

THE LADY'S SHARPER EYE

YUGOLOTH HIGH-UP DEADBOOKED

By Will Redeye

Torch, Outlands - Shocking news from Torch on Outlands! Maelkith, a yugoloth general, has been assassinated during his stay in the burg! What's more, the scribe was caught red-handed as he was pulling his stiletto free from the fiend's neck. The piscoloth guards easily overwhelmed the surprised assassin - a cuprilach rilmani, who refused to give his name. He remains tight-lipped and the only words he spoke were "the balance has been restored".



peery eyes, cutters!

Lady's Grace, bashers and bloods! Let me lann you some chant I've uncovered during the last two days. Ya see, my friends, this addle-cove they sent from S.I.G.I.S. didn't even manage to get on the crime's scene, while I already got the whole story for you to see. At first let's concentrate on the victim himself, a nycaloth named Maelkith. He's quite notorious on the Outer Planes, so most of you prob'ly heard of his exploits earlier, but regardless, I'll shed some light on the fiend's bloody history.

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Your faithful culler, Will Redeye, has been dispatched to Torch by The Lady's Sharper Eye, in order to gather as much chant about the whole incident as he could. The darks of what he has found are laid here before your

SIGIS MERGES WITH THE LADY'S SHARPER EYE

By Raul, assistant editor

Clerk's Ward, Sigil - Like a bebelith joining forces with a deva, that filthy newsrag SIGIS has officially merged with the Lady's Sharper Eye. As part of the deal, the Eye will get absolutely none of SIGIS's reporters, editors, or staff, and even the lightboys who used to hand out copies of SIGIS on the street have decided to pass on getting any of the Eye's ink on their grubby little fingers.

So in what sense are they merging? As it turns out, SIGIS's backers have taken over the responsibility of backing the venerable old Sharper Eye since the Eye's old backers were devoured during a particularly violent staff meeting.

Because they hope to rake their share of muck in this new venture, the people behind SIGIS would rather remain anonymous and alive, thank you very much, than famous and dead. However, I have it on good authority that none of them are arcanaloths.

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Modrons Experience Crash

By P. Fiendus Hooten

Clerk's Ward, Sigil - Rumors abound of some serious issues that Recorders are having with their modron assistants at the



Hall of Records. Several modrons have been employed at the Hall of Records to keep tabs on the location of the vast numbers of documents contained within. Those that work with the modrons admit to becoming quite dependant upon their ability to quickly locate requested documents thanks to their efficient manner of indexing

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Contributors: Will Redeye, Rip Van Wormer (*Raul*), Daniel Reddy (*P. Fiendus Hooten*), Heiner de Wendt (*Juriel the Unseen*), Todd Stewart (*Shemeska the Maruader*), Jason Steiner (*Abranathin*), Orri Eiriksson (*the Orroloth*), Barking Wilder, Torsten Bernhardt, simmo, H. Visage (*art*), Melissa "PrincessBunny" Phifer (*art*), S. Hood (*art, editor*)

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Maelkith was a nycaloth of great power and reputation, who commandeered the infamous 333rd piscoloth infantry regiment tagged Black Fang by the fiends. This somewhat independent group of yugoloth mercenaries earned a tremendous amount of ill reputation, being considered one of the most successful units in the Blood War during the last millennium. During his 500 years in command of the unit Maelkith worked for baatezu, tanar'ri and other, more hidden employers. The greybeards credit Maelkith and the Black Fang with the famous assault on the City of Dis 400 years ago, when tanar'ri were engaging majority of baatezu defences in another part of the city.

Also Maelkith is rumoured to have been responsible for wiping out 'zerai cities of Ki'alth and Deekkin on Limbo. He was a real legend among Blood War generals, notorious for turning stag on his employers in the critical moments of battle if they didn't agree to the new conditions of the contract. Even though Maelkith earned the wrath of the most sodding powerful fiends in the whole multiverse, he was simply too valuable to be disposed of.

Most of the reputation general Maelkith and his Black Fang earned, was on the Upper Planes, though. Ya see, few were fiends more hated on the Sixes than Maelkith. Acting on orders from an unknown ultroloth general (some say he was under direct orders from General Of Gehenna himself), Maelkith commanded few successful raids on the Upper Planes. He's confirmed to be the killer of solar aasimon, Leathian the Pure, he's connected with the great fire which destroyed half of Yeoman on Bytopia few decades back, more than a dozen ursinals fell to his axe, more than 10000 people were captured by him and sold into fiendish slavery.

Maelkith was the one to blame for poisoning of River Oceanus 100 years ago, when the pure waters of the river in Arborea area were polluted by black oily slime for months. He gave the laugh more than 30 scribes of the Dead Book sent to kill him over all the years as the leader of the Black Fang.

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It's now SIGIS Presents The Lady's Sharper Eye. That fill your mouth-box up enough for you? It joins the other fine titles in the SIGIS family of publications - the SIGIS Better Buyer's Guide, the SIGIS Portal Directory, the SIGIS Gamer, and SIGIS Presents The Lady's Sharper Home Journal.

It's been a long time since Grundlethum's Automatic Scribe was fired up to crank out either the Lady's Sharper Eye or SIGIS. So why the long wait?

Well, first off, we had a little shindig we remember as the Faction War. If you're new in town, you might not know much about it. Basically, the entire power structure of Sigil changed after a month or so of bloody civil war. SIGIS died slowly during the paper rationing and exodus of faction members. Nobody could even find the offices of The Lady's Sharper Eye for several years after the Tempest of Doors - that's when all the portals changed positions, people blame The Lady - until they finally turned up in a completely different-looking building. No one knows where it had been in between times, but it seems most of the staff had degenerated into feuding tribes of cannibal savages ruled by the ones who had hoarded the most pens.

Anyway, that's why a lot of what's happened lately has gone unreported, not counting the rag the Sigil Advisory Council puts out - and no one trusts that.

But the need for a truly independent paper was obvious, so the remaining backers of SIGIS rounded up a group of beings with opposable thumbs, most of them at least vaguely literate, to try to salvage what was left.

We're not using Grundlethum's Automatic Scribe any more. We stopped trusting it after it devoured Grundlethum, but an enterprising scribe called Veridai Jechk has come through with a new gizmo he calls Darak's Thaumaturgical Printing Press. It's powered by a Bigby's Clenched Fist spell and it murders its technicians only half as often as the Automatic Scribe did.

The result, Dear Reader, you hold in your hands: the only independent newsrag in the City of Doors (at least until whatever bodiless entity is possessing Grundlethum's Automatic Scribe starts publishing its own periodical). We're sharper than ever, and more of an eyeful than a herd of beholders. And we still mention The Lady in our name, because especially after the war you just can't be too careful: you never know when She might be watching.

Submissions to The Lady's Sharper Eye are welcome at our head office in the Clerk's Ward of Sigil. Our new address is:

2192 Inkstain Street, The SIGIS Complex, Clerk's Ward, Sigil

We are currently hiring reporters on a commission basis.

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Slayer of thousands, hundred times traitor, destroyer of cities, bane of all that is holy and sacred, fiend that laughed at the face of goodness itself, lies cold dead. No longer will he torment any sod. General Maelkith has been wrote to the Dead Book.

