Religious Rioting Rocks Sylvadia

Sylvadia - What began as a drunken brawl between a petitioner of Arvandor and Olympus yesterday quickly escalated into an open riot as forces from both sides joined in to fight for the honour of their respective powers. Though eventually brought under control by the Seven temple guards, the fighting put four into the dead book, and started a fire that devoured the keep of Master Kendrick Telman, one of the more prestigious wine merchants in the burg. A number of combats have been scragged, but the culprit responsible for the arson remains at large.

The altercation began around dusk outside of the sign of the Drunken Maids when an elven petitioner of Arvandor and a human petitioner of Olympus began to shout insults and imprecations at one another in the street. Fellow petitioners of both realms started to slowly collect in the street to jeer and hoist in kind. As the words became more vicious, so did the crowd. They went from hurling insults to throwing rocks, and finally drew steel on one another. Which side drew first remains unclear, each group claimed the other began the bloodshed.

Drunk petitioners and planar from inns and taverns rushed to join the fighting, some apparently in the service of a power, while others tried to some quick links by looting the empty kips in the mayhem. A number of the latter smashed into the dwelling of Master Kendrick, grabbing what they could and smashing what they could not carry. A toppled oil lamp set abuzz a blaze that claimed the life of Master Kendrick's youngest daughter, Emily.

"It was horrible. All these leutherford's full of hubb in such a frenzy to bash one another that not one of them heard the screams until it was too late," said Allie Fairban, a barmaid who was attracted by the light of the fire and the clash of combat. "We all bystanders tried to get those to calm down so we could get through with water, but by the time enough of us had realised they needed to stop the fire, the screams had ceased and the case was in ashes."

"This won't be forgotten," Aseen, the tapster added. "Not by those of Olympus, nor by those of Arvandor, and definitely not by the Merchant's guild. There will be trouble. Mark my words."

- Reprinted by Marcoato Di Capella (rn)

SIGIL. - At 2 hours 17 minutes past 7pm yesterday, Na'Tak Karari stepped through the Arc of Three Sorrows in the Clerk's Ward thereby completing the final leg of his journey in which he visited every Outer Plane in only 89 days. Upon arrival, he was greeted by a cheering crowd of 1,000 beholders who heard word of his coming as a chant leaked out of Release From Care (a burg in Elwynn). A bit worn from his trip, the planewalker was nevertheless in high spirits.

The incredible journey, which started out as a bet with a quadron of 90 days prior, took Karari through every plane touching the Outlands. "Bloody modrun was always rattlin' his bone-box about the Great March," said Kama. "After a few pints o' hubb that aforenoon, I told him the real chant was that any behk with a pair of decent boots could do the same. He bet me I couldn't do it if I was just lethertheaded enough to try."

Although the stakes of the bet have not been revealed, an argument broke out almost immediately after Karari's arrival concerning the terms of the wager. Upon completion of the journey, Karari gave the modrun all the gate keys he had utilised in his travels, a prior condition of the bet. After examining them briefly, the modrun accused Karari of crossing and declared the "contract null and void."

The quadrume, number 207-148-15, declared, "Karari has failed to fulfill the terms of the agreement. He has provided gatekeys as promised, but he did not complete his trip in the requisite order. This is a violation of the terms of the wager and nullifies the bet. The gatekeys are useless to us."

This immediately angered Kama who shouted, 'Barry Boot! I went to all of them! Order doesn't matter!' Karari's exclamation elicited a loud roar from the crowd and shouts of 'Don't let em' peel ya Karari!' and 'Cross-trading rogue!' The two then continued to argue loudly while by standers increased their booping and jeering. Just as the behk's wound a fevered pitch, the situation turned especially hairy when three friends (Taran'ori) strode into the fray and attempted to steal the bag of gatekeys. A whole squadron of Hands without arrived moments later, subduing the crowd and scouring the modrun, Karari and several Inquis standing nearby for possible re-mouling.

After being temporarily released pending court action, Karari explained to SIGIS that he had bypassed Gehenn after visiting the Grey Waste and headed straight on to Bastor. Later, he used an unknown gate from Mount Celestia to travel back through the Waste and on to the four-fold furnaces. Karari then completed his journey by revisiting Release From Care where he started his adventure. As to the intervention of the Taran'ori, Karari told SIGIS that they apparently wanted a successul head back which he used as a gate key to the Abyss.

