

THE LADY'S SHARPER EYE

THE QUESTION OF TAXES

SIGIL - No doubt readers have seen the broadsheets that have been posted all over the city—broadsheets expertly designed by the talented hand of Harys Hatchis to attract attention and appeal to the eye, but whose flash and pretty appearance distracts from an unpopular truth. In some of the words the notices bear:

“The Sigil Advisory Council has announced that, regrettably, it has been found necessary to re-institute a program of taxation in the city of Sigil. While it has been possible to function for some time on past savings, and while the dabus certainly do their invaluable part without asking for recompense, there remain certain necessities of administration that cannot be continued without funding.”

Reactions to this announcement have

been mixed, but most of the chant has been negative. Nobody likes giving his jink away, but some people accept that the city may need it. Most people, though, think there must be a better way.

“It’s not like some of those Council members couldn’t spare the money themselves without blinking,” argues Sariah Brookhollow, a halfling resident of the neighborhood of Curly-Top in the Guildhall Ward. “Take Estevan, for example—he’s probably got more jink than all the Hive and the Lower Ward put together. But he wants to take jink from poor folk like us? Bah.”

“While I appreciate all that the Council has done,” says Asamander the Old, a half-elf with a home in the Triad District, “I must question

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MASS CASUALTIES : EXODUS ON INFINITE STAIRCASE

By Katya Adelle

INFINITE STAIRCASE - The Planewalkers Guild reported a mass exodus from one of the worlds on the Infinite Staircase. Thousands of men, women and children of Elven, Halfling and Gnomish origin were seen streaming through the doorway.

Although initial reports indicated an organized and orderly exodus, panic set in to the crowd as word of an unnamed attackers spread like wildfire. Shortly after a stampede began and hundreds lost their lives as they fell from the Staircase. Others were trampled in the rush and there are countless others that fled through nearby doorways on to other worlds and planes. The doorway from that world has since closed, seemingly warded from the other side.

A representative from the Planewalkers Guild, who wished to remain anonymous, stated: “It’s uncommon to have an exodus take place through the Infinite Staircase; normally the traffic on it can be described as light. But only the other week I heard of a

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whether in this particular case they have really examined all the options. Perhaps the money could be raised with some publicly operated mercantile operation? Perhaps exacting fines from convicted miscreants could suffice, or at least ameliorate the burden? Surely a return to an abandoned taxation system cannot be the only solution."

No one has been more vocal in his opposition to the plan of taxation than Jeremo the Natterer, factol of the Ring-Givers, who claims to have made his own proposal to the Council, a proposal which they inexplicably rejected.

"I was perfectly willing to pay the city's expenses out of my own personal fortunes," Jeremo reports. "With the dabus taking care of most of the maintenance, there ain't much more that needs to be paid than some officials' salaries and a bit of stationery, and I can easily afford that. But the Council turned me down. Guess they'd rather take jink from everyone by force than take it from one person who's willing to give it. Why would that be? What are they really up to? Is there something more than they're saying behind the taxation plan?"

"Yes, Jeremo the Natterer did offer to pay the city's expenses himself," confirms Council Chairwoman Rhys. "Certainly his offer was given due consideration. However, in the end, we found there was simply too much potential for later trouble. I would rather not be more specific than that."

"Bar that," Jeremo retorts. "Later trouble, my left pinky-toe. The Council's just flexing its muscles and seeing what it can get away with, that's all."

Of course, taxes mean tax collectors,

and the broadsheets have advertised that fact as well. This time, however, the matter of tax collection is not to be left in the hands of any one faction, and is—so the Council promises—to be carefully overseen to avoid the corruption that has plagued tax collection efforts in the past. Still, Cagers remain peery.

"It's the Takers all over again," says Elam Wintersday, a bariaur living in the Feshall District. "They got kicked out of their tax-collecting racket, and good riddance. By Baator, their factol ended up starting the Faction War. Do we really want to invite berks like that back in?"

Aram Oakright, self-appointed factol of the Fated, objects to this characterization. "Hah. Just because the Fated were the only bloods canny enough to know enough to get what they wanted, all these boil-brained berks want to blame us for everything from taxes to the Faction War to rain on a picnic day. Well, boo hoo, go cry to a gelugon. Darkwood? Don't get me started on Darkwood. Puffheaded Prime pops up on the planes and suddenly thinks he deserves to run a faction—bah. Never should've been factol anyway, and it's no surprise to me he stirred up a rast's nest and got himself scragged by the Lady, or whatever it is that became of him. But you can't think the rest of us are as leather-headed as he was. We just know what we want, and we aim to get it, and if you ask me that makes us the most capable cutters you could possibly ask for to be tax collectors. After all, getting what we're entitled to, jink included, is what we're all about. And if you don't like that, well, you can crawl back to your case and sit there sulking while we get ourselves what we deserve."

But while Fated members are not explicitly forbidden to apply for jobs as tax collectors, Council member Ustisha Cambris has stressed that they will not be favored for them—and that any Takers who expect things to be just as they were

is going to be disappointed.

"I'm a member of the Fated myself, so I'm certainly sympathetic to any Takers who want their own jobs back," Cambris says. "But we must be realistic and admit that the previous tax collection system *was* both inefficient and riddled with fraud. How much of this was the fault of the faction, it's difficult to say—certainly Darkwood caused a lot of trouble, and there are many who wouldn't hesitate to fingers him for this too. Anyway, I think the Fated has changed since the Faction War, and the faction as a whole is much less self-interested now. Regardless, however, we must strive to avoid even the appearance of malfeasance, which is why we would like to encourage members of *all* factions to apply for positions as tax collectors—including those such as the Harmonium that have traditionally been at odds with the Fated."

