



28. Fourth Week of The Pivot

Copyright 2000 by [Scott Kelley](#) and [Jon Winter](#)
 Artwork copyright 2000 by [Vicki Hood](#) and other artists as indicated.
 Articles copyright to listed author.
 Special thanks to assistant editor [Kina Thackray](#).



exclusive

DARING ESCAPE FROM MERCYKILLER'S PRISON *by Sim Underwood*

Sigil (Lady's Ward) -- Faction insiders confirmed to me today that there has indeed been a break-out from the Red Death's prison right here in Sigil. Three days ago a band of five inmates broke out from a high security wing of the jail through a portal which opened into the corridor of the wing. How this portal was able to open despite the rigorous magical shielding around the Prison is a matter of great concern to faction high-ups, who speculate a "blink many" spell may have been involved.

This culler has exclusive evidence of how the escapees managed to break out! This picture somehow arrived in my hands, showing the interior of the prison as seen through a well-known painting in Magnum Opus' Gallery of Venoms. Yet the subjects of the picture can clearly be seen climbing out of the picture into the room in the foreground! Don't ask me how I got hold of this, because I don't know; it just arrived on my desk yesterday, but when I confronted the famous medusa historian Magnum Opus she was remarkably tacit about the subject.



"Call that scrag of paper 'evidence'?" she flounced, her snakey hair writing behind her veil. "It's a drawing of a painting! Even I wouldn't base a theory on that! Besides, the Gallery of Venoms is closed for refurbishment. Nobody can get in or out without me knowing. Now be off with you before my veil

slips off, accidentally." Hrumph, I say. This culler has seen flimsier evidence presented in her museum, and no mistake. I have handed the picture over to the Harmonium and will bring more news as I learn it. Oh, Mercykiller factors vigorously deny any escape has occurred, by the way.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)



THE SENSATE'S TOURNAMENT

Erin "Darkflame" Montgomery, Factol of the Society of the Sensation has organized a Fighting Tournament in Sigil, and she is calling all the inhabitants of the planes to combat in this awesome championship. The victorious warrior will take home

1,000 merts

and an amazing

color changing stone

called "The Opinum", owned by Lady Montgomery. Inscriptions are open, the requirements are:

50 jink Entrance Fee

You must be a Warrior or a Wizard

You must not be afraid of Death

The Combat Championship, called "The Sensates Tournament" or "Death Sense" will be in five days. So if you are interested, hurry up blood!

Author: [Luis Grande](#)



newsbriefs

SINKERS' DELIGHT

by Zebaenasch Sunstream, Planar Guide

Gehenna (Chamada) -- The realm of Rictus, home of Gehenna's Illithid petitioners, is dying an agonizing death. Two days ago, at the Trianym, representatives from the Athar and the Fraternity of Order informed the public about this momentous event. The following is a transcript of that speech, recorded via mimir:

At the beginning of last Tithing, Elrid Uli, an Athar factotum whose task is to catalogue all the forgotten powers floating in the Astral and to examine their decaying process, came

back to the Astral Citadel of the Athar with urgent news. He claimed to have found another corpse in the Silver Void. His direct superior, Factor Shalin the Faithless, immediately organized an expedition in order to verify the truthfulness of Uli's words. After much research, Factor Shalin managed to identify the dead power as Maanzecorian, the Illithid god of magic. His mithrallic body was partially disintegrated, with crumbs of his godly figure floating around him.

Apparently, no greybeard knew of the power's death and none of them could guess the reasons of his disappearance. After all, his worshipers didn't seem in diminution during the last years. Though difficult to explain, it remains a matter of fact that Rictus is crumbling like a sandcastle caught by the waves. Fragments of volcanic rocks are drifting through the negative current while ashy smoke melds with the cold darkness of Entropy. I have seen it, and believe me when I say that the death of a Realm is a hideous event. The petitioners are drained of their life essence like fruit exposed to fiery heat, and clerics and proxies moan in sorrow while their prayers remain unanswered. Only the Altar of Memory, the core of the realm, remains intact -- for the moment.

