Two Anarchist Cells Destroyed in Raid

SIGIL (Lady’s Ward)—In a bold move, the Harmonium’s Anti-Revolutionary League Task Force apparently managed to bust up two different, but connected, Anarchist cells with all members of these cells either slain or scragged. With unprecedented openness, Mover Four Tonat Shar held a press conference early this morning outside the barracks, accompanied by the suspected stag-turner Havrm Ghex.

“Last night at Anti-Peak in the Hive Ward, Harmonium Task Force members engaged and destroyed at least two full cells of Anarchists, the culmination of several months of infiltration and investigative work. Investigator Havrm Ghex spearheaded this operation, and deserves the credit for managing and carrying out the operation with efficiency and diligence. I can assure all of you that, despite what you may have heard or read over the last few months, Mr. Ghex is, and will always be, on the side of Law and Justice.”

A LARGE PARTY of white-robed sages from the Arbolean realm of Olympus descended on Sigil this week, and claims from the Revolutionary League that a powerful artifact had been stolen. The Sceptre of Janus, owned by the comparatively-young Olympian power of trade and time, is usually kept young Olympian power of evolutionary League that a realm of Olympus—Olympians Visit Cage

When asked to identify which Revolutionary cells were “destroyed” Mr. Shar turned to his Investigator to give more details:

“Members of the Anarchist cells known as the ‘Red Cell’ and the ‘Venge’ were confirmed eradicated or had been taken into custody. Up to four others were engaged by our forces and many of their members arrested. It is unknown at this time how badly we hurt the operation of those cells.”

Mr. Shar and Mr. Ghex declined to answer further questions, however. When asked if this action constituted an all-out faction war on the Revolutionary League, Ghex responded with a silent nod, as he and Mr. Shar turned to leave.

Sources within the Harmonium and the Anarchists have confirmed the scope and success of the operation, but no other details were forthcoming.

—Zeinas Pasuch, independent culler (pw)

OUTLANDS (Automata)—Two days ago, the citizens of the rigidly ordered gate-town of Automata were not scurrying in a blind panic as thousands of little marching monodrones suddenly burst from the gate to Mechanus and out into the streets. Normally, Automata is entirely prepared for the March—theburgemeisters prepare a tremenous party and celebration in honour of the March with citizens lining the main streets in eager anticipation of the modrons’ arrival. And it is easy to predict and prepare for, because it happens as regular as the clock-like Modrons themselves, once every 17 cycles (roughly 300 years).

But you can’t really prepare for it very well when the bersks crash the party 189 years early! According to residents, when the March started pouring out of the gate, the town erupted in chaos. “It was almost like a riot in Sylvania!”, said Töllom Vex a long-time resident of Automata. “Well that may be a bit of an exaggeration, but to this town it might as well have been. I swear, for awhile we were all worried that our little burg was going to slip off into Pandemonium! Personally, I think it was only the presence of the modrons themselves that kept this from happening.”

Celia Mellen, a scribe at the Council of Order Complex, said she and her colleagues found themselves throwing down their quills and running into the streets in a veritable Bacor with regulations! ‘None of us, the scribes I mean, had ever acted so irresponsibly and disorderly. Even when the chant came in that the modrons were about—and so early—we waited for orders from our high-ups. But after two or three minutes of continuous pounding (forgive me for not being more precise) that had to be marching, not to mention the screaming and yelling, we just busted outta our kip and into the streets!”

But when the scribes got near the gate itself, the march was almost impossible to see for all the chaos. “When we rounded the main council of order building,” said Mellen, “there were so many sods going barmy all over, it was almost impossible to see the march itself. The law was trying to keep bersks in line, and were very firm with a few of the real adice-coved bashers, but it was almost a riot out there. But when they finally got the crowds settled, the march was still pouring out of the gate and was magnificent to behold! [At this point Mellen began to shed some tears of joy] I never thought I’d ever live to see the March. I can’t say I know why the modrons left so early, but for my own sake, I am very glad they did.”

