hanged his gavel down for order once again, but was drowned by a round of clapping initiated by the Senate factot and picked up by the surrounding crowds of spectators. Hashkar’s and Sarin’s anger deflated quickly into astonishment, and finally into disgust as they summered factotum over to lead them from the Hall. Once again, it appeared that Rhys had shifted the mood once again, and Montgomery invited Factot Darius (Signers) and Amher (Dustmen) to join in the dance with Kanan and Rhys.

Over the next hour, chant spread across the Cage and all sorts of Sensata collected themselves at the Hall of Speakers for a most spontaneous and unusual party.

At this point, you might say, the assembly was adjourned.

—Damasus Clavicula

**Jain Steelblade**

Along with her 2 companions was written in the trial-book yesterday, while fighting off bandits in Hfere. The moniker of the third was to be held at 10am. The ceremony of the Fourth Week of Narciss. Family and friends were called to come and retrieve her belongings from Mortuary.
PrimeTime
JEEMS WE ARE CLUELESS AFTER ALL...

Ruin Dekaye, a good friend of mine (and frequent drinker in the Pentacle) took issue with me that the other day. There I was, musing off about the Krynish and how clueless they are, making snide comments about their recent troubles, and Ruin tells me that this stuff is all ancient history! ‘News’ that’s thirty years old? Well, I never...

‘Course, you can’t just take that for granted, cutters, so I got Ruin to record her little speech in the Minir for you. And I stand by my words. The primes of Kryn are still the most clueless, but then as a fact I find that an Inspirational Quality—think of all the extra ink I can make explaining all those things to you.

Well, I’ll leave you in Ruin’s more than capable hands. Spire’s Calling.

Kryn is Our News, Cutters!

Do all your heads get your faces stuck in a mug of bulb, or what? Where have you been? The Summer of Chaos has been going on for longer than thirty years on Kryn! Pick up your jaw and keep on reading:
The Krynish are more clueless than most planet-walkers can imagine. They’ve been so wrapped up in their own history they’ve had no time to wonder what’s beyond their own back yard.
However, there’ve been a few who’ve dared to look beyond—Raislin Maire, for one—and it seems whatever they do, big things happen...

Now, Raislin’s a creepy spell walker of sorts, the lead, Pale golden skin, gold eyes with hourglass shaped pupils, this Krynish black-eyed mage sought to challenge Kryn’s Queen of Darkness, Takhisis herself. What the Krynish call the Abyss, we know to be a bastion second level, where the Dragon-queen, Tiamat, rules.

Yes, Tiamat. That would make Paladin, the Platinum Dragon, Bahamut, And Gil Ban the grand dragon himself, but the god of neutral knowledge, in one of his many manifestations on various planes. Maybe he’s Thoth, cutters—Editor. So be there dragons, good and evil, and knowledge, Kryn’s third highest power will never die.

They are lesser gods as the Power’s Fanthion goes, but they are gods, none the less. Other gods, like Chielik, Halhaka, Hladdik, Zethlyn, Sangournus, and their children of magic, being Naiatr, Tak- hisa son, Lunitari, Gilian’s daughter, and Solniar, Pa- ladine’s son. At the end of the Summer of Chaos, these gods left their Crystal Sphere to save it from their Father of All and of Nothing, Chaos incarne. They left willingly, to save their creation, their children, their portals from their own battles from henceforth, and let them survive—if they would—on their own.

For a time, still strong in their love and belief of the gods, sought a way to continue aiding the injured, amongst all other gods. Finally, they came across Misticus, which came from the faith of the heart, love, and hope. Of course, evil mystics and sorcerers, like evil clerics and wizards, still existed, and discovered this magic for themselves, wrapping it about themselves to fill their purposes as they have always done.

[Makes a body wonder if Krynish mages really exist on other planes out of just their will.] Is it now, or less powerfull than on magic, or is it just different? Could it be, cutters, that they do with the passing of the prime in and out of our multiverse, or is that scewed too?—Editor.

The Summer of Chaos is over. It’s been over for some thirty [Prime] years now, and look at us—we’re only starting to catch up on it. Dragons, for one—finally, thrust with hundreds of metallic somewhere in the land, rule Ansalon in great, divided territories. The dragons, in turn to the greatest dragon ever seen on Kryn, next to Wermfiather, who Harra killed during the Third Dragon War involving the people of Kryn, which fourth in total, as the Kryn- ish were unaware of the first battle between the gods and their dragons.

But what a party the Sum- mer of Chaos war Magma dragons, shadows, the great and powerful Knights of Takkini’s storming to take the land... Ah, the havoc was beautiful. The Lords of Doom around the world of Sanction smoked and erupted content- ally! With Chaos so angry at being trapped in the Caynegg for so many years, it seemed like a dream.

For me the idea of chaos was shut out, said they’d go! Do you know how long she’s tried to get control of all of Kryn? Five hundred thousand years in the past, centuries in between, that’s how long! I’d be prepared, too.

As for getting on to Kryn or any other ways... well, the Crystal Sphere is closed to all, and damned if even the Spellkisser ships can get in there anymore. There are only two Towers of High Sorcery remaining, and, as usual, only two stable portals.

The rest are nonexistent, being destroyed by the Kingriest’s cleverness during the Reign of Stars that brought down the order of the Catablack, or by the Takhisis itself. If you’re curious, one stands in Falushas, and the other in the Krynish, yet far from the magical Forest of Wyeth.

Well, that’s all I can say for Kryn. Wish I’d been there!

[Thanks to Vazdi Mir for the original writing]

LISTEN, BERKS! ATTENTION! ARTISTS WANTED OR I.C.P.

