



## 29. First Week of Catechism

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# exclusive

## DOUBLE FEATURE AT THE PRISON Public executions of Zibby the Fan and Spiral Hal'aight by *Daemon Chaas*

**Sigil (Prison)** -- True to the chant spilled by SIGIS in last issue's faction extraction, the Mercykillers announced early this morning that they will be selling tickets to the biggest execution of the cycle: the public execution of Zibby the Fan and Spiral Hal'aight (see advertisement this issue). Zibby the Fan is the tinker gnome leader of the Cadre, the infamous anarchist organization that masterminded the Bazaar bombing ("Cadre firebombs devastate the Bazaar"; SIGIS [Issue 17](#)) and other gruesome murders around the Cage. Spiral Hal'aight [pictured right at the sentencing dock] is the aasimar merchant sentenced to death for the murder of a noble class pit fiend. We present more details of the trial in another story this issue entitled "Spiral Hal'aight to swing from leafless tree" (see below).

Chant has it that the Mercykillers are eager to make jink off their latest building project. With the help of prison labor, the Red Death have constructed a massive set of bleachers inside the prison walls where they hope to make



serious jink with their execution "entertainment".



A spokesman for the Mercykillers, a high-up factioneer known as Sarevok [Second only to the Factol herself - Ed.], told a group of cullers that the public executions were meant to show Cagers that justice comes swiftly to the guilty. "For too long, the people of Sigil have been kept outside the walls of the prison while the forces of justice have finished the work of the law," said Sarevok. "Now it is time for the people of Sigil to see justice executed so they will know that criminals do not go unpunished. From this day forward, we are opening up the Prison to the public for weekly executions. It is time for justice to be fully served."

According to the factioneer, the ticket price will "cover the cost of the bleacher materials" and labor. However, Sarevok did not say when, or if, the cover price will be reduced. Unity-of-Rings, a monavic deva known for his many charitable acts in Sigil, told SIGIS that he was appalled by the idea of selling death. "This is a sad day indeed for Sigil," said Unity. "The Mercykillers' decision to make money off public violence sets a very bad example for the children of this beleaguered city. And all the while, they continue to pack the Prison with non-violent criminals accused of stealing loaves of bread or other such small crimes. I see the 'killer', but where is the 'mercy'? The only consolation for Sigilians is that the injustices perpetuated by the Mercykillers will eventually come full circle."

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## **ADVERT: REAP WHAT THEY SOWED**

[Get your passes now to the event of the Cycle!](#)

In 7 days time, the Mercykillers will be carrying out the Lady's justice by executing two of Sigil's most infamous criminals:

### **Zibby the Fan**

Evil Mastermind of the barmy Anarchist group known as the *Cadre*. This is the sod responsible for the Bazaar Bombing and the atrocious murders of high-up merchants in the Lady's Ward. Come see us get revenge on the berk (the sworn enemy of "bashers with jink") by hanging him from a solid-silver leafless tree [Featured on the cover - ed.].

### **Spiral Hal'oight**

High-up aasimar merchant sentenced to death for illegal trading of weapons and for the *murder of a noble baatezu*. See how we meet out justice on the rich and poor alike as we put this guilty sod in the dead-book.

A brand new set of bleachers made from Arcadian ash wood have been erected for this collasal event. Tickets can be purchased at the temporary kip set up outside the Prison walls for 200j a head. (Special accommodations are available at markup price for a limited number of extra-large planars.) Warning: purchasers will be carefully screened for allegiances to the condemned.

Come on down to the event sure to be the talk of the town!



# newsbriefs

## FREE TRADE IN TRADEGATE?

by Reporter X



**Outlands (Tradegate)** -- Just last week I was sent out to Tradegate to investigate some fiends that had recently been selling "Parts". In this case the "parts" came from intelligent beings. Little did I know that investigating almost got *me* sold for parts.

I had intended to take the investigation slow... Spy on the various participants for a bit... But I got word that some local religious types were going to stage a raid on it in just a few days and I didn't want to take a chance that my story was going to get hacked to bits before I had a chance to investigate. I was getting paid double after all!

In any case after staking the place out for a day I hadn't spotted any incoming "Shipments" of parts. I could only figure that they were being sneaked in somehow... Perhaps through a portal or an underground tunnel of some sorts... Certainly some of the customers came in with bags of some sort, perhaps bags large enough to hold a few pieces. But when they did they usually left with the same bag full of... something. In any case I had not seen anyone other than fiends go into, or out of, the building. I assumed that the owners might not take kindly to a human entering their establishment.

One illusion spell and several hours later, I entered the store, appropriately named "Bits n' Pieces". I managed to have a short conversation with the owner [pictured left] and I picked up a few things about how he runs his business. Apparently, there are two ways you can get Peices from the fellow, you can buy them, or you can trade. Of course it takes a lot of money, or a lot of parts, to trade for something unusual, and even if you are looking for something more common the Fiend won't accept trades for double or nothing... He rarely has to order things himself and when he does he doesn't have to order much.

