River Styx Dammed

BARTOR (Stygia)—Terror in Stygia, the 5th layer of Baelor, an apocalyptic feat worthy of the Plane’s most incredible engineering projects has been completed. The River Styx, often rumoured to originate in the vast frozen oceans of Stygia, has been dammed and diverted by a huge force of baelor. The dam, named the Malevallium by its builders, sits on the edge of the Styx, the most formidable stream on the Plane. Here in the ice canyons that channel the Styx off into other planes, the Styx gathers in its fastest rushing currents. The fog in this area forms from river spray, and is enough in itself to create a mist of thick mist unnoticed even to the beaked-nosed whistles ages old fortune has brought the damming in an effort that literally shakes the ground. The Malevallium stands over a mile in height, and while it is situated within one of the more narrow canyons, one still cannot see the far side while standing at the end of the dam. There are no locks and no valves in the massive black wall, and it thickness (easily twice that of a mortal castle) indicates this is not a temporary measure. This behemoth was built to completely obstruct the river, not harness it. Apparently, baelors have chosen to block this entry point into their realm. The project has been shrouded in almost total secrecy, and the resources put into it are that of the Black War Tactics. The dark of its construction gone unnoticed even to the best-fanged of whistles ages old fortune has brought the damming to
Clueless Strike Tradegate

OUTLANDS (Tradegate)—In the continuing saga of the primes who made such a mess of Tradegate [see SIGIS issue 17], the two clueless troublemakers get themselves tied to an effluent named Harlar Redeyes. This cutter is known widely to be a good advertisement, with its cawing and raucousness to be a closer to the ink offered than on the hand offering it.

The case will come up for trial in a few days under Black Ogustus.

Meanwhile, the prosecutor Mar'udz'u, a famous Baudan advocate who was trained in Greengul, is confident that the case will not last long even under the eye of Black Quostus. ‘The case is a clear asit can just be,’ he says. Even this cross trading sod Redeyes can find a twist here. The primes will go to the Red Moons to fight and they look set for sure.’

On the matter of the still missing knight of the post ‘Mover’ Nordstar, Svilv stated: ‘The prime is clueless which should be fairly obvious as well. Even if he escapes the law, he will most probably get lost due to his misadventures of drinking on planes. You just have to look into your own newspaper where you’ve written the story—can anyone be more insane? And should he avoid being written to the deadbook, he is bound to turn up in Sigil sooner or later, and then we will bring him.’

‘Right now it is of no use to start a plane-spanning search for this leatherhead. Our strength is needed in Sigil to prevent the Revolutionary League from turning stag onto the merchants of the great hazard once again.’

—Anass Ewald, caller (hh)

Bounty Offered!

We offer a bounty for the Anarchist Rie’d’lar Kutam a.k.a. Nordstar Svilv. This Knight of the crosstrade posed as a Harmonium namor, and caused organisational havoc through his doings as ‘Mover’. We offer a 10 lodestone bits bounty to anyone who brings back the cutter dead.

—or if he is alive

Mover Sag’a Rim, Harmonium

—(hh)

Clariom Derives “Free” Speech To Hall Of Speakers

SIGIS—INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

River Styx Dammed

Light. However, newly appointed task force overseer Follus Windstream, (formerly of Comagnum status and the former leader of the Jangling Filter of Baater’s) 3rd layer, Minares, was willing to spend some chart about his role in the great undertaking.

Windstream, a gelugon in charge of coaling the landlocked sections of the Malevalum with an unlimberable layer of ice, indicated that, a usual with histrionic actions, the obvious answer was incorrect. ‘No,’ he clicked, ‘the Dam’s just a side-effect of what we’re after here. The tanar’ri never get this far in the [Blood] War, and the forts here defend Baater well.’

‘Besides,’ he complained, ‘do you think a new promotion like me’d be put in charge of something that critical to the war effort? Ha! Not oddsiding likely! Those fifthlevel pit fiends save all the high- ups for themselves! (Ed note—We are Windstream meant no offense by this remark.)

Windstream declined to speak further on the subject, or about the mysterious activities surrounding Jangling Filter, his previous posting. (Ed note—see SIGIS issue 16, ‘Ritual Sacrifice Mark Jangling Filter’)

Windstream said that the work in the channel if you want to know the real dark of that thing where all the pit fiends slay about.

