IN WHAT HAS been described by observers (Axa-rax the Hardhead Augur, to drop names) as “nothing short of unpredictable”, the Slaadi Chaos Tromp took a turn for the blinds this week.

Following the mysterious quietness of the Tromp last week, which led many commentators to suggest the slaad had grown bored of the whole event after confronting the Modron March itself (see SIGIS Issue 18) and gone home quietly, the population of the Great Bazaar was stunned and horrified when a horde of mixed-coloured slaad erupted from three portals simultaneously.

One mimir seller was caught completely unawares as some four dozen green slaad trampled his market stall flat. Several mimirs exploded violently, showering terrified shoppers with shards of hot metal, and creating a cacophonous noise as all their bits of chant were released into the air at once. The slaad seemed to enjoy the sound, and several of them spent some minutes chasing rolling mimirs and stamping on them.

Another vegetable stall was completely stripped of all edible goods, which were consumed by the ravenous frog fiends. Curiously they did not touch any of the more palatable (to anyone but a tiefling) produce. Jumping out of the way in the nick of time, the stall holder later told me “Seems the sodding things don’t like Mechanus apples or Acheronian legumes. Lucky me.”

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Slaad Tromp Hits Sigil!

SIGIL (Barracks)—In front of an astonished group of hastily assembled cullers, Tonat Shar, the high-up PR man for the Harmonium, announced the immediate cessation of the legislative act banning this newsrag. (As of this moment you hold a completely legal document in your hands, claws or tentacles.) Said Shar: “Henceforth, the newsrag known as SIGIS shall be free to continue their business because it served its purpose, other sources of ours claimed the reasons had more to do with faction pressure than practical considerations. SIGIS political culler, Daemon Chaas, said the petition signed by the highly respected Clarion [See SIGIS 19] really “broke the Wyrm’s tail”, so to speak. “I rather think the Hardheads would have loved to see the newsrag banned for all eternity, but the Hall of Speakers started to become just way to uncomfortable for [Factol] Sarin,” said Chaas. “He needs those votes and those friends in the Hall, and, however annoying SIGIS might be for his faction, they weren’t worth this kind of hassle.”

As for former editor in chief Seamus Keller and the “five croonies”, we’ve not been able to garner and chant whatsoever. The trial was held in total secrecy for all inedible goods, which were consumed by the slaad who got themselves hipped when a portal shifted, or if they’re an intentional offshoot of the Tromp, is currently unknown. Rest assured this culler will do her level best to be in two places at once and bring you the latest chant!

— Tromp Correspondent Laxuli Phae (jw)

SIGIS Ban Lifted!

The ban has served its purpose”, said Shar. “The [anarchist] cell has been busted and the guilty punished. It’s as simple as that.” (But, when further questioned by a culler of the Bonebox Riddler whether cross-traders and anarchists may still run SIGIS, Shar declined to comment.)

Although Shar declared the ban had been lifted because it served its purpose, other sources of ours claimed the reasons had more to do with faction pressure than practical considerations. SIGIS political culler, Daemon Chaas, said the petition signed by the highly respected Clarion [See SIGIS 19] really “broke the Wyrm’s tail”, so to speak. “I rather think the Hardheads would have loved to see the newsrag banned for all eternity, but the Hall of Speakers started to become just way to uncomfortable for [Factol] Sarin,” said Chaas. “He needs those votes and those friends in the Hall, and, however annoying SIGIS might be for his faction, they weren’t worth this kind of hassle.”

As for former editor in chief Seamus Keller and the “five croonies”, we’ve not been able to garner and chant whatsoever. The trial was held in total secrecy in a hidden location outside Sigil, and their fate remains a mystery to us.

— by Maitia Intwood, culler (sk)

If enough panic had been caused already, this was nothing compared with the terror that ensued as an untimely thunderstorm broke out over the Bazaar. Hysterical cries of “the Lady of Pain is coming!” and “Run before She Mazes the Lot of Us!” rang out, and shoppers and slaad alike scattered in all directions. This culler waited in the torrential rain for some two hours, but the elusive Lady was not forthcoming, unfortunately. However, the estimated two hundred and fifty slaad that escaped the fray will surely be more than a match for the Harmonium, and it is likely they will serve as a destabilising factor on the Cage. We shall wait and see if the Lady makes a rare appearance...