After finding this out, I heard an odd noise behind me... Apparently one of the "Customers" had entered the store and seen through my illusion. One lightning bolt spell and one decimated wall later, I managed to escape... Ironically enough I managed to do more damage to the store than those clueless Paladins that attacked it the next day. Go figure.



## SPIRAL HAL'OIGHT TO SWING FROM LEAFLESS TREE

*by Daemon Chaas*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- The short, secretive trial of the high-up assimar merchant Spiral Hal'ought, accused of murdering a noble class pit fiend, came to an abrupt end yesterday as a Guvner tribunal found him guilty and sentenced him to hang from the leafless tree. Three months ago, SIGIS lanned the chant that a high-up baatezu had been found dead-booked in the assimar's case under very mysterious circumstances ("Baatorian high-up found murdered in aasimar's case"; SIGIS [Issue 16](#)). The discovery prompted a through inquiry into the case by the Harmonium, the Guvners and even the baatezu themselves. After being scragged and charged with the crime, Hal'ought was put to a fairly public trial in which allegations surfaced that the high-up engaged in a weapons' trading scheme with the fiends ("Pit fiend murder case takes bizarre twist"; SIGIS [Issue 18](#)). Hal'ought was also accused of heading up a weapons-grade ore mining scheme that was destroying parts of Elysium and the Beastlands (Issue 18, 21 respectively). Apparently, the deceased pit fiend was visiting Hal'ought to negotiate a weapon's trade when he was dispatched.

After the very public and embarrassing defection of Hal'ought's counsel, the brilliant but notoriously slippery 'Sly Nye' ("Pit fiend murder trial: Taint, hate and the Dark Eight"; SIGIS [Issue 21](#)), the case was closed to the public. The Guvners appointed a secret tribunal (whose identities still remain in doubt) to oversee the case, and Hal'ought found new counsel from Mt. Celestia. According to sources within the Courthouse, the tribunal quickly pounced on the theory that the motivation for the murder was a result of Hal'ought's weapon's dealing, and they suspected that Hal'ought had the fiend dead-booked over a deal gone bad. However, the tribunal put forth no direct evidence that Hal'ought murdered the fiend. Instead, they concluded that Hal'ought conspired to commit the murder, and they found him guilty of such a conspiracy.

According to our anonymous (but reliable) sources, the tribunal determined that Hal'ought invited the baatezu over to his kip during an extravagant party ostensibly to talk business. The fiend came to the party polymorphed, so as not to attract attention, and Hal'ought's servants led the fiend up to a waiting room where waiting assassins ambushed the basher. During the closed trial, Hal'ought's counsel, a deva named Ophelia, argued that the investigation had not produced any hard evidence of such a conspiracy, and had failed to find the real perpetrator of the crime. But her pleas fell on deaf ears, as the tribunal found sufficient motive and opportunity for Hal'ought to commit the crime.

The official statement released by the Guvners after the sentencing revealed almost nothing about the case except to say that Hal'ought's guilt was unquestionable. In fact, the statement was far more revealing in what it didn't say than what it did say. The report failed to mention anything about previous evidence cited in the trial, there was no mention of a search for the assassins, and the report indicated that many of the details of the case would remain "classified" until further notice.

### Fiendish Investigation

Meanwhile, the baatezu investigation into the murder continues. The cornugon baatezu named Gehylon, we discovered reporting to the baatezu's Minister of Public Relations in Issue 21, continued to scour the Cage for powers-know-what. Three times a day, the cornugon and her spinagon retainers could be seen coming in and out of the Baatezu embassy to Sigil. They continually refused to answer any of our questions, and following them around the Cage proved impossible. (We suspect that the fiends used a great deal of illusions to spoil the trails for our cullers and informers.) What is clear is that the baatezu aren't waiting for the Harmonium to finish their investigation.

The only information we scragged about the purpose of the baatezu investigation came from the tanar'ri chant-seller known as Lecutis. For a considerable number of merts, the fiend told SIGIS that the baatezu were trying to track down the actual assassins and they were extremely worried about a blood (or bloods) who could get the drop on a Pit fiend. "Them sods are really shedding scales over this one berk," said Lecutis gleefully. "Imagine a basher able to sneak up on a pit fiend and snog it without the blasted baatezu able to waste it with a spell, or even get in a good swipe. I suspect the 'loths had a hand in this one for sure!"

## Public Reaction

We were unable to lann the chant from Hal'oight's counsel. Apparently, she skipped out of town through the first portal to Mt. Celestia she could find. However, bashers on the street protesting the verdict had plenty to say about the judgement. Glin, a bariaur indep said the judgement was typical of the corruption rampant in the 'big three' (Harmonium, Guvners and Mercykillers). "This whole trial stinks like ogre offal! I'm no fan of high-ups like Hal'oight, but this tribunal knew the verdict before the case started! How could Hal'oight have dead-booked a pit fiend like that, and why would he whistle the Hardheads about it?" The previous prosecutor of the trial, a tiefling named Ghar, who was dismissed when the case went to a private session, told SIGIS that the real crime was the situation on the Beastlands. "Now that Hal'oight's being fed to the Wyrms, we don't have a chance of getting the Beastlands cleaned up. The ore mining operation is destroying the tribal lands of the Tiamo and killing all sorts of beasts swimming the Oceanus. Those dwarves doing the mining are in the pocket of the Merkants who are dealing with some radical celestials! I think the members of the tribunal are secret factioneers of the Merkants with a financial stake in the operation, and they are scape-goating the aasimar to protect the operation. This way it will never get stopped!" A female Eladrin protesting the verdict outside the Courthouse, said that the trial was a farce from the beginning. "A pit fiend gets murdered? Who cares? I mean, isn't this a boon to the Multiverse? The death of a fiend means life for thousands, perhaps millions of other beings."

