



30. Second Week of Catechism

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exclusive

PRISON GOES BOOM!

ZIBBY THE FAN STRIKES A FINAL BLOW

by Maija Intwood, culler

Sigil (The Prison) -- In a shocking turn of events, Zibby the Fan, the tinker gnome leader of the Anarchist group known as the Cadre, stuck a final parting blow against the Cage. Just moments before the gnome was to be publicly executed by the Mercykillers for his role in the firebombing of the Bazaar ([SIGIS Issue 17](#)) and other hideous murders, the sod blew himself up, taking a good number of Sigil's high-ups with him. According to witnesses, the Mercykiller Factor Sarevok had just finished placing the noose around Zibby's neck when the gnome smiled, said a single word of magic, and all Baator broke loose.

"There was this moment of complete silence, then a tremendous explosion as fire, lightning, and shards of metal blew out of his little body like an erupting mount of Gehenna," said G. "Lilly" Septum, githzerai owner of Septum's Survival Supplies in the Market Ward. "The first three rows of bleachers were completely decimated, and the rest set ablaze. Even fiends didn't stand a chance! I saw a stroke of lightning dead-book a barbazu and his spinagon friend. It was the most terrifyingly exciting event I have ever witnessed. I'm very happy I was late picking up my tickets!"

The explosion could be heard all across Sigil, and some religious Cagers rushed outside believing that their favorite Power had finally broken into the Cage. As many as 40 high-ups with jink perished in the blast, and 150 others were injured according to report leaked from the Prison. [The injured included our own culler Daemon Chaas who had been reporting on the story. Hang in there Chaas! -Ed.] The names of the dead have not been confirmed, but chant has it that members of some of Sigil's richest families are in the dead-book, including the family of Bezen Hempstock who was killed by the Cadre's "Death Spider" back in the first week of Retributus ([SIGIS Issue 9](#)).

The explosion spoiled the opening day of the Mercykiller's new public execution entertainment within the Prison. The Red Death had just finished construction of a special set of bleachers within the prison, and had sold tickets to the executions for some serious jink. The day was billed as a double header, with the infamous Zibby the Fan and the high-up aasimar merchant Spiral Hal'ought to be executed on the same day. (Hal'ought died instantly in the blast while he stood silently next to the gnome.) The executions attracted a large and wealthy crowd, many of whom had been financially hurt by the Cadre or who knew Spiral Hal'ought from business dealings.


Although the incident comes as a complete surprise to many, sources outside the prison said that the Mercykillers should have expected Zibby to have one more trick up his sleeve. "Zibby planned it all along," said one Anarchist source. "He had that device buried deep in his ribcage a long time ago just for this occasion. I wouldn't be surprised if members of the Red Cell [An anarchist cell that is part of the Cadre -Ed.] infiltrated the prison weeks ago and encouraged them to build bleachers and sell tickets to high-ups."

More investigation is needed to verify our source's chant, but one thing is for certain: Zibby's destructive action signals the "death" of public executions in the Prison.

Author: [Scott Kelley](#)



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Author: [Arafel](#)



newsbriefs

DEMAGOGUE ARRESTED

by Darlath Coberrl

Bytopia (Yeoman) -- The leader of a splinter faction of the Order of the Planes Militant (OPM), a group of bashers hailing from Mount Celestia, was arrested today in Yeoman and charged with arson, murder, conspiracy to commit murder and assorted other criminal charges. Following several weeks of intensive proselytizing on behalf of the OPM, Hidalgo Klannis confessed today to ordering his fellow sect members to set fire to the market stall belonging to the gnome toy-maker Johnaos Whitebrow. "It must have been a magical fire," said Johnaos. "There is no other way the fire could have spread so quickly. I was lucky enough to be pulled out by a bariaur who was passing by, otherwise I would have burned along with my toys..."

The first to publically suggest wrongdoing by Klannis was the guardinal Perseus, a resident high-up of the burg, who brought forth evidence against the OPM and its leader. Perseus obtained this evidence from a group of vigilante types from Sigil. The group claimed to have been visiting the burg for entirely other reasons when they came across the dastardly plot. "The outsiders were impartial and could solve the crimes that I believed were being committed by Hidalgo and his lackeys," said Perseus. "Indeed they brought me solid evidence pointing towards the guilt of the sect that has been turned over to the authorities here in Yeoman."

When asked to comment, chief Justice Elannar Plantas said, "Once the evidence has been heard and arguments made on both sides, I will make my ruling. It is too soon to say any more than that. To ascertain one's guilt or innocence before a trial would defeat the purpose of said trial."

Hidalgo Klannis, now in custody, told SIGIS that he was only "doing his sworn duty" as a member of the OPM. "I did what

needed to be done to banish the forces of chaos that run rampant on the Planes," said Hildago. "I will not apologize for that. Indeed, if I had to do it again, I would not change a thing."

The alleged arsonist and murderer is unrepentant, it would seem. We shall see if his tune changes before the rope comes taut around his neck.

Author: [Constantine Markides](#)



INDEP ORPHAN CASE FUNDED BY HARMONIUM

by *Simone Trenchant*

Sigil (Hive Ward) -- A recent bit of wigwag has opposed factioneers rattling their bone-boxes about an unusual occurrence in the Great Bazaar: an orphanage for wayward Hiver children (girls only) has been made into a case under the peery eyes of Milana, a bariaur priestess of Idun. "The Great Ysgardian Goddess of Youth has seen fit to provide me with the vision and power to watch over the young women of the Cage and elsewhere who need guidance and protection from the evils of the multiverse," explained Milana. "Here, a girl can tend the apple trees, garden, and learn the ways of Idun free from the pressures of the streets."



Surrounded on three sides by Indep tents and businesses, the chant in the Bazaar is that dozens of orphans and refugees from the Hive Ward have made a fresh start under Milana's watchful presence. "Putting 'em here gives them a chance to grow up without any thought guilds trying to force their beliefs on 'em," stated an unidentified Indep basher, who claims to assist the tree-lined orphanage/shrine to Idun. "By the time they leave the Bazaar, they'll have a free mind and spirit."