The major new channel Windstream mentioned marches straight from the Malevalum to Ankhduardagh, the realm of the dreaded fire god, Set. None of the Styx’s effulgence yet flows through this new canal, but it is clear that at some point in the near future, a veritable onslaught of Styx-water will pour into the Realm of the Midnight Desert.

Nekethrian Skorpios, proxy of Set, graciously allowed entry into the Realm and spoke sparingly of the mighty canal which Baateu are even now carving deeper and deeper into the desert of Ankhduardagh.

‘Be assured, mortal,’ he said, ‘that nothing occurs of any importance in the Black Pyramid which was not ordained by Great Set himself. If the Styx flows through the Domain of the Dead, it is only because Set wills it.’

Skorpios refused to elucidate any reasons for allowing the Styx’s passage and seemed nervous when interrogated on the topic. He ended the tour when questions started to become uncomfortable.

However, a glimpse of the work-in-progress was obtained before Skorpios’ hospitality became strained. Pit fiends do indulge in a lurid vigil in the baking heat of Ankhduardagh, pushing their leviathan to complete the canal. It thrusts deep into the hottest, driest parts of Set’s realm. In the great salt flats, where nothing grows but the Blossum of Desert’s Night, the ground shudders and the ants way through the alkaline sands. While no participant in this project was willing to speak of the purpose behind it all, reasonable speculations can be made. If Windstream’s chart inaccurate, and the Malevalum is meant only to divert the flow of the Styx into Ankhduardagh, then one must wonder at the state of diplomatic affairs between the Prince Levistus, the ruler of Stygia, and Set.

Are the two popular evil forces at odds with one another? Or is Worden’s plan to unite dry, alkaline Ankhduardagh with the rest of the frozen, oceanic Stygia? Do the persistent rumors of the effects of the Blossum of Desert’s Night have anything to do with the canal?

Further news will tell the tale.

—by Mucayet Mord, Whistles Cullen

(Mr N)

MY LORDS, Ladies, Gentlemen, and others. As Factol Terrance has just so elegantly explained, the restriction of the press of the great injustices and modern Rights of Safety, I have here a copy of a publication with which I think you are all familiar. [Holds up latest SIGIS. Ripple of comment runs around the chamber.] Before any of our worthy Harmonium officers attempt to arrest me for possessing this seemingly harmless piece of paper, I’d assure them that this is an expunged copy, presented to me by Jasmin Tealybuck, M3, a visual aid. I have seen the complete issue, for one was anonymously delivered to me. I turned it over to the authorities. To whoever gave me that news sheet, my thanks.

But it is a poor situation when such a simple and valuable thing as knowledge becomes illegal to distribute. What do we learn from our copies of SIGIS, or, for that matter, the Tempus, the Liber Protonum, or any other publication in this city? Hopefully, only the truth. Certainly this article here could not be regarded as anything but. It’s a review of Railec’s Sophia. Can someone please explain to me what’s so dangerous about a review of a musical? Do you think it requires the publishing journal to be banded? Can it be that the lyrics contain antichrist material?

It would not matter if they did, but as it happens Sophia contains many an espoused of Harmonium values such as international, interplanar, interbrokerial freedom. But how many of the facts and factors here have now not been to see the piece? Can’t it be, that the venues are unacceptable? That the singers are somehow unwanted? Or that the tone of the piece is anti-Harm? Why, then, may we not hear it?

And then this article here describes how the Harmonium have detected infiltrators. It has, of course, escaped my notice that this article gets high billing in the limbosensible version of SIGIS. For those of you of an analytical mind, I question how the law banning this paper may even be coherent if a mojingo still writes for it. It’s true! I can see increradulous faces in the public gallery, so I’ll explain: a mojingo has voluntarily published a statistical report in this allegedly-illegal volume. But such quibbles are sophistry compared to the main point: the Harmonium, for all its professed good intentions, hassemblec me to the joke. In the original copy of this SIGIS was a letter from no less a personage than Zimmerman of the Dark Eight. Now I shall not be giving away any great secrets if I reveal that I have neither patience nor time for their excellences the Eight. But I would still rather that I and others could hear their views and opinions than not. I rely on information every day. So do you all. The flow of facts, in fact, is the lifeblood of the city. That and opinions, which we are further denied. The whole letter column has been removed from this thence.

