BRION CORWYN returned to the burg of Delany the day after the fall of the Rigans fiedd Tir Na Og only to find his case a pile of ashes. Corwyn, a priest of the Power Nuda, battled the Buteaz-tfed Rigans army alongside his people for five continuous days while they raged, pillaged and burned their way through the realms of the Celtic Powers.

Now the battle is over and the Rigans have deprived the petitioners and plamers living in this beautiful realm of their possessions, their homes and, in many instances their lives. Corwyn and the scoi Celt must rebuild their existence out of the wreckage of this war, something they have done many a time over their long history.

Although there is little doubt that these stakwast peoples will recover from this tragedy, memories of the devastation shall last a long time indeed. I asked Corwyn if he would tell his tale so that others might learn from his experience.

“What happened to you in the battle?”, I asked. “What was it like to face the advancing horde of fieds and their Acherson minions as they brought carnage and destruc- tion into this beautiful land?”

Corwyn turned several times before he answered, his eyes squeezed shut and his hands clamped to his forehead as if my words reflected him with tremendous pain. Then, slowly, he sat down upon a soot stained wall opened his eyes and began to tell his tale.

“The bish was I with waited for the Rigans just outside the town of Delany” atop Yr Olwyn overlooking the river to Tir Fo Thannin. We'd heard chant that the souls were making the run up the river and Kelev [Delany’s chieftain] thought we could feel the headlmethe by ambush them from above. The weather was really nasty—heavy fog and drizzle, pretty normal for the season I guess. We thought that would work to our advantage since Fendi don’t see that type of weather too often in the Lower Planes. We convinced ourselves we could both ‘em better in a real Celtic stow.

“After what felt like an eternity of waiting and agency, we finally scragged sight of the Rigans. By Nuda! I had never seen anything so endlessly large and hideous in all my years. Our hearts sank lower than the deepest sewers of the Abyss. There must’ve been thousands upon thousands of these bish putting struggle practically to Ogilagh’s House. Though that may have been a trick of the fog and nerves. Winged fiends flew in impecc- ably straight lines of red-green and black heading for our little burg which seemed tinier and tinier in each passing moment.

“Kelev kept us waiting on Yr Olwyn for ages; at least one blood hadn’t gone barmy at the sight of the Rigans. All this while, us bish were getting quieter and quieter as the noise of the marching and the war drums grew denaeningly loud. I was sure for sure out of all the locals the farmers and traders of our kx were ready to turn snag us at any moment and who could blame them? We were all wondering how we’d make it through this mess without getting lost. Only my faith in Nuda kept me from turning tail.

“Then it was we heard the chant that lifted our very spirits as if the Powers themselves had laid their hands on our souls. Our very own Erin Mont- gomery was sending thongs of war to fight by our side. The stir this caused within my heart sent blood pounding into my ears and I could feel the need for battle surging through my limbs. Alaric [a bard from Westeriel] belt out a raucous war song of which we all knew the words from childhood and with a tremendous roar we surged down Yr Olwyn into the midst of their ranks! Remember when calling on the name of Nuda to strike the fiends from the sky and I remember engag- ing the enemy but the battle quickly became a blur of blood and fire.

“Kelev’s plan worked for a time and we did some heavy damage to the Rigans until their bodies were piled waist deep over the hill. But the bish-knds just kept on coming, frothing their battle last and screaming in their gutural tongue. We steadily weakened under the fire and fire and the endless sea of gobin flesh. A number of us were soaking the hillside with our blood and half our numbers in the dead-book Korun sounded the retreat. We thought we'd done a lot more to them in a few minutes more with another lightning strike as we fled into the forest.”

“Kelev and Corwyn, things went from bad to worse for his badly out-matched band of Celts Buteazu chased the weakened and worn down mages into the forest of Mag Mell, joyfully slaying any poor sod who could lay their claws into “I ran heedlessly, in tremendous fear for my life until I collapsed deep in the forest. I remember clearly that much of the woods were on fire by that time. I knew, though, that the Daghlua [Celtic High Power] pro- tects his own and as I blacked out, I could feel the drops of a heavy rain fall all about. When I came to I was being carried out by some bish I found our later were from the Guardianship. They dragged my sodden carcass all the way to Westoote where I was healed and where I rested until I was again able to lend a hand.”

For Corwyn his fight was mostly over and he spent much of the rest of the conflict tendin- g to the wounded both physically and spiri- tually. When asked about the roles of the Senastes and the Singers, Corwyn had nothing but praise for their efforts. He told me that the intervention of the Senastes saved several towns including Westoote and Mainhead.