Protests aside, Spiral Hal'oight is now sitting in a cell praying to a Power for deliverance. The sentence is to be carried out within the next few weeks, giving little time for any appeal. However, the real story seems to be with the Baatezu and their mysterious investigation, and SIGIS will be there to follow this story.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



### **TO DUSTMEN OF THE CAGE**

**Wanted:** Information on the Adventuring Company *The Flaming Flagons*

Last seen in the Lonesome Tankard Inn in the Lower Ward, this adventuring company may have inadvertently brought the essence of a Power into the Cage. The company is known to have in their possession an artifact of great evil power known as

*The Crown of Horns*

which supposedly contains the last remnants of the Torrilian Death Deity **Myrkul**. Our initial attempts to stop them were thwarted when they teleported, amidst a mass congregation of various clerics of death and the undead, out of the Inn to parts unknown. They are presumably no longer in the city, if they live at all.

We are eager to stop these wayward primes from disturbing the great procession of

decay and walk of death which we hold so dear to our way of existence. If you have any information regarding their current whereabouts please contact me via usual channels in the Great Mortuary.

Signed, **Markus Daggerfall**

Secretary to the Factol

Author: [Shawn Nicolen](#)



## COLLEGE OF DRAKKMAGIC OPENS

*by Jikrak, the Waurac Scribe*

**Sigil (Clerk's Ward)** -- A new school of magic has opened in Sigil. And I do mean new. Located at 1056 Papyrus Way, the College of Drakkmagic, as it is dubbed, specializes in "unusual, unorthodox, and untested pseudo-magical thaumaturgies" according to their advertisement.

And do they mean it, cutter. Though most of the ad is complete sparkle-barkle, my connections have said that the school doesn't offer the normal types of specialization that most spell-slingers are used to. Instead, they use some downright warped practices to allow their mages to use pretty much any spell they can think of and develop. And, believe it or not, this can include priest spells normally granted by the powers.

For instance, the college claims to be able to teach a student how to use "Anti-Magic," which uses the opposite of magic (whatever in all of the infinities that is) to power spells. It's said that this method can break through magical resistance. There's even said to be a spell able to obliterate a god -- and it's reputed to be easier than a wish spell.

Well, chant like that can get some berks riled up. Especially various powers. However, being in Sigil has conveniently protected the tower from godly interference, and it is said that the colleges' bizarre magic can more than protect it from the servants of said powers.

But that isn't all that's raising eyebrows at the college. They also teach some pretty bizarre methodologies, including the study of fantastic creatures. Chant has it that some mages can use the souls of these creatures to enhance their powers, or even bend them to their will, much like summoned fiends. And the odd purplish mists that shroud the tower every few weeks, raging like the bloody plane Lightning and ringing like the cubes of Archeron, have the whole ward worried.

I'm not about to list the extensive (and warped) magical practices of the place, but if you're interested, their college is very receptive to curious visitors. Just be prepared to be bewildered by babble that sounds like a Xaositect explaining the theory of elemental atomics. It's not just the college itself that is in the limelight, though. Equally interesting is it's founder, one Drakkmarr. I was unable to find him at the time of this article, but chant says that he's a real mage's mage, with mortality to spare. His aides said he was "meditating in the plane of doors" when I inquired, and that he would "attend to mortal concerns later." Well, after a bit of digging, I found out all I could about him. Apparently, he does not belong to any faction or sect in the planes. In fact, he is a prime who claims to have more magic in his armpit hair than all the gods put together.

If his glassy-eyed aides are to be believed, I will be able to interview Drakkmarr when he returns from his sabbatical. I hope, in a future issue of SIGIS, to report more on this warped little berk and uncover a bit more about his new systems of magic.



## feature

### SAGA OF THE DRAGON-EYED SWORD (Part 3)

*by Daemon Chaas*

**Outer Planes (Pandemonium)** -- The Harmonica: an enormous cavern full of screaming towers of doom in the depths of Pandemonium. Not your typical vacation hotspot (I recommend the Sensate's Golden Palace on Arborea), but that's where Mimi Fletcher and her band of intrepid treasure-hunters found themselves searching for the Dragon-eyed sword. Last issue, Fletcher told us how she tripped to the dark of the artifact's location after a barmy, bubbled-up mage in Windglum [a town in the third layer of Pandemonium - Ed.] gave them the chant...and proceeded to laugh hysterically when Fletcher told him that was their destination. The avaricious treasure-seekers remained undaunted by the madman's derisive laughter (he was barmy after all) and they trudged off to the enormous cavern to find an artifact of the Gods.