And that was the curious thing that absolutely no one in Automata had an answer for. Why did the March leave so early? Were there no clues, no hints that the modrons would start off so early and so out of synch? None of the high-ups we were able to interview had any explanations, except for a curious statement by Mr. Shar: “Don Julio de Lapp, a 5th level clerk in the Council of Order Complex: ‘Everyone is asking Why did the Modrons leave so early?’ and ‘How come they are so out of synch?’ But we all know that the Modrons are infallible, and utterly perfect beings of law which they follow to the letter. Rather than look to the modrons for errors, I suggest that we all reexamine our calendars and clocks to make sure we are right in saying that they are early. Error on our part, not the modron’s, is the most likely situation.”

It seems highly unlikely, however, that calendars all across the Multiverse were that far off. Surely, the rest of the Multiverse will have its own explanations for the situation with the modrons, but the dark of the March may be much darker than anyone cares to admit.

—Maflia Intwwood, culler

[Editor’s Note: See the Editorial section below for reactions to the March from cutters across the Planes.]
SIGIL—An astounding at-
tack of fire-bombs struck the 
Great Bazaar yesterday, put-
ting fire-bombs in the dead-
book and injuring another 
150. In their most cowardly 
and unexpected move to date, the 
Cadre actually staged the 
attack directly across the ring 
from the Bazaar, launching fire-bombs attached to a 
complex propulsion system. It is understood at this time 
whether the devices were mechanical or magical in 
origin, however, given the 
mechanical or magical in 
the Cadre actually staged the 
book and injuring another 
Devastate Bazaar

Cadre Firebombs

SIGIL—Hetta Oakgrim, proprietor of 
the rug manufacturer Loom 
Suisse which was destroyed in 
the attack, said, "If they sought 
to deny someone their jink, 
they’ve done it today! I’m 
busted, berk, with not a jinx to 
name now and a pile of 
ashes to clean up to boot."

Both the County Heath 
Saloon and the Debtors Pole 
Inn were destroyed in the 
attack, along with several 
other well-known businesses.

The launch points for 
the attack were masked by par-
tically ash weather, and the 
Hartheaded told SIGIS they 
are vigorously pursuing wit-
nesses in suspected staging 
areas. No other comments 
were forthcoming from the 
Headheads.

—Zeines Pauch, independent 
caller (pw)

Sigil's Independent Global Information Service

Cadre Firebombs Devastate Bazaar

SIGIL—After the inexplicable, off 
schedule and almost chaotic (!) start of the Great Modron 
March, the high-ups in SIGIS 
rushed me off to the Armory to 
oversee the recovery of the 
Sinker’s latest plans. It’s well 
known around the Cake that 
Factol Pentar is keen on dead-
book–booking the march, but now that the Cadre has struck out 
early (powers know why) we 
were wondering whether the 
Doomguard high-ups had any 
more. But little would have 
planned. I was able to schedule 
an interview with the Arm-
ourneyman, Sir Twist, who 
wasn’t too impressed within the 
Sinker’s plans.

DC: The well-known 
concert around the Cake is that 
the Doomguard, Factol 
Pentar, want badly to put 
the Modron March in the head-
book. Now that the March has 
begun are you ready to engage 
those plans?

ST: Well, cutter, it ain’t just 
Pentar that’s wanted to put 
the march under wraps. He 
should be well known (part-
icularly after the publication 
of that tome ‘The Factol’s 
Mystic Fate’) that all the 
Factols of the Doomguard 
have been preparing the 
Sinker for the day when we 
will prove everyone that even 
under the worst of times, the 
Modrons is nothing next to 
Entropy. Lady Pentar be-
lieves that it is now the right 
time to do so, especially since 
the Modrons are apparently 
out of synch.

DC: Can you comment, at 
least generally, on any of the 
manoeuvres and tactics you 
might use when you tackle 
the March?

ST: Chaos, berk, chaos. 
We’re going to be spreading 
lots of it. All out attacks, 
subversive under-covers, and 
moves we don’t mean, you’d 
mean I’d have to show you the 
inside of the Mortuary.

DC: What is your factions 
position on why the Modrons 
might have begun the March 
so early and off schedule?

ST: If you stand in the lower 
courtyard of the Armoury, 
you’ll think that’s just 
proof that chaos is supreme 
and has entered even the mind 
of whatever it is that controls 
Mechanus. Further up in the 
ranks, though, we feel that 
there is some other sinister 
purpose behind the March. 
Whatever it is, we don’t think 
that it’s part of the deal when 
the march is being messed up 
the Modrons themselves, so we’re 
not going to bother with it, 
unless it wants to come out 
and visit Entropy first hand, of 
course.

