Mission: Spare the Outlands

Request for Military Service

The Honourable Lady Erin Darkflame Montgomery requests the service of all able-bodied and willing warriors, wizards and priests to join the forces of the Lady’s Guardianship travelling towards Tir Na Og to protect and defend helpless bards from the invading forces of Ríguus. Commission shall range from 50 to 500 jinç per day of service commensurate upon experience. Special bonuses apply to those proficient in the magical arts.

All motivated parties are encouraged to sign with the Guardianship in the Civic Festival over the next two days (weapons and armour not provided). The Guardians are led by seasoned veterans of Blood Wars battles sailing from the Upper Plains. Come join the Lady’s exotic and multifaceted forces in the glorious defence of exquisitely beautiful Tir Na Og, sure to be the experience of a lifetime!

Durkayle Grilled Over Vigilantes

Yesterday, SIGIS Cullers learned that Factor Warmeet Durkayle, a Mover Four of the Harmonium, was called to answer questions before a panel of Gunner Justices at the City Court. The chant gathered from bards in the know the case is that the Gunver are investigating a rumour of an invasion of riehardy vigilantes roaming the streets of the Hive Ward putting Indepc in the dead books. Although the situation is of a number of bards upset, the adk and administrators we spoke with downplayed the importance of the hearing as only preliminary in nature.

“Not charges have been levied at Factor Durkayle,” said Bureau Chief Janis of the Ahe Bureaus of Courts. “Some of the officers under Factor Durkayle’s command are accused of the crime of vigilantism and the injustice is curious as to the Factor’s knowledge of his officers activities over the past few weeks. The trial is in no way peery of the Factor.” However, Gunner Janis admitted that this was the first instance in fifty years that a Hardef site in this high a rank has paid any kind of music at the court, but he dismissed the importance of the report. Factor Durkayle’s rank is irrelevant to the proceedings. The trial is merely interested in the matter of the rumours.

This morning, however, the situation appears ready to turn on Gunner Janis’s assurances to the press. Factor Durkayle arrived at the City Court escorted by two He Beauques, armed with eight foot long tridents. A small crowd of Indepcs gathered around the steps waiting for news of the hearing held in the dark of these matters.

Janis said.

The arrival of the Factor surrounded by Besantez gave instant confirmation to the rumours floating about the Cage of Harmonium involving the Indepcs.

As the trio continued to ascend the steps, members of the crowd recovered from their shock and filled doing angry words about Durkayle and the Harmonium in general. For the Factor’s part, he seemed to ignore the words and was the embodiment of purpose and confidence as he entered the court. He did not answer any questions put to him by cullers lining the steps.

The general thoughts of the crowd were summed up by an indy named Glin who had waited since morning for the arrival of Durkayle. “Who does that bairk think he is? Showing his cross-timing face with sodding Besantez! The Gunner’s are gonna throw him in a bin for sure!”

But a few members of the crowd expressed doubts of this Continued on page 2

Angry Thoth Smites Ríguan Armies

This is a Travolgue submitted by caller Davis Intwood who has been reading the incursion of Friendsead forces from Ríguus into the realm of the Egyptian power Thoth.

Day 1

The cloud of dust from the approaching Ríguus army continues to grow in the baking sun of the desert. I can see the cloud for many miles across the featureless sand and it will soon block out the sun. Every now and again, I see specks of red, green and black darting and skimming forward. These specks are Arhishis. They have advanced to terrorise the slower force. At this moment, the three poor souls will give the Ríguus the laugh and, from the look on the faces of the refugees, they seem to be aware of this. Not a minute passing. I don’t see any other passer by. As these specks are Arhishis, why the Arhishis have not advanced to terrorise the slower forces remains a mystery to me. I suspect that the strict command of a powerful Besantez high-up is the only thing that might make that crowd cheer.

Yesterday, I journeyed out of Thebetys by camel following the river Maest and moved against the current of the hordes moving towards the safety of their power. Many of them stare at me and show their heads in disbelief as I pass by. They didn’t doubt what kind of bairk would move in the path of a friendsead army marching from the merciless bards of Ríguus. Caravans of bards bearing long robes leading camels or pulling carts seem to stretch for miles along Maest. At the moment, there seems little hope that these poor souls will give the Ríguus the laugh and, from the look on the faces of the refugees, they seem to be aware of this. Not a minute passing. I don’t think any of these bards will be lost by dawn.