I have here a survey, which I took the liberty of conducting the moment I heard the hailing of SIGIS. It is signed by the following [please identify yourselves if you’re here]: Archishops-elect, the Right Reverend Lady Jolia Syn-esinfract; Factol Terrance; Factol Darkwood; My Lady Montegsociety; Ely Chronich, who took time off from investigating the Modern March and rebutting the accusations of murder against his faction to sign this, so important did he feel it to be; Unity-of-Rings; Laurelli Tantarella; Sven Larson, a representative of the city’s war-faullor community; and Choeker/Modian. I think this is a reasonable sample of the present movers and shakers in the city. You cannot fail to observe that I have been impartial: many of my political opponents have gladly signed it. Thank you, Cipher, I’m aware that you didn’t. So I put it to the Hall, that we should immediately have a vote of no confidence in the Harmonium’s handling of the SIGIS affair. If passed, this will give us a legal mandate to rest the Harmonium and to put into action the process of relegalisation. If it will be any help, I volunteer myself to act as censor of any especially sensitive information that any newspaper in this city obtains in future.

I have rather overshoot my appointed speaking time, so I’ll now step down and allow Mover Three Jay’min’s Thaluck to say a few words.”

—Transcribed by Daemon Chean, political caller (sr)
SIGIL’s Independent Global Information Service

Top Tempus Sigilian Culler Slain

SIGIL (Lady’s Ward)—Late last night in the midst of a strange green mist floating through the streets of the Lady’s Ward, a group of past peak revelers were startled to discover the severed head of an Illithid pilled atop a high-up’s fence. Even more startling, however was that the head belonged to none other than the Tempus Sigilian’s topper and editor, Zeholmolek. Attar Xoll the Third.

“While the Erin of the revelers first spied the flagging tentacles, we thought it was just another Chaosman joke,” said Telly Faire, a human resident of the ward. “After a hard night of riotous fun at the Wheel, we were in the mood to chuckle at anything! The lady’s laugh too, until Alexa recognised the head belonged to an Illithid named Xoll she’d seen at another party that same evening. When she faintly dead away, we knew this was no joke. I ran to get the Fanheads as quickly as I could.”

One nearby witness, a halfling ex-merchant named Qualm, said he’d had a black cloaked trio of footsoldiers disturb his peaceful slumber earlier that evening. “He’d been drinking’ bab me-self over there (pointing shakily to an alley near the fence) when one dem bolt step on me,” shrilled Qualm. “Stupid soil woke me up and hurt me bad, and made me drop my bult too! I’d half a mind to run over and bite him, but he heard me grunt and stuck a poke in me face. Said I’d best keep me bords-box shut or he’d dead-book me. I did them, but ain’t gonna no more! He was some kind of ghastly basher—I hope they find him and feed him to the Wyrms!”

This, of course, suggested the trio was a band of rashkum (a githyanae illithid hunting party), though such organisations are banned in the Cage. Githyanae informants of mine told me she hadn’t heard chants of any such band in the Cage recently, but she wouldn’t be surprised if a rashkum made a special trip from Limbo. “Given all the [mind] flayers walkin’ the Cage these days, I wouldn’t be surprised if word leaked back to Limbo,” she said. “The odd about this, though, is that rashkum take flayer heads home as trophies. But this head they left, apparently as a warning...but to whom?”

―Maija Intwood, culler (Sk)

Sensates Give Way

There was, however, some dissent from orthodox Aphrodians. Speaking at a temple meeting earlier in the week, Lenonors, a devil who acts as speaker orator for the Church of Aphrodite/Venus said that there were no plans for the church to hold the orgies this year because the auguries say that it’s right. The ensigns say so, we hold it then. We do not wish to discuss the Archonite feast of Hootide. Sorry.

―By Blonkie Blathorne, culler (Sk)

Vermin to Exterminate!

Adventurers needed to go into the sewers of Sigil for an extermination of vermin. Hazard pay is high due to the size and variety of the vermin.

Experience preferred.

See Tensar’s Employment Service for details.