Cagers' feelings about the matter aside, it seems that the return of taxation is now inevitable. Applicants for a position as tax collector are asked to report to Threetooth Meck at the City Barracks. Be warned, however, that while the job might get you a good wage, it's also likely to make a sod quite unpopular with his neighbors.

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similar incident on the Yggdrasil."

The Lady's Sharper Eye has sent several reporters to the Yggdrasil to confirm reports of a mass exodus as well as to several of the well known and defended trading outposts in the Silver Void to check up on any reports of similar incidents.

The Sons of Mercy are accepting charitable donations on behalf of the refugees of this exodus, to provide for their temporary lodgings and well-being. Donations may be sent to the Sons of Mercy c/o The Lady's Sharper Eye.

RIGUS ON THE EDGE: GATE-TOWN SIEGE

OUTLANDS, RIGUS - The gate-Town of Rigus, leading to Acheron, was descended upon by the mercantile militia on the payroll and under the command of the Planar Trade Consortium. The Planar Trade Consortium has put forth a blockade around the town and effectively sealed it off from the surrounding terrain. Many of the portals leading into, and out of Rigus have been locked, preventing portal travel.

Estevan, Ogre-Magi and Head of the Planar Trade Consortium, has petitioned with the Lich Rulers of Rigus to evict certain mercenary groups in order to lift the blockade on trade goods and supplies. "The [mercenary units] has, unlawfully, obtained goods and service provided by the Planar Trade Consortium," is written in the declaration of war against the city of war. "According to the Charter of Trade [On display in the Courthouse of Sigil] the Planar Trade Consortium is allowed to collect any debts for those goods and services, by force if necessary, through the use of an independently funded military force," spoke Nute Raygun, a fraal overseeing trade routes in the Phlogoston.

While an army travels on its stomach is a truism that cannot be ignored, the troop movement to the Abyss against Lolth's Demonweb Pits requires sustenance and supplies and that division is also required to maintain the defense of the city.

GEAR STREET WORKSHOP VANDALIZED, EMPLOYEES AND RESIDENTS ASSAULTED

SIGIL - Shortly after anti-peak, Gear Street, Sigil's racial enclave of modrons in the Clerk's Ward suffered a string of burglaries, assaults, vandalism and property damage from numerous unidentified vandals. Witnesses, including many rogue modrons and a number of planar humans, reported a motley group of Archons, Baatezu, Archons fighting Baatezu, and 'giggling monodrones' racing through the district during their spree.

There were a number of minor injuries to modrons who happened to be in the way of the mob of mischief makers, though witnesses vary in whether the assaults appeared to be incidental rather than malicious. Various

buildings had their number plates stolen, switched, or relettered. Similar to the actions of the individual known as 'The Painter' and a large number of associates several years back, there was a large amount of graffiti plastered across streets, on the sides of buildings, and in some cases on some of the assaulted residents. The graffiti included but was not limited to, "Archons do it for justice!" "Modrons do it like clockwork!" "Duck duck duck duck Mechanical Goose!" and "Hashkar Lives!", as well as faces, symbols, and even an impressionistic landscape drawn onto the back of one modron caught in the center of the street.

"This is terrible and cruel." Said local craftsman and merchant Ali Hassan. "As it is, the modrons of gear street are rogues. They're refugees and immigrants who came to Sigil seeking a better life. Sure they may seem awkward to some people,



The mercenary force secured a treaty with their High-Up man, General Marshal, to reinforce and defend the city in return for training to be more combat effective on the planes. While the Planar Trade Consortium blockades the city of Rigus, the City of Ribcage has mobilized their military. Chant is unconfirmed as to whether or not they intend to reinforce the blockade, attack Rigus while weakened, secure their defenses against a city that will hunger upon release, or attack the blockade against a gate-town that has been hostile in the past to secure a peace treaty and trade agreements.

Thus far, the lich-kings have left all treaties unanswered.

they may seem overly curious, and even a little naive, but that shouldn't provide anyone a reason to hurt or mock them."

Other residents took a rather different tone on the attacks.

"I'm not so sure I'd say it was violent really." Said Ah'sin Weatherstar, self-proclaimed Minister of the Kaleidoscope Decadrone. "The splash of color really does the place some good. No more boring old stodgy gear street. You can ask the modrons themselves, but either they haven't noticed it, or they'll start rattling off about wavelengths and pigments and blah blah blah b-o-r-i-n-g."

"Me? I think the yugoloths did it." - name withheld by request

"Random portal to Arborea and a bunch of Bacchae? It's plausible I suppose." - Frixalia Berrybush, pixie

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musician

"Formians in disguise. The ones from Mechanus, not the ones in Arcadia. That's what I'd wager." - Marcus Fistran, aasimar tout

"So they're no longer a 'faction'... right. Ten jink says that it was the Anarchists. Don't believe all that babble about them going to Carceri and falling apart. That's bunk. They're still here in Sigil, and I've no doubt that they're trying to raise tensions in the Ward." - Artrus Hollowind, tiefling member of the Sodkillers

"Of course it was the ***expletive removed*** Baatezu and the thrice-damned Archons. Who else would do something that stupid? I say we round them all up and ... - Vrezeth of Pazunia, Marquis Cambion and Blood War mercenary

Regardless of views amongst district residents, the City Watch has promised a full investigation into the incident and are following up on several 'important leads' on the matter. The Sodkillers have also offered their aid, for an 'equitable weekly fee'. Any further information can be delivered to the Watch, or to the offices of the LSE and we will pass it on from there.