ST: I think the fact 
that the March has begun so 
early helps justify your faction’s 
belief in the inevitability of 
decay, why bother ending the 
March when it looks so nice 
example you can point to?

ST: But even if the next 
March happens on schedule, 
that’ll mean that most us 
will miss our chance to have a 
go at it. Two hundred years is a 
long time to wait. Besides, 
most don’t want some direct 
involvement. We’ve been 
cooling our heels ever since 
Tir Na Og, unless you count 
this sitting down with us. 

DC: Do you have any 
concerns that the Modrons 
might be expecting your 
assault and preparing for it?

ST: From what we’ve been 
able to find out about the 
March, the modrons are so 
single-minded about the flog-
ging and gathering of 
walking, no matter what. 
Pretty stupid, if you ask me. 
That’s the quickest way into 
the deadbook, sitting still. But 
even if they are ready for us, so 
what? It’s just one more 
obstacle, and we do anticipate 
outside interference.

DC: If the Doomguard 
plans an assault of the Modrons 
them it is possible, maybe even 
likely, that some other factions 
are planning to defend the 
march (i.e., the Guvners, 
the Harmonium). Do you suspect 
this to be the case? What would you say to these 
bashers?

ST: Oh, yes, we certainly 
hope that the Headheads get 
involved. All high and mighty 
“we’re right, and you’re 
wrong.” And whether or not 
we succeed in disrupting the 
March, I’m almost certain (and I think Lady Pentar’ll 
agree with me) that this’ll spill 
over into the Hall of Speakers 
when it’s all over. However, 
we’ve got allies that’ll be 
showing up at different stages 
of the battle. Should even the 
odds.

ST: Outside interference? 
Of what use is going to happen to 
That’s what I’ve been talking 
about, berk. If anybody be-
lieves that this is going to be a 
roll in the figurative park, 
then they’re in for a rude 
shock. However, our ways 
dealing with the more 
malignant forms of interference 
are a bit close to our tactics, so 
I’m going to have to bar it here.

DC: A lot of Cagers think 
Factol Pentar is a bit (and 
please don’t take offence at 
this since it is only some 
I heard and don’t myself 
believe for a second that they 
are planning to deal out of the 
Mortuary. Can you give 
some more insight into her 
reasoning for doing it?

ST: Well first off, I think I 
already mentioned that it’s 
the goal for any cutter that 
takes up office as Factol. 
They’re going to have to 
stall in the figurative park, 
then they’re in for a rude 
shock. However, our ways 
dealing with the more 
malignant forms of interference 
are a bit close to our tactics, so 
I’m going to have to bar it here.

DC: If you stand in the lower 
courtyard of the Armoury, 
you’ll think that’s just 
proof that chaos is supreme 

(db&sk)

S.I.G.I.S. First Week of Tithing
The Modron March: Eyewitness Accounts

Five planewalkers in Autumna on business witnessed the first signs of the March and were willing to share it with SIGIS. Here’s how they tell us what they think of this amazing turn of events:

Clark Field, Private of the Nether: “We were in this council office, when this guard who was there said to his commander ‘Look sir, modrons!’, and we all looked, and these things like little balls on legs were appearing. They just kept on coming, and they marched off down the street. We went outside to have a look. No-one stopped us, because they were all too puzzled.”

Baron West, Archbishop Viscount: “The modrons just kept coming. At first, we thought it was a patrol. But when we’d seen about two hundred, we all went to the pub to see what happened next. Everyone was in a stew and panicking, but the pub owner said that if he said he was going to open, then open he would, modrons or no. We just kept looking at the modrons. I guess about ten thousand marched past in the end. It took about five hours, so it was evening in the end. This whole thing bugs me, really. The modrons are going to make a heck of a mess.”

K.Argus MacLeod, from Tanar’ri: “I’m from Macellan territory, so the modrons ought to be steering clear of our patch. All the same, I fair jumped out of my skin when they showed up. Me and my mates here (Rath, Clairvan, Jens and Anfail) are off to Fortitude and elsewhere has finally pushed the modrons, always a long way off, cutters, but I’ll be paving the way for it.”