It seems Maelkith's unholy deeds finally toppled the scales of balance and rilmani from the Spire sent a cuprilach assassin after him. How did he manage to slay one of the most hunted fiend in the last millennium, no sod knows. Right now the blood is being held captive by the pisoloth mercenaries, who refuse to give him to the authorities for a proper trial. Pisoloths say the canny rilmani escaped and is no longer in their custody. However I suspect they have already sent the prisoner to Gehenna, where a grim fate awaits him. If Maelkith indeed was an agent of General Of Gehenna, I even fear to think what his retaliation against rilmani may look like.

Sons of Mercy Daily Blotter

5:34 a.p. Medical Psychiatric
Market Ward, Sigil

A non Sigil resident asked an officer for medical assistance. The subject stated that he was suffering from depression. He was transported to the Gatehouse at his request.

11:09 a.p. Medical Assist
Civic Feshthall, Clerk's Ward, Sigil

Units responded to the Feshthall in reference to a performer feeling dehydrated and nauseous. He was treated on site by responders.

1:48 a.a.p. Fire
Lower Ward, Sigil

Units responded to the Lower Ward in reference to a fire report. The cause of the fire is unknown. No deaths were reported.

2:15 a.a.p. Fire
The Hive, Sigil

Units responded to the Hive, on the border of the Lower Ward in reference to a fire report. Arson is suspected. Two deaths were reported and investigation continues. Ownership of the damaged property remains unknown.

7:17 a.a.p. Assault
Tzark's Stall, Market Ward, Sigil

Officers responded to the Great Bazaar in reference to an assault. An investigation revealed that a merchant was assaulted by a representative of the Sodkillers hired by unknown persons. The representative refused to cooperate with arrest, and an altercation occurred. Responding officers have been put on temporary leave. Complaints have been lodged with the Sodkillers and with the Sigil Advisory Council.

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information and their reliable ability to regurgitate the data requested.

Reliable, that is, until two weeks ago, according to unnamed sources. The modrons had been noted as working normal without any problems. Then without warning they suddenly became unable to access the requested data unless very clear specifications about which document was being looked for, whereas before they were able to assist in the query by utilizing their own logical skills when obscure data was being searched for. Dr. Geronoto Ubisomo Ishiyama postulated the theory that the modrons were experiencing what he calls *'the Watson effect.'*

"It is a very strange phenomenon and we are unsure what causes it. The most popular theory is that the modrons, being away from their home on Mechanus, are occasionally affected by the chaos that is present here in Sigil, thus they blank out and shutdown without any real notice. It has been noted to happen in modrons before and also in the other hierarchical-minded races of Mechanus, such as the geardrons."

Explanations of why this had not occurred to the modrons in the Hall of Records before now leaves yet more questions unanswered. *"The modrons are highly resistant to chaos, so it takes time for their resistance to ebb low enough for the effect to occur," explained the informative doctor. When asked what sort of timeframe would cause the reaction, Dr. Ishiyama said, "About three months I suppose."*

This has caused quite a bit of a stir, for the modrons working in the Hall of Records have been there for over fifteen cycles. Conspiracy theorists at the Great Bazaar have jumped all over the story and have started spreading rumors throughout the Cage that the modrons have been regularly rotated through the Hall of Records so that Primus can keep better track of the Multiverse. Some have even stated that the Master Gearhead may be trying to get a closer look at the property records held by the Fated. The dark of this is unknown, but the idea has not been generally accepted. Another likelier theory is that the now forgotten Chaos Plague has shifted into a mutated form and is creating different levels of chaos that the modrons are not used to working under, thus causing the problem.

A reward is offered for information and tips leading to the resolution of this problem. Interested parties should contact the Hall of Records, Office #23. The identity of informants who prefer to remain anonymous will be protected.

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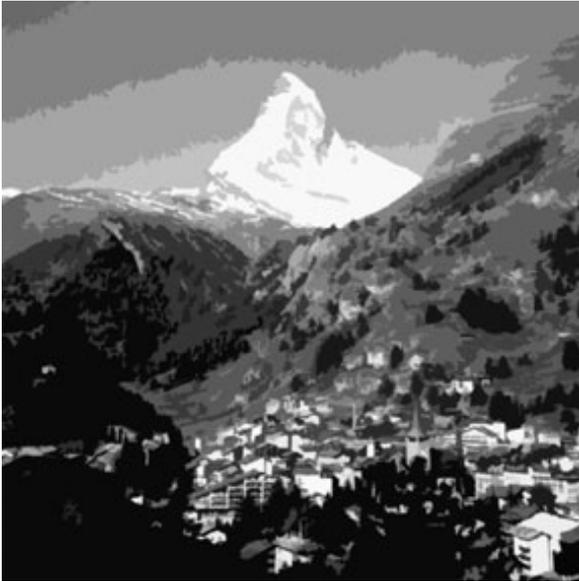
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Most Excellent Murder on Mt. Celestia by Juriel the Unseen

Lunia, Mt. Celestia – Dear friends! Lost in the Upper Planes I was, so please forgive my silence. I had some.. trouble with Celestials, but all that's solved now. Horrible troublemakers, those do-gooders, aren't they? But there's good news, there's one less of them now. I'm back, after all, ain't I?

Cutters, there's a place in Lunia called "The Forgotten Palace", and for some reason most archons avoid it altogether. I stayed there for some resting time. I kept hidden in darkness (I'm not called the Unseen for nothing, berk), and watched a truly interesting scene.

Two men entered the palace, one of them a paladin-in-the-making, and one an old warrior who seemed to be his teacher. Watching that warrior, I instantly knew



he had some secrets. So, I got interested, and listened to their discussion - and later even followed the two men.

Most of what they said was barmy philosophical talk, as we all know it from brainless archons. But a few things took my interest.

For example, the warrior asked the youngling once: "Are you convinced of the power of Vralkah, my friend?" The youngling, as expected, answered with a

stern "Yes." The warrior then spoke: "*Thus show me what you have learned of priestly magic. You are aware of the divinity of this place, right?*" The youngling just nodded, and began to speak some words; obviously a prayer. Suddenly, he opened his eyes again, shocked: "*I... I have lost my powers!*" "No. You have lost nothing. Rather, you gained something: *The lack of need to use your powers, at all. At this place, the brave and true do not need to fear Evil, for Evil was defeated once and for all here. Do you understand my words?*"

Of course, no one could really get such barmy bone-box rattling, and it was obvious to me the youngling thought the same. But, he nodded, and the warrior seemed to be satisfied. The foolish old man stopped his speaking with a simple sentence: "*Then, I think, you're ready for the Risen Comet.*"

Now, this truly caught my attention. The Risen Comet is something I had heard about in legends, but it's extremely inaccessible to non-archons; at least, that was what I had heard so far. When the two men left for the comet, I came along with them. The berks were too overwhelmed by the stupid sleepiness of Mt. Celestia to even check if they were followed.

I noticed that many people seemed to know both men; some research made clear they were teacher and student for a couple of years, all the time filling their barmy little

brains with the slavish lawfulness of Mt. Celestia (not that I'm against laws in general - they can be damn useful tools). Finally, they reached that stupid place called the Risen Comet - a big, a REALLY big, jewel in the midst of a mountain path. It just lies there, no one even thinking to take away at least part of this gargantuan treasure; people just watch it, as if they'd gain anything from it. Seems they believe the countless colourful rays of light reflected by the big jewel give them mystical insights or some such. Barmy

fools.