On inordinate number of the frog-fiends have also been reportedly seen swimming in the Ethereal Plane. My sources are, however, Xill, and therefore not to be trusted too far. Whether this is a bunch of slaad who got themselves hipped when a portal shifted, or if they’re an intentional offshoot of the Tromp, is currently unknown. Rest assured this culler will do her level best to be in two places at once and bring you the latest chant!

— Tromp Correspondent Laxuli Phae (jw)

Dear Reader,

Just recently, we here at SIGIS learned that the Harmonium made the wise decision to allow freedom of the press once again (see the Stop Press article “SIGIS Ban Lifted!” this issue). SIGIS is back and, appropriately enough, we celebrate our return to legitimacy with exclusive interviews of some of the most important bloods in the Cage. (I have also just been informed that top culler Zeines Pauch has learned the identity of the Cadre leader - stop Press article “Cadre Leader Captured In Sigil”. Where else can you get the dark of such critically important events like this but SIGIS?) Let me take this opportunity to thank all those cutters out there who helped see us through our darkest moments, especially our faithful readers who kept clamoring for the chant. Let it be known: SIGIS is back, and we are here to stay!

Jerrylya Perrolti, Editor in Chief, SIGIS (ar & asp)

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Editor’s Note: Potential Spoiler in This Article. Read at Own Risk.

too. I'm hoping I can raise the money for repairs."

wall, and built a bridge. Ten of them had already
could find, and several large rocks from the harbour
the team who were helping just got the last kids out in
the regulars there bluffed the modrons with
destroyed. Many's the time I've been up there. But
the Philosophers' Inn was
dispersed again. The Philosophers' Inn was
the modrons' heads. It was fantastic. Then everyone
long coat, with one of those Celtic blankets - a plaid -
out past the little guys. Just as the modron was about
to squash him flat, he was grabbed by this fellow in a
path and tried to negotiate. The modrons in front let
main street, Mr. Cauldronborn leapt out into their
co-ordinating the folks who'd been sent to help.”

[Note: Cauldronborn was merely standing in
while the Lammava rulers of the town were absent. We
salute his courage.]

“Anyway, when the modrons came down the
main street, Mr. Cauldronborn leapt out into their
path and tried to negotiate. The modrons in front let
him alone, and then he met the chief modron, who
gave him about thirty minutes to stand aside. Well,
Cauldronborn wasn’t having any, and he stood his
ground. He thought he could bluff them. But then
the modron just stepped forward, and he couldn’t get
out past the little guys. Just as the modron was about
to squash him flat, he was grabbed by a fellow in a
long coat, with one of those Celtic blankets - a plaid -
on. The Celt just grabbed him and carried him over
the modrons’ heads. It was fantastic. Then everyone
dispersed again. The Philosophers’ Inn was
destroyed. Many’s the time I’ve been up there. When
the modrons made it to the seafront, where they ripped up all the wood they
could find, and several large rocks from the harbour
wall, and built a bridge. Ten of them had already
ripped the vestry off the church where I work, and
then abandoned it on the norther side too. I’m hoping I can raise the money for repairs.”

It seems that the planewalkers who gave their
souls requisite for those killed in the March in the
main square at Heart’s Faith in two days’ time. Unconfirmed rumours speak of plans to dedicate a
side-chapel in the new Archonite cathedral to St.
Alziel for her wise actions in the town’s defence. The
bridge constructed by the modrons is to remain in
place, as town councillors agree it will improve trade.
Talks are already under way with the Planar Trade
Consortium to sponsor harbour repairs in exchange
for trading concessions in the town.

Note: Mayor Cauldronborn has gone on
sabbatical to Dolorous Sojourn and was unavailable to interview.

by Droni Forssen, culler (ar)

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YOUR STORY CAN BE FOUND HERE.
I WAS RECENTLY offered the privileged opportunity to interview Zimmimar of the Dark Eight. Of course, I’ve heard of Him and His exploits before, but I accepted. I arrived at the Baatorian Imperial Embassy here in Sigil at a prearranged time, and interviewed Her Excellency in a well-appointed office there.