No one knows for sure what will happen next to Rictus. Sages speculate that it may be completely absorbed by the Negative Energy Plane, though it is not clear whether the conduit'll shut itself down after that process. The most fatalistic Doomguards affirm that the Entropy Heart - as they call the nexus - will continue to expand over and over. To them the whole Multiverse will be progressively disintegrated. Is Gehenna really threatened? Is the whole Great Ring menaced? Factol Hashkar, high-up of the Guvners, claims that the Multiversal Laws guarantee that only the dead Power's realm will be destroyed by the negative energy. According to Hashkar, the death of a realm is a natural phenomenon, just an extremely rare one.

[Author: [David Fontana](#)]



WANTED

Cutters to act as *messengers* between the Sign of One, and parties located in Faunel and on the Beastlands. Applicants should be **experienced, discrete planewalkers** with first hand knowledge of both the Outlands and the Beastlands. For various reasons members of the Verdant Guild need not apply. Those seeking further information about the post, including requirements and rewards, should apply to Sarotha Kainel at either the Hall of Speakers or the Roaring Wind tavern on Thistlewind Way.

Author: [Galzion](#)



PLANET EXPLODES!

by Blondie Blutheim

Prime -- The return of the prime space cartographer vessel Esoteric to the outer planes brings confirmation that a planet, an entire prime sphere, has been destroyed. According to the crew of the Esoteric, Norse gods and giants descended on the world of Gnuvar, principal planet of Gnuvarspace, and fought a cataclysmic battle there. Reports indicate that, toward the end of the conflict, a Corpse-Tearer Linnorm, one of the spawn of Nidhogg, devoured a root of Yggdrasil causing the entire world to collapse. The crew of the Esoteric report discovering an asteroid field, with remnants of an atmosphere,

in place of where there should have been a planet with more than half a billion intelligent inhabitants.

The Norse gods are noted for being warlike, but this latest exploit marks a new level of ferocity. Priests of Norse cults are claiming that the gods are gearing up for Ragnarok, the cataclysmic battle that they say will lead to the total eradication of Yggdrasil and the end of the Planes as we know them. Gunnar Skjarlson of Magni had this to say:

"This proves we are right. The Archonites have been trying to convince people for years that the future holds some kind of ultimate peace. There is no ultimate peace, until there is ultimate war. Ragnarok is coming, and our gods sent their physical forms to fight on this world of Gnuvar in order to defeat the giants and the dragons. Not only that, but they won! Great Magni, his brother Modi, Thor, Sif and all the other gods have slaughtered Surtr and Thrym's wicked giants, and their worshippers are drinking with them in their halls right now. This can only be the beginning of the end. Planars can now expect Fimbulwinter, the great triple winter before the end of time, to descend over the whole universe. The suns will be blotted out, and the get of Loki will rise to devour the worlds. Every mortal being must stand with our gods now, so that the victory will ultimately be won by the Aesir and their Vanir allies."

Priests of Balder are reported to have received visions, but they are all fiercely denying that anything is wrong. The Bright Hall of Balder in Trollbergsgatan, in the Lady's Ward, has been closed to non-worshippers for most of the week, and the priests have been unavailable for comment. On the other hand, Modo of Loki, an itinerant priest of the Norse trickster-god, has been muttering strange things about mistletoe and weeping hags in the markets of Sigil. Other seers are seeking an interpretation of his ravings, but none has been found. Moreover, the sighting of a child of Nidhogg adds to the existing confusion surrounding the Merratet Scrolls and the history of the Dragon-eyed sword. [See articles last issue and this issue for dark on the scrolls and the sword - Ed.]

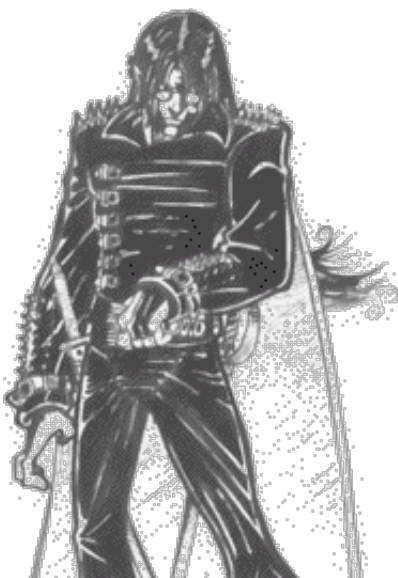
Author: [Alex Roberts](#)



IS THIS THE FACE OF EVIL?