JOIN THE PTC!

Employment opportunities
available for the skilled and
courageous!

Money, fame, 15% discounts!

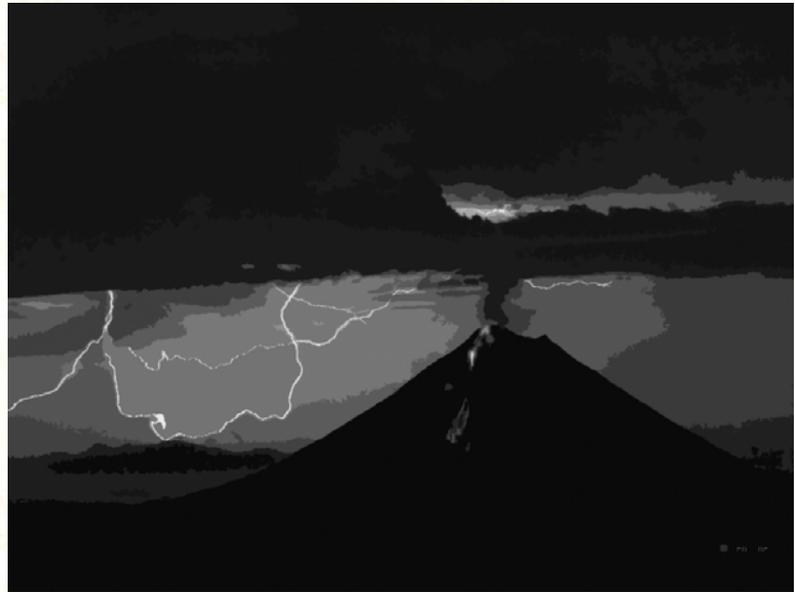
No religious/philosophical
questions asked!*

*No Free League Members

PLANE QUAKE: TØRCH UP-HEAVES

OUTLANDS, TORCH - The gate-town to Gehenna, Torch, suffered a tremendous plane quake late last week. The rumblings were felt as far rim-wise as the gate-towns to the Grey Waste and Carceri, Hopeless, and Curst; respectively, and ring-wise to the seventh. Accompanying the quake was a violent eruption from the volcano that serves as the town's portal to Gehenna. Lava, fire, and ash poured out of the volatile cone and rained down on the gate-town. Planeologists note that the sulfurous gasses and ash that was launched into the upper atmosphere of the Outlands will likely be carried on the Mortis winds, discord-wise to Curst and Bedlam (gate-town to Pandemonium). The seasonal winds should keep the poisonous clouds free of Sigil's portals, but will cause acid rains and ash to fall on all discord-wise burgs until it blows out to the Hinterlands.

The sudden tremors and eruption caught the town off-guard. The Yugoloth were, purportedly, wandering the streets, with impunity to the dangers of the volcano, and making deals with the various races to save their lives from the conditions the Yugoloth are native to. While a death toll is not forthcoming, damages have been estimated to be in the millions. "We knew that living on, and near, a volcano would present certain dangers," spoke the town warden. "We did have lava and magma vents dug in to channel the flow. Unfortunately the eruption expelled more than the channels could handle." The majority of the damage was along the upper rim of the town, structures too close to the volcano's natural lava channels, and the obvious fires. Plans to rebuild are underway.



WEATHER GUILD SUED

SIGIL - A claim was filed in the city courts, by Yugoloths representing the gate-towns of Torch and Curst, to sue the Weather Guild of Sigil as responsible for the death and destruction that devastated the town as a result of the plane-quake and subsequent eruption. The gate-towns are claiming that the planeology division of the guild was negligent in their duties, failing to detect the warning signs of the quake and give proper warning.

The case arrived before the courts with amazing speed and the gate-towns are suing for the cost of repair and a sum for lost life, and lost tax revenue from the deaths.

The Yugoloth are pressing for a Baatezu judge to try the case, a request yet to be approved by press time, and guild leader Doppler set to defend his own guild.

MIND'S EYE: CITY ON THE OUTLANDS

By Kidu Rolls

OUTLANDS -Traders belonging to the Planar Trade Consortium were surprised to find that along one of their main trade highways the Mind's Eye faction is in the process of building a city. Rather than build up a small settlement and then let it grow over time, they appear to have it upon themselves to build the whole city in one go.

The trader, Alvus Widdershins, described the city as follows: "Well, it was pretty compact as a city goes. Tall, thick outer walls and streets laid out in concentric rings. In the middle was some kind of large foundry or linked workshops, but the guards in the city prevented us from too getting close have a good look. It's funny, because I could swear that the city looked just like one of them legendary cities that the Rilmani live in, you know the ones you hear described in tavern tales but which only a friend of a friend's relative has been to and returned to tell the tale."

The Lady's Sharper Eye sent a reporter to investigate the city and when she arrived, she found that the outside of the city has been built in a remarkably short period of time. The outer walls are made of metal instead of stone and all visitors are thoroughly questioned for a number of hours before being permitted entry in to the city.

When our reporter slipped in to the city without going through all the questioning, a roving patrol picked her up and made her go through the same process. It is unknown

at this time how they identified the reporter in the crowd of people in the plaza and she is currently trailing a number of patrols to see how the Mind's Eye keeps the peace in their new city.