Our two friends got there, and had some meaningless discussions again as they approached the place. Passing a guardian archon, they finally stepped into the light, and seemed utterly overwhelmed by it. I have to admit the thing also overwhelmed me, but not because of stupid colours; I just have never before seen such a gargantuan jewel. For this thing, one could surely buy several whole kingdoms on the Prime. Too bad it's guarded that well.

As the old warrior had told his student before, "*The beauty of the Comet is enough to overwhelm you, to stun you, to make you forget there is even the slightest bit of hate and Evil out there*". Pah. It takes more than a jewel to make me forget the important things in life! But, the two fools were weak enough to be stunned. And right then I found out why the old warrior seemed so strange to me.

See, he was not just a human warrior. He was a Nephilim, a spawn of both a human and a Celestial, with such strong Celestial blood that he became immortal. This man had the freedom of mortals combined with the special powers of the planeborn; and as such, he was probably one of the most dangerous denizens of Lunia. But so was the youngling beside him.

As the men stood, seemingly stunned, before the colourful jewel, the paladin-in-the-making suddenly changed, his back growing large leathery wings, and his skin falling from him like a false shell. It was a matter of less than a second, and then already the freshly released balor had ripped the surprised man besides him apart.

"*Foolish Nephilim!*" the balor spoke to the dying warrior, as terrified archons approached to intervene. "*You were the best swordmaster I have met so far, and even when sleeping, it was impossible to surprise you. But your naive trust and your lust for beauty have let you forget*

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Union: In Review

By Shemeska the Marauder

I've come to the conclusion that the spell anti-genesis should be made available to every mage with the ability to cast it and the good sense to know when a demiplane should be ripped from its ethereal moorings and imploded like some living, animate, piñata. I've found such a demiplane and I'm going to openly suggest that it first be mocked, then abused, put down, carved up, and devoured (much like whores in Plague-Mort who don't perform well for cambion clients).

Union... the name rolls off my tongue like a bit of larvae that still hasn't gotten the notion that it's dead yet. Now, I don't know if any of the cutters reading my words will have necessarily heard of this particular place, but a bit of sordid little background for the blessedly unenlightened.

I first heard about Union eighty-seven years ago as the butt of a joke by a few members of the Planar Trade Consortium. The whole place was grown up by Mercanes, though I have good reason to believe that they didn't actually create it themselves, but simply used a pre-existent demiplane and did a fancy little job of housekeeping and interior decorating. Not that they have taste mind you. And we all know how mercanes are, it's hard to get to know them when you invite them to lunch and they step unknowingly into Sigil and then proceed to scream like idiots for the next thirty minutes before you yourself stop laughing at them and kick them through a portal.

They are ever so amusing...

But yes the demiplane itself and why I had the unfortunate experience of traveling there. Suffice to say I have people in debt to me, and people in my employ all over the sodding planes; that much should be obvious. I am a respected businesswoman after all.

It all started when I gated into the sodding place in the middle of the High Quarter. Boring and entirely filled with squealing mercanes. Their pretenses of having warded the place from intrusion are laughable, and if that's what they call sorcery, I should suggest to a few ears and ears that listen to them directly, that the place is ripe for conquest by this or that lower planar power. If so, I get a cut.

One quick teleport into the so-called Magic Quarter later, I was browsing some of what passes for magic items and enchanted baubles. The selection wasn't bad per se, but it was atrociously overpriced. A chat with a few wizardly bloods, and a mindrape spell on a victim/customer of theirs later, it's entirely obvious that maybe a third of the wizards in the quarter are the only people I can respect in Union. It's a scam and they know it and they perpetuate it. While not bad, they sell moderate magic at

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Call of Darkness: A tale of the descent into evil

By Abranathin, reputed dimensionalist, scientist, and mage of many talents

Madness, evil, hatred, corruption, greed, and sadism. How many ways can a person describe the many forms of immoral acts that humanity is capable of? It is an amazing fact that such base actions of people can be considered horrifying in one land and praised in another. When you look at the innocent faces of children how can you believe that their parents and ancestors have committed such atrocities? That the children themselves have the capability to do the same? These are the horrors performed with ease by creatures like demons and dragons, not human beings. But unfortunately, such actions due exist, and humans are the ones committing the crime.

"Why do these actions take place?" is the question we should be asking. Humans are given by some greater being the ability to choose all our actions. We are the only ones who must answer for our actions and the only ones who can be blamed for them. The fault for performing acts of destruction and death is almost always on us because of our fascination with power, greed, and violence. Far too often we see fighting and the strength of steel the only answer to that which opposes us, without using our minds and reason to find simpler and gentler solutions.

Surprisingly there are those who I have come across who blame others for the atrocities of humanity. Are we truly to blame for this then? Some have said they performed their actions for the greater good, as if traveling on some quest for glory or righteousness. Others have claimed that violence and battle excite people's emotions and symbolize humanity's true strength to survive. "The only way to live is to fight for life," they say.

Just recently however, I have become interested and am attempting to pursue the most unusual reason for humanity's nightmarish actions. An idea stating that somewhere out there someone is leading our actions toward a particular direction, and one that most civil minded people would keep clear of. With this idea, the saying "the devil made me do it" becomes much more literal than one would expect.

Allow me to start at the beginning. In my travels I came across a village where a man condemned to death was being held. This prisoner had been found guilty of the horrible atrocities of murder and theft toward his fellow humans. Before the man had been executed I was given permission to see him, asking him about his reasons for his actions. At first, no rapport with him could be established since he merely jumped against the bars and slammed his fists against the wall. He was not unlike a caged animal. He even tried to attack me with barred teeth through the cell door, and I began to rethink my decision to come here. However, I would not give up on questioning this man, and once I had gotten through to him I knew I would be haunted by my choice of pursuing this matter.

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over inflated prices to berks fresh from the prime who believe Union to be a pinnacle of Planar Society.

I won't grant the mercanes the genius of such an act, but some bloods have taken advantage of a good situation, and good for them. Union is nothing more than a sanitized little playground for rich clueless from the prime who don't know that they're being gutted and mocked even as they sit and enjoy themselves in their arrogant ignorance.

Leaving the Magic Quarter with a few things that can be vaguely called 'purchases', I then wheeled through the Market Quarter (where I collected cuts from a few people selling things on my behalf in the city) and then to the Commerce Quarter to do much the same.

Suplindh... some warped gargoyle of... half-loth heritage... selling magic items, always smiling, always talking to his customers and getting to know them... Is the multiverse mocking me? It's like Union has its very own messed up version of that teal and gold wrapped smiling little Gehennan bastard!

Or... Or HE'S BREEDING!!!! ARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHHH!

Pardon me, it's not a pleasant thought on a number of different layers.

That unpleasantness aside, let's talk about Union's guards. The Sentinels... they're a joke right? They march around, and like broken little clockwork automatons they stop and ramble on about their deeds and triumphs over 'evil' on the prime material on whatever backwater world they managed to escape. Their captains seem incapable of speaking without a giant smile, posed with their hands on their hips, speaking of themselves in the third person. And then they tried to first levy a fee for my not having a 'trade writ'. I laughed at their joke and walked away... and one of them touched me... actually touched me!

I turned and spit in his face! The subsequent events I'm sure are on record with the Sentinels offices in the Military Quarter, and I'm sure that once they pay for a well-trained transmuter or powerful cleric, they can make their squadron of toy soldiers distinct individuals again.