First Week of Retributus

CADRE’S “DEATH SPIDER” THREAT ENACTED

SIGIL—A third attack on the Lady’s Ward today drew hundreds of spectators to the Noble District. In a break from their normal routine of using hidden explosive devices, the Cadre continued its reign of terror in an even more insidious fashion. Bezzen Hempstock, renown founder and owner of the Greengrobber, Sigil’s finest apparel shop, was found dead today, strung up in an Abyss-like contraption over a nightmare.

Bezzen’s limbs and head were detached from his torso and piled up in a giant steel and gear spider contraption which actually walked down Lord’s Row, chanting the phrase: “Theft no more, treachery no more” over and over again. In front of the Palace of the Jester, the construction collapsed, though it continued to chant the strange phrase. (Hempstock was presum- ably put in the dead-book before he was attached to the metal spider.)

Hardhead patrol quickly dispensed spectators and con- tinued their investigation in this strange twist to the Cadre’s repertoire of terror.

Full Page Ad

Issue 9 Year 1

SURVIVOR SPEAKS OF THR NA UG DESTRUCTION

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Complete destruction and that the arrival of the Singers really threw the Rigans to the masses. From his rather limited pers- pective, Corwyn had little light to shed on the reasons for the invasion into the peaceful lands of the Celts. Indeed, this may be a question best addressed by the philosophers and academics who follow the Blood War and the insidious reasoning of the Cadre men.

— Meilja Inverloch, caster (bk)

Measure Three Glyphs, now the special investigator in charge of this case, had little to say on this latest development. Looking haggard and a bit perturbed, Gils said: “Again we are doing everything we can to bring these barbarians to justice. We have confirmed that the Cadre is behind these incidents and con- tinue working to expose mem- bers of the cell. Other than that, I can say no more.”

At the action group, the Ladies for Justice, in the Lady’s Ward has called for wider action in this case. Jula Hemp- stock, Bezzen’s wife, has donated much of her fortune to the group. Faru Lin, the group’s chairwoman, told SIGIS, “It is obvious that these attacks come from unfortunates living in the Hive and other lesser wards who envy our success and stature. These animals must be made to suffer for disrupting our lives. I hope the Harmonium scours them quickly and let the Mercycry make them pay the music and we will do everything in our power to make this a reality.”

— Zether Finch, independent caller.

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SIGIL’S INDEPENDENT GLOBAL INFORMATION SERVICE

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NewsChant

SIGIL’S QUARANTINE LIFTED! SIGILS EDITOR RESIGNS

THERE WAS MUCH rejoicing this morning as the Hamronian quarantine on the Council Chambers was lifted, and several thousand mourners of the Sign of One were allowed to go home. Many of them seemed to be unaware of the event which had occurred, but Cullers and editors, and members of the Signers, Gili Centuri told us:

“The wizards have been working overtime, blanking the memories of as many Signers as possible, while a handful of the Hamronian’s highest-up adventurers weaved a powerful spell to negate the crisis. It seems that the assassination was started by some culler who created a psychic poison so potent that merely imagining it was enough to be affected by it! Naturally, as Signers have more active imaginations than most, it was a particularly dangerous threat to our faction.

“Once the idea’d been introduced to a handful of Signers that the assassin was doing this, the Mind’s eye left the culler. Rumours and hearsay did the rest of the dirty work for him: Those poor cutters who tried to stop it have determined their own nature were instant victims of the poison of course.

“Anyway, the crisis is over now, as the magic managed to neutralise the poison, wherever it is. Makes a body think, though: If the imagination’s powerful enough to do something like this, maybe the plan to revive dead powers ain’t so barney after all!”

The nature of the assassin is not known (no psychic’s prepared to risk their life finding out, either). It’s been speculated that Illesmitne might be behind the attempt, or the githyanki, both being users of psionics. A motive, however, has not been established, and it is unlikely the mystery will be resolved. The Fated are left to pick up the bill for the operations—an estimated fifty thousand. A tax office spokesperson warned that an increase in the basic rate for individuals and businesses was now likely. (pw)

Sigil Editor

Death of the Krynnish Gods?

SIGIL—Heated debate is still underway following last week’s announcement in the Triumvir of the pending demise of the Krynnish Pantheon by Ashur Factor Arnold Chager.

“The Krynnish Powers are dying. They have abandoned their home sphere, which has now become a sickly world. They are cut off from the power supplied by their worshipers, and they are even now starting to degenerate. We have not looked out for them for now, so we can watch their final deaths” he was quoted as saying.