So far the city's main function is to act as a trading post, albeit a very big and well defended one. On the morning after her arrival, our reporter spotted a walking castle that no one in the vicinity could explain having arrived from elsewhere. This sparked the rumour that the foundry and workshops in the restricted city's centre are being used to build new walking castles. But so far bloods and sages have drawn a blank on how the Mind's Eye faction has managed to build a city in such a short time and whether they are now producing walking castles or not.



TAX ADVISORY

The *Sigil Advisory Council* has announced that, regrettably, it has been found necessary to re-institute a program of taxation in the city of Sigil.

While it has been possible to function for some time on past savings, and while the dabus certainly do their invaluable part without asking for recompense, there remain certain necessities of administration that cannot be continued without funding.

Questions, concerns, comments and proposals should be delivered to the City Hall, Department of Taxation.

The Sigil Advisory Council is still determining the proper means and methods of implementing a new taxation program. We welcome concerned citizens to an *open council meeting* to be held:

**Lady's Walk Park, Lady's Ward
15th of Mortis (Ides)
At 6 anti-peak**

AMUSING VEGETABLE COMPETITION SPARKS RIOT IN DOTHION

By Jenny Nails

DOTHION, WINTERSPRING - In the annual Growers and



Harvest Fair in the small town of Winterspring, Dothion, the residents and visitors were astonished

when a riot broke out in the otherwise good-humoured and entertaining event.

Never in its three hundred and forty one year history has there been much more than a punch thrown in anger, often after a lengthy drinking session of Bottleback's Black Cider by some of the visitors. A roving Asuras landed shortly after the riot began and swiftly restored order, although a number of visitors and locals had to seek clerical aid to cure their injuries.

The cause of the riot appears to have been an argument about which of the vegetables was the most amusing. This is normally a small part of the Fair, considered by many of the greybeards to be recent and unassuming introduction to the Fair, which few cutters pay attention to. When one of the visitors noted that an amusing vegetable had been labeled with the name of his deity spelled incorrectly to form a pun, he lost his temper and turned over the display table, judges stand and prize cart.

The instigator has been charged with paying compensation for damages, as is normal when there is a scuffle as competition between growers in other contests can get a little heated. However, the instigator has refused to pay damages stating that the owner of the vegetable and offending name tag should share a portion of the blame and costs.

The owner of the vegetable has since fled in to the Astral Plane and is said to have sought asylum in a Prime world of undisclosed name. Rumor has it that proxies of the deity mentioned on the name tag have now got involved and some greybeards are now rattling their bone-boxes that the whole incident could spiral out of control.

MAN BITES TANAR'RI!

-Fiend has good taste, says local chef's club-

SIGIL - Last Lady's day, the customers of Emmerson's Discount Arms (& other body-parts) were terrified to witness as a seemingly crazed man attacked and bit one of the tanar'ri working in the store.

The tanar'ri, a big vrock named Emmerson, claims that he was minding his own business (literally, since it is his store) when the man waltzed in and started to push his staff around, making a general nuisance of himself. When he confronted the man, he bit him on the wing.

"I always wondered what they taste like." remarked the attacker, a formerly mild-mannered gunner by the name of Greg as he was pulled of the distraught fiend by Harmonium officers.

"Turns out they taste great! Like those little jello-bears they sell in the Grand Bazaar. I only got a little piece, but when I introduced it to my friends, they all said it was a real gastronomical treat. We'd love to have more." said Greg, who was wearing a set of dentures made at the Severed Hand, especially popular this season.

The tanar'ri population of the city has been in an uproar since the biting, and Emmerson has been forced into hiding, since his fellow fiends say that he's giving their race a bad name by not tasting fiendish. Even more embarrassing for the fiend, a few adventurous halflings, with a keen culinary inclination, have been chasing the vrock ever since it happened. Witnesses claim that most of them were sporting a set of similar green-steel dentures.

Bite related crimes have increased 200 percent in the last few weeks. Oracles blame the seasons. "I was bit by a gnat just the other day. It must be one of those conspiracies. I hear the factions cover it all up.", said a young prime woman, totally unrelated to either man or fiend.



Green Shields Tavern

Est. 167 R.o.Haskar

Food, drink, dancing!

Over 30 different wine selections! 60 yr old malts and double malts from Ysgard, and our famed chef from the greens of Arborea.

Open all days, 4ap to 2ap.
Formal dress requested.

785 Ivy Vine St, lady's Ward

MORE BARMY SCREED FROM CARCERI

Listen here you sodding chant-dreamers, I am not the same person as Kidu Rolls. Any such future implications will be treated as a threat to my being and will be dealt with harshly. I got me a couple of fiends that owe a favour or two and suren they'll write you in the dead-book if I so much click my fingers. Being stuck in Carceri doesn't mean I got no power or influence, only a clueless sod would think anything as barmy as that.

Oh and another thing, I ain't never spent any time on Pandemonium either. So don't you go printing any more barmy screed, got it?

A. Nonny Mouse

Stop printing screed? Ok, sure – stop sending us letters to the editor under your maiden name, Mrs. Rolls.

A THANK YOU AND A QUESTION

Thank you for the gift of free therapy session in the Gatehouse. It was a depressingly nice idea, but futile in the end as I have been held at her Serenity the Lady of Pain pleasure in the Gatehouse for these past four decades.

To while away the hours a copy of your newspaper was slipped under my door and I managed to, between my busy schedule of vacillation between contemplating suicide and realizing that such an act would be futile in and of itself, to read the latest copy of the Lady's Sharper Eye.

My feedback is as follows: Actually, giving any form of feedback would be a creative act and hence pointless as well. The thing it though, having to turn from one page to another or across several pages to finish an article really got me worked up.