What promises to be an unusual alliance was revealed to this culler: a Harmonium Measure is said to have made a considerable jink donation to Allesha's Pantry in the Hive Ward, with the condition that all young women are to be escorted to the Idun shrine in the future. Although the faction has neither confirmed nor denied involvement, Measure IV Angonia of the City Barracks (pictured to the left) issued a brief statement when questioned about this bit of chant: "The Harmonium has always supported the protection and rights of the young citizens of the Cage as is accorded to us by the Lady's Law. Individual charities notwithstanding, the Harmonium does not endorse any children's program in particular, save the 'DARE' youth program (Daily Accountability Reinforces Education) in Arcadia and the Junior Notaries Club." In addition, the Measure said, "This is the sort of thing Harmonium officers do for which they often don't get much credit. Here again, the social order is promoted through good deeds of our faction."

Milana claims to be in the dark as to the chant regarding Hardhead sponsorship, but was not bothered by the rumors. "It's their jink, and it looks the same as any other bunch of stingers. As with anyone, they should be free to do as they please." Time will tell if there is more to the chant than appears. Already, some Indep bashers are expressing peeriness as to the possible Hardhead associations developing. "Sure, we raise 'em, feed 'em, case 'em... then the Hardheads move in and bash 'em," commented an anonymous Free Leaguer. "Nice little Unity of the Rings there, eh?"

Author: [Tim Perrotta](#)



THE SENSATE'S TOURNAMENT BEGINS

by *Luis Le Grande*

Sigil (Civic Festhall) -- The Combat Tournament of the Society of the Sensations has begun! Erin Montgomery, Factol of the Sensates told SIGIS, "I'm very proud of the Sensate representation in the Tournament. We are not in first place but the experiences we've gained are priceless!"

The favorite warriors are: Melrych Darkskies (Mage, male, human prime) a clueless with great power; Döck Stickard (Fighter/Psionic, male human signer) an incredible warrior



who has the ability to read minds; Ciara Janus (Wizard, female tiefer sensate; see picture right) representing the Sensates at this tournament; Twrch Twrth (Fighter, male human xaositect) a lethal warrior with no mercy for anyone; Sertium the Invincible (Fighter, male human dustman) a deadly and fast bounty hunter who works for Ho Ling Kuay, a rich magnate from Mount Celestia who desires the Opinum (the tournament's first prize); and Rhys (Factol of the Ciphers) who impressed the crowd with her quick and beautiful attacks.

The most exciting moment of the tournament so far came in the third round between Sertium the Invincible and Barinthus the Barbarian. Sertium won the fight with one single hit to Barinthus' neck, and the crowd went bacchanal with glee! Another chaotic moment was when Melrych Darkskies used all his energy against Madoc Dedobuni (a high Archon) and threw him into the crowd.

On the other hand, Tonat Shar, the public face of the Harmonium, isn't very happy with this tournament: "Uncontrolled violence leads to more violence. We are having too much trouble with Factol Erin Montgomery's tournament. We may just have to shut it down." Factol Hashkar of the Guvners isn't content either: "This Tournament is completely illegal. We have to do something to stop it. Factol Sarin of the Harmonium, Factol Nilesia of the Mercykillers and I will have a reunion next Market to discuss a solution in this respect". Factor Sarevok of the Mercykillers, speaking for Nilesia, had a different point of view: "The Tournament isn't bad at all, a lot of criminals are dying there. And besides, the attention of Sigil is concentrated in this event so the streets are a little bit more calm."

Would the Lady of Pain be glad with this Tournament? Who will be the champion, and will the tournament even be allowed to continue? More info next issue!

Author: [Luis Grande](#)



DWARVEN SHARPSHOOTER ADDS TROPHY

by Kilian, Master Thief of the Five Blades

Sigil (Lower Ward) -- Although I had been searching for him throughout the City of Doors for three long days, the Dwarven sharpshooter and trader of rare gems Oric Shaftspitter once again managed to startle and stun local berks. I was tipped off yesterday to Shaftsplitter's whereabouts by a reliable source from the Five Blades. My source, using the better part of his idea-box, placed dust of tracking on the dwarf prime, making it easier than catching a skag of a key to trail him. The sparkle-dust led me to an elven pub not too far from Fire Pit Square called the Tree of Lasting Leaves.

The Tree of Lasting Leaves (called the "Tree" by local berks) is of ornate High Elven construction. Finding the door was not easy because the whole building was covered in the thick smog from the Pit. As I entered the main foyer a feeling of rejuvenation shot through my aging bones. Now bashers, being a gnome half a millennium old with my vast knowledge of arcane magical forces, I knew this was not some illusion. The Tree's sensation had to be the handiwork of a powerful graybeard who must somehow have channeled a way to bring prime high-elven magic to the City of Doors.

My first glance at the inside of the Tree was enough to show any basher that this is where high-ups sought entertainment and dined exclusively at their leisure. Then I realized that the main hall was much larger inside than it looked from the outside. The entire enormous chamber was illuminated by life-sized woodland creatures sculpted from semi-precious stones, all of which were enchanted with some odd sort of fairy fire spell. The vast interior of the Tree contained rare furniture lavishly crafted from exotic woods from throughout the Multiverse. The table linens and window dressings I touched were made of silk that was woven by hand, and to my surprise thick rugs covered the floors. As I examined the rugs my infravision picked up magic script in the rug fibers. As I studied the carpets the script hovered above the floor telling of legendary heroes from the fairy folk. But what I found most unexpected and startling stood in the middle of the great hall of the Tree.

Towering above all in the vast hall was an ancient yew tree that had to be at least two hundred and fifty feet tall and forty feet wide at the base. The yew tree emanated a strange and powerful aura that I had never encountered before in all my years of rounding.

I pulled a scroll of understand ancient magic from beneath my robe and quickly spoke the script. As the last word left my lips the strong aura hit me violently. Then I understood that this was no ordinary tree but a living magical creature: a Treant. This magnificent sight overwhelmed my brain-box. As I drew closer to this creature, I noticed scattered throughout its towering branches hundreds of small dwellings that were kips to pixies. I called out to one of them, "What have you to



do with the ancient ENT?" As she flew by, she called out, "We are the keepers of the Great Treant, gnomish one!"