Some time later I arrived at Chindra's Palace of Delights in the Perfumed Quarter for a nice pleasant chat with Oslan Turvae, a good friend of mine. The palace is really a cheap knockoff of the Fortune's Wheel, just on a lower budget and without the same quality of clientele. Of course, I also had to deal with the insufferable buffoons who serve as the Union's unwitting jink spigot. Just a sample of the fumbling questions I had to endure

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The man, named Annmar, was once a peace-loving farmer who had fallen into lies and empty promises. He told me that for years he had been searching for justice against the people who had murdered his son Carl. The boy had been killed when a number of older children had been disappointed with Carl's lack of thieving skills. The older children had been a gang making their own promises of riches and glory to Carl, and when he tried to join them they had beaten him to death for his troubles. Annmar knew who the boys were but could not prove their guilt, and no one cared about trusting or aiding the farmer since he lived so far from the village's jurisdiction. Annmar was fueled with anger and revenge but knew that he himself had no power over the matter. Or at least that's what he thought. This was when the visitor had come and had changed Annmar's life forever.

The visitor was one we are all too familiar with. A pack of lies rolled up and given fleshy form. Corruption unheard of wearing a fanged smile as bright as the sun. It was a fiend who had visited Annmar. A fiend whose only joy was the suffering of others and perversion of their morals. One of those abyssal creations that exists only to make others die, and die with evil and ambition in their once pure and humble hearts. Though a civilized man like myself cannot imagine why such a creature would take pleasure in giving harm to anyone else, the demons seem to thrive on the cruelty and hate they both breed and spread. Like a disease that gains power through that which it kills, the fiends go forth in search of power through destruction and debasing that which we hold most sacred; our own souls.

Annmar was no different. To the fiend, he was a plaything to be used and discarded. The demon spoke great promises to him about taking revenge for him. No strings were attached as the demon caused the death of Carl's killers, but of course Annmar couldn't see how much this service would truly cost him. The boys suffered unimaginable torture and died in a horrifying execution, their heartless souls traveling to the infernal realms to be tortured even after death, and all these things Annmar watched, smiling at the harsh justice. It was a smile that was as hallow as the promises of the fiend when Annmar realized what he had done.

He, of course, was blamed for the murders and found guilty in trial. On a simple Prime world like this one, who could believe a man met a monster like a demon? Everyone knew, or at least thought, Annmar had killed the gang of boys for his own revenge and/or perverse pleasure, including myself.

Then why did I have a nagging suspicion that there was more to this? At the farmer's hanging, as Annmar struggled to take his last breath, a man beside me smiled a toothy grin, and a chill ran down my neck. I was paralyzed as the man turned my way and said, "It's a shame a man has to die in such a way, though there could be worse things to suffer in the multiverse. Perhaps soon that man will find such things and wish he was back here, clinging to his last inch of life before he goes to the

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over the course of a half hour from those idiots:
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“So what sort of devil are you?” “Just what kingdom are you the King of?” “I know a cleric in the Temple Quarter who can cure your lycanthropy.” “I’m the richest person in Union! Jeremo the Natterer? No I can’t say that I’ve ever heard of him. Why?” “Have you met Suplindh? Are you related to him? Do you know his father?” “The Gray Waste? Never heard of it, is that part of Hell? Or is it near the Happy Hunting Grounds?” “What’s that vine stuff on your head? Are you a druid? Why are you uncoiling a stand of it like... ack!”

Only by severe effort did I not simply start tossing spells around. Bless Oslan, he managed to calm me down before I strangled a few berks with too much money and neither good sense or any knowledge of the planes. It’s a wretched combination, and I have no desire to subject myself to it ever again. Of course my subsequent actions have made me more or less persona non grata within the demiplane itself, but I have no care to mention the details of that herein.

So in closing, take my advice and avoid the misery of visiting the place. (Though if you’re going, I might like to accompany you simply to experience the misery, it’s to me like chocolate to a mortal...) And I’m declaring it open season on the Mercane of Union, and on clueless with too much jink, peel them for all they’re worth on my behalf.

Her Fiendish Majesty, the King of the Crosstrade,

Shemeska the Marauder

P.S. And, in case you read this, Supreme Councilor Revenia, you can have the gemstone holding the most juicy portions of your Supreme Commander Dilella back for free. But you have to come visit me. In person. In Sigil. Divine all you like, I wasn’t involved. Cheers!



next world, and to new heights of torture.” The man disappeared from sight as soon as Annmar had closed his eyes for the last time. Obviously there were more than mortal onlookers in the crowd that day.
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Intrigued and more than slightly frightened by this experience I went to do some research on the matters of madness, fiend summoning, and the little known fact of the “demon’s gifts”. For those of you not familiar with this so-called fall from grace, I have gathered a short list of situations and their consequences. These can be summed up in five stages that a person must go through when extraplaner forces grant powers and favors that should have stayed unknown to the common man.

Stage One, Enticement: Demons know what humans want, and can play upon the desires and greed of mortals as well as a master flutist charms audiences with her instrument. The enticement is the first time a demon meets a mortal and begins to work its sweet-sounding chaos. Mortals are often granted a gift of some kind, but must, as equally often, promise something to the demon in return. Although this sacrifice is small, the price tends to gain in size as the relationship between man and demon grows.

Stage Two, Invitation: The bond only grows stronger with the invitation, making it so the mortal will feel weak, fatigued, lonely, and distant when his extraplaner ally is off working his horrors somewhere else. To balance this, the power grants the mortal a physical gift of some kind, making him or her stronger, faster, or filled with more vigor and endurance than a normal man has. This physical change also makes the victim more confident, making the mortal addicted to his newfound strengths.

Stage Three, Touch of Darkness: Perhaps the most influential stage of the game, the mortal must choose now to fight the demon or forever become his willing and tortured servant. The victim’s physical gifts deform his natural body and become very prominent, allowing the entire world to see. If the victim wants a favor from the entity, like in Annmar’s case, the demon exacts payment now for services rendered. If payment cannot be given then the fiend becomes impatient and feels that it has to show the mortal just who is in charge. More than one mortal has die learning this lesson.

Stage Four, Embrace: Like a dwarf friend of mine once said when we reached the top of a mountain, “There is no other way from here except down”. The mortal has almost no chance as they slip into a slow yet lasting madness. Their physical traits become inhuman and monstrous, and they gain both great gifts and great vulnerabilities, since evil and good must always be in balance. These victims have seen what they have done and fall hard once they realize the consequences. Suicides are very common during this time since individuals find it easier to end their life than face their pain. Madness runs rapid in victims
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S.I.G.I.S. Buying out The Eye? Say it ain't so!

Dear Editor,

Chant-mongers have been rattling their bone-boxes all week with some screech that Lady's Sharper Eye is merging with your top-notch paper S.I.G.I.S. It's been awhile since I received my regular subscription and I know that delivering it here in Carceri can be tricky at times, so I'll forgive this slight oversight just this once. The 'leths have been thick as warts on a night hag's nose, but to be honest with you I'd not even expect to find that rag referred to as Lady's Sharper Eye in a titan's latrine.

Has S.I.G.I.S. really fallen so low that it has to consort with those yellow touts who could not tell the dark of it if the chant came up and smacked up the side of their brain-boxes? This is a sorry day indeed, mark my words. S.I.G.I.S. was not afraid to expose the dirty little secrets of the factions, guilds or whom ever else thinks that they are in charge.