So I'd like to congratulate you on stirring up a semblance of emotion in a shell of a man who has no concept of marbles, never mind actually possessing any. Well done. Now please kindly stop trying to make sense of it all and come stay next door where the cell has just been vacated. There was a jolly chap there for a few years, but for some reason he wrote himself out of existence.

Churt Dimmons

One of our reporters would like to ask you a question Mr. Dimmons. What's so bad about meaninglessness? In a world without meaning, are you not responsible for all that happens to you? In total release from meaning, is there not total potential for freedom? You stand on the threshold of becoming something more potent and powerful than the entirety of existence : yourself.

AN ANGRY LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I am appalled that you now seem to be printing the wicked propaganda of the yugoloths. How in the planes can you believe that this *Orroloth* isn't up to no good?! And you dare to put this **garbage** on print without consulting even **one** celestial!

Of course, I approve of your policy of allowing anyone to write in your most esteemed newsrag, and free speech is important to us all. But when a fiend begins to write about philosophy, and there is no one to reprimand him (or it, as the case may be), then I, as a citizen, must object.

I demand that you print celestial philosophies at least as often as you print the fiendish ones. Think of the children!

A concerned citizen.

Strangely enough, this letter was written in exactly the same handwriting as the Orroloth's articles. Is the fiend insane, or is it merely a publicity stunt?

AN... ADORING FAN?

I am SO happy that the Lady's Sharper Eye is back, I can barely contain myself. It's the only thing that I can hear cutters talking about these days. They say: "Sod getting peeled by tout, we got us a proper source of chant again. These bloods really know how to spill the dark of anything important and worth knowing".

My only complaint is that you have such lengthy intervals between publishing your brilliant news paper. There are so many things happening each and every day, it's a wonder how you manage to fit it all in. But then I remember that you get to pick the cream of the crop when it comes to chant and I get so excited that I have to go to the Other Place for a cold bath.

Anyway, I just wanted to say how ecstatic I am about reading the Lady's Sharper Eye once again. If I could just make a small suggestion, perhaps you could have a little something for the gentlemen say on page three of your paper? You know? A little something to get the heart racing? That'd be the cream on top of an unbelievable cake. Now if you'll excuse me, I think that I am in need of another cold bath.

Yours passionately,

Tricky F'Tan

Uh... Thank you?

Unfortunately at this moment in time the Lady's Sharper Eye will not be indulging the tastes of the more 'adult' of our readers. We recommend asking your local newsstand for their 'brown bag' collection.

FRIENDLIER FIEND

I really do hope that what occurred in the last issue, namely the placement of a certain advertisement adjacent to my article was purely accidental. I found it distinctly unpleasant and it soured my enjoyment of an otherwise lovely issue. With that one minor exception the journalists, editors, and everyone involved in the typesetting and printing process deserve to be praised for yet another job well done.

But now, if it was some sort of sick joke, I hope you're laughing it off whoever you are, because I'll find out your name soon enough. Enjoy your little life for the moment, because I was -not- pleased to find my work, really anything even vaguely associated with me, put anywhere near something promoting that smiling little retard and his junk shop.

- The King of the Crosstrade

PS. Nigel in the layout department, you should have noticed that before it went to print. Your rent just went up.

Our sincerest apologies Lord Shemeska, we had no intention of causing such grief and will certainly make an effort to locate the person responsible and provide them with their just rewards.

We are in an advertising supported industry and must make do with the business of those who advertise with us and with the generous donations of private patrons. We would invite you to advertise any services that you provide, and enjoy a complementary 10% discount on your first month of advertising.

REPORTS ON MURDERS

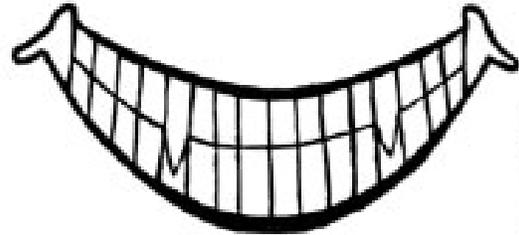
I am horrified that the Lady's Sharper eye ran the article on the recent murder of a high ranking paladin at the sacred site of the Risen Comet. That your reporter, obvious witness to the event did not step forward as witness to the murder, only exemplifies the obvious fiendish nature of your news-rag.

By the Sacred Ones, I hope you and your paper go up on charges as accomplices to this horrific event.

Sir Alan Greenbriars, Paladin of Tyr

Unfortunately the editors of the LSE are not in a position to comment in depth on the events as described in Juriel's article. We can only note that we are already in contact with the judicial representatives of that particular municipality, and that a number of our staff will be testifying in future weeks. I strongly suspect your issues with this newspaper will be resolved in that trial.

The Friendly Fiend



Gifts, Nick-Nacks, Dust
Collectors, Magic Items,
Components
... and cookies.



THE L.S.E. PUBLISHES SMUT+?!

I am writing in to voice my complete outrage for the type of filthy smut you allow advertised on your pages. The final ad for recruiting of the Blood War was atrocious. I had hoped your joint project would be educational and worthy of the title "Newspaper" but after this first issue, I will call it nothing but what it is; a chauvinistic display of devils and fiends sandwiched in-between exaggerated and worthless quips of gossip!

Good Day!

Mrs. Ension of the Lady's Ward

Our apologies for offending you with the advertisement, we did our best to clean up the version we were sent in light of our civic duties to the community at large. You should have seen the original... we would like to remind you that most news consists entirely of gossip about important heads of state as opposed to gossip about neighbors separated by the backyard fence (though sometimes it covers both). Expertise in one field does not imply expertise in the other.