Jared Stedman, Fireman: “I suppose the modrons have as much right to go where they want as anyone else. But I very much doubt they’ll see it that way. By the time they get to where I come from, in Earendil’s patch in Ysgard, they’ll have trodden on more toes than a morris-dancing nalfeshnee. And then the fiends’ll have ‘em for breakfast, plain as the Spire. I’ll be mighty surprised if they let ordinary folks get on with life. I’m going to stick with ‘em and protect people’s rights. For a change, perhaps.”

Arvian Germain, Philosopher: “I’m just glad that these arrogant planars—not all planars are arrogant, I know—my friends for example—but those ones who think that living out here on the edge of thought is smart, they’ve all been taken by surprise for a change. It’ll do the Outer Planes good to be made to understand the unusual and the unexpected for a change. I only hope that the modrons stick to the Planes good to be made to ordinary folks get on with life. Any planars—not all planars are arrogant, I know, but my friends for example.”

While I’d love to share my factoid’s opinion that it represents some sort of leap forward in the entropic destiny of the multiverse, I’m afraid I have to disagree. We know that all systems lose more energy than they take in; it’s an inevitable law. But the energy loss involved in the cycles of the Modron March has up to now been so small that our researchers have only been able to detect it when they believed they could. I’m afraid I have to conclude that this apparent anomaly is part of a larger pattern the modrons have been following for millennia; most likely they march an extra three-quarter cycle every 10,000 years or so. It’s a long way off, cutters, but I’ll be paving the way for it.”

Iron Shadows, Dispatch: “Walk the plank, I said. That’s what I says to get a beer. A million legs of beer started walking back and forth back and forth swaying like the sea. Arr, I said. Thar be beer. Then they went away. I ordered me crew to fire at will.”

The March? Early? What’s next, gods back home? Seriously, I haven’t been on the Great Ring long (I prefer the Inners), this sounds like something is definitely unusual. Wonder why none of your other powers have stopped it? Oh, well, guess that’s what you get for worshipping beings instead of elements.”

Probable flight paths of the various bombs according to Guvner reconstructions. The diagrams represent one hypothesis of how the firebombs were designed to work: They flew off in clusters and when they reached the air over the Bazaar, they separated into multiple deadly entities.
SIGIL (Clerk’s Ward)—On the 3rd day of Tithing, the Cages’ best known higher planes, Lord Spiral Hal’oight, was called before judges in the City Courts to answer questions concerning the murder of a noble class pit fiend that occurred in the merchant’s case [Ed. note: see previous issue of SIGIS]. Hal’oight enlisted the aid of a well-known defense attorney known as “Spy” Nye, famed for his elegant arguments punctuated by barrages of Chaosmen “babble-speak.” The fact that the asain scragged Nye for his counsel suggests that Hal’oight may be in pretty deep—either that or he wants to threaten the Guvners with painful Nye antics that commonly drive the justices barmy.

In the preliminary hearing, Hal’oight answered the questions put to him by the Observer judge known as the “Eye of Justice.” After a long question and answer session directed by the eye (fondly occasionally interrupted by Nye’s misdirections) several of the darks in the case came clear. Naberius, a Baatezu noble known as Naberius who was declared by Blood War informants as missing in action as little as two weeks ago. According to Hal’oight, Naberius came to his kip to attend a reception Hal’oight’s cousin to Noyama Tanichi (a famous Lanyo clan of Arcadia, with whom she broke off her engagement last year at the last minute. Although no organisation has yet claimed responsibility for the attack, the same bashers who were involved in the Green Dragon attack were seen snooping around the Armoury the next day. It is said they spoke to Ely Crom- lich, although it is almost certain he refused to play mimi for them.

Phazielle herself is said to be well, despite the shock of finding that someone wanted her lost. She is known in Blossom Town due to her scandalous conduct in respect of Lanyo Tswai, a minor scion of the noted Lanyo clan of Arcadia, with whom she broke off her engagement last year at the last minute. Although it seems unlikely that the famously honourable Lanyo would have ninja brought in for such a thing, the attack bears all the hallmarks of the Bonespear clan, an infamous group of ninja thought to operate out of Rigus. Investigations are continuing.