Well, don't get too comfy with those cross-trading chant-brokers. Soon as I can get some of our agents together we'll break out of this place and give you an exclusive on the real dark of what's going on. None of this humorous vegetables, missing pets or humanoid interest nonsense. The real chant on how the Factions are planning to take the Cage by storm, what the Rilmani are doing about the trouble in Arcadia and much, much more. The staff at the Eye will be first up against the wall when our day comes, so remember who your real friends are.

Kidu Rolls

I'm sure we will. Though to be blunt, perhaps you have your newsrags mixed up. The Eye's got no problems with taking on the Golden Lords. If it's newsworthy we'll print it.

If you can manage to worm your way up through the same channels your letter came by, our writing staff has only two words for you:

Bring it.

Threats are not appreciated

You berks get around much don't you? Got any chant on portals out of Carceri? Listen, let's just keep this between you and me 'cause if the Red Death sees this letter there'll be hell to pay and I'm no above sharing that pain. So, let's just keep this little letter between you and me. **DO NOT PUBLISH THIS LETTER.**

A. Nonny Mouse

Enjoy your stay in Carceri. I hear it's pleasant this time of year. Maybe you and Kidu Rolls can have lunch together.

continued from pg. 7

who have literally made deals with devils and now must pay their dues. The demons who seal the bloodied contract make sure that mortals go through the full extent of these consequences, often trying to turn them totally over to evil, and enjoying watching those suffer who do not complete the trip.

Stage Five, Creature of Darkness: I have heard that this stage is rare since most victims don't live long enough. Only those victims who are already on the path to darkness may become a creature of it. This stage represents the point of total evil, where the demon takes his victim into its arms and treats them less as a plaything and more as a protégé. Fiends grant powerful abilities to their new "child" but exact a price that strips the victim of their last vestiges of humanity. It is here that madness leads to a great void, where the victim no longer needs reason or civilized behavior. Some victims go so far as to allow themselves to reach this stage, but many of those are lost to humanity already.



Soul gems, for sell in the Black Market

With this in mind, I hope to have a newfound understanding of the human psyche and now know that not all actions are ours to blame. One must always decide the consequences of their actions, some which can mar your very soul. While we may not have everlasting peace, at least some have turned away from the darkness to the light of hope, a good sign for the future of our race. Remember that, and the experience of poor Annmar, the next time greed seeps into your heart. And always be careful in what you wish for, dear reader, because you may get it.

Bleak Thoughts

Collecting news is a waste of time, much less publishing it. Really it's all just a pointless exercise and a waste of quality parchment. We are all just pain accumulators accelerating though this meaningless life towards oblivion. So I ask you, is it really worth it?

Churt Dimmons

... Yes. Please stop by our offices in the Clerk's Ward for a gift therapy session at the Gatehouse, complements of the editor. The first step to receiving help is admitting you have a problem.

A lesson in consciousness

By the Orroloth

I suppose my column needs introduction. I am a...the Orroloth, an acquaintance of Ashenbach. You might have read some of my books, such as "Fiends: not all bad" and "The Factols Manifesto". No, that last part was a joke. Actually, Mr. Ashenbach has most graciously offered me a chance to have my articles published after a most unfortunate...scandal. What do I write about? Big, important things, like points of view, philosophy and the meaning of existence. I have been told I have a unique way of looking at things. Enough raving, let's get on with this month's article.

Grt'kk Gaack is a formian with some very unusual theories about the nature of consciousness. As he was recently come to Sigil to lecture on his theories, I managed to converse with him about his "multiversal mind" theory. I'll try my best to explain to you, gentle readers, the gist of this theory.

Scholars have long recognized the phenomenon of the hive mind, where a number of individuals have a strong, usually telepathic, connection. The hive mind is superior in every way to any one individual, as the intellect of the many seems to easily cascade into something greater. Studies have shown that there doesn't have to be any sort of 'ruler' to benefit from the hive mind, like the Illithids elder brains, but that any individuals with a sufficient mental connection make up the building blocks in something greater, an abstract sort of hive mind. This isn't too alien to accept. After all, the (mortal) body is made out of a number of smaller organisms, which individually are as intelligent as aasimon (you might want to insert another unthinking creature to facilitate your understanding of that sentence), referred to as 'cells' by Francis Z. Crick, the known Guvner biologist (I'd add a footnote referencing his work, but the Eye doesn't pay me).

Gaacks theory implies firstly that each plane possesses a 'planar mind', made up of every individual organism on the plane, with important beings, such as gods or ultroloths, possibly representing major functions of this mind. Each planar mind then makes up the multiversal mind. The theory includes only the outer planes, which in Gaack's opinion are the only planes that could qualify as 'intelligent'. The other planes, he says, are building blocks of the vast minds of the outer planes, with the non-planes of the Astral and Ethereal being the connections, which the outer planes use to obtain the blocks.

Now, Gaack is a formian. As such, he may be far more inclined than the 'regular' (i.e. a mortal from a culture of a type other than hive culture) to accept that we are all simply a part of some other, greater being, which also just happens to be beyond our understanding. Actually, if we **are** a part of some vast mind, stretching across the planes, it may simply not be a part of our function to understand the whole. How could the

liver possibly understand why you'd go on a drinking binge? Hard to say, really. The biggest drawback to the multiplanar mind theory is **conflict**.

Why would an organism destroy itself in a pointless conflict? Take the blood war. What possible purpose could it have (other than to make my kind rich, and the other fiends dead, that is)? A sinker's answer would probably be that it's in the nature of all organisms to destroy themselves, and therefore in the nature of the multiveres too, if it is an organism. Indeed, they'd say that it is an unbreakable law of reality: the law of Entropy. Of course, they hardly leave room for argument.

Now it is time to make my own observation. What if this multiversal mind isn't a present fact, but is in our future? Organisms evolve...magic is more powerful than it ever was, and the freshly created blood war recruits from Khin Oin are stronger than the prototype Canoloth times a hundred. I'll grant that the individual planes seem to have harmony with themselves, but imagine that the connections between the planes would suddenly improve...if the portals of Sigil would all open at once and stay open, perhaps. Would we experience a multiversal mind? Only one way to find out.

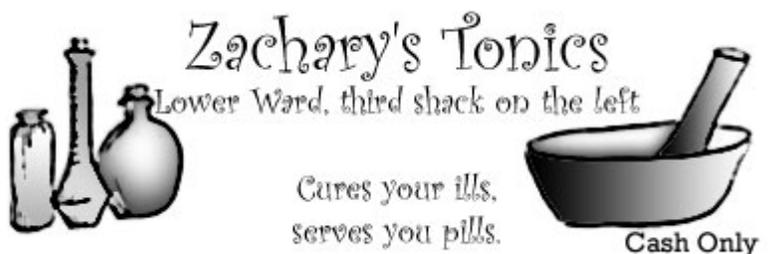
continued from pg. 4

how powerful true Evil is. Pay now for your belief in Good, fool."

And just before the first archons reached the place, the Nephilim died, and the balor teleported away.

Honestly, this was truly the MOST Excellent Murder I have seen so far. The balor had taken on the role of a mortal paladin for years; he even had to use some way to really BECOME that paladin. But below the shell, hidden even from the senses of archons, the balor waited, nurturing his hate. He waited for the one moment where he could kill the Nephilim, and his trickery, braveness and patience finally paid out.