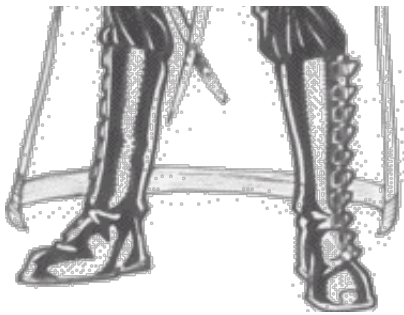
by Ufftleay Bailift

Sigil (Lady's Ward) -- The Harmonium today arrested their first real suspect in the hunt for the slayer of (now) two dozen Ciphers, much to the jubilation of members of the Transcendent Order. Ciphers have already been seen gathering outside of the City barracks demanding the scragged sod be fed to the Wurm. (The slogan "Don't hesitate, just decapitate!" has become quite popular among the rather bloodthirsty members of the faction, much to the dismay of the Lady's Ward upper crust.)



The alleged killer, one 'Sharpman Troy', a curiously-dressed Sensate human from an unnamed prime world, has apparently confessed to the Harmonium his role in a gory murder perpetrated six days ago. Embarrassingly for the faction's investigation team, Troy handed himself in to the City Barracks under no duress, claiming to be wracked with guilt over his crime.

A self-confessed addict of the Sensate sensoria, Troy admitted to spending up to ten hours per day immersed in fantastical and bizarre illusions, many of them too morally devious to be explained in a publication of this sort. [Expect the Tempus Sigilian to cover them in full later this week! -- Ed]. Increasingly, claims Troy's legal representative "Sly" Nye, he had been reliving these horrific experiences outside of the sensoria in "flash-back" events. Some of his experiences apparently included voices instructing him to kill Ciphers, and he was



unable to resist their urges. Troy is pleading not guilty on grounds of magical affliction.

These events have apparently outraged both the Sensate and Cipher factions. Factor Cesh Maturin (link to <http://mimir.net/factions/sensatescesh.html>) angrily refuted these claims. "My darling Ufftleay", he assured me, "the possibility of sensoria corrupting a hedonistic explorer is out of the question! We Sensates are able to view and even partake in events that might shock or terrify

others less-well versed in the art of the senses, but to claim that seeing such an instance forces one to act is simply ludicrous! No, my dear, the death-wish the poor fellow has expressed comes entirely from within his own secret desires. The man is clearly barmy. Blaming a magical stone is not going to hold up in a Court of Law, oh no!"

The Ciphers seem less convinced, however. Bariaur factioneer 'Rush' Headlong bleated, "We're scahahahred, to be sure. That Sly Nye hasn't lost a case yehehet, [Except for the one he purposefully blew a few weeks ago while 'defending' Spiral Hal'aight - Ed.] and if he gets this maniac off the hook, he'll surely come back for revenge, yehehes."

However, it seems one vital part of the jigsaw does not fit. Troy claims responsibility for only one crime, yet twenty-three other very similar murders have been committed. Exactly how these fit into the scheme of things isn't yet understood. A Hardhead faction sneak tells me that magical lie detection has failed to catch Troy out, but confirms that the one killing was by his hand.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)



feature

SAGA OF THE DRAGON-EYED SWORD (Part 2)

by *Daemon Chaas, culler*

Outer Planes (Pandemonium) -- Last issue, I told the story of the Dragon-Eyed Sword, and how the Norse Power Odin forged the sword using the hand of a proxy and the eye of Nidhogg's spawn. [Nidhogg is the Norse dragon who chews endlessly on the roots of the Yggdrasil tree - Ed.] I also related to you how the sword played an important role in the war between the Norse Powers, the Aesir clan and the Vanir clan, and how the sword was eventually lost to the mists of time. (For the rest of the story, you'll have to scrag a copy of last issue from some unsuspecting planewalker, since my green-clenching editor refuses to pay for any extra verbiage.)

This issue, I continue the story of the sword and bring it up to modern times. Here I tell the tale of how the planewalking treasure-hunter Mimi Fletcher managed to dig up the location of the sword and follow this chant all the way to Pandemonium. Fletcher's sword-story began several cycles ago when she stumbled upon an ancient set of scrolls, the *Scrolls of Merratet*, which chronicle a very alternative history of Ysgard. Among other fantastic things, the scrolls told the tale of the ancient weapon called the Dragon-Eyed Sword. According to Fletcher, a notable Norse scholar who studied at the **Hewwig School of the Powers** [A reputable seminary school in Tir Na Og -Ed.], the scrolls had a "ring of truth" to them. "Truth is always subjective when it comes to the Powers, and the 'official' legends, but the tales told in the Merratet scrolls were very different," recalled Fletcher. "The Merratet tales were almost an 'anti-legend' which gave them instant credibility. They were sarcastic, biting, and even humorous. I'd say they were written by a proxy of Loki if they weren't so critical of him."