Blonde Bluthie: So, your Excellency. I am very grateful to you, as I’m sure my readers will be once a legal opportunity arises for them to read your words [Ed. note: Like right now!], for the tremendous honour of this audience. I’d like to begin by apologising for certain reliance on hearsay in the article to which you allude in your letter to SIGIS, and I’d be delighted to set the record straight by means of this interview. I’m very intrigued, for example, about the recent negotiations with the rakshasa. What is the status of the treaty, and, if I may be so bold, have any of your leaders, the Nine, spoken to Ravana personally about the matter - or is it less critical than that?

Zimmimar: First of all, thank you for giving me the opportunity to explain to your readers and Sigilians in general my viewpoints through a venue they will understand. Do not misinterpret my reply to your editorial as a personal attack; rather I simply wish to see that my Ministry, my Empire, and it’s citizens are fairly represented. Many folks have a tendency to ignore all sides of the story and hear only what they wish to. But more on that another time—I digress.

The current negotiations with the rakshasa has carried on for a bit longer than anticipated; actually we have had to move the location of the discussion of the treaty due to the duration of these talks. The future entitlements that I referred to earlier were concerns over the establishment of several “Rakshasa-only” outposts in Baator which concern myself and several other Ministers. Our primary concern is in ensuring that these cities, as they call them, will not lead to xenophobic experiments designed to promote the superiority of one clan or group over another here in our beloved Empire. All this is a great shame to Baator and serve under the Eye of the Nine. I am using as my source the works of several of their operatives. Perhaps we are even investigating the possibility that the so-called Moloch, that is something I’m unaware of; at last I must say, I am somewhat curious as to what use will the new land be put, and is it intended to be transferred to, for example, Phlegothos for further use?

Z: So far we’ve encountered only some slight adjustment problems between the baatezu occupying our new territories in Gehenna and the yugoloths. To what use will the new land be put, and is it intended to be transferred to, for example, Phlegothos for further use?

BB: Well quite. As to my copy of the Abdielssaga, I don’t have one. It was an excerpt in an Outlander history book. With respect to your new territorial gains in Gehenna, there can be no doubt of their importance. How does this affect diplomatic relations with the yugoloths and the Court of Moloch? To what use will the new land be put, and is it intended to be transferred to, for example, Phlegothos for further use?

Z: Well, as to the Nine, I have no comment on their affairs. I can assure you, as a Diabolate Member of the Eighth House of Caina, that Molkroth has remained personally uninvolved with the progression of the talks at this stage.

BB: Concerning the recent rallies in the Empire’s principal cities: Am I to understand from your letter that you consider Ranashiel to have told the whole truth to his troops in his address?

Z: Truth is such a subjective matter, as I’m sure you know, Blondie.

I personally believe that upon occasion our warriors and leaders have a tendency to be overzealous in their approach to inspiring devotion and pride from the Baatorian troops, but I would not go so far as to say they lie outright. As I know from my own position, keeping morale levels high and encouraging ever greater victories, which we all know they are capable of achieving, can be quite difficult when operating under less than ideal conditions. We have suffered casualties in the Blood War; that’s a fact of life. I do not wish to do injustice to those men and women who gave of their lives in the war. The sacrifices by getting into a pointless discussion, which ultimately steals respect from those soldiers dying on behalf of the Empire.

BB: As regards my recollection of the battle of the River Ma’at, I apologise for any impression I might have given that some harm had befallen their Lordships the Nine. I was using as my source theAbdielssaga, which while dramatically fascinating, is, I understand, under censorship in the Empire. I have taken the liberty since then of visiting the private vault at the Hall of Records and consulting copies of other documents, including your own department’s account of the event, all those years ago. It does indeed seem that I was, to a certain extent, misinformed. Nevertheless, it does also remain the fact that the speech that the Honourable Azazel gave before that conflict was strikingly similar to that which Ranashiel gave more recently. Is this plagiarism on the part of the junior officer, or merely an indication of, so to speak, house style?

Z: Oh, I’d have to say definitely the latter. House style it is? [she raised a glowing violet eye and winked at me, almost menacingly]. I suppose one could call it that. But no, our Lords are in perfect health and safety, as I said before. I am somewhat curious as to where you found a copy of the Abdielssaga, I was under the impression that tome of negotiable value had long since been abandoned in favour of more recent chant-books. The speech Ranashiel gave is very indicative of the language; that is to say because our language is caste-specific, many times when you address the same level of creatures in our realm, you are limited by the same types of phrases and ideas. So, to put it in Sigilian terms, there’s only so many ways you can call a berk a berk and tell him he’s doing a fine job peeling bubbers and giving bashers the laugh.