Not only did he kill a hated enemy, he did it within the best defended fortress of Goodness, Mt. Celestia itself! I sure am interested in seeing more of this fiend, which is why I tried to find out more about him. The fiend's name is Hadruzed, a balor prince serving noone but himself in his golden Palace of Mutations in the first layer of the Abyss. Sure we'll hear more stories from him soon!



Anarian, part IV

By Barking Wilder

Anarian stepped from the tailors shop mumbling to himself about the low quality stitching that humans did. He looked around the dark city and decided that it made no sense to stay here any longer than he had to. He made for the Dustman Mortuary clutching the obsidian necklace he had recently purchased off the stall.

He approached the huge dome and smiled, it was nice to see people who cared for their dead, but the smile quickly faded when he realised that it was one thing to care for the dead but it was another thing to build an entire faction that liked dead things. The word escaped him as to what the name for an obsession with the Dead was but he carried on into the courtyard all the same.

Anarian searched all around the base of the structure, he just could not find what he was looking for. He pulled the obsidian from inside his shirt and held it out in front of him. The small piece of black stone hummed with energy and pulled the elf towards a secluded corner of the courtyard. Anarian laughed quietly to himself, his sixth sense for portal keys had not failed him yet.

Reality seemed to tear as the obsidian burst into a tiny blue flame and forced the portal open. Anarian attempted to identify the destination but it was even darker through there than it was here. Anarian grabbed at his belt and pulled a small bag off it. He blew on the opening to the bag and a crackling could be heard inside the small leather container. He threw the bag into the portal and watched as it landed in the other dimension. After a few seconds it erupted into a bright light source and Anarian could tell that this was the plane of Baator, possibly Avernus. Not exactly where he wanted to go but he knew a detour through Baator which would get him to

his final destination.

Anarian decided that it was not the best idea to go into a devil infested plane at night and so he retreated to the Clerks ward and, after bartering with the factol of the Civic Feshthall for a room, he slept. That is until he was rudely awakened.

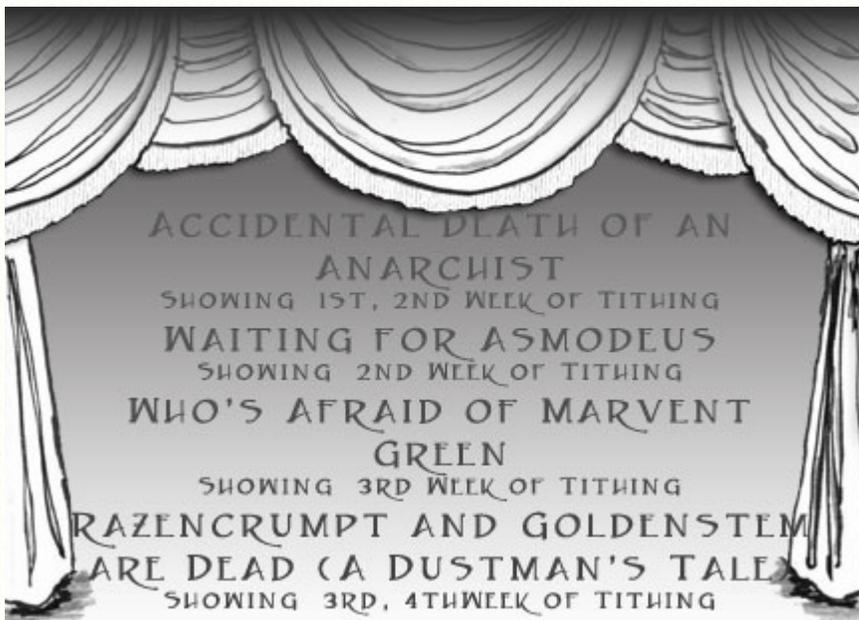
The creature stank of sulphur and blood. It removed its hand from around his mouth and turned the small elf around to face it. The Baatezu let out a hiss; not at all offensive, more of an exhaust for the gases inside it. Anarian looked at the Abishai and opened his mouth to speak but was quickly silenced by the Devil as it stood and left the room. Anarian was drawn to follow the creature out of the room and out of the Feshthall where he was greeted by a sight so horrible that even he, despite his hardened psyche, could not stand to look at it without being traumatised.

The Lady's Ward was gone, it lay ruined, replaced by the jet black towers of the Baatezu Devils. Anarian watched in disbelief as the winged foot soldiers lay waste to the civilians, enforcing their ultimate law with a zealous fury. The streets ran red with the blood of thousands of mortals. Anarian gathered himself and turned to the Abishai. He was shocked when he realised that the Abishai had left and was replaced by a frail being that he immediately recognised. Anarian put a hand on the shoulder of the creature and spun it round "Father?" he whimpered, the decrepit elf turned and gave a splutter "Anarian, you failed us all!" he said and with that he coughed a spray of crimson fluid into his sons face. Anarian let up a roar of misery and tried to comfort his now crying father "Anarian, how could you?" asked the frail being, "What have I done father?" asked the weeping elf, "You let me die and now...YOU HAVE KILLED THEM!" Bellowed the man. Anarian awoke with a start and looked around him for his father. The old man was nowhere to be seen.

Anarian could not get back to sleep, the tortured face of his father, the blood that he spat in his face, the evil around him, it was all too much to gather together at once. He then realised the trace of evil he could smell that he could not quite place. He froze as he recalled the vile element...Sulphur!

Anarian stood and dressed himself. The seemingly weak structure of his body glided effortlessly down the Feshthall corridors. He reached the exit of the building and left without another word. He realised now that his mission was pointless compared to this new one set out by his father.

Anarian walked to the dustman structure and bore the obsidian necklace to the portals position. Again the portal opened and crackled with raw energy, again Anarian checked that the destination was the same, it was. Without another thought for safety Anarian stepped through the portal into the Devilish heat of Baator "This will not happen," he vowed to himself and with that the portal closed behind him.



Interview with a Barmy

By Torsten Bernhardt

Onordiardo is fairly unassuming for a tiefling, standing at only four feet tall. His two swept-back horns hint at a cornugon ancestor, though his chaotic nature belies that. Despite his diminutive stature, he has been causing much havoc around the Great Ring with his activities.



For the past cycle he has been traveling from plane to plane and layer to layer, playing a set of pan pipes that drive listeners barmy. Those listeners in turn usually obtain pipes of their own and travel, causing their own insanity as they go. I caught up with Onordiardo just outside of Ironridge, where he had just been driven out by the locals, and interviewed him through a Bleaker in-between and keeper while I kept my ears plugged. Readers should be warned that Onordiardo is as barmy as they come, so his responses may be difficult to understand at times.

Eye: You've popped up into the public's eye lately, causing a lot of trouble throughout the Great Ring by driving people barmy. You started all this quite suddenly a cycle ago, but before then you were completely unknown. How did you gain this ability?

Onordiardo: Wot? The horns? Haddem since birth. Or hatchin'. I dunno.

Eye: No, your ability to induce insanity through pipe playing. How did you get that?

Onordiardo: Oh! That! It's a gift from the Great Ones. You should pull them plugs outa yer ears, you can be gifted too. I'd pull 'em out for ya, but yer friend [points to interpreter] has an awful big sword arm.

Eye: The Great Ones? Who are they?

Onordiardo: Remember a long time ago, mebbe two days ago, mebbe more, that Laisamen came back from Othrys, claimin' that there were big powers or monsters far away from Othrys' orbs? Well, I herda that, and thought "Onordiardo, these sound like the kinda powers that deserve yer worship!" So I went off to Carceri, got my mitts on a skin balloon, and went off to see 'em. I think that's what happened. I forget sometimes. The Great Ones think it's better that way.