A portal in downtown Windglum made the journey to the cavern quite trivial, although the band had to pay though their nostrils for the key. For those of you who haven't had the "pleasure" of visiting the Harmonica, let me describe this strange and ancient cavern. According to data I gathered from the Guvners' library, the cavern is roughly 10 miles in diameter and is filled with spires soaring into the center from all directions. Imagine an enormous, spherical iron maiden and you've lanned the gist of it. Each of the hundreds, perhaps thousands of spires are what give the place its name. The spires are huge twisted stalagmites (or stalactites, depending on your perspective), with staircases meant for giants winding around the pillars, and holes of all sizes randomly puncturing the pillars. The wind of Pandemonium blows though these holes making a cacophony of sounds of every possible pitch. Fletcher says that if you want to hear similar sounds, you can get a taste of it at a Morvun and Phineas concert.

Climbing the spires is extremely dangerous. Most bashers who attempt to scale a spire get blown off or go completely deaf. With so many spires to choose from, Fletcher needed a way to find the right spire before they all went completely barmy. "I knew that artifact wouldn't be stuck in any old spire," said Fletcher. "There had to be something unusual about the hiding place. As I stood there listening to the screeching and moaning of the cavern, I suddenly lanned the dark of it. The Harmonica is all about strange noises right? So I figured the spire with an artifact of such power would sound...special! Different from the others in some tonal way; I knew that sound was the key."

Fletcher scragged the basher in her party with the best hearing, a Coure Eladrin name Gesthemne, and flew right into the center of the enormous cave, which mean straight up. The little Eladrin sprite they called "Gessie" transformed into a small ball of light, a unique ability of her people, and flew off with Fletcher illuminating their way. After a few minutes, Gessie heard an extremely low moan, well below the range of hearing of most humanoids. To Gessie, the noise sounded like the blowing of a Norse battle horn. "Gessie guessed that the presence of the powerful Norse artifact inside this spire altered the shape of the holes making them sound like a Norse horn," said Fletcher. Having identified the spire, they now had to get inside and retrieve the sword. And this is where the real fun began.

Thrilled with the quickness of the discovery, they shot up the spire in record time with the assistance of some fly spells and a few solid ropes. Fletcher lead the pack, with Gessie clinging to her shoulder, followed by Hekcup the half-orc warrior, Cho the githzerai priest of Sung Chiang and Arb, the bariaur path mage. The party was roped together to prevent anyone being blown off into the cavern. All of these bashers were seasoned veterans of many a planewalk, but this did not help them avoid being sucked into the spire half a mile from the top.

"We were flying fairly straight when Arb was scragged by the spire like a fly caught on a frog's tongue," recalled Fletcher. "Arb was clever enough to have fitted a stonesskin on himself, or he'd a been thrashed. Not only did he smack into every wall and rock in the cave, but we all landed on top of the poor sod in the end."

The vacuum ceased as abruptly as it started, and the group found themselves inside a debris filled cave riddled with small holes. They were desperate for a way out before the vacuum started again and pulled them all to pieces through the holes like cheese through a grater. Fletcher: "Gessie lit up the room and Cho immediately spotted a stone set oddly in the back wall. Hekcup levered the stone out, and, amazingly enough, this revealed a tunnel leading off into the middle of the spire. This was all extremely strange, and I started to suspect another force at work here."

The tunnel bore deep into the heart of the spire. Everyone except Gessie was forced to crawl almost a mile on their elbows and knees. Fletcher's wings were ripped and bleeding by the time the party found their way out of the shaft. They slid headfirst down the final 30 yards of the tunnel falling in a heap in the midst of a large carved room that looked like a hallway exiting opposite the entrance tunnel.

Although the group was exhausted, they had only a moment's rest before the first attack hit them: a group of Mezzoloths crept out of the dark recesses of the cavern and pounded them from all sides. "To this day, I still can't decide whether the loths followed us or were waiting for us all along," said Fletcher. "Logic tells me that they followed us in, but my instincts tell me that they were there all along." The mage was the first to die as his spells failed to affect the loths and the canny creatures played 'rule-of-threes' on the poor sod. Arb's screams echoing in their ears, the party ran for their lives out the exit tunnel. Using a wand of frost, Fletcher blasted a thick wall of ice behind the fleeing party to slow the loths down. Unfortunately, the loths found another hidden exit out of the room and set up another ambush.

Fletcher: "We found ourselves running into a huge room, a temple of some sort I guessed. It looks like dark caricature of a Norse shrine. And there was the sword, shining like a wet dragon scale. I swear that the hand at the end of the pommel motioned me to come forward, and as I stared at the blade the eye blinked!" [See the sword on the [cover of Issue 27](#) - Ed.]