—from Droni Forssen, caller (ar)
Sigil's Independent Global Information Service

Earthbound Expedition

Hardy, brave and loyal cutters sought for an expedition into the Plane of Earth to seek out rich veins of precious metals. Top jink paid for services (half up front!) plus a cut of the profits. Must be very capable with magic or weaponry and immune to clausrophobia!

To get the job, the applicant must pass a series of strenuous mental and physical tests given by the employer. Wizards specialising in Earth Elemental Magic are especially desired and will be paid triple rate!

If you have what it takes, a load of jink is yours for the taking. Just get yourself down to the Great Foundry during peak hours in the next two weeks, and ask for Forgfair.

NewsChant

RAiders Invade Hardheads Kit

SIGIL (Hive Ward)—Two nights ago, around 3 after anti-peak, a group of cross-trading merrs tried their luck at digging out the dark in the Hardheads’ new Hive Ward case. In the midst of all the turmoil caused by the Jangling Hiter refugees, a group of five wizards tried their luck at nights ago, around 3 after anti— that’s when I cracked my patch of nasty smelling slime stairs. Just as we hit the top of the ring of swordplay. My brain-box and rolled down the stairs. Another bunch of the pikers must have been waiting for us on the second floor, because the fighting we heard was well on towards the other side of the building. When I awoke, the medics were tending me and the fight was over. How they got in so fast and easy is a real mystery to me. We had the place magicked up tighter than the Prison.

The officers in the kip were unwilling to spill much of the details in the incident, at least until they reviewed the case farther. They did say, however, that they managed to put two of the bashers in the dead-book while the other three escaped into the build. Only two of the Harmonium guards were lost in the incident, though six others were grievously injured and another ten suffered minor wounds. While the identities of the two dead bashers remains unknown, the Harmonium found colours of the Fated tattooed on one of the sods. We were all able to draw out descriptions of the three that escaped from the some of the Harmonium involved in the melee which we print below.

According to the guards interviewed, two of the bashers appeared to be tiefings of some sort, or perhaps creatures not often spied in the Cage. “One of them, the human, seemed to be following the orders of the fiend-spawn,” said Gordon Pace, one of the guards aroused from a restless slumber. “That berk was really barmy, like he was bubbled up or on glee-dust or something. His eyes were half shut and you could see spit coming down his chin. But he took off poor Jotham’s head with some kind of scythe he had quicker than a chaosman can babbble, and forced us to retreat down the stairs for our lives. Then the ugly one called to him and they went out the back of the building. Ugly must have licked a spell on the floor though, ‘cause any of us cutters that went out in to the hall were just stuck fast for many minutes. I don’t know what happened to them after that—they just dispersed out back.”

Why these bashers (possibly all Fated) wanted in the kip is not known, but most speculate that they desired what ever dark the Harmonium are rumoured to be hiding out back of their kip. The Harmonium requests that any cutters with information on this trio please come forward with it to the Barracks as soon as possible.

—Majia Intwood, caller (sk)

NewsChant

SENSeS AND ARCHONiTES IN ROW OVER ORGY

A ROW IS BREWING this week among several sects and factions of the Sensates and the Archonites announcement that they will be holding the Aphrodias, or Festival of Love, in five weeks’ time. Quite apart from the fact that the Guvners are objecting to the short notice, the Excelsior-based sect of the Archonites are protesting about the disruption of a sacred season. The Archonites, whose main church in Sigil is St. Azzarel’s, Rue Morgue, near the Mortuary, celebrate the season of Hopetide during the same period. Relations between the Sensates and the Archonites have been lukewarm at best since the sect debuted in the Cage over a hundred years ago. The Archonites view the Skywatchers (as they are known) as being overconservative and prudish, and the Sensates retaliate by claiming that the Sensate creed is inherently incompatible with their own. The archon bishop of Sigil, the Reverend Julia Specracta, said yesterday that “Whilst all Archonites would agree that ill-will is undesirable, we consider it extremely poor judgment on the part of the Society of Sensation to choose so sacred a time to hold what is essentially a wild debauch.”

Challengers the Sensates merely hated all celebrat ions, the Rev. Miss Infraacts replied that “Archonites love celebration even if it is in just over a month be celebrating the hope that we have of a universal revelation of truth. But we consider it inappropriate to indulge in sensual pleasures as a means of rejoicing. It distracts from the spiritual truths that we all seek. And this year in particular is an unfortunate occasion for these two events to clash.” Speculation is rife amongst the Factions of Order as to the meaning of this last sentence, as it is thought that the Archonites recently held a secret synod at Tradegate, the decisions of which have not been published.