Eye: And what were they, these Great Ones? Are they imprisoned gods, or are they voluntary inhabitants?

Onordiardo: They're caged up there, suren! Locked up tighter 'n' Loki, only without the snake. Or a wife. But they want out, sure as a ratatosk wants nuts! All they need is enough worshippers, and they'll skip out of there sure as the Lady's hairdresser ain't a rust monster!

Eye: So what you've been doing --

Onordiardo [interrupting]: Yeah! Makin' followers! As long as they get enough, they don't care how they get 'em! Don't need a church, don't need a priesthood, they just need the numbers, and that's what I'm givin' them! Numbers like six! And more than six!

Eye: If they've been imprisoned in Carceri, then someone must have put them there. Do you know who?

Onordiardo: Nah. Do ya think they'd tell someone as barmy as me? I dunno if whoever put 'em in there is still around or if the Astral's their kip now. [checks over shoulder towards Ironridge] We gotta make this quick, it looks like they've got a hunting party out for me. No surprise there.

Eye: So how do you feel about the fact that you're worshipping the losing side? Wouldn't it be smarter to worship whoever put them in Carceri?

Onordiardo: Mebbie, but once they get out, they're going ta give me toys beyond my wildest dreams, they said, and my dreams have been getting wilder the more I play my pipes, let me tell you! Woooo!

Eye: So how long do you think it will be before you've gotten enough worshippers to set them free?

Onordiardo: I think I've got 'em now. No, wait. Not yet. I dunno, but that just keeps me workin' harder, don't it? [checks over shoulder again] Look, I gotta go; it looks like Ironridge's hunting party is heading this way. One more question, and then I'm off.

Eye: Do you have anything to say to the Eye's readers about your new gods and why they should worship them?

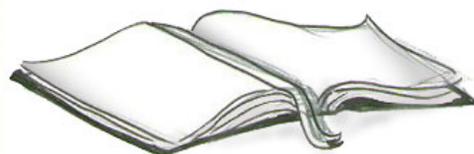
Onordiardo: Why should my gods worship your readers? [runs off]

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NO CATS PLEASE

The Shattered Mimir



Who am I?

I am the owner of The Shattered Mimir.

Don't pretend you are interested in my life, I know that you only came here for one reason. You came to see what darks my little pet could reveal to you...oh, you want me to explain for your readers? Well I've signed your contract and been paid my jink so I guess I must.

I, Septus Ocrum, am the re-creator of The Shattered Mimir, a most extraordinary repository of all things dark. The power of its knowledge was... is? So great that someone, or something, feared it enough to shatter it into a thousand pieces. These fragments were then spread throughout the planes like tiny seeds of knowledge thrown to the infinite winds. It has been my life's work to rebuild this ancient Mimir and I have done so as best I can. However, it is not yet complete and I doubt I will live to see its completion. Little is known about the Mimir's past because it has chosen not to share such things with anyone up until now at least. Perhaps you shall change that. Who knows?

Simply address it directly and the Mimir will share with you a tale that it deems you worthy of. That is, if you are worthy of a tale at all.

The following is an excerpt from The Shattered Mimir brought, exclusively, to the readership of The Eye!

On one of my many planar jaunts I met an old bubber in a bar begging for a drink. He offered me some darks on Carceri in exchange for his bub. I recorded the most interesting one in my trusty mimir:

The Shackles of Choice

As all of its inhabitants know, there is only one way to escape Carceri: **Betrayal.**

The betrayed must gain more power than their betrayers, which is almost impossible in a realm of the wretched betrayed who see their betrayers in the souls of every fellow prisoner.

The imprisoned cannot simply hop through a portal to escape...or so it is said. There is however a legend in the red prison that is told in every tavern and whispered to every newcomer. This legend tells of a portal to the outside which can be used by anyone regardless of their imprisonment and regardless of whether it is deserved or not. The legend contains no clues as to where this portal is but it does suggest where to

gain this knowledge.

There is a massive crater in the barren wilds of Carceri and in this crater is an oracle of sorts. It is this oracle that holds the answer. The first problem any would-be escapee has is trying to locate the crater from the description, which is vague to say the least. Fortunately this crater is so huge that it can be found in the maps of 'nearby' towns (the nearest being 256 miles away with no known portals existing anywhere near the crater). The wastes in which the oracle lives are harsh even by the standards of the lower planes. No basher has ever been known to return from the crater so contributing to the exit-portal myth but many assume that they simply have not survived the journey. The truth is far more chilling and insidious than any of the natives' supposition. It is true that many don't survive the journey, but those who make it to the crater never leave it again.

Anyone who survives the arduous trek to the crater's rim may think that they are lost. Where their maps show a crater they see only a steep cliff dropping down thousands of feet. The truth is the crater is so vast that it stretches beyond the horizon thus obscuring its opposite rim from the weary traveler. What can be seen however is a tiny, flickering light in the distance.

After journeying many, many miles across the crater floor this tiny light can be seen to belong to a small ramshackle building. This usually comes as quite a surprise to the traveler as everyone *knows* that oracles live in caves or temples. Their bewilderment grows as they near the building, which is revealed to be a tavern, namely "The Shackles of Choice". A name like this would make even the clueless a bit peery, anywhere else apart from Carceri that is.

There are few names of places, buildings and things that don't allude to the inhabitant's incarceration in this miserable place. Weapons drawn the exhausted portal seeker bursts down the patchwork door which has seen many repairs in its long life. Within the tavern they find an old man, no foes to battle for the secret of freedom, just a gnarled old man with a kindly smile.

"Don't worry about the door my child. Just sit a while with me and I shall tell you what it is you have come for."

Weapon still drawn, the haggard 'adventurer' takes the bar stool indicated by the old man.

"Oh that will be of little use to you here" he remarks gently as he fills a tankard from one of the many magical kegs behind the bar. He whispers the activation words too quietly for the traveler to hear them. This strikes him as odd but then what isn't in this crater?

*"Now drink up. It's not often that I get company and I'd like to hear a bit about how you came to be here, as I already know **why** you came*

here."

As the impatient patron starts to protest the barkeep just smiles sadly.

"Please indulge an old man who's spirit is not long for this world."

Once the initial complaints are past the stories and the ale begin to flow. The old man has many tales of his own which he shares enthusiastically with the skill and energy of a Ysgardian bard. Every story is more entertaining than the last and every tankard more quenching than the one before it. In fact the ale is the finest the portal-seeker has ever tasted. The old man always has a full tankard sitting waiting for the traveler who drains them rapidly one after the other.

Many hours pass before the traveler remembers his true reason for coming here. After asking this all-important question, between gulps of the glorious ale, the old man's face loses its friendly nature. He sets down an empty tankard on the bar and says nothing. A charged silence fills the tavern, broken only by the crackling from the hearth. The traveler fidgets nervously whilst the old man studies his features. The seeker's hand reaches for a replacement tankard and grips it tightly even though it is empty and of no use. His entire body begins to shake as his grip tightens further and he feels an incredible thirst. Sweat drips down his forehead and breathing becomes more difficult. The old man's smile reappears, but this time it is a frightening sinister thing.

In a voice dripping with honey he asks "Would you like to know where the portal is...or would you like another drink?"