Day 2

I was awakened today by triumphant shouts and cheers all around me. Thoth has apparently answered the prayers of the faithful! During the night, the Maest rose an extraordinary ten feet allowing the passage of hundreds of craft carrying villagers flocking.

Continued on page 2

Cullers Wanted for SIGIS

Must be literate and on the case

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

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**NewsChant**

**DURKAYLE GRILLED OVER VIGILANTES**

**Continued from page 1**

Assessment: Durkayle’d be happy to go into the courts if he didn’t already know he could slip the blinds on the tribunal,” said Durkayle’s standing nearby, “Did you see the smirk on that sods face? Cutters have been spotting fiends waltzing in and out of Durkayle’s kip for months now, he’s just decided to come out in the open with it. He’s up to some cross-trading all right. It’s an attempt to question this particular basher further on his knowledge of Durkayle’s activities, but the field was already dispersed among the crowd.

It turned out that the hearings were closed to the public so SIGIS was unable to report directly on the proceedings, but in addition to the Gunver justices, basters wearing the color of the Harmony and the MoneyKilkers were ordered to enter the room where the tribunal deliberated.

**ANGRY THOTH SMITES RIGAN ARMIES**

**Continued from page 1**

The fiendish forces of Rius. But the shouts were for the more amazing demonstration of Thoth’s wrath that appeared in the desert this morning. Where we had seen the forswwares last night, a sandstorm of tremendous size and power had blown straight into the face of the oncoming troops, blinding the soldiery with sand and leaving them with lightning. Thankful for the village, this battle may have been over before it had properly begun.

**DAY 4**

It seems my conclusions of the two days ago were premature. The sandstorm abated late last evening and, to my ammendment, the Rigans had not abandoned their march. In fact, it seems they actually made some progress through the storm. I can only suppose that fiendish adjuncts provided a measure of protection from the storm and lightning, the fiercest this land has seen in many an age. Even so, after the tremendous lighting storm, many of the sods are piles of charred ashes blowing slowly away in the wind.

By this time, the refugees have managed to slip the blinds on the forswwares but I’m no longer convinced that Thoth’s petticon of the dead book or invading Thoth’s realm was the goal of the Rigans. They continue to march steadfastly in the direction of the villages along Mt’t and I aim to discover the dark of their purpose. From what I have so far observed, I can only guess at two possible explanations: Thoth made these herculean efforts for the benefit of his petticon or the Rigans have always had such other purpose. Either I’ll have the chart soon or I’ll find myself dangling from a leafless tree in an blazing heat.

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**SIGIL’S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE**

**Letters**

The Dark of the Stones — continued

[Response to Tenerine Al Karada’s Piece printed last week]

**The Dark of the Stones — continued**

[Response to Tenerine Al Karada’s Piece printed last week]

**Stop Press**

**Angry Thoth Smites Rigan Armies**

The “spoke” being constructed by the Xeelee with the intention of spanning Sigil from the Great Foundry to the Hall of Records reached new heights last night; but already the first half of the structure is showing signs of instability. The side of the tower near the Foundry is starting to develop a distinct lean...a lean which the Xeelee builders seem to be attempting to correct by heavy reinforcing of the lower parts of the structure.

“There’s no way they can do it,” architect Humbert Heid of the Gunver said this morning.

**Angry Thoth Smites Rigan Armies**

A day through some luck and a bit o’ cross-trading, I’ve managed to worm my way into the ranks of the Rigan army and had the opportunity to observe a bit of me pause. The army is composed of thousands of basters: fiends, tricksters, goblins, humans and even dwarves marching to the music of a Hit fiend named Gommy. After opening as a mercenary for a short time and I know at least some of the dark on the sods - all day and night we’ve been busy bolling the villages of the Rigan army — and then some. I’ve seen bards taking everything from jink and jewellery to bricks and cattle. The Rigans are a rich folk, I’m sure, and the plan is to o’ cross-trading nothing but wasting any of their strength.

My overall impression of this tiddly little operation is that the fiends are preparing for some massive operation in the days ahead. The chart is that the army is planning to mob more bogs on the way towards Tir To Thann. Seems they’ve scared off the villagers in order to aid their kinetic charge, and I doubt wasting any of their strength.

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