The stories were convincing enough that Fletcher went on a search for more chant on the whereabouts of the Dragon-Eyed Sword. After several years getting sages, mages and knights of the post to spill useful screeed, Fletcher lanned a reliable source in Pandemonium. Gathering a group of hardy planewalkers and a guide to the caves and tunnels of Pandemonium, she set out to the burg of Windglum on Phlegethon, the third layer. "The hardest part of the journey was the damnable wind," said Fletcher. "Blowing, whistling, screaming in your ears...no wonder the plane is full of barmies! Everyone tells you this when you go there, but you just have to experience it to understand what it does to a sod. The whole party went barmy pretty quick. Hekakup the half-orc warrior was drooling so bad we made him walk in the back so we wouldn't slip on his slime."

After a grueling journey, one that included encounters an enraged gnoll tribe, a heard of Howlers and even a Murksa [Howlers and Murksa are native to Pandemonium - Ed.] the now-barmy crew found their way to Windglum and the Scaly Dog Inn. It was here they found their man, sitting at the bar drinking watered-down bub and screaming obscenities at every passerby. The man they found was as barmy as they come, which is saying a lot on Pandemonium. But he just happened to be a fallen proxy of Loki!

This was indeed the kind of break Fletcher was hoping to get. Better than that, the sod actually knew where the rumored sword was laid to rest long ago. However, that was the last of the good news Fletcher and her crew received from the fallen proxy, because it turned out that the sword was left in the last place in Pandemonium you would ever want to look: **the Harmonica**.

Next issue: Fletcher and Co. brave the Harmonica.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



Letters

AND THE MARCH GOES ON...

Dear Readers of SIGIS,

Normally I do not submit letters of any sort to newspapers, or any person in general (they might use them to trace me). But when I accidentally passed through a portal located, to my surprise, in one of the my attic windows I lanned some chant that I just had to spill. You see I was up in my attic cleaning up the goats blood and, other assorted pieces, when a rat decided that it didn't want me stealing its food and bit my hand before scuttling off. In any case, to make a long story short, I got rather ticked off and I had to dive out the window to escape the fire.

Imagine my suprise when instead of ending up with a broken leg on the street, I discovered myself in some sort of forest! After several hours of experimentation, it became apparent that the portal I had leaped through was one-way and that it would be very difficult for me to get back home. I headed in the direction of the setting sun, and was quickly rewarded by what sounded like the sounds of marching feet somewhere off to my right. As I came closer, the sound grew louder, and louder, and louder until I came out of the forest and viewed ahead of me a truly remarkable sight to behold: the modron march. Now lotsa berks have seen the March, but the remarkable thing was the fellow floating above it with these glowing robes that shifted colors. All the while, he was throwing some sort of weird energy bolt down at the modrons. Everywhere one of those bolts hit it caused something strange to happen. Some modrons started walking the other way only to be stomped flat by another mutated metal basher. Then there would be a big explosion and more than a few modrons would get blown apart.

The strangest thing was that no matter how odd the bolts other effects were, about half of them just stopped marching and made every effort to escape the march. Some near the edge escaped but most were squished flat. Any ways I talked to one of the modrons that managed to escape, and he said that he felt like his mind had been chained then suddenly freed! Anyways, after that it took me a few months to get home, and after I drove out the bums that had taken over my property I did some research. It seems that the odd robe that guy was wearing was a "robe of the wild mage". The amount of rouge modrons that make it to Sigil has increased a bit, and I suspect this wild mage basher is the reason. The way I figure it, that wild mage must have figured out a way to drain the law right out of those modrons.... Weird huh? You can only wonder how the barmy managed to do it...

Signed, **Jacco the Quick**

Author: [Mattados](#)



streetchant

KING MISER

by *Kora Rechan*

Sigil -- A while back I informed you that the recent rises in the prices of more or less everything in the cage was due to a rumoured leadership challenge amongst the Misers (aka. The Merkant Sect). Apparently, members of the sect were jockeying for positions of power.