―By Blonkie Blathorne, culler (Sk)

Third Week of Tithing

SIGILS

Page 3
SIGIL—When I returned from a long night at the Gatehouse, I came to realize that my search for the brain-dead berk from the Hall of Records was a dead end (wrong use of word I know). I live in a small little hole on Ten Street in the Clerk’s Ward, and never have any trouble with anyone. I guess my new involvement with SIGIS brings on all sorts of trouble. I entered through the front door like normal and walked into the living room. It was still a few hours until light and the room was dark.

‘You wish to know the dark about that berk in the Hall of Records do you?’ came a voice inside my head. The pain was intense, grappling, and I felt to my knees holding my head. ‘I will show you what that thing is the post went through!’ I managed to turn my head enough to see an illithid walk through the wall, its purple robe floating freely from my body as the illithid floated forward to stand a bow me.

‘You have gotten close to something, too close. The flayer was here to put you into the dead book. Good thing I came when I did, or you would be another brain-dead berk for sure.’ The pain was too much and I was blacking out. Before I did, the figure said ‘I have sent for healing help and will arrive shortly: rest assured that I will return and enlist your help for the up and coming events that will be transpiring soon. I hope you still remember all of this. Good luck to you my friend.’ The figure then faded from view, and I faded into darkness.

—Tell Regard (T)

Outlands (Sylvaria) — Most of the folk awaiting the fastest cutter in Sylvaria were quite flabbergasted that the winner turned up after just seven days. The Xaostocs thought greeted them with the word ‘We expected you 9 days ago. Where have you been?’ which, of course, makes little sense, but we’re talking about the Xaostocs aren’t we? The first prize (a plainer steer) was solemnly given to the gnome Largo Lamamadekin who walked the entire distance from Bob to Sylvaria in just 7 days. The Xaostocs, spectators and Largo decided to throw a party which should last till the final member of the race arrives at the Catetown to Arborea. As for the other races, what Largo had to say when he was awarded the grand prize seemed to sum it all up:

‘Sorry to all the bashers who are still on their way…’

(Bh.)

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SIGIL Third Week of Tithing

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Letter From Factol Terrance Of The Athar

My fellow Atharian:

I feel that now is an appropriate time to speak on the events that have involved the Athar in the past month. As many of you are doubt aware, my faction has sworn an alliance with those in the Bleak Catsh for a variety of ends. While our philosophies differ, we stand on the common moral ground against certain groups such as the misguided cult of the One. While this cooperative effort has shown much promise, it is my regret to inform you that our partnership with the Bleak Catsh has come to an end.

I know this change is not one of a disciple to some of you, in fact, I’m sure it is a relief to those of you in the Sign of One. Do not be fooled into thinking that we will stop our efforts against those we oppose. This breaking is only a minor setback, and actually I believe it will serve to focus our cause even better.

Events in the next few months should prove my beliefs to be true.

As hard ore we ill still towards the Bleak Catsh. This was not a violent resolution, in fact, it was much more what one would expect. The apathy that is so widespread amongst that faction crept into our affairs, and no progress was made in our goals.

While we enjoyed the added numbers to the cause, the Athar found this situation unacceptable and needed to cease our immediate agenda with the Catsh. Once our major plans are underway, we may very well look to the Bleakers for support, but for now we will leave them out of our affairs.

On other matters, I would like to address some of the negative sentiments that have been directed towards the Athar as of late. It has come to my attention that our faction has been greatly maligned, painting a picture of us as the enemies of all the Atharians. Please know that these are the words of the maligned, or those who seek to undermine our cause. Of course we do not subscribe to the ideas that the gods are all-powerful, but that does not set us against the planar who believes in these powers.

Now, we work for the benefit of the populace. We strive to protect them against the corruption that has permeated through the courts in modern religion. Most importantly, we work to uncover the secrets beyond the Great Well, so that it may benefit us all. Those in the Sign of One would have you believe that we persecute them for their beliefs, but that is not the case. We disagree with their agenda, which deflects the will of her Serenity, the Lady of Pain. Should they somehow succeed in their plans, it would bring only ruin to our wondrous city.