The Aphrodias, which is a celebratory event as much as a tribute to Aphrodite, is a high point of the Sensate calendar, so much so that three years ago its jink was withheld twice within six months. Erin Montgomery was unavailable for comment as we went to press, but it is thought that she will proceed without reference to the Archonites.

OUTER PLANES (Grey Waste)—Fresh chant from the Grey Waste: numerous bashers (temporary visitors to the Grey Waste: numerous bashers) were sighted foraging for jink in to the Grey Waste mind you) have yet stumbled upon an undead dragon running around the Waste. Nobody I caught with called with could give word on what kind of dragon it was, or used to be. I heard this chant from more than one reliable blood, and from what I caught, the dragon’s looking to hunt up ‘loth support for his ill-will is undesirable, we consider it extremely poor judgment on the part of the Society of Sensation to choose so sacred a time to hold what is essentially a wild debauch.”

Farrel McDuncan. Farrel is a fire genasi Cipher, so expect ‘em to be at your ears peeled; no doubt I’ll want leaked. You bloods keep your ears peeled; no doubt I’ll have some more on this next week.

—Farrel McDuncan, caller (ar)

SIGIL/TRADEGATE—If you bashers had an ear close to the stones awhile back, you might have caught chant about a disease that’s been putrefying Sigilian In deps in the dead-book. You might have even heard that it was the Harmonium that was cooking up that bug [Ed. note: see SIGIS Issue #1—“Rule of Three’s Rolls Through Hive Ward” for another juicy Hardhead/Indep rumour].

But I’ve got fresh chant that you won’t find anywhere else: my sources tell me that the dark is that this disease hails from out-of-town. Moreover, a few cutters supposedly found a cure in Tradegate, but the gate-town’s high-ups are keeping it down because the cure involves some ancient dark of Tradegate itself, a secret the high-ups just don’t want leaked. You should keep your ears peeled; no doubt I’ll have some more on this next week.

—Farrel McDuncan, caller (ar)
The Ook! Richt!

We invite all who want to participate in a race from Xaos to Sylvan. The rules are simple:

1. You are not allowed to participate if you have three modrons.
2. You are not allowed to participate if you are a fiend and wear a yellow hat with a peacock plume on it.
3. Planeshifting, teleporting and climbing trees is not allowed.

The race starts on the first day of the second week of Tithing. You can also start on the second and third day of that week if you are not able to locate a Ox as soon enough.
TO MOST PLANARS, Mystara’s just another prime—same level of technology, same magical weave, same humanoid races and so on. Of course, there’s nothing that really sets it apart from the crowd, however, and that’s its lack of Gods. In fact, if the lore seems to have a group of “Immortals” who’ve got broadly similar powers to the Gods of other prime planes, you can’t really ascend to their status from mortality. Watching over them are a bunch of mysterious beings called only “the Old Ones”.

Well, seems a chance to become Immortal like that’s too good to be true, and it’s set many a planar’s tongue wagging about the dark of it all... Here’s the factions’ chant.

The Immortals are just like the powers, only even more arrogant! And I’m going on in that barmy little berk. I ain’t playing mimir or whatever the Guvners say it is. The fact is, it’s here now. Or whatever the Guvners say it is. The fact is, it’s here now. The sphere of Mystara entered the same way Krynn’s leaving, as an accident, they can’t apparently ascend to their status from mortality. Watching over them are a bunch of mysterious beings called only “the Old Ones”.

RUIN DEKAYE does a nice job of telling things as they are, but there’s another bit of the story that’s never been seen. I mention: Why Krynn is falling into the dark that deKaye failed to mention. Why Krynn is falling into the dark that deKaye failed to mention. Perhaps this Immortal state is the precursor to growth into full-fledged powerhood? Could the legendary Old Ones be mature immortals, or have they only recently or ascended? Since we’re all dead in this life, “immortals” are in fact trapping themselves in this death-like state, not by birth. Ironc, yes! If I weren’t half-dead myself, I might be tempted to chuckle...