BB: Well quite. As to my copy of the Abdielssaga, I don’t have one. It was an excerpt in an Outlander history book. With respect to your new territorial gains in Gehenna, there can be no doubt of their importance. How does this affect diplomatic relations with the yugoloths and the Court of Moloch? To what use will the new land be put, and is it intended to be transferred to, for example, Phlegothos for further use?

Z: So far we’ve encountered only some slight adjustment problems between the baatezu occupying our new territories in Gehenna and the yugoloths. As to the current status of relations with the Court of Moloch, that is something I’m unaware of; at last I knew, we were not recognising their self-proclaimed sovereignty. I do know that several of my Retrievers* have had trouble being treated with civility there, and we are even investigating the possibility that the death of Cazaniel, my second lieutenant, was due to the workings of several of their operatives. Perhaps Zapan can clarify that issue for you, as the diplomatic workings of things outside of our race do not concern my Ministry very much. As to uses, you would need to confer with my esteemed sister Pearza, who could perhaps give you a clearer picture of our future plans which, I assure you, are very optimistic indeed.

BB: I have recently heard that a Science Ministry official, Shemihazah, has been commissioned to work on a new class of war machine. Will your department be making a statement about the progress of this scheme soon? Can you let us in on any details at this stage?

Z: Ah, yes, there has been much discussion out and about on this new war machine. It’s similar to the Relentless but much faster and more manoeuvrable.

We are hoping that it will be able to make a positive impact on our battlefield successes in the War. At this time I am not at liberty to discuss the workings of this new development—just some discretion on my part to avoid the possibility of that information falling into the wrong hands—but I am certain that this next step of development will take us where we wish to go.

Alas, Blonde, I regret I must take my leave of you, but I am expected this eve as well at a prearranged function for dinner. I trust I have answered your questions to the fullest extent possible, considering the classified nature of much of them. It is with great sadness that I cannot discuss more at this time, but if ’er your esteemed readers wish to ask me a question, you need not look but here to find the answer. Good evening, Miss Bluthie.

At that point, I noticed Zimmimar smile and then gesture up to a small, though extremely ornate, copper wall plaque written in Mabrahoring, the highest tongue of the baatezu. I didn’t comprehend the language right away, but the words formed in my mind just as the taller fiend made her way out to the antechambers behind her desk. I laughed once the fiend had left, noticing the irony. The plaque says: “Tah’verent Mi Thant”, which means “Ask me anything…”. [* Retrievers are the Baatorian term given to Zimmimar’s own personal band of non-baatezu who ‘retrieve’ deserters from the realms in which normal baatezu are not able to pursue them. They are a group numbering 72 (8x9) comprised of tieflings and numerous fallen celestials:]

— by Blonde Bluthie, culler (ar & asp)
Glee Machine A Hoax?

OUTLANDS (Torch)—A Mercykiller band led by the Justiciar named Rule Lakesman, returned to Sigil from the gate-town of Torch this week after a failed attempt to find the rumoured “Glee Machine”. An anonymous freelance culler for SIGIS spied the chant on the Glee Machine - a factory that produced mass quantities of the dream-drag (a magical powder “distilled” from the dreams of humanoids) back in issue 15, with extraordinary precision and detail.

According to the news report, a “family” of Tanar’ri had been bobbing Torch citizens and dragging them into a body of a living Tanar’ri fortress where they extracted the dream essences of these poor souls.

The story given by the SIGIS culler was really quite convincing with detailed maps of the fortress and descriptions of the various parts of its “body”. Indeed, this article was what prompted Lakesman and his band of Mercerykillers to go to Torch in the first place. But after weeks of searching the burg and the swamps below where the Glee-Machine was supposed to have been, they came up empty. “Our contacts in Torch were convinced that dark was real,” said a disappointed Lakesman. “They told us that they knew one of the cutters that had stumbled across the site and could even identify the fiends who ran the show. But we scoured the swamps until the heat, sickness and leeches sucked us dry, and we couldn’t find a trace of these knights of the post. The G-Machine was either a hoax or it took off plane-

walking. Either way it is very disappointing that we couldn’t bring these cross-traders to justice.”