With horror the traveler hears his own voice reply through dry lips "A...a...drink".

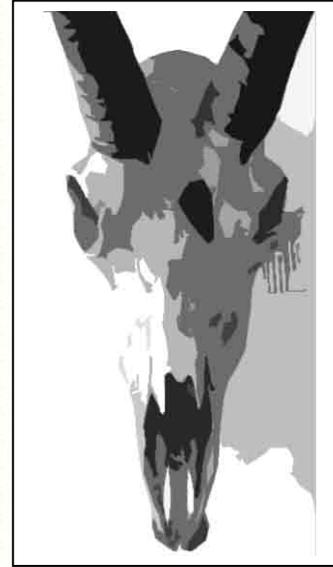
And so it is with all who seek out the old man in his tavern. No one knows for certain why he does this or what happen to those he claims but rumours, tales and sheer screed abound. Some say he sells his captives on to the baatezu, others say he keeps them in a vast cellar simply to torture for the perverted pleasure of it and still others claim something far more bizarre. Some believe that the old man is an agent of one of the Titans who collects souls to feed his master. When the Titans were cast down the wisest among them broke off a piece of his own essence as he fell and it came crashing down like a meteor, striking Carceri far from the Titans' prison. Perhaps the old man is the embodiment of this essence, perhaps he is merely a worshipper of the ancient powers, perhaps those he traps are sacrificed to his patron Titan, perhaps they are forced to worship the Titan to earn their cursed ale, perhaps this is all screed or perhaps one day the Titans may walk again...

How do I know any this?

Ah, now that wasn't part of our deal. I've told you what I know, now get me my ale.

Hmm. A tale suitable for your readers?

No, there will be no more stories today. I have agreed to allow you access to the Mimir but only when I choose. If it is your wish, return another day and we shall see if The Shattered Mimir and I are in a more sharing mood.



THE FORTUNE'S WHEEL

~ ~ ~



BUY/SALE

wtb: five healthy kittens, solid black, must be disease free contact Zeb, #64.5 Fang St., The Hive

fs: three large pink fish and fishbowl, contact manager at The Bulge, third to left, G.Bazaar 2sp, 1 sp for fish only

wtb: contracts for two healthy strong and virile male elves, for personal services. Contact C. at F.Wheel. Indentured servants only. NO slave deeds, that would be illegal.

fs: two books, unknown language, three hand turned tables, two tapestries, four 'arts', and thirteen small statues. The dragon had a crappy horde.

Tusk at the Meerkat, Clerk.W , Here for next 3 wks till next job. 30gp, or best offer.

fs: case of red wine, only missing one bottle. Beastlands origin. Decent table wine, just not the quality I serve. Contact barkeep at MopSop, Lower Ward.

fs: a three scrolls by wizard of confusion powerful spell cast, Xaos Bar #D, LW XitherMae contact Thursday, Friday MaeXither raining unless or first drink

fs: two tickets to the abysmal showing of

the Entertainer's Guild play - Accidental Death of an Anarchist. **No actual death.** Ticket value, obo

fs: seven links of kyton chain, good for portal keys, 2sp, contact Bee at Box 34, Iron Crt.GW

wtb: Arcadian ponies, healthy, for long haul trip over outlands. Must pass inspection. Offering up to 900gp for as many as you got. Contact Qrtm. Leela at Planar Trade Consortium HQ, MW

fs: mint copy of F. Manifesto - it ain't illegal **now** H.Heads! Best offer by end of the month, Bertlebee at the Great Bazaar. Just ask around.

wtb: bebilith eggs, as many as you have, for tasting party in two weeks. Must Not Be Close To Hatching. Contact Head Chef at the Mermaid's Cups, Lady's Ward.

wtb: sofa and bed, ones I had got burned by guests reasonable offers only Eilean, #45 Firree, CW

fs: one gold diamond ring, slightly used. Engagement is off, trying to recoup loss. 350 gp or best offer.

fs: one slightly used set of armor, half orc sized. Large dent in back of helmet can be pounded out. 20gp, obo. Contact Miss

Maple, 3 in, 5 to the right, G. Baazar.

fs: 8 books on various languages. I'm quitting this semester, selling textbooks for ship ticket. 10gp, obo. Contact Cailie, at Civic Festhall, Clerks Ward.

HIRING

2 musicians for private party at Cutters Vinyard, 7th of the fourth Wk of Tithing. Talent and discretion required. Bleaknicks need not apply. 100 gp/show. Contact C. at the Fortune's Wheel

Small escort for large shipment of books and copy records from the Hall of Records, Sigil to the Hall of Archive, Mechanus. Permits and passes for Guvner property will be issued on hiring. Pay scale negotiable. Pietres, Hall of Records, Office #78D.

Expert lockpick needed to open recently inherited chest. Contact H. Schaef at 23 Bear St. Guildhall Ward.

Astral expert needed for advice to travelling party. Must be well travel and familiar with githyanki society. We leave for the Astral next week. Willing to pay 150 gp, plus extra on the return if your advice saves our tails. Contact 'The Lordes Party' at the Twelve Factols Inn.

Experienced escort for archeological expedition to Pelion. Be prepared for duties including personal protection and assistance with the menial tasks of a dig. Pay begins at 300 gp/wk with danger bonus. Additional bonus possible, dependant on success of the expedition

Contact Prof. Morwyn at Silvanus Institute.

Wizard needed to check for portals in new kip. Contact me at 76 Bygone Dr., G.Ward, 3rd floor.

Courier needed for delivery of small items on extremely short notice. Must be willing to be woken in the middle of the night, and prepared for swift inter-planar travel within Outer Planes. Deliveries are time sensitive, speed is rewarded. Discretion required. Applicants give contact information at Deposit Box #42 of Clerk Ward firm, Per, Por et Post. Secretary can direct you.

Clerk needed to transcribe copies of contracts in triplicate. Contact M. Mort at 232 Hidden Blade Dr. CW.

Respectable young lady for escort and assistance of my daughter, newly arrived to Sigil. Must be knowledgeable of

the city, the planes, and able to give good advice re: troublesome persons. Must be able to keep our arrangement a secret. Contact Lady Silvia de Thorpe de Casso of Port Whelstone, Western Empire, Maedrun, Prime

KIPS SALE/RENT

231 Bailey Crt. Lower Ward, Sm. 2 bedrm apt. 1sp/mo for 12 mo lease. Renters must be non-fiend blood. Contact holding company Frist and Fried, Clerk Ward.

78 1/2 Barne St. Hive, One room studio. Furnished. Recently cleaned for vermin and dead. Contact Murphy at Dead Horse Bar, Hive Ward.

House sitters needed for furnished, two floor, 5 bedroom complex in Lady's Ward. Food delivery assured for the next six months. Sitters must provide three references, and be willing to undergo truth detection spells. Contact Lady Reel at the Civic Festhall if interested.

Classified ads may be placed with the front desk at the Lady's Sharper Eye. 2192 Inkstain Street, The SIGIS Complex, Clerk's Ward, Sigil

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Mortal recruits once signed are not guaranteed close up views of succubus or eriyne combat. Recruits waive all rights to future contracts. All work performed under the employee of the Ministry of Mortal Affairs is under Non-Disclosure. Details are available on a need to know basis. Recruitment commanders are at their own discretion regarding need to know. Complaints may be directed to the Ministry of Mortal Complaints at Grenpoli.