In closing, I would caution everyone not to be quick to judge the Athar on the shady grounds of hearsay and rumors. These are the weapons of ignorance, and they bring harm to us all. If there are any questions of us, all one needs to do is ask. Anyone wishing to learn more about our dedicated faction should feel free to visit the Shattered Temple, where we can explain everything in greater detail. Until we part the Veil...

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SIGNED

Terrance

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SENSEI FACTOL Erin "Darkflame" Montgomery invites all interested Cagers to an exhibit of her personal art collection at the Civic Festhall. Featured art includes portraits of numerous high-up Senseis (including several males) painted by the famed artist Killian. The exhibition also unveils Factol Montgomery's exquisite Faction Collection which comprises the very best painting and sculpture over the last century by renowned artists from all the factions.

Artists include the Bleaker painter from Hopeless, Carmen Dago, and her masterwork Portrait of a Soul (top-right).

The collection also features meticulously detailed replicas (by the Quadron Kog881) of works from the enigmatic Chaosman known only as "The Painter" (bottom-right).

Entrance to this "once a cycle" exhibit only costs a cutter a [link]—after viewing these master works, you'll feel you lobbed the Factol herself! Don't miss this grand opportunity to see some Cager bloods unclothed and experience the factions through their eyes of their artists.
A Day in the Life of Jaimi Bimkz

I'm at the Ubiquitous Wayfarer on the edge of the Lower and Clerks Ward, regardless of whatever berks say it's in the Lady's. It's a quaint little place that serves prunes and pancakes alike, especially folks that've just drifted in from some portal... the kip's loaded with extra milk and eggs, and it's easy on the budget. For good, affordable portmajeure... and doubles as a good place to find new people.

Take that tief over there. She's wearing last month's fashion... the shoulder blades, dark cape, leather, crazy-black-fur hair. She needs something new, and she looks like she's some jink to drop...

"Yes ma'am, I'm talking about you and your shoulder blades. You need to do something about that. There are you coming from, Bator?"

"What's this insensitivity? I'm on my way to the Hall of Speakers."

"Not dressed like that. I hope. You need something more colorful, all that grey... people won't pay attention to you if you're dressed in only grey and black..."

"I'm a Knight of Entropy, now sod off. This is my military uniform." 

Ah, well, you can't win 'em all. Enough of her for now, then, time to keep walking. My morning routine has me moving around my getting To the Market in time, and it takes 2 hours to walk... even in the morning's light traffic.

Walking to the Market Ward: Sigil in the early morning

Walking to the shop is a good way to get a look at Sigil and its people. That's what I'm getting paid for.

I'm walking along in this formal fog now, the light boys are out in force putting out the lamps on the streets. That ragtag bunch don't say too much during the 'bright' hours, they do their job then run off to their families to hand over the few groats they made during the night, and then catch an hour or two of sleep before they have to start another long night of wandering. The fog is a hungry lot, and poor for the most part. You can see it in the way their faces are so drawn, and how their eyes are sunken. A real bunch of bloods, the lightboys, there's no other bunch closer to Sigil except for the dubs. Besides the fog and the boys, there's the heavy dust that's always floating in the air and on everything... the dust of a million universes kicked up by the feet of several million folks. Combined with the fog, the dust makes the air up here tough to breathe for people who aren't natives. You can always tell a berk is new to the Cage when you see them taking big, deep breaths, or coughing a lot from the dust.

Now, look at this cutter here. He's a native. He has a long, black coat on, a cap on, and high, well worn boots... the kind of boots that you can walk through the Market with your feet not feeling cramped, or through the Hive without getting knee deep in mud. He's watching the ground. He's looking where he's going, minding his business. He doesn't care what's going on around him. He's going where he's going. He don't look funny at passing behinds or primes, he lets them go by. The old fog does have a barb that about Cager's not being stuck up and arrogant. We aren't. Those are planarans who moved into the Cage, got rich, and took the name. Cagers are the folk that you see and you recognize, but you don't know their names. The real mavericks of the city are the folk you don't see coming. That guy's a Cager.

Heh, well, I'm getting nostalgic now. We're almost there, so I'll quit rattling.