—by Maia Intwood, culler (sk)

Readers of SIGIS, Fell Regard has been killed. His death will be mourned by many for his small, but critical contribution to the Sigilan newspaper SIGIS. You might wish to know who is writing this column. In the last article to SIGIS, Fell wrote about a mysterious mage in dark robes. I am that mage. I will take up where Fell left off, though I am not of the news writing type, nor am I fluent in the Sigilian chant, I will endeavour to do my best and bring the news to those who need it. I cannot let you know who I am for obvious reasons. Let us just be happy with the name of Avail.

When I left to pursue the Illithid, I made a mistake that cost Fell his life. I returned to Fell’s kip to find nothing, everything was in perfect order clean. Not the sight of a small encounter that had just took place. I cast a spell of my own make, I threw ash into the air, muttered the complex words. Shadows came from my cloak and encased the room, but to my memory of when I left. Fell was there, but a figure of shadow. Everything was as I left it a little bit ago. I let the scene play on. The shadows recorded everything. The minute I left the head of the illithid passed through the floor, and looked to see if the coast was clear. The door opened and a patrol of Hardheads entered and began to clean the kip up. The blanket took in their eyes let me know that they were not in control of their own actions. The illithid grabbed Fell, and as Fell screamed, ate his brain. The Hardhead came and got the body, cleaned the blood away, and they all left.

Although I know not why the Illithid is in Sigil, or why it is here, but I know I will find out and I will make it a personal crusade to end the Mind Flayer’s interest in Sigil. This I swear.

Signed, Avail the Dark

The fly-fiend had blamed Estavan and the PTC for removing barrels of a rare oil from his homeland. After attempting to murder Estavan and his advocate in the City Court, Brekth was heard to swear vengeance upon the Planar Trade Consortium and Estavan in particular.

No members of the Harmonium would officially comment when asked about the situation, but wanted posters for Brzzt Brekth have appeared on the streets. Unofficially, some Hardheads sympathetic to this reporter (and whom were quite polite and timely about freeing him from his joint cell with other recently scragged SIGIS cullers, when he produced the proper motion for habeas corpus) slipped chant that Brekth is indeed being sought under charges of arson and multiple murder.

Chant at the Barracks says that high-up strings have been pulled, and that ace investigator Christopher Verdue may be assigned to the case. The PTC apparently had no assurances placed on the unguardedly valuable oil, and is feeling quite the sting in its normally deep pockets. The tanar’ri Brekth remains at large.

—by Uffley Bailift, court culler (Mr. N)
Interview With The Red Cell

SIGIL—SIGIS has received rights to an exclusive interview with an unnamed member of the recently dissolved Red Cell, an Anarchist organization. The Red Cell was recently named in a Harmonium infiltration investigation, in which up to 40 midlevel administrators were dismissed from service or detained for questioning and prosecution. What follows are revelations which may link several of the strange happenings in our fair Spire to date:

Zeines: Okay, I’d like to open the interview by saying that our identity is safe with SIGIS. We are not out to see you under the Mercykiller’s blade. We are only seeking the dark. Right?

RC: Right. I’ll get to that, berk, but I’d like to talk about where the Red Cell came from and what we’ve done in the past that gives us the right to carry the Revolutionary League ideals to their ultimate end...

Zeines: A résumé of sorts, then?

RC: Right. And let me talk about the Hardhead raids on the ‘Anarchists cells’ in the last few weeks by the time this is read, Omar left off. He showed the way; we just provided theBase to several recent activities and persons driving those activities. Would you care to elaborate?

RC: I’ll get to that, berk, but I’d like to talk about where the Red Cell came from and what we’ve done in the past that gives us the right to carry the Revolutionary League ideals to their ultimate end...

Zeines: Well put. When I first approached you about this interview, you hinted that the Red Cell had ties to several recent activities and persons driving those activities. Would you care to elaborate?

RC: I’ll get to that, berk, but I’d like to talk about where the Red Cell came from and what we’ve done in the past that gives us the right to carry the Revolutionary League ideals to their ultimate end...

Zeines: About six months ago, all Baator broke loose. We started getting… letters…from someone detailing our movements, our plans, and such, back to us...