Well, it turns out that my sources were spot on, because three days ago there was an official challenge to the leadership of Tarnin Golthax (see sketch). Who, made the challenge I have been unable to confirm. Nevertheless, the rules of the sect are quite clear on what happens next. A month from the date of the challenge all members of the Misers must give details of all their properties, belongings and wealth to the secretary. The secretary then counts up the value of all the declated commodities, and ranks the membership from the one with the least jink to the one with the most. The one with the most is the Master of the Merkhants, King Miser.

Golthax is still leading the pack, although Tarak de



Leynon and the rogue

modron Root of Nine are other major contenders. It has also been suggested that the gnome Dolan Greenbank is a dark horse in the contest. As I revealed last time, Golthax is behind almost all trade in Baatorian Green Steel that goes on in the City of Doors, or pretty much anywhere else. Well, chant has it that Greenbank has approached the tanar'ri about helping him out. What aid those fiends may offer, if indeed they offer any at all, remains to be seen, but it is quite possible that the tanar'ri would like to see a Master of the Merkhants that was more amenable to them. After all, the Master of the Merkhants has got to be rich, right?

One or two other names have been floated around as outside contenders, but it appears unlikely that any will be able to challenge the big four. However, the possibility of a surprise contender emerging remains. After all, they've got a month to acquire all the jink they can, and many Merkhants own things in names other than their own.

And for the rest of us, the normal sods on the street? Well, the next month is likely to be pretty tight I'm afraid. Belts may have to be pinched as prices will continue to rise. But after that, the Merkhants will hopefully go back to more long term plans of economic domination, in which they try to grab as large a slice of the market as possible. This means they will try to undercut the prices of their rivals, which might just mean that prices will start to fall. This will be welcome news indeed for Cagers.

But just in case they don't, any chance of a raise boss?

[Ed. - No.]

Author: [Galzion](#)



LOWER WARD GETS "TORCHED"

by The Goblin

Sigil (Lower Ward) -- First off I'm not a damned Dwarf. I'm a Tiefling and proud of it. I've a few spells up my sleeve, but I'm best at being sneaksy-tricksy so watch your step or you'll be feeling a shiv in your ribs. Sure, I look Dwarf enough, but without the beard, and my skins a bit greener and scaliier than your average hammer-swinger. Let's just say those who know call me the Goblin and you can picture what you will (you twisted sicko).

I've been out of touch for awhile, having my way with the locals in Elysium. If anyone wants to know a sure way to win over a Muse when you look like a Dretch-reject, just ask me sometime. So I'm sipping the nectar of the gods with this dewdrop from Aphrodite when I spot a local newsrag. It seems news from Sigil makes its way everywhere. Here is what I read:

"15 children and 4 adults perished during last week's arson of Our Lady's Orphanage in the Lower Ward. No suspects have been named by the official Harmonium contingent, however several local Mercykiller vigilante squads believe they know who did the deed and have vowed retribution."

Two thoughts came to me. The first was that there was a story here that the Hardheads didn't want out and about, and the second was that I was done with Lady dePoldar of Aphrodite and it was time to make myself scarce.

"Lady dePoldar," I crooned, "I bid thee await my return from yonder floral-establishment. I saw a blushing bud that pales next to your loveliness, and I would that you have it and none other." That seemed to do the trick because I left and she didn't follow. Once I was out of sight, I gave her the laugh and made my way back to the Scourge [Ed. note: a disreputable section of a disreputable Ward].

I've been from the Abyss to Baator and there is nothing like the Scourge. Sure there is hopelessness and despair all over the Lower Planes, but you never see it framed against the passing Deva or Vicar of some deity of Light. You can taste hope for others there and know that it will never, ever be there for you. You take out your lust and rage on anything weaker that comes along and what is left over, if it survives, often finds itself on the doorstep of Our Lady's Orphanage. That's how it started for me, anyway.

Standing before what was left of the structure made me wonder how anyone made it out of there at all. Whoever did this must have hit all sides at once. There are three ways to figure out the dark: ask someone who knows, hunt it down or let it come to you. Being who I am, I chose the latter. I slipped into a shadowy place, between some razorvine and a warren of cranium rats, and staked out the place.