“The whole idea is ludicrous,” Factor Harim of the Fraternity of Order told SIGIS. “Factor Chager’s conclusions are based on faulty data. Krynn is not inaccessible, merely difficult to reach following the mythical upheavals which have occurred in the wake of the Second Cataclysm.”

Members of the Sign of One also disagree: “The Krynnish Powers still have worshipers,” one Signer was quoted as saying, “as long as the idea of those Powers remains with the people of Krynn, they will continue to keep their gods alive. Belief and faith are not dependent on dimension portals since they are the stuff which comprise the multiverse.”

Factor Chager remains unimpressed. “They are going down,” he insisted in a later debate, “It is just a matter of time when they have been misformed by the inaccessibility of Krynn, but the powers are still alive. All portals to Krynn have become interdicted and highly unusable, so the so-called ‘Powers’ from that sphere have minimal and unpredictable effect with their misguided worshipers.”

“They can’t last very long like this, anymore than mortals can last very long with insufficient food in unpredictable quantities. All that’s happening is that they are taking a little longer to get written up. They will be in the dead-book, and I intend to be there to see it when it happens.”

The philosophical discussions in the Triumvir seem unlikely to subside for some time. Indeed, as news of the discussions of the powers of Krynn spreads, more cutters from an ever increasing number of factions arrive to add to the rhetorical flood that has already swamped the Triumvir’s usual business.

Sura Eknos, the Guvner who runs the debating hall told cullers: “I don’t understand what’s come over the Cagers. All of a sudden all they want to talk about is the Krynn situation and its implications for the factions and the Great Ring which the Second Cataclysm threatened. Before this, nobody was interested in the tiny little world–now every herk and his pet ehryk reckon they’re experts. I tell you, if someone doesn’t think of a new topic soon I’ll have to bar the rest of them out!”

Rumours leaked from the Slithered Temple speak of an Ashur-sponsored expedition to Krynn to probe the events surrounding the departure of the powers and to ascertain whether this withdrawal of divine presence is a temporary or permanent affair. If the latter, it seems likely that the Ashur will attempt to establish a stronghold on the Prime World, perhaps with a view to converting princes to their way of thinking, and maybe even win some new recruits for the cause. (tg & jw)

Before Keller left the offices of SIGIS, he told his closest friends he was leaving on a pilgrimage to the Pandemonium burg of Windguard where he planned to join the Heir Cathul. Although we at SIGIS certainly understand and respect Keller’s decision, we believe his self-proclaimed blunder to be completely innocent and know that he is not to be blamed for the death of Eber Willburg. Long-time culler Jerryl Perroll will replace Keller as Outlands editor. (sk)

Cullers and Artists Wanted For SIGIS

MUST BE LITERATE AND ON THE CASE

Applicants should contact the Editor, Scott Kelley

WE ARE IN SEARCH FOR INTERIOR ARTISTS FOR UPCOMING, RECENT AND PREVIOUS VERSIONS © REMAINS WITH THE ARTIST

Page 2

SIGIS—First Week of Retributus
IT'S BEEN NEARLY a fortnight since the Harminium was discovered that it took from in front of the City Courts. That's more than enough time for its special abilities to come something out about the cursed thing too, even if it's only how to set it off. But still the Head-lead had to be told about the discovery. So, in the interest of preventing any premature conclusions, I am forced to share part of the details here.

How do I know anything about the device? Well, I'm the cutter. The Harminium talked to show me around the device, specifically, they wanted to know what the care was made of as well as where it came from. Why me? I'm somewhat of an expert on metals. Any dwarf worth his ore can tell you one grade of steel from the next, but I've spent a few decades in the Dwarfen Mountain learning from the best of the blacksmiths there. And when the piece of the device the Head-lead brought me has got me stumped. And for 'security reasons' I'm not allowed to take it to my friends in the Mountain.

Even though I've only seen a small part of the shell of the device, that was enough of a look to let me know what that bomb is NOT. It's most definately not normal, that's for starters. The easiest way to make a device that could do what was done at the Courts would be to surround a timed release fireball with a shell of spikes. It's a simple matter to loosely connect the spikes in such a manner that they are thrown outward along the fire, shreddin the target just before it gets chance to react. But, even given the number of blasts, and the close coordination in timing, it seems unlikely to me that a single spike lives, or even a team of 'em, could coordinate their spells so closely—especially given the trouble it would take to get 'em in place. And even if the wizards were skilled enough, such capable arch-mages surely have better things to do with their time and power than to kill people unfairly from some hidey hole.