Wednesday Afternoon

After an ordal of a walk, I'm finally outside my shop, deep in the Market Ward. The City is just about fully awake now, and folks of all sorts are walking about the streets. Folks that have ripped clothes, old clothes, or not much clothing at all. From my shop (a tan brick building on Copperman Way with one glass panel in the front where I hang my wares), and a sign that says 'Jaimi Bimkz—Seamstress in big red letters), I can see everyone that walks up and down the lane, and sometimes I watch them to come in and have a look when I'm not here or else.

Inside, there's my desk and workroom, where I keep my inventory and do my sowing. In front is a room with samples of my work-shirts and things mostly: beautiful stuff no one can afford, but I sure the commoners (don't get me wrong... I'm not trying to say I'm high up, I'm a commoner myself) I can reproduce the same thing with slightly different material. I slide the curtain off of the glass plate, sweep the ever present dust off of the doorknob, and now I'm open and ready for business.

A half elf male just walked in. The poor soul has a rip in the left knee of his pants, and the cuffs of his sleeves and pant hem are frayed. His clothing is obviously too big for him. He has his hair tied back in a greasy ponytail and his face is shiny from vigorous washing. This is the face of a man who's afraid to admit he's a member of the working class... and he's obviously not a Cager from that Chloessian grin he's got on.

"Can help you?"

"Ee, I'm looking for Jaimi Bimkz... I hear she's quite a seamstress..."

"She is. What can I do for you?"

"Right, I'm Ainald Olsen... he broke an important rule there, it's not a good thing to give your full, real name to a stranger, ... and I'm looking for someone to make me some clothing."

"Obviously, You're here."

"Yes... right... well, can you make me a new pair of pants? The one ones are getting awfully worn, and I only have two other pairs..."

"Right. Go back to your kip and get changed, and bring these pants you have on back here so I can make a model of them. I'll dispose of them for you."

"Sounds grand, save me the trouble. I'll be back soon."

And with the same chloessian grin, he turned around and left. I'd just been another important rule... that nothing is a waste. Those pants of his could hold me off for a year with a bit of mending... and that's what I intend to do with them.

Third W eek of Tithing

I'm working on some backordered shirt's made from some Bytopian cotton now... there's a troop of gnomes stuck in Sigil that came in yesterday asking for shirts like they have home. I told the little berks I'd get them done for them before they went home, which means I had to hold a few weeks to finish this project, they're being stuffed gnomes and all. I'll take the berks ages to figure out the dark of portals. Either way, they'll be in tonite asking if I'm done, so I'm working on it. They're paying heavily for this job... eight miniature shirts made of cotton aren't easy to sell to the hayseeds....

Friday Afternoon

The poor soul with the big clothes that came in earlier just came back... looking rather flustered and sweaty.

"A truly confronting place, this Sigil," he smelled like the Hive.

"Sigil, yes, a wee bit more confusing than wherever you're from..." I sneered, "Waterdeep is it?"

"No, Greyhawk City, on..."

"Noticed something in the signs of this prime, I interrupted... "Never mind. Have you got your old pants?"

"Ah, yes, here right here."

"Hmmm... okay. Come back in a few hours, and I'll have a nice pair of new pant for ya."

"How much will it be?"

"That all depends on how hard a time I have making the pants, what materials I use, lots of things... I'll have a price for you later, now if you'll excuse me."

"But..."

I let him sit tight. Spinning new pants for him would be a crinch. The fact that he wears them 5 sizes too big means he won't be picky about sizing. In the mean time, I need to run to the Shawn Ratastok deeper in the Market to pick up some materials... I'm running a bit low. In this business, going for cloth is like going for groceries. It's an every other day thing.

The Market by this time of morning is a bustling place. Sigil is now fully awake, and the chaos that our city is now in full swing. Looking about, one can see all manner of folks, Upper and Lower planar alike, as well as harny fanceionees running amok posting Sigil up with their propaganda, a slew of adventurers and... from Astral Stalkers dropping messages, to Black Marion singing her subtle, coded songs. The bustle sure all standing about, waiting for the Primes and out-of-towners to start tricking in from the portals that fiddle our city... it's the perfect time of day for such a thing. The City is freshly clean (er, and very old) so get to your feet from the cinders of Dusk's nightly patrol, and according to statistics from the Hall of Records, Primes are most likely to come through Sigil at this time of day than any other. Don't ask what I think that fact up. I'm just outside of the Shaven Ferret, a pretty small little fabric shop in the Market Ward specializing in Bytopian furs and silks that's hidden in an alley that turn off of Rivald Street. The building itself is falling down... the chipped plaster and..."
A Day in the Life of Jaimi Bimkz