Before Fletcher could rush out and scrag the blade, the loths were on them once more. Hekcup and Cho fought in vain for their lives. They lasted about a minute with the loths, and took three of them down, before they fell. Fletcher managed to keep herself alive with the assistance of Gessie and a few magical items, but a single slice of a halberd sheared off her wings, leaving her mortally wounded. Bleeding to death, surrounded by mezzoloths, Fletcher made a final desperate gambit for her life: as the loths surrounded her, she used her tiefling nature to create an illusion of her squatting, waiting for death. While the loths circled and toyed with her illusion, she crept through the shadows and made a lunge for the sword. The last thing she recalls clearly was the sword's pommel, made from the hand of a dead Norse proxy, grasping her wrist like an iron manacle. "I felt incredible energy flow through me - all my wounds were healed; even my wings grew back," recalled Fletcher. "Then the sword just took over and the rest is all a blur. Gessie later told me that I fought like I was possessed by a demon and the loths never had a chance. I wish I could remember taking revenge on those sods for what they did to Arb, Cho and Hekcup."







### *Fletcher's Desperate Ploy*

Fletcher and Gessie escaped with the sword back to Sigil and are now using powerful magic to study the artifact in the College of Drakkmagic [See article this issue -Ed.]. The Norse, of course, are clamoring to regain the sword, but they seem to respect the efforts and sacrifice of Fletcher and her crew. They have agreed to wait patiently for the research to be completed, and several temples have offered Fletcher substantial sums for the artifact when available. But Fletcher says that the sword may ultimately decide its own fate, Norse temples be damned. "I have no doubt that the sword drew us in to find it," said Fletcher. "I believe that the sword is sentient and has allowed itself to be found for a reason after being buried for so many centuries in the Harmonica. I have no idea what that reason might be, but I bet you it's not the desire to sit in a temple to Odin."

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## editorial

### TALES OF THE STALKER

#### **Black and Blue**

*by Thomas Stalker*

First of all, I want to make a statement. Despite the currently circulating chant, I am not the individual who was seen wandering the streets of the Lower Ward wearing nothing but a red steel helmet, claiming to be Factol Sarin and striking people with a leather strap, all the while demanding respect for the authority of the Harmonium. My enemies have circulated these slanderous claims, and I have retained the services of Sly Nye to prosecute those who continue to propagate this vicious lie.

Now that we have dispensed with this foolishness, there is some concern as to why I did not write a column for the last issue of this rag. The Editor Who Makes My Life a Living Hell even sent his enforcers around to demand the reasons for my absence. I know this, even though I was not at home

during the last two weeks, because they left threatening notes nailed to my door. I am not pleased. Nevertheless, Your Correspondent is a Professional. These insults do not diminish my dedication to Journalism.

I have spent the last two weeks moving among the cells of the Revolutionary League within the Cage. Yes, among a pack of drug-crazed antisocial deviants and misfits straight from the sweaty nightmares of Factol Sarin himself. I have spoken with them, and I have returned to tell the tale. I have even returned with an interview with the leader of one of these cells, which I will now present for your education and edification. Be grateful.

(Editor's note: The following is transcribed from Thomas Stalker's Mimir, as closely as possible.)

**Tom Stalker:** I'm sitting here in a location I will neither describe nor disclose, speaking with the leader of the Revolutionary League cell -

**Blue Death Leader:** (Interrupting) The only real cell of the Revolutionary League.

**TS:** (continuing) -known as the Blue Death. To begin with, what are the general aims of the Revolutionary League?

**BDL:** It's quite simple, really. The current high-ups of the Multiverse are all corrupt. They exist to keep themselves in power, and to keep everyone else subservient to their whims and desires. Furthermore, most people don't even know the dark of it; the high-ups have convinced everyone that it's perfectly natural and normal. We've tumbled to the dark of it, though. We're going to pull down the high-up men, break up their thrones, and destroy their power. Then everyone'll have a chance for genuine equality and liberty, on terms that everyone can agree with.

**TS:** Suppose you succeed -

**BDL:** (interrupting) We will! It's just a matter of time.

**TS:** What will you do then. Will the Revolutionary League disband?

**BDL:** Yes. Unless new high-ups begin taking power from the people again. Then we'll reform and pull them down once more. And the cycle will continue again and again until there really is equality, liberty, and brotherhood.

**TS:** "Equality, liberty, and brotherhood"? That almost sounds like the Harmonium.

**BDL:** In a way, it does. I don't have any real problems with that part of the Hardhead philosophy. I just think they're an example of bald-face hypocrisy - equality and brotherhood used to justify fascism and oppression.

**TS:** A few minutes ago, you said that the Blue Death cabal is "the only real cell of the Revolutionary League". What do you mean by that?

**BDL:** It's very simple. Our brothers in the revolution mean well, but they are misguided. They lack focus, and they mistake symptoms of oppression for the root causes of oppression. Some cells attack temples and murder priests. Others operate on the Prime, assassinating kings and presidents. Some claim that wealth causes oppression, and others claim that greed is the cause. The Blue Death cell has identified the root cause of oppression and has reached a consensus on how to act against that root cause. We do not waste our time lashing out blindly against mere symptoms. We strike against the root, and we strike hard. Once the other cells realize what we know, we will be able to bring the oppression of the high-ups to a grinding halt within a single human lifespan.