If it might be possible that a fire elemental could have been contained within such a shell as I mention. This would allow for the blast not to be triggered until the time of the explosion, prior to the release of the fire, as well as a bit of intelligence as to the timing of multiple blasts. But the fact that the Harminium was able to recover one of the devices leads me to believe that this more elegant option was not used; either that or else the elemental within the bomb was quite large. Personnally, the recovery is only one reason why I do think these bombs were not anything conventional. The metal fragmenets I was shown leads me to other, more unusual conclusions.

The piece of metal I was given wasn't really metal—at least, not completely. The outside surface resembled highly refined iron—same colour, feel, taste, and the like. But the interior was naturally worn and rubbbery. While the colour of iron was there the other properties were not. And even though the whole sample was quite thin, the interior contained a number of voids and fissures—far more than there should be in pure metal. Overall, the whole gave me the impression of 'bein' a bit of skin rather than a sliver of steel. There's only one race that I know of that has metallic skin—the Morians.

But how does a piece of Morion flesh come to be a sample of a bomb? The possibilities do not give me reassurance. The first idea that came to mind is that the bombs themselves are somehow Morions. Unless Primus has suddenly changed his game plan, these objects would have to most certainly be Rogue units. The Gaveneres have catalogued the existence of every single type of Morion in existence—and doubt very much that the bomb is a previously unknown variety of morion. But, if the opnions of the non-suicidal rogues, how did the device come to use morion flesh as its casing?

A more disturbing thought is that the Cadre controlled a Morion that was not only insane by morion standards, but by humandard ones as well. Could this rogue somehow be채 using the base morions of its former kind and transforming 'em into deadly devices? Or is it merely acting as some hairy mercenary, using the dead bodies of its fellows as vessels for the incendiary devices?

But the multiverse is a vast place and the darks it holds are far more diverse than one is responsible to think that there is another race with the same mechanical flesh as the Morions? After all, the bladders of Acheron can be taken as one of the interactions of the possibility. The trials they have faced in Life have reforged 'em into their present form: flesh and bone and some sort of brain and awareness, as others grow hair. The Rule of Three would hint that a third race of some form must live somewhere—there—maybe in the vastness of the Rinderland. Just hear me out before you call me furry for suggesting the presence of inorganic muscle. It could be that this race has huddled to the Truth of the Universe, much as we Godman have. This race knows that their present existence is merely a blip, a chance to prove them selves and move on to a higher state, forging closer to the Source of All. The people are therefore forced to live out our years, depending on where—if ever—we reach our full potential in this life, this proposed race of mine has no such limitation. Instead, this race continues to live until they have reached their potential.

Then, instead of hanging around to muck up perception, they reform themselves into a new form and continue their Ascension. The heart and sharpened are merely interum byproducts. Granted, it seems very much past Heresies. Piler to think that the Cadre could have timed the Ascension of such creatures to fit the needs of Morion technology. Such a form of magical compulsion was to force them to reform before they were ready, or else destroy the Ascension entirely until a certain time. Either way, I'm sure that if such creatures exist, they are being destroyed. Even if, I was forced to admit that my previous two guesses could be so much more. There is a third and much more plausible possibilty. Unfortunately, while this idea is the most likely, it also has the most disturbing implications. I have heard rumours of a new weapon seeing use in the Blood War—objects of such a destructive power used by the firemen armies to clear away the opposition's cannon fodder, allowing more immediate deployment of the force power. But these devices are usually acid-based, as most of the fields are immune to fire in fact. Regardless of the effects, these rumors and the bombs seen in the Courts sound remarkably alike—for too alike to dismiss the idea out of hand. If these bombs are indeed modified Blood War weapons the Cadre could be more dangerous than a mere heavily armed group of Acheranists. This could indicate that one side or the other of the War is about to come to Sigil, and the news sent to the Harminium are so much smoke designed to distract Sigil's protectors until it is too late. Even if the Cadre are not fiends they could be blacked or manipulated by 'em. Either of these options still make for grave consequences should they prove true.