SIGIL’S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

something caught my attention [and not much can grab my attention when I am at work], a level looking in the window. She’s indestructibly clean and beautiful... and seems to glow, even through the darkness. I sometimes think of her as a goddess because, well, she walks in. Her golden hair is tied back with a silken ribbon, and her lovely dress looks as though it were woven from the stuff of dreams, white as snow. Her silky skin complemented her bright red lips, which started to move...

‘Are you Jaimi Bimkz?’ she asked. Her words were hypnotising, I felt as though I was half asleep as she was talking tome, drowning in her voice.

‘Yes...’ I cleared my throat, ‘Can I help you?’

She suddenly, I started to twist my skirt.

‘Yes, you can. I need a new dress for a ball tonight, would you be able to make me one?’ She obviously didn’t know much about the trade... making a dress for a high-society deva takes more than a day.

‘Well, it’d be quite a task actually... I highly doubt it, especially as I have these seven gnomish shirts to do...’ before I could finish, she dropped a pouch full of ink on my table, and gold sparkled from inside.

‘That’s two hundred jinx, cutter,’ she gave a faint grim.

‘Um...’ I choked on my words and stuttered a bit, ‘Well, I suppose I may be able to arrange something. How would you like it?’ Two hundred jinx is around one in a few months.

‘Like this, with gold fibre trimming, but dark red instead of white. Thanks much, I’ll be back a bit later... the ball starts at Antiporsk? With that, she smiled and took her ink, and walked off into the street.

It was moment before I recovered, and realized the folly of my action... I had broken Imo Bruster’s third rule, You Order It, You Own It. In this case, I just ordered up a dress for a deva, and if I don’t follow through, own the responsibility. Jink makes a body do some addle-cooked things... now I have to come up with a dress by Anti. Bah, I’m off to lunch.

The dust hung heavy in the air about this time of day, and the announcement that ‘rain and fog are on the way’ from Erishi’s Weather Tower almost seem like a joke, like he’s constantly pointing out the obvious to us all. A cutter swift enough can tell if rain’s coming, just by how much the dust sticks to their clothes... on a rainy day, it sticks more. Either way, it usually is rather humid in the streets of the Market... what with everyone walking elbow to elbow, pushing and pulling. The smells of sweat and sometimes a blood hanging in the air around this time of day. It’s rare a site to see someone get trampled in the chaos that runs about the streets, or to see a pack of Handheads descend on some poor berk just cause he looked at them crooked. Don’t get me wrong, I’m not saying the Handheads and their harmonium propaganda it’s just that some of ‘em are crooked. I’ve seen good Handheads too.

Anyhow, this is the time of day that crime hits the market hardest. In the middle of the day, all the

Walking back to the Market, I said to Cid: ‘I heard earlier, the bleak Lady’s Ward is unique of the rest of the City. Whereas the Market buzzes with business, the Clerk’s Ward with pencil and paper, and the Handheads with their harmonies and so forth, the Lady’s silent. It’s a cold and clinical place, where folks usually walk slow and look at the ground, not wanting to draw attention. It could be that way because the Law boys make their homes around here, but it’s more likely that it’s because folks get uncomfortable around highups. You heard me earlier, with what that deva, I couldn’t keep my tongue steady. Folks around here are just plain cagey about the other folks... and the fact that the Law boys are in the Lady’s Ward is only recently been floating about making the place even more bizarre.

It’s easy enough to tell when you’re out of the theoretical boundaries of the Lady’s and arrive in either the Guildhall or Market. As soon as you cross one street or another, it seems as though all of a sudden, nowhere a wave of people sweep you into their sea. Oddly, much like the city of Dison Baxtor, if you look back across the street, you’d think there’s miles of people between you and the Lady’s Ward.
Sigil’s Independent Global Information Service

Sigil Story

A Day in the Life of Jaimi Bimzik

scum in the cage descends like a flock of vultures on the Market... cutting purse strings, stealing apples, pushing the poor souls that happen to cross that one dark alley. It’s a pitiful reality, and that’s the reason that there’s no escape even as the sun sets. The sun sets, but the sun sets... That judgement is usually quite predictable: death. The Mercycutters, I’ve seen, believe that killing a criminal keeps them from waiting the Justice Wheel’s time again by committing another crime. A bit harsh if you ask me... but it’s my place to worry. It’s my place to worry a bit this side.