RC: Right.

Zeines: Okay, continue.

RC: So anyway, this dirt digger… he wants his own cell, but we keep him busy as a lookout running errands for various cells so we can check him out. We determine that he is too… flamboyant for the Anarchists, so we sort of put him on ice for a while.

Zeines: I’m going to have to ask you to stop there. My sources tell me it’s time to move. We’ll continue this interview at our alternative locale.

RC: Well, that’s when things went a little awry. Zibby wasn’t happy just to hit the targets we fed him, see. He still had a grudge toward the Hardheads. Apparently, his arresting officers was at the Bar that night, so it was really an assassination, more than anything… a bit blown over for Anarchist methods, but effective. We were… concerned… about this operation, but very few of our own people died in that blast. The ones that did were fairly warned.

Zeines: But this must have sent up a warning signal that Zibby wasn’t under control?

RC: Right. We began working in two directions then: keeping him on track, and laying the framework for the Hardheads to take him out of the picture at the right time. Zibby had quite a talented team assembled. Himself an expert in blowing things to Acheron, he also had a clockwork spellcaster from Forl named Abd or some such. He built all the fancy coverings for the bombs. There were several other bashers that might have made great Anarchists, but they all had the same trait as Zibby…barmey as a pack of kindels. We started hearing of their overall plan to take out the Barracks. And we knew we had to finish him off. We did not engineer the attack on the Bazaar, but we let it happen because we knew that that would be the end of that addle-cove dirt digger. Amazing what a bunch of Cheesek primes can do when they put their barmy bone-boxes together, though. [laughs] They kept those Hardheads on the run for months.

RC: All I know is, the Red Cell has finished its job. Both for Anarchy and for the Unnamed. We put our barmy bone-boxes together, though.

Zeines: Well, that’s when things went a little awry. Zibby wasn’t happy just to hit the targets we fed him, see. He still had a grudge toward the Hardheads. Apparently, his arresting officers was at the Bar that night, so it was really an assassination, more than anything… a bit blown over for Anarchist methods, but effective. We were… concerned… about this operation, but very few of our own people died in that blast. The ones that did were fairly warned.

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Zeines: So what was the Unnamed’s agenda?

RC: Well, I ain’t into disclosing what I think the Unnamed is up to. But, there’s talk around… ask one of those bersks. All I know is, the Red Cell has finished its job. Both for Anarchy and for the Unnamed. We are disbanded. Hit the blinds, boys, see you on the other side of the multiverse. And those bersks who are reading this: Order is Bank! Valiant!

And with that, he slipped out.

What is the dark on the Unnamed? Why did it force a Revolutionary League cell through so many mazes to destroy Sigilian properties? See Felicity’s trades expose [Ed. note: In the Editorial Section] later in this issue for details on the chain of events that link the Sigil-Outlands Trading Company, the Unnamed, and the recent Cadre attacks.

—Zeines Zeines, independent culver

The Midnighe Sun
School of Combat

Come and learn how to be Tough!

see the next page for details
Readers of SIGIS,

I know this is less than legal but I have to give SIGIS the news. Corporal Darius Kyne is planning to purge the Harmonium of all members who indulge in the use of illegal goods. This includes SIGIS. It seems that so many Harmonium members want to snatch a copy of this illegal item for their own enjoyment that our high ups are screaming about corruption in the ranks. Chart is that even Sarin has been seen reading through your papers. I say that we are Sigilian after all, and that your paper isn’t all bad. It keeps us up on all the darks and allows us to see what transpires across the planes. Don’t hold anyone’s mouth; I told you, I may get scragged by my own people by letting you in on the dark without scragging you after.

(jw)

NewsChant

Hardheads or Leatherheads?

THE BEHAVIOUR of the Harmonium and the other lawful factions of late has been thoroughly disgraceful! They have taken a noble idea (living together in peace) and perverted it to total fascism. Not only are the Hardheads trying to make it illegal for cullers such as myself to spout their honest opinions, they seem to have declared war on the poor! I was fortunate enough not to be amongst those cullers so cruelly and inappropriately scragged when certain factions within the Harmonium decided to arrest SIGIS and all its fine employees. But I had the gravest misfortune to witness the atrocity of the riots first hand, and I have to say that the actions of the Harmonium there made me sick to my bread-box!