I was so taken in by the whole tree and the pixies that I never noticed an approaching elf. Startled by this berk, I redirected my attention from the treant to the elf. The elf, robed in a long, stately, crimson cloak, rapidly closed on me. He spoke first, saying, "Is this your first time in the Tree of Lasting Leaves?" I told him it was. He went on to say, "I am called the Nameless One, and you would be?" "Kilian, of the Five Blades," I responded. The Nameless One stated in a harsh tone, "What has brought you here, gnome? Your kind do not visit regularly here in the Tree." Not wanting to look like a bloodcrow, I said, "I am trying open the chant on Shaftsplitter." He responded with, "Well Kilian, it seems to me that you have gone through more trouble than most skags to get close to Oric this night. I sensed that someone was counting layers on my dwarven friend and then I noticed the tracking dust on his clothes." His stern face turned to a slight smile. Chuckling, he said, "I was expecting to find the crow-feeder more clever." I quickly yelled, "Who made you the kobold king of the T...."

Magic erupted from his hands-- the green fire sprang forth at startling speed. The Nameless One engulfed me in a powerful spell. The impact of the spell ripped apart my magical defenses, dropping me to the carpeted floor and sucking the very air from my lungs. The elf mage held the inked quill inches from the parchment of the dead-book, where he was poised to scribe my name. Then he started probing my mind with some kind of spoonbender ability. I was totally defenseless to his magical ability as this mage/psionicist stole the dark of my being in the Tree of Lasting Leaves that night.

Moments later I felt the air rush back into my lungs as the green fire flickered out around me. Then the Nameless One helped me to my feet. I soon noticed that there was no physical damage done to my body. He sat me down gently in a nearby chair to let me gain my composure. He said, "Sorry, gnome, here in the Tree I do not take any chances with new faces. You can never tell which bally bad neighborhood berks are trying to make some jink feeding the crows. I hope you can accept my apology, Kilian. Let me be the first to introduce you to a very old friend, Oric Shaftsplitter."

He turned and headed toward Shaftsplitter's table saying, "We have been adventuring around the Prime for the better part of the last few centuries." As we neared where Shaftsplitter was sitting, the dwarf yelled, "Leave that gnome alone, you long-eared freak. You nearly made me spill my wine with all your green fire slinging. It could catch everything on fire! Then I would really be narky with you, long ear." In a loud bellowing voice he continued, "So you're the berk trailing me through the streets?" I replied, "Yes, but I am only following the chant and your fancy wrist-crossbow shooting. Local bashers are still chanting about the stumpy dwarf prime." Then Oric said, "Made some large purses of jink that night, with an old friend, NightWind." "So what are you planning on doing tonight?" I asked.

Oric told me that an elven archer named Falerous Quickflight (pictured below), was coming to the Tree that night to challenge him. Oric told me that long ago (two hundred years or so), the dwarven Clan of Thunder Axes of his prime world had raided his home. He said, "I found tomes of leaf-benders on my home world telling that my grandfather put the iron to the entire Falerous family. Being the only survivor, Falerous was an outcast driven into slavery who somehow escaped. Planars say that some prime rogue elf archer trained him. So Falerous is running a black one on me and every dwarf he comes in contact with. He sought revenge first on the entire Clan of Thunder Axes, sending them all to the dead-book."

"Falerous has become a dwarf-slayer, you could say," continued Oric. "He was for the longest time bounty hunting on the Prime putting arrow shafts in every dwarf he could find and gathering the jink and gems of the vanquished for his own evil needs. Now I hear he is killing randomly throughout the Outer Planes.

"He piked me with five flight arrows half-a-turn back and thought I was boxed. The Nameless One and I found him two days later. I put a real scraggen on him with a battle-axe; broke his longbow in half, I did, but those damn long ears can run fast when they have to. Dwarves can't run that fast, you know."

"So he got away?" I replied.

"Yeah, and I have not seen nor heard of him in many a turn of the wheel. Till last week in the One-Eyed Dwarf. Did the owner some needed business for chant. Then sent word to the dwarfslayer through the wizard NightWind. So I'm here waiting for Falerous on neutral ground."

"What is at stake in this duel?" I asked. Oric stood up saying, "Honor and pride to kill the dwarf-slayer" for the Clan Bel a' Rak, young gnome." "What's in it for the loser?" I asked Oric. With a stern look he said, "The dead-book."



Soon after anti-peak a robed figure walked into the Tree with an oilskin carrying case and a quiver of arrows. Two more robed bally sods accompanied him. The three walked toward our table and pulled down their hoods in mid-stride, stopping just short of melee range. Oric yelled out, "You remember my axe, long ear?" "Well, well, sharpshooter, nice to get your mimir," Falerous replied. "It was not a note of love, long ear," Oric swiftly



replied. One of the other robed elves shouted, "That's lord to you, dwarf!" "Tell your minion to shut his bone-box if he wants to walk out of here tonight," The Nameless One replied almost instantly.

As the tension rose in the Tree, the unexpected happened. From the center of the hall the great yew tree started to speak in an ancient language. The Nameless One quickly jumped up and walked toward the tree. He started to talk to the treant in the strange tongue, and then repeated it to the now-forming audience in common. "The Great Treant has spoken to us in the Hall of the Lasting Leaves. He says the rules are simple--each champion is to choose only one weapon and step out onto the main floor when ready."

I had not noticed the mob of sods that had gathered in the Tree, a crowd of onlookers who were followers of Quickflight and Shaftsplitter. Their standards and flags stood like saplings in each corner of the Tree. Local

berks tried to mingle to get a better view, but their efforts were in vain. As tension grew, I watched the two champions ready their weapons.

Shaftsplitter entered the floor armed with a lavish heavy crossbow with two quivers of bolts. He was wearing a cloak of forest green and gray and a suit of bronze dragon plate armor with no helm. In its place was a small magical metal strip crowning his head. He wore a horn of battle around his neck.

Quickflight entered the floor with a longbow and one overfilled quiver of sheath arrows with one arrow wrapped in black velvet carried in his left hand. He was dressed in leather armor and wore an elven-made cloak.

At that instant Quickflight fired the first shaft. Shaftsplitter then sent four bolts at startling speed toward Quickflight. The heavycross cocked itself and the dwarf was fast to load. The first shaft missed Shaftsplitter by a hair as the quarrels zipped by Quickflight. The assembled crowd yelled out for their champion, and horns and drums of dwarven clans sounded as dark elves sang to their evil spirits for victory. Quickflight tumbled backward, drew two shafts, and fired them toward Shaftsplitter. The two shafts collided in midflight with two quarrels, deflecting the shafts from their target. Oric yelled out, "You are outmatched, long ear." Then multiple shafts hit Oric in the left shoulder and chest. He never flinched, but the blood trickled down his armor as he fired more bolts at Quickflight.