However, the Blood War does not seem to provide an adequate explanation. Acheron has a unique organic nature of the metal which was given. Unless, of course, that the shell of the device was an evil petetioner. I have heard rumors that the fiends often use the souls of the dead that have not yet reforged theirselves as raw material for weapons and other material objects, rather than waiting for them to become new members of their ranks. It could be that as the shell of the bomb was such an unfortunate soul. I know that this is possible, for I personally (on an ill-considered trip to Avernes of Bastor) have seen a vast road whose cobblestones were brick-like petitioners. Overall, I ain't got any answers, only unanswerable guesses. Unless the Head-lead lets me look at the original device. I can't say what's right. All I know is that everyone's had no ordinary origins and at some point in its existence, it was alive.
**Edges of Infinity**

An Original Play by Palzari, Produced by the Masquerade

Fresh-faced from the Prime, a group of inexperienced cutters are flung to the very Edges of Infinity by a rogue portal in the Cage. They must face their own selves projected onto the land around them, and during this sojourn of the self the group must come to terms with their minds, bodies and souls.

"Edges of Infinity" was inspired by the true story of a group of young philosophers who tried to probe the depths of the Hinterlands. The events were reconstructed from Speak with the Dead spells and githyanki Memory Hunters who've combed the Astral for the memories of the cutters.

Here's what the critics said about this glorious production:

"You'll be amazed. Spellbound. Hypnotised...the psychic dreamstorm sequence might literally blow your mind!"

—Fandango, Indep Psionicist

'Even I couldn't guess the conclusion!'

—Axarax the Augur

Performances every night for the next month, at the Théâtre Broulliard located in the Deep Ethereal; portal in the Silver Arch, Wailing Row, Clerk's Ward. Admission two sentries, one for Signers and Sensates.

**Harmonium Warning:**

Cutters with psionic ability are advised to keep their mental defenses active during the entire performance. This performance contains concepts which may be disturbing to particularly curious Primes.

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Stop Press—

**Sladi Gather at Spawning Stone**

LIMBO—Reports are arriving from several sources of a massing of sladi at the Spawning Stone in Limbo. While large gatherings of sladi at the site are by no means unusual (it is believed that the race uses the Stone as a mating and breeding ground), usually only one colour of the race is present at any time. In the past, rival gangs of sladi have been observed battling one another from control of the Stone.

Planewalkers are usually eaten if caught within a 5 mile radius of the Stone, but for the last week, the usually aggressive sladi have been relatively placid. It appears the greens, blues and reds may have cast aside their differences for the time being.

Via a psionic link to the half-forgotten barrow of Bonamut, our cutter in the field, a githyanki trainer named Lanul Phae sent SIGIS an exclusive report:

"I can see the Spawning Stone from my vantage point right now... the sladi seem to be ignoring me... they're forming orderly lines radiating out from the Stone, perhaps a mile long in every direction... there appears to be a presence on the top surface of the Stone itself, though the chaos still is thinks here and it is hard to make out its exact form or nature... wait... the sladi have started to sing... it's a meaningful, rhythmic sound quite unlike any sound I have heard them utter before... most unnerving... the queues seem to be moving towards the Stone... three pikes of bright light... the sladi have changed direction, and appear to be forming an attack formation not dissimilar to that of a legion of BFS... I believe this area is no longer safe..."

It is not known why the sladi are behaving in this uncharacteristic manner, but estimates from Limbo suggest upwards of three thousand of the creatures have massed at the Stone. More news as it arrives.

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**Alliance Between Athar and Bleakers**

**Surprise and Downright Shock** ran through the Cage today after Factol Lhar of the Bleak Cabal and Terrance of the Athar emerged from the Shattered Temple clutching copies of a treaty which confirmed a temporary alliance between the two factions. Both Factols expressed concern and loathing over the interest The Sign of One reportedly has in resurrecting the dead power Aoskar. In order to better foil the Signers, the factions put aside their differences to present a united front against any action that may help resurrect the God of Portals.

Factol Terrance told cutters: "Factol Lhar and I have spent the past six hours in deep discussion about the unnatural interest of Dairus the Vetyi in helping Aoskar return to life. We hope to bring this situation under control before the Harmonium feels compelled to become involved, or worse yet, that Dairus should find herself in the Mazes..."

Factol Lhar, on the other side, agreed to work with the Athar despite their agreements with the Gods men. He commented: "Hells- we work with the Sinners at times and they’ve had affairs with the God-bodies... so what?"

Other factions expressed shock at this alliance, especially the Harmonium, who are trying to find some legal basis for breaking up the association of these two factions. However, Mover Four Toast Shar, who asked for his opinions on the Signer’s interest in Aoskar, declined any comment. In a thinly veiled threat, Factol Terrance made the Athar/Bleaker position perfectly clear: "We have no objection to the Sign of One being interested in the body of some dead power. But if they should try to bring [Aoskar] back, will do everything within our ability to prevent them from doing so..."

As to what actions they might take, Terrance declined the opportunity to elaborate.

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