The drizzle and stench didn't bother me, and I was careful the muck puddle next to me wasn't one of the Lady's quick-exits. The usual riff and raff made their way around up till anti-peak, then it got interesting. All of a sudden this black haired elf with a jewel in his forehead and a two-foot long dragon with gossamer wings on his shoulder starts sniffing about what was left of the Orphanage. His face was white, not white like an albino but white like a Drow-elf is black, if you follow my meaning.

Well before he got too covered in soot this Hardhead starts barking at him and he did the sensible thing and vanished down an alleyway. Now, if I tell you I followed the elf you need to know that there isn't a blood alive that would know they were being tailed if I was doing the tailing. I followed the elf. Someone else was following him as well and it wasn't the Hardhead.

The elf made it up a wall next to the ubiquitous razorvine so I pulled back to see who else had taken notice. Sure enough that foul-toothed Jazrad, the human tout working for the Fated, was running all hunched down after the elf. It looked like he didn't want the elf, or anyone else for that matter, to notice him. He stopped not a gnoll-arms length from me and waited for the elf to slip over the building. Before he could take up the chase again I put some cold steel against the small of his back.

"Don't turn around Jazrad," I said, "and you won't be adding any chapters to the dead-book."

"Wuh, huh? Who are you, what do you want? How do you know my name? I'm a Fated factotum and they'll be looking for me soon." He was stenching himself, so I knew I had him scared.

"Spill the dark and we'll see what we see." I tossed a small bag of sparkle out in front of him. "Who was the elf?"

"His name is Saepius and we think he knows where Tiamat's Chosen are hiding out."

"Who's we?" I asked. "The Fated, of course!" he lied.

I tightened my grip and let the edge cut through. He squealed and soon figured out I meant business, he finally said, "We're the BoneSmashers."

That made sense, that BoneSmashers were the Fated gang that ran this part of the Hive. I loosened my grip a bit and he settled down. I had no idea what he was talking about, of course, so the next question was the trickiest if I was going to let him live. "What do you know about Tiamat's Chosen?"

He hesitated, he had no idea whose side I was on or what the 'right' answer would be to insure his life. That's the way I wanted it. Since he had no idea what to do, I was hoping he'd figure he might as well tell the truth. "They're from Torch, but they're holed up somewhere in the Lower Ward. They carry around firewands and shoot flames out of their mouths like they are some sort of Dragon or something. And the Hardheads aren't doing squat to stop them! Before they torched the Orphanage they put the Wheeze high-up in the dead book."

"What are the BoneSmashers and the Wheeze doing about it?"

"We aren't waiting for the Hardheads, that's for sure! We're tracking them down cleaning them out of town, one way or the other."

"What's the dark on the elf?"

"The day after it burned down he shows up with some nasty looking bloods and starts pilfering through what's left. We figure he's covering up evidence, you know. The Hardheads come up and he talks to them. That lasts a few minutes and then he gets scragged and hauled off. We don't know anything more till he shows up today and now you've helped him get away."

"Here is what your going to do, Jazrad. You're going to step forward and pick up the jink in that bag. You aren't going to turn around until after the bag is in your hand. After that you can do anything you want." I let him go and gave him the laugh.

Well, as the rule of three goes, there were three questions that needed answers: What does Tiamat's Chosen want? Why were the Hardheads letting them get away with it? And how did that white-elf fit in?

The best way in is always through the backdoor, so I figure I'll start my hunt backwards. I'm going after this white-elf Saepius character and see what dark he knows. Once I got it I'll let you know.

Author: [Dennis Castle](#)



A GRUESOME DISCOVERY

by Ynos Reenoip

Sigil (Hive Ward) -- Over the past few weeks, I have been investigating an ever-increasing pattern of murders in the Hive Ward. My investigation started with two simple questions that occurred to me after reading the street chant column of SIGIS Issue 21, in which Surveys Culler $n=n+1$ estimates the number of the immigrant clueless in Sigil.

Question 1: Have the deaths of clueless (and non-Sigilians in general), increased as a result of the influx of clueless?

Question 2: Does the origin of clueless sods passing through Sigil influence their survival rate? For example, does a basher from Athas (a prime world) have the same probability of surviving as a basher from Toril (another prime world)?

Well, these simple questions on "Sigilian Selection", so to speak, were the beginning of a gruesome discovery. Here's the chant.