Quickflight was fast as he dodged the barrage of bolts, rolling left and then releasing shaft after shaft at Shaftsplitter. The dwarf cried, "You will like these, long ear," as he fired two quarrels straight up into the air, then rolled right, dodging six deadly shafts. The strange quarrels arched high and then streaked down with such force that only magic (enchanted with SEEK) could be pushing them. They stapled Quickflight's feet to the hard woodfloor. Falerous yelled out in pain, but kept releasing arrow shafts at extreme speed. Shaftsplitter threw another barrage of four quarrels. Each of the last two when released turned into a ball of fire that headed fast toward Quickflight. Quickflight dropped to his knees but not soon enough because one fire arrow impaled his left hip, setting him on fire. Shaftsplitter stood with multiple shafts sticking out of his body. Blood and sweat filled his face as he watched the fire engulf the elf. But from within the flames the elf had not given up. His final shaft was the one he had carried in black velvet: the arrow of dwarf slaying. Stunned, the crowd stood as the elf sent the death shaft to its mark. Shaftsplitter's keen eye picked up the deadly shaft in midflight and the centuries of training took over. He quickly pulled his best quarrel, fletched when he was a young dwarf: the very quarrel the master fletcher said would aid him well some day. Tipped with a bolt head enchanted with sharpness, it flew from the crossbow of speed. The quarrel found its mark, splitting the arrow of slaying in half, the deadly magic exploding only feet from Shaftsplitter. Onlookers pushed onto the floor to see the outcome. As the smoke cleared the dwarf prime remained standing, watching Quickflight's smoldering body on the floor. Oric reloaded the heavy crossbow, walking toward the now boxed elf. Oric sent one last bolt into the corpse as he lifted the horn to his mouth, sending forth the victory song for his clan and his people, the Dwarves.

Author: [Zach Taylor](#)



feature

HE RAKKMARR INTERVIEW

by Jikrak, the Waurac Scribe

It's me, again. Yes, your loyal culler has followed through on his promise to deliver to you an exclusive interview with one of the many cutters rattling the cage recently, the founder of the College of Drakkmagic, Drakkmarr. The berk recently agreed to be mimir-interviewed by none other than I in a Sigil tavern (that shall remain anonymous).

To look at him, he's not much more than a pale, young-ish half-elf. He also says he's a Prime, which, given how rarely this guy seems to admit he's lesser than anyone, I'm inclined to believe. And he's a wizard. To most planars, it would seem like he's a few steps away from his own personal grave, as the guy has no racial talents, no outer-plane knowledge, and his special abilities are unreliable at best. Well, scratch that last one, anyway. Drakkmarr may be a cocky cuss, especially for a half-elf, especially for a Prime, especially for a wizard, but if you believe what he spouts, he's got reason for it.

I'll leave it up to you to decide. What follows is a transcribed mimir conversation with him. You'll notice that he's got his own strange way of talking, like some sorta weird prime accent, but we tried to filter out most of it, so that people would be able to understand it.

Jikrak: Have a seat, Mr. Drakkmarr. Want some bub? I hear this place serves great --

Drakkmarr: (interrupting) I don't care what this vomit-bucket serves, and I don't want any of your pathetic rot-gut. Are we going to talk or get "bubbed up" as your little colloquialism goes?

J: (nervous laughter) Of course, of course. Then let's talk about the new college of magic you've opened? I've heard that --

D: You've heard it, I've heard it, all of this gods-forsaken doughnut has heard it thanks to your scribbles in that shoddy piece of ass-paper that is the aptly named "rag."

J: You're referring to my article in the SIGIS?

D: Of course I am, you bloody rat! Now get on with the interview! I'm a busy man!

J: (brief pause)As I can see. It was difficult for me to find you before the press time of my first article. Your aides claimed that you were "meditating in the plane of doors."

D: Yes, yes. I had to attend to greater concerns than those that I have here in Sigil.

J: Care to explain what concerns?

D: Well, if you must know, there was a bit of an uprising on one of my temples on the Prime. It's so difficult to keep those petty little mortals on track.

J: You're not a "petty little mortal" yourself?

D: No, I am immortal, much like many of your numerous vermin here on the planes.

J: But you're just a half-elf. That's not an immortal race.

D: Not as a race, but as a person. I have been granted unending life by the gods themselves.

J: Are these the same gods that you claim to be able to kill?

D: Indeed, they are, fuzzy one. Some may call it a lack of gratitude, but after...convincing...the gods to grant me this boon, I have spent my existence trying to destroy them.

J: Kill a god? That's impossible!

D: Only next-to-impossible, you bipedal harbinger of disease. The bodies on the astral speak otherwise.

J: But those were put there either because they were forgotten about or because they lost to another god. Surely you can't wipe out an entire religion, or proclaim to be a god yourself!

D: Ah, but is possible to destroy entire religions. I have done it. I can destroy them all.

J: You sound like a Godslayer.

D: Don't you dare affiliate me with that disgusting society of trophy-hunters, you disgusting pied piper of pestilence! They

merely want to kill the gods to prove they can. They have no concept of how to reshape all of that raw belief into what they desire!

J: So that's your plan? Kill the gods and use the belief yourself?

D: Exactly. That's why I have temples, you see. It's the power of belief. The more people I get worshipping me, the closer I get to becoming equal to the gods.

J: Which is how you will kill them? By fighting your way up the ladder? Now you sound like a Godsmen!

D: Now you see why I don't subscribe to your little clubs known as factions. None of them truly fit my vision.

J: Which is...?

D: Peace and harmony for all. I know, I know. Now I sound like a...what do you call them? "Hardheads?" The only problem is that my idea doesn't fit with theirs. My idea of peace and harmony isn't necessarily everyone obeying the laws. It's just a world without gods to bicker amongst themselves, without high-ups to get in the way.

J: Not the first time I've heard Athar and Anarchist words in the same breath. So you want to shape the multiverse in your image, like a Signer?

D: In a way, yes. Though I favor action over thought.

J: Like a Cipher. And you're taking what you want, like a Heartless. How is it that you can survive in Sigil with no real faction backing?

D: I have my ways.