OUTLANDS (Tradegate)—Three days ago, in the gate-town of Tradegate a fight erupted from a few traders and some namers from the Harmonium and Mercykillers. Once begun, the fight escalated quite a bit and in the end nine combatants were lost.

NewsChant CLUELESS STRIKE TRADEGATE

The shop where the fight started was also totally destroyed, and the area as the fight started: "I was doin’ business on the Grand Bazaar when the sound of lightning drew my attention—towards the shop of Cher-sulion Peraumon where a Mercykiller was blown out through the door, taking the door with him. Shortly afterwards some Hardheads and Mercykillers showed up, and the thieves group attacked them too. At this point, Peraumon dragged me along towards the back door and saved my life. We hardly left the house when an explosion ripped it apart, and I was knocked unconscious. I guess that’s when Peraumon got lost... poor sod."

As I asked, the Mercerkillers told me that the thieves were clueless from some crystal sphere named Narumara, and were brought to town by a bai-rur named Halsar. (Though Halsar is an old friend of mine he was wandering the land.) By now, the scragged cross-traders have been brought to the Prison in Sigil and will be judged before the City Court.

We are in need of Bashers able to survive the perils of the Abyss. On the five hundred and thirty-sixth layer of the Abyss (a place we named ‘The Fair Deception’) a friend of ours lost his life. Unfortunately, we were unable to bring back his body for proper ceremonies. Whoever is able to retrieve the Body will be paid a handsome amount of jink. Bashers with Blood War merc experience are preferred. For further information contact our spokesmen, Bjogolai, in the Lower Ward at the Dirk & Firkin Tavern. The company of Vor hunters.

Boo! Can’t believe we finally get to write a paper on it. Or several papers. What laws would be valid in a society where the members never get written into the Dead-Book, and where all are as mighty as demigods? Further research into this field is certain to be necessary before a coherent faction philosophy can be published.

With the ultimate power of Immortality comes an ultimate responsibility to preserve the harmony of...
Can as sent to immortality be used to overcome justice? It is only just that after life comes—remove that natural cycle and the nature of moral take place. These Immortals are crimi- nals of nature. They must be curtailed and those responsible for this travesty executed.

Another vein of corruption in this Multiverse where the “have’s” land their might over the “have not’s”? The sooner we overthrow this regime the better—but how to go about it? Might it be possible to convince the powers and the immortals that each pose a threat to the other’s rulership? Then we can pick up the pieces and finish off the weakened victors after the dust dies down.

What must it be like to be an immortal? That would be worth knowing, cutter. An experience of an everlasting lifetime! Some of that Glan- trian magic sounds nifty too. I’d love to see that. And you should see the way they treat it and pull it from the sky, so that in its absence people may notice some of the ordinary things they take for granted.

With all the strength which he could muster, an average devas had accomplished such an act? How many fiends have been slain for the sake of goodness? Still, the embodiment of the ordinary man was still, well, ordinary. Needing to say, his at- tempts went on for years, each time it was impossible for him to do anything that was not part of his mortal nature.

One day while staring up into the crystal blue sky, he spotted a something that caught his eye, something so ordinary we take it for granted, he saw the sun. It was then they knew what he found abilities, he touched upon a child’s dream, to do something great, to be bigger than life. He began by rounding up a group of veteran warriors who had proved their metal in battle, and headed down into the Abyss, returning alone with the head of a Fiendish Lord. However, how many devas had accomplished such an act? How many fiends have been slain for the sake of goodness?

...And from such humble be- ginnings, too—makes a mock- ery of the powers of many worlds, who get where they are by chance or the efforts of prime believers. No, these cutters had the will to pull themselves up being prime rulers to their world. Admirable indeed.

Do you think the Immortals sit back and ask each other “Wonders what it’s like to be mortal?” No, of course they don’t—and that’s why we’re the advanced ones and you, who asks the question, ain’t. So stop philosophising and get transcending, berk!

Who could think of this? We’ll change our mind by one hour yesterday, whatever. And who says we’re “we” anyway? Being immortal sounds like fun, by the way, unless there’s rules to it, or we start to agree with the Sen- tate/Headwards.

There’s a bunch of cutters who’re good at imagining. They have the vision to grant themselves the Holy Grail of most aspirants: Immortality. And from such humble be- ginnings, too—makes a mock-