Inquiries regarding the original version of advertisement should be sent c/o the editor, with a self addressed envelope and five gp 'processing fee'.

THE SPOTLIGHT REVIEW

By Richard DuBoir

SIGIL - Greetings and welcome to the first installment, of what will hopefully be many, critiques upon the social scenes and things to do and see upon the planes.

Remember, the planes are full of fantastic things. If you doubt my words or claims as too fantastic to be believed; I encourage you to seek these places out for yourself for proof.

Remember, nothing convinces like proof.

Cold as Death - *Sigil*

(Show)

One does not normally expect graceful and ballerina-like movement from the undead. When you put them on ice, it becomes something unbelievable.

Cold as Death is composed of a necromancer who has raised and trained a core of thirteen zombies to figure skate with fluid motions to music. The very fact that these mindless dead are capable of such wonderment is a declaration of the talents of Magnus Zolfo as a master of the necromantic arts.

Normally this show is limited to the Negative Energy Plane at the Shadow City but it is currently being shown at the Great Gymnasium who permitted its swimming pool to be frozen over for the show. I suggest you view it while it is in Sigil for the performance is less accessible for the living on its home plane.

Final Score: 4 out of 5

Ode to Xaos - *Sigil*

(Billed as a Play)

A bunch of Slaad breaking plates and yelling 'Chaos!' for two hours or so (sometimes less, sometimes more).

Pass;

Final Score: 0 out of 5

Accidental Death of an Anarchist - *Sigil*

(Play)

Despite the pull to break down the roles of governments and authority, a Revolutionary League member accidentally gets mazed by Her Serenity along with a modron. Over the course of the first two acts, the two of them explore this labyrinth of pure chaos and confusion to find their escape with the modron going rogue in the process.

Ultimately, they discover the dark of what is required to escape but are the least likely to succeed. The way out? Order.



This becomes blatantly obvious to the audience within the first fifteen minutes of act two but, somehow, it takes the character the better part of ninety minutes to discover this clue.

Once they do the remaining two hours is spent listening to the protagonists whine about how 'Anarchy Rejects Order' and 'Order cannot be made by this inferior unit' and slowly go further insane in this chaotic maze made worse with very poor set pieces and props..

Once they manage to get past their hang-ups over order, they escape. Since this betrays the Anarchists world view, he commits suicide.

I suggest that, unless you are a Guvner, Mercykiller, or Hardhead, you may want to steer clear of this mess as the themes are too order-centric, the acting bad (who casts a rogue modron?), and the dialogue and scenery is painful.

Final Score: 2 out of 5

NEW PROPHE+ OF CHAOS

SIGIL - The Hive, morning- A mysterious man who has never been seen before, has appeared in the Hive, gathering bunches of people. He calls himself the Prophet of Chaos, and he pretends having discovered what chaos really is. This berk thinks is cannier than everybody around here, but he has presence enough to awake the interest of some bleeding cullies. He has been preparing for a speech this evening.

Probably he will lann some nonsense, but you know how people react when you play with their beliefs and faiths. I'm sure that's going to be a big hit. The Eye will be there to inform you :

The Hive, evening: Well, there's really a lot of people there. We can see the Prophet in the middle of all this confusion, I think he's about to begin the speech, I'll try to transcript all of it:

"Good'vening to all of thou men, I've come here to change your lives. Some of you may be wondering who am I, and from where do I come. Never mind, men, that's not important. I've arisen from the filth of the Hive, I've arisen from the lost knowledge of the people to lann you some darks about



chaos. I do not mean the chaos you know, men, I mean real Chaos. You need to be prepared to acquire this knowledge, and certainly you will do, if you follow me through several steps..."

"First one, men: What you think that chaos is, I mean, the concepts that your little heads have of chaos is contaminated by law. Some of you believe that chaos is the absence of law. Not right, men, you're not right. You are subordinating the concept of chaos to the concept of law. And that way chaos will never exists if law is absent from your lives. If there's no law, nor will be chaos, men.

"In all case, men, inside chaos, your chaos I mean, there's law. Yes, there's law. If you see some things disorganized, you say, "man, that it's

chaos, It's Chaotic!." Nonsense, men, nonsense! Even with that "chaotic" disposition of the things, there's always some order in them, which invalidates this chaos as concept in itself. If you see a Balor (and survive), then you say: "Hey man, I've seen chaos in a clear way." Nonsense again! Doesn't the Balor make the same movements every time he walks? Doesn't the Balor open his mouth every time he wants to speak verbally? And do you still think this is chaos? Please let me laugh at you..."

"Hope you followed me 'till 'ere. If you did, you need to think 'bout what I've spoken here today. You need to free your mind of this ill concept of chaos. I need your mind empty before filling it with the truth that'll change your lives from now on. I, Nitrzschke, say you that, men. Believe me, follow my instructions and you'll learn what is... not chaos, men, what is super-chaos. See you, men, next week."

Wow, men, err.. I mean, dear readers! Did you hear that? Don't you think he's right? I really never thought that way. I'm a bit confused, really. That makes me sense the same sensation I experimented the last time I tried to intimate with a pixie...

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THE STRENGTH OF HOPE

By Skragx

KRIGALA, BEASTLANDS - Dear land roamers, this time I have a story for you that will show you the ways of the Upper Planes where the light of hope can be felt most strongly.