J: Of course you do. But why come out about it now? What planar will take you seriously after you tell them you want to be the only god?

D: More than you may think. Jink often speaks louder than thoughts. That's part of the reason I established the college.

J: Yes....Uh, about the college. Could you further explain the "unorthodox" magic you practice there?

D: Well, it is difficult to explain to an midget such as yourself, but let me put it in a bit of perspective.

J: I smell a lecture.

D: You're more astute than you look. You see, "magical effects" in this multiverse are limited to three forms: the Mind, the Body, and the Soul. The Mind Magic is called Wizardly Magic, the Body Magic is called Psionics, and the Soul Magic is called Priestly Magic. Drakkmagic takes its power from the union of these three forms. By focusing both mind, body, and soul, you can attain the powers and strengths of the Self, while sharing only the disadvantages that all three share. Drakkmagic is the process of focusing all three energies into a "mancy" that invariably depends upon the person using it. That is why we can, for instance, teach dwarves to use the Fireball spell, despite their usual magic resistance.

J: ...because magic resistance doesn't apply to Psionics...

D: Exactly. That is how we can get around that bothersome little quirk that destroys the mind and soul of magic. Instead of teaching schools of magic or spheres of belief or disciplines of psionics, we teach "Mancies" that combine all.

J: That doesn't really explain the storms that surround the college every few weeks, though.

D: Those are the result of our...pop quizzes. There are certain things that I use in my college that I would not want to force upon the planes at large.

J: Speaking of "the planes at large," you speak of the multiverse as one among many. How is that?

D: This is only one among many in the mind of the eternal dragon, who dreams of us in his slumber.

J: So that is your belief? That we're all in a dragon's dream?

D: That is not my belief, that is fact. I have proven it. I don't believe, I know.

J: You sound very confident.

D: I have reason to be. I have amassed more power in more worlds than you can count.

J: Why is it, then, that you still struggle for dominance over the gods? If you're really that powerful, can't you just destroy them from another multiverse?

D: It's not entirely that simple. When the gods granted me immortality, they did not also grant me omnipotence. I must rebuild my power from the ground up upon entering any multiverse, or if I am killed on one. Once I can attain sole rulership of a multiverse, I move on to the next. When I have ruled every multiverse, I will have dominated the dragon.

J: So, if the dragon dreams of the multiverses, what does he exist in?

D: One of the multiverses that he dreams. He is his own dream. It all comes full-circle. I imagine that my final conflict will be with the eternal dragon himself, before I become the dreamer of existence, and supreme. I will then remove the evils from the world that the dragon has made, and replace them with goodness. The core reason behind this is the betterment of life, for the one that currently dreams up the multiverses is evil to the core, hence the evils of the world.

J: Wow...that's...

D: What, crazy? "Barmy" if the basal language is to be used? Believe that if you must, but I have told you, and now all of the planes, the truth about why I am here. You will debate it in your petty little halls, and drunkenly discuss it in your taverns, while I will be ruling all eternity.

J: Before you leave, at least put to rest this one last question.

D: Very well. If I must.

J: What is the connection between you and Lu Ruskin? I've heard that she's angrier than a grind in Baator at you for something or other.

D: My dear rodent, she's angry at me because I didn't repay a favor she granted.

J: What is this favor?

D: She freed me from my prison.

With that, the berk up and disappeared.

Now, I'm not exactly the braniest cutter in Sigil, but this guy's screed makes a warped kind of sense. The rule of threes, the power of belief, the unity of rings, the center of all -- it all seems to fit together pretty nicely. It does seem like the guy's found a loophole in the laws of the multiverse.

But taking a cue from my drinking buddy Julius the Symmetrical, there are faults in his thinking. Getting that much belief from the folks on the prime is gonna take a lot of doing, even for a guy with an ego that big. And if he's killed, he'll hafta start all over again as a baby. That could take a while. And when he said that bit about Lu "freeing" him, it got me thinking -- a cage that could hold the berk for eternity might just be the way to go to get him off the planes forever. I can only guess, though, 'cause I don't know what the hells this guy has been through already. He might have gotten out, and put insurance to make sure it doesn't happen again. There's always the chance that this is just another Prime that snapped, and that his barminess just makes a bit more sense. Probably the better chance, actually.

But he is in Sigil. And the normally non-magical races that come out of his college can still cast spells. And the gods to seem to resent his very presence. I can only imagine that these gods, the most powerful berks in existence, bar none, have some plan or another. If they don't, we could all find ourselves one day looking up to Drakkmar as the omnipotent creator of all. Great. All the lives on the planes looking up to one cocky half-elf. What is the multiverse coming to?

Author: [Jacob Driscoll](#)



editorial

TALES OF THE STALKER TRACKING THE TAXMAN

by *Thomas Stalker*

It is a little known, little used legal technicality that requires the Fated to open their books and show what they do with the

taxes they collect every Taker's Day to anyone who wants to know. They don't like it, but they have to do it. See, there's this little thing called "accountability", and the other Factions would love to have an excuse to swing the entire Fated from the leafless tree - it would mean less competition in the kriegstanz. There have to be public records of the income tax and expenditures; what goes where, who gets how much, and so forth. Most people just don't put forth the effort to go and look. However, there is nothing in this little law that requires them to be polite or happy about it. Furthermore, due to the existence of the Revolutionary League, they are allowed to search and/or question anyone who wants access to those records. After all, destruction of the tax records could mean that somebody doesn't get taxed and then the Factions don't get their jink. Nobody wants that. Except for all of us who see the taxman coming on Taker's Day. When the prune-faced little man at the desk asked me why I wanted to see the records, my reply was not the model of decorum and restraint it could have been. I had been awoken two hours early by Athar street-preachers chanting anti-hymns outside my window, and had to use a compound of lotus extract and glitterglee dust* to alleviate the fatigue induced by pursuing them through the streets with a cudgel while threatening them with legal action. My answer to the unpleasant prune-faced little man (who was slowly beginning to metamorphosis into an unpleasant combination of a badger and a melting candle) was: "To find out what you Heartless sods do with the jink you bleed out of us every Taker's Day, you greed-bloated tax-swilling jackal!"