Thanks to the patience and the work of Mr. Georg Abiegnus, third accountant of the Mortuary and fifth keeper of Low Profile Statistics, we found out that the number of corpses found in the Hive (and brought in by the collectors) had increased in a mathematical pattern. During the first week of the survey, the collectors found 8 dead bodies. In the following week, they found 16 more. 24 were discovered on the third and 32 in the fourth and last week reviewed.

Ok, you can say that's the work of some barmy with a passion for math, but this is not the end. Here's the dark: about half of the "new" bodies founded (clearly stripped off of all their possessions and left quite naked in bloody pools) may come from the upper or noble classes. This was confirmed by the autopsy (requested by some high up!) as follows: the victim's hands were smooth (not wrinkled), the

muscles were slender and untrained, and the teeth belonged to beings that ate only soft bread and well cooked food. Not the type of folks you'd expect to find in the Hive.

More Dark: none of the bodies showed any sign of a struggle. Apparently, they were killed by a stab in the back, or by garroting, both of which are typical tools of the trade for knights of the post. It seems that someone is killing nobles here in Sigil. Following my leads, I checked the "deadbook" for Sigilian nobles, and asked the Harmonium if any nobility had been reported lost in the past month. Guess how many I turned up: zero.

So all these deaders must be Outsiders! Who or what would take the time to drag murdered nobles and dump them in the City of Doors? Could it be the work of a lonesome barmy, or the united forces of a "Thieves Corporation"? Is this an Anarchist ploy to silently rid some Prime world of high-ups? I've checked with the Harmonium, but the only response I got from the bashers in red were: "No need to exaggerate the things" and "Move along, this is not your business sod", which means that there's some official investigation being carried out by the Harmonium.

For certain, something is amiss and someone is giving the law the laugh. I'll keep my eyes open, and you, dear reader of SIGIS, will be the first to know what I discover.

Author: [Andrea Baruzzi](#)



the faction extraction

FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



ANARCHISTS

by Droni Forssen

The recent informal siege of part of the Hive, in which Harmonium and Mercykiller forces surrounded unknown subversives, has dissipated without further incident. Apparently, a cell of Anarchists which had been organising the action disbanded, enabling the Harmonium to demolish the barricades and get fresh food and water supplies to those within, many of whom had not been well provided by their alleged representatives. The Mercykillers have not made any further statement over the death of Veelik Noshbrothot, which triggered the siege, and are continuing their enquiries. There seems to have been a total absence of comment from any of the concerned parties, leading outside observers to suggest that the whole sequence of events was a cover for some more serious occurrence. If this turns out to be the case, SIGIS will bring you the

DUSTMEN

by Nixilixility, Lord of Moths, Slayer of Spiderwebs, Eradicator of Dir

Recently, the Undead community in Sigil has undergone a slight upheaval. Although they are generally associated with the members of the Dustmen, a curious sect of various free-willed undead decided to show the faction just how free-willed they are and formed their own sect, the League of Emotional Undead. These creatures have disbanded from the formal Dustman society, complaining that, just because they were dead, didn't mean they couldn't LIVE! This splinter group preaches an almost Sensate-Like approach to life, but is strictly Undead. This means that it focuses on purely Undead sensations -- like the feeling of sucking the life out of a berk, or of being turned by a cleric. And, they don't hold with the whole Sensorium experience either. These bloodless bashers say you need to experience it

latest news as it breaks.

Author: [Alex Roberts](#)



MERCYKILLERS

by Stroke of Justice

Here you are bashers: chant from the depths of the Prison, where chantmongers go in but they don't come out. There has been a great deal of construction within the Prison lately, which has been pretty disturbing to the neighbors to say the least. Well the dark of it is that the Mercykillers are building a bunch of bleachers. Yes, bleachers! According to my sources in the Prison, they Red Death wants to sell expensive tickets to Sigilian high-ups for watching the Cage's biggest criminals swing from the leafless tree. As you know, Zibby the Fan, the infamous gnome tinker terrorist, has been sentenced to die, and the high-up merchant Spiral Hal'aight is not faring well in his trial. Imagine the kind of jink the Death is going to rake in for that double-header! Although the locals hate the construction, the Sinkers are just loving it. Some Doomies have even been spotted helping out the constuction by helping to carry wood and stone, and even by going out to cut down the trees. They must see this as a sign of major decay and want to help it along. However, the Hardheads are pretty peery of the camaraderie between the two factions, and tensions between the Red Death and the Harmonium are on the rise.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)

yourself, have your own taste of what it's like. So they run experiments, organize hunts, and the like. Now, this may sound a bit barmy, but they do it all covert-like. And the only reason they haven't all been scragged by Harmonium paladins or even enraged mobs is because they're said to have their rotting claws into a nameless Harmonium high-up who's protecting them. From what exactly is anyone's guess, but the chant says that the high-up is a Prolonger who was promised Lichdom. Pretty wild screed, but reports have Harmonium factor Grahs looking a tad underfed these days.