I’ve known many young lads who saw the Harmonium as a good way out of the kips of the Hive and who took that chance when they got it. And I’ve known many Hardheads who are quite decent and honest folk, willing to lend a hand when too many others would simply turn away. But the actions of the officers of the law during the riots this past week have been everything but ‘just’ or ‘lawful’. For the first time in my life, I’m ashamed for my city.

I saw strong young men coshing helpless old ladies, just to get them out of the way. I saw children threatened by hellish, chain-ridden monsters while Mercenaries stood aside and laughed. I saw Guvners arguing legal points of order while the kips of the poor burned to the ground.

I saw the whiskies themselves trying to take the town I love. SHAME, SHAME on the Lawful Triad! No one expects the Guvners to know what to do in a real life crisis like this, and everyone knows the Mercenaries are heartless, corrupt fiends with no care for anything more than slaughtering those they label ‘criminal’.

But the Harmonium is supposed to be better than that! The Harmonium is supposed to act better than that! Where are those boys I saw escape a short time in my life, I’m ashamed for my city.

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SIGIL - As of press time, our own trades culler, Felicity K. Ghwar was still missing. You may recall the story last week, in which we reported Ms. Ghwar was finishing a trades expose linking Three Rings Ltd. with recent attacks by the Cadre. What surprises both the staff of SIGIS and hopefully our reading public is that the conspiracy appears much more complex than even that. What follows is her incomplete report, left at the SIGIS doorstep early this morning. No word on the missing culler has reached our offices.

**A WEB OF LIES: SIGIL-OUTLANDS TRADING COMPANY AND THE CADRE**

In recent months, a seemingly random series of attacks have plagued Sigil's marketers. A purported Anarchists cell known as the Cadre began bombing key trade centres, businesses, and the merchants themselves, claiming that by destroying centres of jink this would simultaneously destroy centres of power. Closer investigation by this reporter has revealed that the attacks could have been planned and carried out by agents of the Sigil-Outlands Trading Company to destroy their own holdings in Sigil, in a move to collect Assurance and Protections monies, and avoid paying various taxes by centring their operations on the Outlands.

A second objective appeared to be to consolidate their holdings on the Outlands in order to better serve Baator, with whom S-O Ltd. has secured an exclusive contract for weapons, armour, and other supplies for Baator's Blood War troops. Though the details of this elaborate scheme are still unknown, the facts surrounding the case outline a clear intent to defraud and endanger the citizens of the Cage.

Virtually all businesses, trade centres, and merchants targeted by the Cadre were in some way related to the S-O or one of its subsidiaries. What follows is a graphic depicting the chain of events and the players involved, including their links back to the S-O. As is obvious by the graphic, S-O Holdings used the Cadre to cut all Sigil-based holdings and consolidated them under Great Ring Ltd. on the Outlands. It is believed that Caravanner’s Ltd. and its hefty Blood War weapons contract with Baator have likewise been consolidated under Great Rings Ltd.’s umbrella.

In Part II of this expose, I will delve into the actual players in this far-reaching plot to defraud and endanger the citizens of Sigil, including some high placed bloods in the Legal Triumvirate Factions and the Fated. Part III maps out the timeline, with all major events covered, many that have not been reported anywhere else. Part IV lists references and some berk’s ballsy enough to come forward on the record. Sources for this information include public record, witnesses, unofficial contacts, and officially released Fated and Harmonium documents.

— by Felicity K. Ghwar, culler (pw)

**Attention!**

Anyone seeing SIGIS culler Felicity K. Ghwar is asked to report it immediately to our office. Possible reward if the information given will lead to successful finding.

— SIGIS staff
SIGIL’S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

**Fang Sisters Nabbed In A Lost Bob**

SELF-PROCLAIMED Emperor of the mercantile trade, Business tycoon Master Wu Fang, made no comment today concerning the fate of his three daughters who were scragged for their connections with the mutilation of a well-heeled cutter [Ed note: the name was withheld for investigative reasons]. Witnesses say the poor sod was dumped into the gutter from one of Master Wu’s privately owned sedan chairs, where he rapidly progressed from clueless to lost.