My response was obviously not what the prune-faced melting badger wanted to hear, and I quickly found myself sequestered by a number of sweating, ugly, ill-tempered men who felt the need to determine if I posed a threat to the sanctity of their tax records. Their "analysis" composed entirely of rude and loud questions, rummaging through my personal effects, and a singularly unpleasant invasive search of Your Correspondant's personal orifices in an effort to find any possible explosive devices concealed about my body. After two hours of this unpleasant craziness, they finally decided that I was no threat to the Fated or their holy tax records, and I was escorted to the Hall of Records.

Unfortunately, this is where I find myself at this very moment. In the holy of holies of the most cutthroat, amoral, mercenary Faction in the Cage. Everywhere I look I am confronted with visions of grasping degenerates clutching and stroking their prized possessions while visions of what their greed will amass tomorrow dance before their eyes. I can see the looks of contempt and hatred passed towards me. They know I am not one of them. I do not share their gospel of survival of the fittest, and I do not partake of their sacrament of taking what I can take. I am an Outsider, and I defile the sanctity of their holy place. I open a ledger, but my thoughts are racing wildly. I cannot concentrate on what is before me. They know! They know! They know I am an infidel. Even now they plot my death! Death to the infidel! No. I must remain calm. They can sense blood and fear. If I give them reason to suspect that I know their plans they will be on me, clutching and grasping, taking from me what they can until I am dead.

Quickly, I eat another cube of lotus and dust. I must remain calm. I close the ledger, which makes an alarmingly loud noise. All around, Takers turn to stare at me. Takers with the heads of hyaenas and jackals, and hands like spiders and pincers. The Hall of Records is filled with Yugoloths! The Fated have shown their true forms, and now I will never be allowed to leave! Remain calm. Show no fear. One of the Takerloths walks towards me, tongue lolling, saliva dripping from it's horrid jaws and blood in it's eye. "Sir," it says, "there's no eating in the Tax Department Archives." Horror crawls up and down my skin. The fiends!





Inside the Hall of Records

(According to Thomas Stalker)

They will take me from their Holy of Holies and feast on my blood and my soul. I must act. In a move of sheer desperation, I kick the Takerloth in the stomach. It staggers backwards, gasping. In that instant of confusion, I make my move! Grabbing my satchel, I burst through the door and slam it shut behind me. Now, if I can just find the exit before any more Takerloths find me, I will be free!

But the halls spins in obedience to its fiendish masters - they know, now, and will attempt to hold me here. But I will defy them and their hellish plans, and I will escape alive. Finally I stagger into the lobby, resolutely ignoring the walls which gibber for my blood, and chant litanies of loathing and hatred. And then the Fear clutches my spine, and ice fills my veins. The head Takerloth, the Factolloth Rowan Darkwood himself, is in here with me! I must not show fear. He will kill me if he senses fear. He will bind me on his altar of greed, offer my heart as a symbol of his Heartlessness, and offer my eyes to his voyeur-god so that he can watch his bridge of broken colors more carefully. Even now I can hear his mental commands to his minions, directing them to seize the infidel who would violate their Holy of Holies. There is no escape for me now. I clutch my wand with clammy fingers, and silently vow that I will not be Taken without a fight.

*The Editor and staff of SIGIS take this opportunity to disavow all knowledge of Mr. Stalker's illegal activities.

Author: [Richard Gant](#)



streetchant

CULLER IN HANDS OF FLESH TRADERS

by Louis Forget (pronounced Forjhay)

Our fearless streetchang culler expounds on his latest travels through the Multiverse on the heels of the Blood War slave trade.

Prime (Somewhere Nasty) -- I spied on the strangely lit camp that I found for some time, but was unable to discern the who or the what. Upon closer inspection, the bespeckled band of great multi-coloured wagons revealed a strange gypsy folk. They belonged to an ancient bloodline of some rare type, obviously from some shadowy prime. The train was a score in length, and it was illuminated by a line burning with an emerald flame drawn in the sand around the entire train. Everything seemed fine at first, then I asked for food and water. (Don't look at me like that, a blood has his needs).

Later I found myself tossed into the back of one of those strangely decorated monoliths. That's when I met Arkadius the Lore-Master. He said that he had been studying the gypsy caravan for nigh a week now, and that he was nearing the end of his work. I asked him exactly what was going on and he responded with an underlying need to share.

It appears that the gypsies trade in various humans and humanoids for profit. These were gypsy slave traders, who typically sold sods to the fiends for use in the Blood War. Though he had never met the high-up, Arkadius knew she was an old crone by the name of Delfina (a witch of great power) who governs the caravan and leads the band. The caravans are bulbous and colorful and most are used to transport their humanoid cargo. When a new caravan is constructed, many spells and wards are used in the process making it formidable. It was also rumored that they could travel across any plane. (Yes! Both outer, inner and the prime. Don't ask me, I'm just relaying what I heard.) It also appears that the old crone and her followers enjoy the taste of human flesh. Cannibals and slave traders. Lovely.

I asked why the caravans hadn't been attacked or destroyed by now, but he just laughed. Apparently they are only hassled by those seeking to rob them of their precious cargo. Arkadius said that the notion wouldn't be wise, 'cause it's easy to fight like demons when you are in league with them. I was also told that a sudden influx of carrion crows foreshadows the caravans passing, and that eating all that human flesh causes some kinda moon madness in some of them. (I call it lycanthropy myself.)

So anyway, then the caravan stops and we found ourselves in some strange tumbleweed filled barter-town. Arkadius seemed very interested in this, as they had not stopped at any settlement for as long as he had been with them. At this point

I told him to shut his bone-box! I said, Arkadious, you are not studying them, you're just one of the sheep! He just laughed at me and tapped his nose with introspection. I shrugged my shoulders and looked for some means of escape.

So anyway, the Blood War is still raging, and my present master has me taking notes on troops movements and mortality rates. But I figured I'd pop [send] the ol' rag [SIGIS] a bit of the chin wagg [chant], and let you all know that I'm still kicking. I plan to be back in Sigil as soon as possible. Hope you get this. (About Arkadious, I think the old crone got sweet on 'im, if ya catch my meanin').

Author: [Gary Dawkins](#)



STEALING THE SENSATES

by *Aileron Locke*

Sigil (Market Ward) -- In retrospect, such a conflict seemed unavoidable. All the signs pointed toward it, and it certainly shouldn't have taken a graybeard to tumble to the fact that tensions between the Harmonium and the Society of Sensation were already high. Nevertheless, there I was, my mouth agape, as the social gathering turned into a free-for-all food fight. It sounds like so much screed from a Bleaker, I know, but just read on.