As to whether the modrun will have to pay the music, Mover Virio of the Harmonium told SIGIS that they were "Let the Gurners sort this mess out. No modrun's gonna try and blow them. The feinds on the other hand gave the laugh to the Hands, though they failed to acquire the gate keys which the Harmonium is holding as evidence. The case is expected to go to trial sometime in the next two weeks. However, the Gurners are unlikely to answer the question still on a lot of bashers minds: 'What was the modrun going to do with all those keys?'"

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**Cullers Wanted by SIGIS**

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

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The original SIGIS is in HTML format and is hosted at http://www.minir.net/a site maintained by Jon Winter. The SIGIS in RTF is hosted at http://www.geocities.com/Time%2520Square/Arcade/6287/ a Hoffner Heinz's site.
**Obituaries**

**Blood War Culler Killed in Outlands**

Mephit Returns Remain

The Ashen Remains of culler Daunas Intwood were returned to his family from the Outlands yesterday after Intwood was lost following a Bastete led invasion into the Great North. Intwood was best known for his insightful and detailed reports on the events of the Great War, which he covered over the past 70 years. Intwood has been roundly praised by many Bloods in Sigil, including several Bastete, for his ability to reveal the dark of the Great War and for his courage tracking fiendish activities into deadly lower planes such as the Grey Waste, Limbo, and the Abyss.

Intwood was killed in the midst of gathering the latest chaff on the Bastete and Gen invasion into the Outlands and his final messages to SIGIS indicated that he was on the verge of discovering the underlying purpose of the Bastete-led force. Daunas Intwood’s younger sister, Meija, a scribe in the Fraternity of Order, told a group of well-wishers that her brother died in the noble act of rescuing one of the great secrets of the Multiverse — the truth behind the Blood War.

“My brother dedicated his life to understanding the nature of the conflict that he defined the lower planes for seons,” said Meija Intwood. “The people of Sigil have benefited greatly from his years of service. Do not mourn for my brother, for he has surely joined with my beloved Oghma in the House of Knowledge.”

Speaking with Meija after the announcement, SIGIS learned that Daunas Intwood’s remains had returned under somewhat ominous circumstances.

Yesterday, shortly before peak, Meija Intwood said she was visited by a Dust Mephit carrying a silver urn. “When I opened the urn I found a pile of ashes and my brother’s symbol of Oghma,” said Meija Intwood. “I knew immediately he was lost.” The mephit started speaking to me telling me his origins, his origins, his origins, his origins. “I am the one who sent it to me or from whom. My brother returned lots of enemies on both sides of the Blood War simply by reporting the truth. I suspect some friend recognized him and decided to put him in the dead book.”

A wake will be held today for family, friends and fans of Daunas Intwood at the Civic Festival at three after peak. Daunas Intwood will be sorely missed by his companions and colleagues at SIGIS who have benefited from his wit, charm, courage and insight for many years.

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**Poetry**

**The Death of a Seaman**

by Rain deKay

Can you hear it? Listen gently. As it whispers so silently. Mumbling of darkened lore.

Do you see it? Watch it closely. As it by-passes so precisely And moves to close and bar the door.

Can you touch it? Feel its texture. As it pours the acid mixture, A beat to you, and so much more.

Do you feel it? Drink it down. A bitter draught, without a brown. As it burns you to the core.

Can you smell it? Vile decay. As Death’s fingers gently play. Upon the rudder to Styx’s shore.

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**Anarchist’s Delight**

by Phil Howard

Without truth, without meaning. Without struggle, without screaming. Submission to the Institution Homogeneous solution. They’re all against you! They’re eating your soul! They’re showing you down A bottomless hole.

NO!

Fight back! Fight back! Surprise them! Spuck! Tear down their nonexistent rules Show the high-ups they’re all fools! Don’t give in to subjugation. Free the oppressed of every nation! Start it fast or start it slow. Revolution is the key, you know. The Bastete want your loyalty. To the Abyss with them! Join with me! Together as brothers we’ll push ‘em back.

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**CrossTrader**

Creative Acquisitions Unlimited

Used Weapons Sale

Creative Acquisitions Unlimited currently has a large surplus of weaponry. We have short swords, long swords, maces and other devices of destruction, all marked below.

Great Forge prices. Stock a multitudine of styles from Middle Prime to the depth of the Lower Planes for very little coin. We have short swords of all sizes, maces of various weights, and long swords a-plenty.

Just take the Copperman Way-Castleguard trade route, head Sperwertough over the old tunnels and it’s the first kip on the right.

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**Stop Press**

**Magnum Opus’ Musée Arcane**

Museum of planar archeology

Exhibits from all over the Planes! Ancient secrets revealed!

Of course, I cannot prove a word...

S.I.G.I.S. — Third Week of Regula