I was traveling through Krigala, feeling its pure and wild airs, and filling my senses of new and impressive sensations. As you may know, the climate in the Beastlands is rather changeable and you must take care in your trips there since your sunny and light sky can turn into a storm before you manage to say berk. This day, the clouds were arranging together and a huge storm was expected. As soon as it started raining more intensely I decided to look for a place to cover myself until this rainstorm finished. I found a place under some rocky cave where I had a god view of the oozy valley under

my wings. A couple of minutes later the sight Syranite presented us allowed me to see a bunch of humanoids in trouble. I decided to go down and catch a skeg of their problems.

They were a planar family, they traveled in a wooden wagon that could not go farther, the horse that pulled of the chart had got stuck in the mud and could not go farther. The man of the family went off the wagon and tried to help the horse, but the more he tried to push it out of it, the more the horse got angrier. The mixture of the bad weather with the fact that it was trapped made the horse really unreliable. You know, any tamed animals stay tamed in the Beastlands.

The situation was becoming hopeless, the wagon had advanced a bit only to stumble into a kind of hole. It sank a bit and mud and water began entering the wagon, a woman inside with a recently born child started screaming for help. I turned my looks to the surrounding area, if they didn't manage to get out of there, a mud slide could come in any moment and all their efforts could get buried under tons of earth.

I cannot say that I was concerned with this humans but I got a bit nearer just in case things got worse, when I heard: "If you keep on watching like this, things won't change." I looked backwards to see a fairly young half-elf woman staring at me. She smiled and ran to help the man in the wagon. "They can't do anything." I thought to myself.

She seemed full of energy and kept her smile at all moments, she started stroking the horse and trying to make it quieter. As weird as it seems, the animal saw something in her I couldn't, she started cheering up the already exhausted man and caught a hold in the wagon. The chart didn't move a bit, in spite of all the combined efforts, they couldn't remove the chart, the water

continued entering the chart, the woman screamed and the man fell and had to be helped by our young lady. With a smile and some amazing optimism shouted to me: "You. We can do it, but need your help. Get the woman and the baby out of the chart under those trees and then come to help us." Something in her voice, in her strength, in her determination, make me believe her. I flew to the woman and help her and the baby to get out of the chart, I have never tried to fly with such a huge load, but I was able to lead them to a not-so-wet place.

The rescue seemed to be coming to a good end, and I turned back. The girl and the man where trying to untie the horse and set it free. Then, a great noise came into play and my fears became reality, an avalanche of mud was coming directly towards them, I tried to warn them but I was too late, the watery mixture got them. The young would-be-savior, the man and the horse were now under those tons of earth, water, plants...

I couldn't believe it, it was not fair. But fairness is not precisely the most common trait of the Beastlands. I flew closer in case I could see something, it was impossible, but I was still feeling this flame of hope inside me. And it had been hope what had performed the miracle!

I first saw something moving, it was the horse!. They had managed to free him and the horse, was now leading them to salvation. The man had grasped the rein and helped with his other arm to the young girl. She didn't move. The man was amazed, he told me that the girl in the last minute had freed the horse and had somehow given him the hope to get out of there. That and the strength of the horse had been enough to get them out of there. But the mud had caught the girl bad, she had been struck by a stone and had swallowed mud and water. While he was telling me this, we heard her making noises, she still kept the hope for life, even at the gates of death! We hurried to



A +EN+ATIVE GRASP ⊕N REALITY

By The Orroloth

Ever heard the expression above? Well I hear it a lot. Usually it's aimed at sods that rot in the Gatehouse after staring at the Spire for too long. Apparently it's an insult, but not all things are as they seem. Totally unrelated to this article, I'd like to mention that it wasn't me who was seen howling in front of the Hall of Speakers this week, despite the rumours. The gentleman merely looked a bit like me. Erm...let's get on with this month's issue: Reality.

I am not going to discuss the nature of existence or try to debate that one version of reality is right or wrong. That's for the factions to do. This article is about perceived reality, more accurately, the perceived reality of one person.

Yvest Agrond is, as many readers undoubtedly already know, the loudest voice in multi-reality philosophy. He claims that different realities are versions of our own where something fundamental works differently. Our reality, he says, is not necessarily anything special, and he doubts that there might be an 'original reality'. Recently he has been focusing on unstable realities, the ones he says might touch other realities.

The O: "About the similarities of the outer planes and the primes? Oh, yes. He claims that most things on the outer planes mirror things on the prime. Not a very good article, I might add. What about gods, petitioners or yugoloths?"

Yvest: "Quite. But there are many similarities. But when we say that other realities are different versions of 'our' reality (you being a 'loth and all), we don't mean that they're exactly the same, or that they mirror it. No, we believe that the so-called outer planes are a parasitic reality."

The O: "Aha. And there are many of these, you think?"

Yvest: "Sure are. If a reality were unstable, it would be logical for it to try to survive by leeching off other, more stable realities. I mean, the outer planes only exist because of prime belief, don't they?"

The O: "The Athar certainly seem to

Obviously, unstable realities are the only way the 'alternates', as the philosophers who support this theory are known, would be able to prove their claims. A number of philosophers among the alternates, Yvest among them, seem to be convinced that the entire outer planes may merely be an alternate reality. I managed to get an interview with him during his stay in the Fortune's Wheel, an excellent inn, I might add, and the gambling opportunities for an enterprising fiend are quite....

Editor's note: The rest of the paragraph has been removed. If the Orroloth wants to make extra money, I suggest he writes an article for the Tempus Sigilian. Advertisements in the Eye cost a copper piece per word.