All had been relatively peaceful when the Sensates agreed to a few "stride alongs" with Harmonium patrols throughout the city. Even the patrols themselves didn't seem to mind-at least not enough to give their orders the laugh. But then, as the Lady would have it, a few of the recorder stones sent with the Sensate notaries disappeared. Why would this be of concern? Well, frankly, the Harmonium is terrified that somehow Factol Montgomery is going to use these stolen stones as evidence against the local law enforcers in court. And frankly, it doesn't sound that far-fetched. At least, not at first.

Many Harmonium factors, however, apparently never chose to look beyond the obvious, as earlier this week, in a gathering arranged by Sensate factors to smooth relations with the Hardheads, this food fight erupted. Now, even a leatherhead could tell a body that trading Arcadian fruit pies to the face is much better than the drawn-chiv equivalent, and in fact the entire childish aspect of the whole thing has a bunch of folks shaking their heads and looking the other way. But is this the sign of something more to come? It could be, but here's the dark: it isn't.

For one, Factol Montgomery didn't authorize any confiscation of the stones. Though she herself wasn't available for comment, a faction high-up named Quinn Emry denies any and all claims of robbery. "Impossible," he insists. "And if Montgomery didn't authorize this, there's no way the Society would use this in court." He goes on to say how the oppressive Hardheads should just back off and not worry; if they're clean, they're clean, right? Why panic if you've got nothing to hide? Needless to say, his bias doesn't exactly help the Sensate's case, but he's not the only one defending the factol.

On the other side of the story is Pearce Ambrose, a Measure in charge of one of the "stride along" expeditions. "I had no trouble at all during the whole ordeal," he said. "And I seriously doubt the Sensates would so blatantly abuse this unique opportunity. The entire point of recording these events was to share experiences and show the public that the Harmonium isn't the bunch of monsters we're supposed to be." After shaking his head and sighing, he added, "I just can't see Factol Montgomery abusing such a benevolent operation."

The factor's words certainly don't agree with the rest of (or probably even the majority of) his faction, but they are strong support for Sensate innocence nonetheless. And whatever the case, the Harmonium seems eager to keep the Fraternity of Order on the sidelines during this one. Though this makes some Sensates wonder (does the Harmonium not trust its allies?) about relations among the two lawful factions, they nevertheless have to agree.

Author: [Craig Stalbaum](#)



the faction extraction

FACTION NEWS FROM THE CAGE AND BEYOND



DUSTMEN

On his return, the reporting cutter stepped through a portal

by *Aileron Locke*

Rumors abound regarding the Dustmen Collectors, and the possibility that they're doing more than cleaning up bodies! It seems the Collectors may be creating some of those corpses! 'Course, this isn't exactly breaking news. A plane's worth of graybeards've been speculating that Factol Skull has been up to no good throughout the faction's history, and this is but one of the rumors. It's a rumor even the Guvners might find interesting.

See, just a few days ago a Godsmen basher by the name of Acris Mens experienced some first-hand evidence that some "Agents of Truth" might actually exist. "I won't keep it to myself," he said, "I don't like the Dead. But does anyone, really? It doesn't matter, though, not right now. You see, I've seen these spies and assassins before. Just a few months ago I knew a poor clueless berk that was threatening a few Dusties picking up bodies near a tavern we both frequent. It wasn't anything to get worked-up about. Just a few comments from a bubber down on his luck. But see, the next day he disappeared. And those Collectors? They stared at his house a long time, exchanging a hidden understanding with looks alone."

Now, Acris dismissed any notions that the leatherhead Clueless managed to get himself scragged that very night, for according to the Godsmen, the Prime stayed in the tavern all night. The bartender, who wishes to keep himself and his establishment anonymous, confirms this fact. Coming from a Believer, it may just be so much screed, and a good deal of folks, especially skeptical bloods, will probably just leave it at that. But Acris isn't alone. Testimonies keep piling up, and sighting of these Agents seem to be happening more and more often. If you have any information regarding the Agents of Truth, please contact me at the Civic Festhall.

Author: [Craig Staulbaum](#)



FATED

by *Domaru*

Many a folk's been talking about this college of Drakmagic. Well, I got some fresh chant on it. These berks get powerful magic by taking shortcuts. Sure the spells work nice here in Sigil, but try using 'em elsewhere. They make things much more specific than a standard spell. This means that they have to give up the ability to do a lot with their magic.

I know that it must sound barmy coming out of a defiler's bonebox, but mark my words, they are in for a hard fall. They claim to have a power slaying spell. Lemme tell ya that if this works it either must be targeted for a specific power or usable in a specific place on a specific plane. They're researching it in Sigil. Piercing the veil between planes is a bit of a blind from the Cage, so odds to sods they are trying to disappear something in the Cage. And there is only one thing godlike in the Cage, if you get my meaning.

Author: [Bailey Watts](#)

flames! He reports that the Foundation has made its first attack on the Outer Planes by burning the small berg of Nepertarry, a village on the road between Ecstasy and Faunel. The militia of Faunel apparently responded too late, as the elemental fire burned the village to the ground in little time. Is this the start of a major confrontation between the Inner and Outer Planes? Or perhaps is access between the two ends of the Multiverse too restricted for any large confrontations? We will keep our eyes and ears out for any further signs.

Author: [Heiner de Wendt](#)



SENSATES

by *Lady A'vel*

A new sensation is being displayed to the public at the Civic Festhall. It seems that Jackamo the Great has returned from some unknown place and recorded an experience that has become a huge draw at the Sensoriums. The chant is that he went singing with a black dragon! Nobody knows where or how, but the dragon was apparently so taken with the bard's performance on his magical lute Hendrix, that the great creature took him on a flight of fancy. They went dancing through the sky with the very air accompanying them in a symphony the like of which has never before been heard!

If you think this sounds like so much barkle, you can open your ears and eyes to it yourself at the Sensates' Sensorium. Care is recommended, though. It seems that the experience is so profound that berks are coming out the Sensorium slack jawed and stare-eyed, in a complete daze. The Sensates have provided a recovery room nearby. Originally, they played soothing music while the audience recovered, but it apparently it was such a contrast to the recent exalting experience that some of the customers actually became violent! They are now left to recover in meditative peace.