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**Three Fiends Tell a Really Tall Tale**

Ah, we meet again! Here’s the chant:

This all started when I was partaking of a cheese salad and hard-roll, whilst washing it all down with liberal quaffs of Red Lyon Dark (ginger beer) at Bleaodle’s Potato Pub located near a host of small shops in the Lower Ward. While practising the art of not minding my own business, I overheard the beginnings of a most deliciously interesting tale. And as this is yours truly, I couldn’t help but scrag the dark of it.

It appeared that three fiends were discussing the whereabouts and particulars of portals. Further testimony by these witnesses revealed that they were in fact searching for a particular portal. The portal in question has apparently been moving about Sigil for some time in a random and chaotic patterns, and the fiends were having a sodding hard time finding it.

It was then that I heard some most intriguing chant mentioned between the typically crude comments of fiends: vague details about a most ancient and wondrous artifact located atop the apex of the spire, over which the Cage is balanced! Apparently, this elusive portal leads a cutter to the top of the spire on which this great artifact rests (or so was their claim). An artifact that would give a blood powers over the Lady herself (ahem!).

Then they paid their jink and left. I, of course, followed, floored as I was upon hearing this chant. (Of course, I didn’t believe a word of this screeed, but I’ve learned that behind every load of lies rests a gem of truth.)

I was able to shadow them through the dull haze of the Lower Ward, with great care and skill I must say, before arriving to the FURNIS. The FURNIS is a lower planar pub-house looking like a black monolith made of some strange metal, which lives up to its name as it is scorchingly hot to the touch. The heat was sheer madness, but to each his own I suppose.

After arranging an award winning disguise, I soon entered the establishment behind them, sweat running off my body like migrating salmon.

The three fiends, Mephistonik, Asmode, and Marr, as there names later became revealed to me, all slouched low in the relaxing warmth of the community flame-pit. Asmode laughed heartily, while making furtive gyraions with a humanoid femur, (which Asmode said once belonged to a healthy, powerful and clueless sorcerer), while Mephistonik spat out a boiling concoction across the room, laughing so hard he held his stomach. Marr was also busy hitting his leg continuously while making a god-awful racket of high pitch wailing. All of this continued for several minutes while lesser baatezu and other creatures (including myself), were served the “three kings to the mad” tunes of an Abyssal bard.

From the conversation they were having, I gathered that they had hired some cutters who had turned stag on them in the search for the portal. “I could rend the little turds to pieces if I liked!,” claimed Mephistonik, as he gripped his fist so violently that flame shot out of his knuckles. Apparently the sods had gone out-of-touch, which made my gears start turning concerning the Fang sisters and the relationship between the two stories.

As for the Fang sisters, without evidence, they got off. Seems to me a bit of jink has the Guvners playing at musical chairs in the city courts [Ed. Note: The judges are sometimes referred to as “dancing chairs” in the Lady’s Ward.] Methinks perhaps a little more delving should take place in these matters. By the way, if any of you cutters find the portal to this “artifact”, please: Don’t forget Forget!

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**New Portal Attracts Trade**

**StopPress**

**Cadre Leader Captured in Sigil**

SIGIL—Amid little fanfare, and almost no struggle, Harmonium Special Investigator Christopher Verdue, and a squad of twenty officers, escorted the leader of the Anarchists cell the Cadre to the Barracks. Zibby the Fan, a gnome from the prime world of Kyrm was a silent, unassuming character, keeping his kip in the Lady’s Ward. Though looking a little worse for wear (surely not at the hands of the Hardheads), Zibby entered the Barracks.

S.I. Verdue held an abbreviated press conference a few minutes later, in which he detailed the final stage of the Cadre Investigation.

“The Cadre leader has surrendered to the Harmonium and has opted to let the Law run its course. We obtained the final piece of information as to whereabouts about an hour ago from his second-in-command, the clockwork mage, Abik ’Ibn Thurn, captured in our last raid against the Cadre. We will continue to question him and his cell members until the full dark of their actions are known. The Harmonium will continue to keep you posted.”

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**Portal Finding Service**

Are you lost? Do you know where you are heading? Cannot find the way? We will help you!

SIGIL’S possesses the most comprehensive list of Sigil’s portals and portal keys.

The list is updated daily, so there’s 100% guarantee of arriving where you want.

99 Planeswalker Row, Guildhall Ward

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**Fourth Week of Tithing**