**TS:** And...?

**BDL:** And what?

**TS:** What is this "root cause"?

**BDL:** Oh, that. It's quite simple, really. It is the color (spitting sound) blue.

**TS:** (Pause) The...color...blue.

**BDL:** Yes. I can see from the stunned look on your face that you have grasped the truth of this. The color blue is associated with the heavens, coloring the mortal image of the Powers. Blue is the color of the sky, one of the realms of control for the leaders of most pantheons. All of the mortal tyrants who have ever lived have either been blue, or have worn blue at some point in their lives. If we can totally eliminate the color blue, we can cut oppression off quickly and cleanly.

**TS:** The. Color. Blue.

**BDL:** Ah, you have realized it as well. Join us, and help to eliminate this scourge from the Multiverse.

**TS:** (sputtering) I.. you... this... this is a joke, right?

**BDL:** No. We are in agreement, and we are serious. Blue must be destroyed.

**TS:** You... do the rest of you really believe this? (Sounds of agreement come from several voices in a number of accents.)

**TS:** I can't believe this. I honestly can't believe this. You pack of half-wit, barmy, berks actually believe this.

**BDL:** Insult us at you-

**TS:** (interrupting) SHUT UP! SHUT UP! SHUT UP! (a rhythmic sound, similar to that of a drum or a bell, begins) I can't BELIEVE you BELIEVE THIS! This is ludicrous! Absurd!

**BDL:** Help... someone...

**TS:** SHUT UP! The color blue is NOT responsible for ANYTHING! It is a COLOR! I! Can't! Believe! You! WASTED! My! Time! With! THIS!!!

**Unidentified voice:** Let go of him now.

**TS:** You want a piece of this? I've got a bloody Mimir and a wand of paralysis that says you don't! (At this point, the Mimir's recording degenerates into various uninformative shouts and threats and then ends.)

Author: [Richard Gant](#)



## Letters

Dear Berks,

Look, haven't we all had just about enough of those stupid articles on the Prime? Sigilians are sick to death of Primes. All those clueless, green leatherheads asking, "Where's the Gods?" or "How come you allow demons and devils to just walk around? Don't you know they are evil?" (As if one of these sods could go and tell a Baatezu what to do. I wish more primes would try it.) And I really hate it when Primes walk out of a portal, have a few dry heaves and demand, "Take me to your leader!" Oh, I'll take them to the Lady any old day if they like.

Yeah, we've all had enough, but you keep printing this nonsense about primes. First we have to hear that some of them are telling Cagers that they keep Sigil running [[SIGIS 27 "Prime Time in the City of Doors"](#)] then we have to hear that one of their useless worlds has "blown up" [[SIGIS 28 "Planet Explodes!"](#)]. Like anyone really cares?

Cirily is right: the primes should just go back to where they came from and stop bothering us planars. You leatherheads at SIGIS don't help matter when you publish so many articles about the prime. They feel that they are more and more important, especially when you print articles with the primes telling us all how much they are worth!!

So enough of this screed! Get back to the Blood War and cut the prime crap.

Signed,

**Torc the loner**

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



## streetchant

### TANA'S RELIGIOUS REPORT

*by Old Tanaburs*

Greeting Cutters. Old Tana here, with the latest chant on the religions around the Great Ring and elsewhere. In fact, today's article focuses on the 'elsewhere' part: the Plane of Earth, to be exact. I'm sure all you bloods out there are familiar with Grumbar, the high up deity who protects all earth. Now the old sod (excuse my pun) doesn't have a whole bunch of devotees, but the ones he does have are some of the most faithful berks in the Multiverse. Now here comes the interesting part: the whole lot of Grumbar's worshipers have decided to reunite Mage Elemental Earth magic and Priest Elemental Earth Magic.

You might ask, how in Baator does old Tana know this? Well, just last week a small temple to Grumbar in Automata experienced an explosion during an experiment when trying to reunite the two magics, and they were forced to go public by telling the authorities in Automata. After hearing this, I asked for an interview with Geyorg Bratlakistan, the high priest of the complex. Being a basically good man, he agreed.

**T:** Why has your religion decided to combine the two magics into one?

**B:** Well our research has shown that Mage and Priest magic was the same at one point- everyone could cast either type of spell. By combining, we make our religion much stronger.

**T:** You mentioned that people were once able to cast both spells. What about those who are both Mages and Priests?

**B:** You see, those people have two areas of knowledge- priest and mage. By combining magic, you could remain a priest and pray to your god for wizard spells or be a mage and memorize priest spells you have copied into your spell book.

**T:** What about gods who offer their priests the ability to pray for wizard spells?

**B:** Magic is still not unified. The deity must expend much more energy to draw upon a separate magic source and channel the magic to his priests.

**T:** So would this also work for wizards?

**B:** No, though we are not sure why. We can help priests to cast wizard spells, but wizards would not be able to cast priest spells. It is very mysterious, but such is the way of the Powers.

**T:** Do you think that other religions could be trying this technique?

**B:** Most certainly, though I doubt they would be as open about it as our religion (he goes off mumbling about stupid, dishonest heathens).