The extreme reactions to this performance are of course resurrecting the rumors that the Sensates spike their performances with hidden messages. Some cutters have always believed that the faction is trying to convert the audience members to their way of thinking, perhaps even addicting people to the extreme experiences that they can have in the 'safety' of the Sensoriums. The Sensates, of course, categorically deny any hidden messages of any kind in their recordings.

Author: [Lady A'vel](#)



XAOSITECTS

by *Aileron Locke*

A guiding hand need not be visible; or so any Anarchist would tell you when speaking of their occasional puppets, the Xaositects. More proof supporting this principle recently came into play when only days ago a group of Chaosmen painters somehow made their way into the City Court and



FOUNDATION SECT

by Lady A'vel

An interesting story appeared in one of my message crystals the other day. A blood, who wishes to remain anonymous, returned from a visit to the Inner Planes. He reports on the pet project of a Fire Elemental named Shhrechh. Being angered by constant invasions of armies from the Outer Planes, the powerful Fire Elemental gathered some of his weaker brethren around him, and began investigating why the armies again and again fought over a certain spot in his beloved home. In the end, he found out they were fighting over a mystical staff, an item carved from the very essence of the Outlands, which has the ability to let large parts of the Outer Planes shift along the Great Ring.

Shhrechh became fiery wild when he understood, and shattered the staff. He cursed the unimportant philosophies of the Outer Planes. Why could they not simply keep everything pure and untainted? In his rage, the Fire Elemental decided to take up the battle against the "Tainters", in a large style. He created a group called the "Foundation" in order to accomplish his goals. The Outer Planes, with all their "natural" shifting and barmy beliefs, have to be wiped out. Only the purity and untainted beauty of the Inner Planes should exist. The Prime, a child of the Elemental Planes, is acceptable, but should be kept clean from Outer Planar influences as well.

Shhrechh created a tower of white-hot fire in his home plane, where the first members of "Foundation" joined his cause. Other elemental creatures have become interested as well, and now there's an elemental tower in each of the Inner Planes.

painted a series of nonsensical symbols and letters upon the High Justice's bench. Needless to say, the Guvners were appalled when the next day's trials started.

Though the Anarchists took no credit for starting this escapade, four of the symbols were actually the four rings of the Revolutionary League emblem. Now, knowing the Chaosmen, this could have simply been a whim of theirs, but the Guvners just aren't sure. See, the graybeards among the Fraternity think the only reason the Anarchists did not take credit for the incident is that they simply don't want to give the Chaosmen even a hint that they in fact did start it all! It is admittedly unlikely any of the barmies would care, but the chant is that the Anarchists want to assure future opportunities for puppeteering, or so some Guvner high-ups have claimed.

One of these factors, Priestess Jamis, was available for comment on the paintings. "The rabble has been roused, yes," she said with a smile, "and their work is surely a nuisance. But what they don't seem to realize is that they hurt only themselves with these activities. You see, the Courts may be the home of our Fraternity, but it is also the city's haven. Here those that would infringe upon the rights of others are dealt with in accordance of the law. This harms no one and benefits all; the Revolutionists simply choose not to see that." Jamis shook her head several times before continuing. "They may complain all that they want about our supposed injustices. They may even smear their dogma upon our city's Court. But they will answer to Law eventually. Not necessarily Sigil's law, and not necessarily the Harmonium's or the Mercykiller's law; they will submit to the laws of the multiverse. Why? Because everyone does. That is fact. That is Law."

Updates on the prosecution of these vandals will be forthcoming as evidence presents itself.

Author: [Craig Staulbaum](#)



stop press

SIGIS CULLER ARRESTED IN HALL OF RECORDS BRAWL

by Noh Aviche

Sigil (Hall of Records) -- A Harmonium street patrol was summoned to the Hall of Records at approximately half-past one after peak to take SIGIS culler Thomas Stalker into custody after what witnesses describe as a "drunken brawl with the Fated guards". According to Hadrian Milleaus, the Harmonium officer in charge of the patrol, "Mr. Stalker is being held for drunk and disorderly conduct in public, one count of physical assault, and five counts of assault with nonlethal magic. At the time of his arrest he was also in possession of eight grams of a potent narcotic, which we will be attempting to identify in order to determine it's legality." Factol Rowan Darkwood, who was present when the brawl began, has declined to make a

"Magical affliction! Feh! We all know the real reason behind the Cipher murders: a Sensate plot to take over the Great Gymnasium! Go ahead, berk. Call me barmy. Call me a leatherhead. I don't care. Many a graybeard has tossed that chant before, and it's never been able to stick. Why? Because everything Orov says comes true!

"How do you know so much about the Multiverse?' they'll ask me. 'It's the Art, isn't it? It's afflicted you with some curse!"

"No, my friend. The Art has afflicted nothing; it itself is the affliction! It is the curse that plagues my waking dreams. I know and see what will come to pass. Beginnings and ends, that's what my vision lends me. And you know what all of it means, cutter? Nothing. Just like everything else."

[Excerpt cut due to massive ramblings. -Ed.]

formal statement on the matter.

Author: [Richard Gant](#)

DE-CIPHERING A KILLER

by Aileron Locke

Sigil (Lower Ward) -- It's taken some work, but I've found a witness who swears he knows the dark of the recent Cipher killings in Sigil. Now, one thing a body's got to understand about this witness, a basher named Orov, is that he isn't quite right in the brain-box. He's a diviner of a sort, though some might say only through his own delusions. Whatever the case, what he has to say is mighty interesting, though it may all be just so much screed. This is what he had to say:

"Where was I? Ah, yes. You see, the Sensates need the Gymnasium. Sure, they've got the Festhall and their sensory stones, but all that's just mental stimulation. Even the illusions and training rooms aren't the same as the real thing. See where I'm going with this, berk? You'd better, because it's the truth.

"The Sensates are programming their stones to send out magical commands and suggestions to poor sods who happen to stumble upon the wrong sensation. Take a look at that Prime--just a victim of the faction game. And there're many more like him, I'm sure of it.

"Think about it, berk. Orov doesn't toss the chant for his own good. The next time you're in the Festhall, don't touch the stones! And by the Lady, watch those that do!"

Author: [Craig Staulbaum](#)



Cullers wanted for SIGIS
Must be literate and on the case
[Applicants should contact the Editor](#)