Author: Anonymous

(Contact the Editor to get due credit.)



ARCHONITE

by Droni Forssen

SIGIS Press is to be the official publisher of the forthcoming new edition of the Archonite Worship Canon, and its accompanying volumes of scriptures and hymns. SIGIS, which is independent of all religious bodies, has been selected by the Archonite church in Sigil for the high quality of its printing, and the advanced techniques it employs. The publication of a new text is likely to prove popular, despite the persistence of traditionalists in the church who say that the earlier editions represent the *summum bonum* of Archonite teaching. It is expected that the new material will incorporate much that is in the spirit of the earlier works, even if the specific wording is somewhat altered.

Author: [Alex Roberts](#)



stop press

HARMONIUM DENIES KNOWING CLARION'S WHEREABOUTS

by Blondie Blutheim

Sigil (Lady's Ward) -- The Harmonium has

INFORMATION UNCOVERED

by Anonymous staff culler

Sigil -- This berk stumbled into my office a day or two ago saying he had the dark on this *Gray*

denied all knowledge of the location of Clarion the Guardian, who remains missing. In a formal statement, Mover Three Jasmin Tealybuck said that the Harmonium had no interest in arresting Clarion. Although they were concerned for his safety, the Harmonium did not intend to devote official time to locating him. The statement came amid further speculation about Clarion's true agenda in the City of Doors. SIGIS has pledged not to foster inquiry on this matter, but we have received scores of letters offering advice and information on the aasimar's disappearance. Here we reproduce some of the most useful, in the hope that they will help Clarion's friends to locate him.

Morla the Coveter, a tiefling who wavers between the Fated and the Sensates, tells us that she knows Clarion personally. He has seldom left Sigil in the past fifty years (showing that he's a sight older than he looks!), and that he has travelled to an undisclosed prime world to investigate Baatezu infiltration at high levels of government. SIGIS suspects, but cannot confirm, that this would mean Clarion has travelled to a planar-friendly world - Toril being the most likely.

Rule-of-Three countered Morla's claim with the following triadic response:

"The baatezu are infiltrating the Prime, and so is the aasimar."

"All prophecies are lies, but some come true."

"Ignore Clarion's family ties. What of his missing foe?"

(Rule-of-Three declined, not surprisingly, to elaborate on these comments, and we were unable to decipher them. However, we are sure his comments were directed at a specific audience that will likely get the message.)

Pentremo, a human Hive Ward resident, suggested that Clarion might have been involved with the investigations in Mistress Daratzia's, the venue exposed as a brothel in a recent SIGIS. If so, it seems possible that Clarion is amongst those missing the Gnuvarspace catastrophe [Ed. Note: See NewsChant this issue].

Author: [Alex Roberts](#)

change the direction of the Blood War. I thought he was barmy, and sent him on his way. "Nothing could change the course of the Blood War except a bunch of Yugoloths," I told the sod. But this berk, a teifling of all sorts, refused to leave and insisted that he had information about this fantastic Gray Metal. (Aren't all metals kind of gray? What's the big deal in that?)

The tiefling said that he was being hunted for the information and that he needed to give it to someone before he was put into the dead-book. I thought that maybe I should see what this berk had, and he handed me this gem. With that, he took off, leaving me to scratch my head at all the barmies in Sigil these days. But the gem itself was quite interesting: it looked like a storage gem those people from that Society of Sensation always played around with. Was it a Recorder Gem?

Next thing I knew, I was tripping over the teifling's body as I skipped down the block on my way to the Sensates HQ. Dead-booked in the middle of the day - this was no mugging! Guess I ought to check out this gem right quick. Right after I find a safe little hidey-hole that is.

Author: [T](#)



Cullers wanted for SIGIS
Must be literate and on the case
Applicants should contact the Editor