**T:** When do you feel you will have this project completed?

**B:** Certainly a long time for now- something very powerful divided wizard and priest magic a long time ago. But like a good, hard rock, we will persevere in our research for centuries if need be.

Well, that's all for now. Gods bless!

Author: [Greg Lopez](#)



## SHICHIHOKUGETSUHAN, INTERPLANAR TRAVEL AGENCY

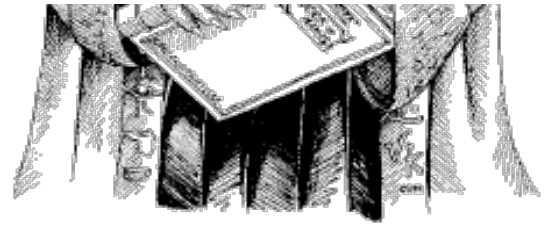
*by Brix*

**Sigil (Blueleaf Road, Clerk's Ward)** -- The Shichihokugetsuhan must be one of the least visited establishments in the Cage. This comes as a real surprise considering that the Shichi caters to planar travellers, and should have a brisk business in the Cage. Probably it's because of the lack of advertising, or maybe its poor location in the burg. Found in the Clerk's Ward, not far from the Tear of the Barghest Inn, the Shichi stands very close to the outermost border of the "concave doughnut". From its front windows, the Void can be seen nearer than from any other place in Sigil. Coming from the Hall of Speakers, just pass the Whole Note Inn, it is practically impossible to miss the two story stone building that hosts the agency. The rocky blades that adorn its whole surface make it seem much higher than it actually is.

Not many Cagers suspect that part of the building was Fell's former shop until the Harmonium made him abandon it (after a few years he opened another tattoo-shop in the Market Ward). Over the little wooden door hangs a sign-board that represents a bear-shaped constellation and the name of the agency. The owner is



Eshael Shininglobe, a male eladrin godsman, and a former Arborean scout. Very sociable, he is always willing to help customers to organize their journeys across the Multiverse. It is unclear why he has left his home plane, but it is evident that he likes Sigil very much. He has many contacts around the town, but has always refused to meet Harys Hatchis for promotionals. A body'd think that the eladrin purposely tries not to become too popular, but no one has yet been able to understand why. Though the agency's official runner is Eshael, the shiere actually has two bashers that now and then show up at the Shichi: Nametius the Versifier, a male ursinal Signer, and Dareimos a male rilmani Free Leaguer, rumored to be a former proxy of a Power named Azuth.



The agency probably hides a couple of portals in its depth, but no customer has yet been allowed to see them. Akin the Friendly Fiend claims that Eshael actually doesn't know what their keys are, since he simply found the portals in the cellar of the building when he bought it. Maybe Fell knows something about them, but up to now he hasn't "told" anyone the dark. Moreover Eshael hasn't even tried to ask him, preferring to have Nametius and Dareimos handle the gates. The eladrin and the dabus, in fact, don't have any relationship today, though it is recorded in the Harmonium archives that the Agency was once suspected of plotting Aoskar's resurrection. But the three firms were never officially charged of the crime. Likely, they have a secret contact in the Court of the Guvners that helps them not to have problems with the law. Actually they may have many other contacts, since they seem to have many useful darks for customers.

Author: [David Fontana](#)



# the faction extraction

FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



## MERKHANTS

*by Kora Rechan*

The election battle for the Master of the Merkhants is over. The members have handed in their lists of assets to the secretary, who has verified them, totaled up the accounts, and announced a winner.

Last time I wrote here, I said that the smart money was on current Master Tarnin Golthax to retain his position. Well, let's deal with that straight off the bat; smart money isn't always right, and Golthax is now the ex-Master of the Merkhants. Chant has it that Golthax has sworn revenge on those who brought about his downfall. Given that Golthax controls almost all trade in Baatorian green steel, most of the trade with the gate-town of Ribcage,

Both Sigilians can breathe a sigh of relief now that the election is over. The members should stop scrabbling for every last piece of jink like it was going out of fashion, and investment money will start flowing back into the Cage. Ok, these are Merkhants we're talking about, but I suppose the best we can hope for is that they go back to taking a slightly more long term view about the acquisition of jink.

Author: [Galzion](#)



## HARMONIUM

*by Headhard*

In a surprising announcement at the City

and is said to have friends in pretty high-up places (amongst the baatezu, no less) he has the power and influence to cause concern within the Planar Trade Consortium.

Yep, you read that right. The PTC. Not all Merkhants are members of the PTC, but there's enough overlap that if both organizations decide to pull together, they make a pretty powerful bunch. And that's exactly what happened in the election. Members of the PTC organized a transfer of assets to a single member, in order to boost that member's wealth to the point where they were able to defeat Golthax. Not entirely ethical, according to the secretary, but not actually against the rules.

Various members of the PTC were involved in this fix, but the two really prominent ones were Estevan and Tarak de Leynon. Both would have been considered contenders to be master themselves, especially de Leynon, so when they both transferred their support to one candidate, victory was almost assured.