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

Fourth Week of Narciss

SIG.I.S.- Page 7
**S.I.G.I.S. INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE**

**CANT DICTIONARY B.61**

- from Krynn seems deeply Cheldes and the Crystal Ships which ship them from generally unpopuling... given that nearly all tax collectors are members of the... the term is also often used to refer to any member of that faction.

- Sour
  - Sour lemons are primes who've seen the Multiverse in all its glory, and sourced by the experience. They don't like the place, 'spiciously not.

- Spire's Ward
  - Goodbye and take care! Often said to bring good luck on a cutter about to set out or a plane dropping junk.

- Stamped and Clamped
  - Official. Looks like this warrant for your arrest is stamped and clamped, bork. Sorry.

- Sling Coin
  - Silver coin.

- Stitch
  - To shut someone up—e.g. stitching their mouth closed so they can't spit the dark. Use it like this: 'Whisper the dark and you'll find your self stitched, bork!'

- Stitch Your Lips
  - An incredibly rude way to tell someone to pipe it. To say 'stitch your lips', means that not only is what they're saying now either inappropriate or stupid, but chances are anything coming out of their mouth in the future will be equally so.

- Styx Swimmer
  - A busher with a short memory.

- Sure as Sigil
  - Certainly, I promise.

- Swamp, Swagg
  - Someone with an inflated ego. Boy, that bork sure is swagg, I hope someone cut his shins a sou.

- Swell me Bobs
  - An expression of surprise.

**Talking Book**

A document or book that is illegal in the Cage, e.g. the Faithful's Manifest.

- Tanar's Martyr
  - A hapless stooge, a con you just been caught.

- Thrasy as a Vampire
  - Any creature who can drain blood.

- Thrown to the Clocks
  - Overly harsh or unreasonably... by the bean, it would catch the cross-trade in Mechanus and they'll throw you to the col... stocks for sure.

- Tief
  - Dibius in formation: 'That's a load of tief'.

**WARNING:** Never use this term within twenty feet of a stitching.

**Tools**

- Derogatory term for the Revolutionary League, implying that they're just pawns in the hands of the other factions. Also used in a more general sense for any being being used or manipulated, especially by yugoloths.

- Torched (off)
  - Annoyed, angry, cross, i.e. 'Better watch out for that cunning, cuter, when you doused the soul with holy water he looked really worried off.'

- Trelly-woomed
  - Crushed with great force; maybe in a stapled-over manner, or perhaps run over by a Sigilian sedan chair.

- Tying the Tape
  - Going drinking, usually in more than one location during the night, carousing.

- Tunnel
  - Thrown, willing or not, through a random portal. Also, when a non-flooded portal attack of the tape-trip is made, hopping travelers on a foreign plane.

- Turn or Two, A
  - A long, long time. This phrase refers to the very long turning-cyclic of the Morlon gears. 'The gith-yrkan have hit the gith-facial for a turn or two.'

- Twist the Lady and the Laws
  - In a predicament. A really bad position to be in.

- Two Greens and Up Goes the Hforge!
  - Sarcastic phrase amounting to 'I'll never happen'.

- Unhende
  - An adjective meaning worse than addled, cheldes and Leaders are all put together.

- Voids Mephit
  - A nonexistent being. In the context of the Mephit Code, the expression 'Gota Void Mephit' means 'no response'.

- Wagger
  - Gossip or information broker. 'We check with all the waggers we could find, but the leather-head's didn't have anything on the cult of dead gods.'

**Stop Press**

**ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON DUSTMAN SPOKESMAN**

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—Several hours before press time, SIGIL received a report of an attempted assassination on Jorgoth Rauch, Factotum of the Dustmen's third circle and Dustmen spokesman, by an unknown agent. A dagger-wielding assassin attacked Rauch from behind when he emerged from a dark alley in the hive. Rauch was stabbed three times in the chest and his wounds were deemed critical.

After the attack, the assassin apparently slipped the blinds, running through the hive on the rooftops towards the lower ward. Other than being humankind in shape, clad entirely in black, almost nothing is known of the assassination. However, the dagger, which was left at the scene of the crime (still stuck in Rauch's bleeding body), was obviously of Doomsguard construction and bears marks of proof of manufacturing in the armoury.

Jorgoth Raucho was taken quickly to the Mortuary where his wounds were tended, but according to Nangar Chang, a local beggar who witnessed the crime, his chances of survival were close to zero.

No word yet on a scenario from the Harmonium concerning an investigation, and nothing from the Dustmen Faction, as they currently have no replacement spokesman.

Chant on the street around the Mortuary is that this may be the work of radical Doomsguard extremists, but armoured-knives are very common in the city, so this can not be very strong proof of faction affiliation.

However, the recent squabbling between the Doomsguard and the Dustmen makes such speculation rampant in hub-houses around the Cage.

—Regiswald Erastus, caller (da)

**CAMBION ADDUCTED TO BAATOR**

**RECENT UPDATE**—Informants in the Iron Gyl of Dis told SIGIL that Don Julio had been seen being dragged through the bars in chains approximately three days after the trial. (He was accompanied by a squad of torture soldiers... looking hamstrung.) Although we couldn't get the chant on who captured him, the pit fiend Galaphant [see SIGIL issue 12] recently returned to the Pit, and has been guest of honour at a number of nibbles in Dits and Minnaus (see accompanying story). It is likely that the Don will be tortured by kochanzen, possibly treated to a show trial, and then executed in whatever meticulously fashioned the bastards are currently fond of. Although the execution has been made, we suspect that the Trial of Order will not be sorry to hear of the Don's fate at the hands of the fiends.

—Bidurse Blidheim, caller (ar)

Stop Press—