2 and a half hours after Peak

Well, I’m back in the shop now. After wiping the omnipresent dust off of the window and my desk, I began lifting the needle and then pretty hand to make that deva’s dress... as far as I have, I have the complete form done. It was all going well enough, until that prime came back in... with a ripped shirt, bloody forehead, and looking like the Speckled Rat.

No, I’m not underestimating. I’m in bloody need of new pants! Are they done?

“Now, I haven’t gotten there yet actually, I’m busy, come back later,” I grabbed for my shears... forged on Bytopia, they could cut through metal I was told.

I was a new pair of pants, dammit! I need new pants! He began wearing his arms about, and it became obvious that he wasn’t in good shape. I could see he had a big bloody gash on his chest now, it looked like he was in a brawl.

StopPress

Prime Flavours

Slaad’s Salad

SIGIL (Market Ward)—Two days ago, in a turned out building not a few blocks from the Great Bazaar, a green slaaad made a prime’s leg into a tasty little appetizer. According to witnesses, this ‘sorceress’ was seen squashed flat under the Slaad’s tremendous bulk in the doorway of the kip while the Slaad hunched itself up. The prime had missed an eye, and likely both of their screaming for some time while the Slaad savoured his meal. Niau Lee, a Market Ward resident who witnessed the gruesome scene, said she gaped the human shortly before the incident. Struggling down the alley in the direction of the kip, ‘I saw her, this fancy dressed beauty, lookin’ all moody-like walkin’ down the street towards Tivaun’s [Antigalities shop]... I knew she was prime ‘cause of the way she dressed, and she was a spool-finger sure as the slaad was ugly. But I paid her no mind, ’cuz when I heard this hideous scream I ran to snack some Hardhead, and when I came back with the huncher she was still struggling to poke greenie with these long, I mean really long and sharp fingernail’s others. Magic sure as it comes. Last I saw, the slaad had made the slaad in the stuff of it and were carrying the woman away... minus her leg below the knee...’

Neither the Harmonium officers, nor Lee knew just how the prime came to such a fate, though all believe that it was possibly due to a lack of pride and self respect. (Most of the local I interviewed reckoned that the prime was just ‘green’ as the slaad, that she had probably ignored the “friend” part of the name “friend”...) A gangly, scared prime had been left alone and unattended, and her friend (a friend of the injured party) said the prime’s name was Aznai (or something close), but we were not able to verify this chart. Rewards for information on the Slaad’s whereabouts have been posted all over the Bazaar.

Well enough thanks, except for this side I have to work on, it’s nothing awful work.

“I know the feeling Jaimi, I know the feeling. What’s it for anyway?”

“It’s a pity, but she’s spraining quite a bit of jink for it, so she says. That’s why we came over actually, to tell you I’m finally going to pay that debt I owe your husband, now that I’m properly going to have the coin for it.” Her husband, an explorer, has been wayward for 5 years... and I don’t owe him a debt. ‘Since it’s true, she wouldn’t accept money from me to care for that prime I went over... so that was my way of slipping it in.

“You owe him a debt, eh? What sort?”

“Oh, he picked up a bit of cloth for me on Elysium a long time ago.” And I promised I’d pay him, I can’t reme... on my word now, can I?”

“Well, of course not, a woman’s word is her dignity... if there wasn’t trust, there’d be nothing.”

“Few true, how true.”

“Now then, Jaimi, she calls me that on occasion... I’ve gathered that she’s quite a bit older than I am, so I don’t say anything. How about a spot of tea, or coffee? I have some lovely stuff a prime had Chloris give to me.”

“I’ve got a bit of tea, but not long... I have to finish that dress. I don’t want to be the one to anger an angel now, do?”

“No listen, you don’t. Angels can get pretty angry I hear.” She chuckled a bit, and put it on the coffee.

...to be continued... (t)