And that lucky candidate? Who is the new Master of the Merkhants? None other than the Rogue modron, Root-Of-Nine who is now officially the richest member of the Misers, and perhaps the richest berk alive. (Apart from a few powers, of course, such as Abbathor, Mitara, and possibly Hiddukel.)

Of course, being the cynical basher that I am, I can't help wondering what exactly de Leynon and Estevan are getting out of their support of Root-Of-Nine. On the face of it, they've spent quite a bit of jink in order to get the modron elected over Golthax, but these are Merkhants we're talking about, and there must be some sort of payback involved.

There are still questions over the ethics of the election, and questions over what de Leynon and Estevan are getting out of it. Most chant-mongers agree that Estevan and de Leynon choose Rule-Of-Nine because they felt he could be manipulated much more easily than Golthax. There are also questions over the future direction of the PTC given their significant involvement in the election, and their overt connection to the Misers.

Barracks, Mover Five Tonat Shar of the Harmonium proclaimed a "new understanding" between the members of Sigil's Law Enforcement and the Society of Sensation. Starting this week, certain Sensate namers will be permitted to "Stride Along" with the Harmonium patrols in the Lady's Ward to record the experience for others to absorb. "This will give the dark of it to the Cagers who already know: The Harmonium has nothing to hide", said Shar, speaking to the cullers gathered in the Barracks auditorium. "The Harmonium has been targeted by slanderous screed and false chant for years. Now the public will be able to see through their own eyes the dedication and bravery of their City's thin red line: the Notaries that walk the Cage every day." The Mover refused to answer any specific darks about how the agreement was reached between the factions, only asserting that the "exchange is mutually beneficial" and that he "hopes the public will see who the Cage's real heroes are".

Adelay, a human Sensate culler and chant broker, is reported to be one of the chosen participants. "The Society has been generous enough to allow me the use of several special items, including high duration Recorder Stones, with which to capture the sensations of a stride along. Everything I experience will be sent back to the Sensorium for others to live." Aware of the dangers associated with Harmonium duty, this "culler" also was canny enough to obtain an elven cloak to render him less intrusive. "I have been assured that the Hardheads, er, Harmonium will not seek to edit or tamper with the experiences I record. It will all be recorded live on location with the members of Sigil's Law Enforcement." Sensates will then be able to relive the stride along in private rooms in the Sensorium.

Author: [Tim Perrotta](#)





# stop press

## BIG ARREST IN GREAT BAZZAAR

by Rhys II

**Sigil (Market Ward)** -- The Harmonium scragged a high-up in the infamous thieves gang called The Sewer Rats. Clive the Rat was arrested when he entered a local watering hole where a Harmonium patrol, acting on tip was waiting for him. Taken by surprise his bodyguards had no time to react and Clive, along with two other members of the guild were taken into custody. Harmonium officer Gabriel, an Arcadian aasimar was the arresting officer. He says that the arrest went "smoothly, without a hitch."

Clive, a wererat is now in the Prison awaiting his trial. He has been charged with theft and living off the avails of the cross-trade. No bail was set.

Author: [Mike Dickinson](#)

## CIPHER KILLER FREED!

by Staff culler

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- In a sensational twist to the Cipher murder case, the suspect Sharpman Troy has been found "not responsible" by the City Court for the murder of a Cipher. His defence council, 'Sly' Nye, read the following statement to gathered cullers. "My client was found not to be responsible for his actions. Although he did kill one member of the Transcendent Order, as he admitted from the outset, the Court agreed that his actions were uncharacteristic and he acted under magical duress. My client was found not guilty on grounds of influence by *geas* or other enchantment. The prosecution was unable to determine the caster of this magic." A spokesperson from the Harmonium was unavailable for comment, although this culler has learned that they have redoubled their efforts to search for the alledged spellcaster. To this effect the Civic Feshall is crawling with Hardheads, especially in the Sensoria, and at least one patrol with leashed displacer beasts has been seen prowling the corridors. More news as we learn it.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)

## IDENTITY OF PRISON ESCAPEES

### KNOWN

by Staff culler

**Sigil (Lady's Ward)** -- In a dramatic about-face, the Mercykillers today admitted a group of prisoners had indeed escaped from the City Prison as reported in SIGIS last week. Trellis Thar, maelephant spokesman for the faction stated, "These escapees are armed and highly dangerous, and should be approached only by rorty bloods. A substantial reward is offered for the capture of these wanted criminals, or for their heads." The identities of the escapees was later announced, and included the notorious lycanthrope Yorr the Bitten (a dangerous weretiger whose transformations are triggered by portal activity), the arcanoloth mind bandit Qaz'zti and the suspected anarchist Utho More. Utho More is the ringleader of many organized riots that burned down half of the City Barracks ten cycles ago. Whether these three are working as a team in some new criminal venture is unknown, but sources point to Torch as their likely hiding place.



The Musee Arcane curator Magnum Opus (pictured left) is still being held for questioning following allegations that a portal in her home was used to aid the escape. In the meantime, the Musee is closed to the public, and a Harmonium guard has been established at the gates.

Author: [Jon Winter](#)







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

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