The Orroloth: "Mimir on. Testing, testing. Ok, I think we can begin. Lady's grace, Yvest, and thank you for giving me this interview. Now, what the readers are dying to know is: Aren't the outer planes a part of this reality?"

Yvest: "You'd think so, but no. You've read Mr Garland's paper?"

think so. I thought you said you weren't one of them?"

Yvest: "I'm not! The gods are clearly the creators of our multiverse. That they seem fit to live in a parasitic reality is not my business! After all, not all gods live in the outer planes, so it's not as if they're important!"

The O: "So you're pro-gods, but anti-outer planes? That is why you want all the gods to move to the prime and do away with the astral plane?"

Yvest: "Damn right. (sorry can I say damn? all right) The astral is just one big silver cord leaching off our dear prime. We want it cut."

The O: "That's a pretty...fanatical disposition. How do you propose to do this?"

Yvest: "We're not sure yet, but we're trying to capture a Githyanki silver sword for research (you won't print that

will you? oh, good). Then we'll just build a bigger one."

The O: "A good plan as any. Thanks for your time, Mr Agrond. I'm sure the readers of the Eye will hear from you again."

And there you have it. Thinking on this scale tends to make people a bit barmy, so I wouldn't take plans of making an enormous silver sword too seriously, but there are a few points Yvest makes that are hard to shake. Firstly, it is not a new concept to think of planes as organisms. Indeed, that is what my last article was about. But are the outer planes bad for the prime? Yvest seems to forget that if you consider the astral plane a silver cord, the outer planes wouldn't be a parasite, but the mental projection of the prime...but onto what? The Hinterlands? Many seem to think that the Hinterlands can't be a part of the outer planes, but something entirely else. Undoubtedly, no one will ever find out.

Continued from [pg 11](#)

help her and she opened her eyes and presented us with a most beautiful smile.

The man was really thankful even though he had lost the chart and all that was inside. He told us he hadn't been able to control the horse (he didn't know a thing about the Beastlands) while going to a portal to Elysium where he expected to join his brother and work in an oats field in the Realm of Chauntea.

SONS OF MERCY WEEKLY INCIDENT+ REPORT+

Special Event, Civic Festhall. Units were requested to provide event security for an evening ball. Two incidents of disorderly contact, and one assault were reported. Three reporters for the Tempus Sigilian were trespassed from the premises.

Medical Psychiatric, Market Ward. Local merchants saw a suspicious man in the back corridors behind stalls. Man was reported to be raving about 'cats eating his face'. Responding units searched the area and were unable to locate him.

Theft, Lower Ward. Units responded to a report of shoplifting at the Friendly Fiend. Merchant indicated he had no interest in pressing charges.

Medical Assist, Lower Ward. A female bariaur was found collapsed in the gutter. Subject was escorted to the Gatehouse medical facilities for checkup.

Arson, Clerks Ward. Brewer facilities burned down during the night. No residents or employees were injured. Tank explosions prevented the fire service from preventing damage to the building, but neighboring buildings were unharmed. Building owner unavailable for comment.

Breaking/Entering, Lady's Ward. A non-Sigil resident at the Fortune's Wheel

I asked the half-elf maiden who she was and why she had so much energy. "I knew that if all of us helped each other and didn't lose hope, we could make it. I am Sharleen of the Joybloods." Saying that she wished us good luck in our journeys and went.

You see, bloods. This Sharleen helped that family and only with the best of us managed to get something that we alone wouldn't have been able to achieve.

indicated that her rooms had been ransacked. No items were reported missing. Accusations were made against the employees of a Sigil resident in the inn. Investigation is pending.

Breaking/Entering, Lady's Ward. Three non-Sigil residents were found within the Hall of Records after hours. They refused to provide identification, and resisted arrest.

Fire, Hive Ward. One building and a series of shacks burned down. Initial investigation indicated a cooking fire was to blame. There were five deaths. Residents were escorted to the Gatehouse.

Medical Psychiatric, Lady's Ward. A house servant summoned units to respond to his employer. Subject was found in a trance-like state in her sitting room. Subject was unresponsive to medical assistance on the scene. Family members refused further medical assistance, indicating they would summon their family apothecary.

Property Damage, Civic Festhall. A party spilled out of a backroom, causing extensive damage to statuary and tapestries. Subjects were arrested and held until sober. Entertainer's Guild is pressing charges.

LOTH HUMOUR ENDS BET by Rollo Cello

OUTLANDS, CURST - A bet between a Chaosman and a Guvner was finally settled after almost a two decades when an unnamed donor paid to bring the bet to a conclusion. The Chaosman is rumoured to be none other than Barking Wilder and the Guvner is reportedly the late Factol Haskar.

"I see a future in which Chaositects and Guvners can join hands and live in peace...then again I also see pink yugoloths dancing in the sky."

This is the phrase uttered by Barking Wilder, that chant-mongers insist is what caused Haskar to lay a bet with him. Although no one can agree on what exactly the wording was of Haskar's reply, his response was along the lines of: "Not likely, even if you could see pink yugoloths dancing in the sky."

Well, now it appears that the bet has been brought to a conclusion when an anonymous source paid what is rumoured to be a vast amount for several Mezzoloths, painted pink and enchanted with the ability to fly, to dance across the sky over the Outlands city of Curst. The act was witnessed by almost all of those present in the town and reactions ranged from amused through to outraged.

The Nycanoloth overseeing the proceedings refused to comment.



SNI+CH'S SNIPPI+S

SIGIL - Greetings bashers! Snitch, your Meazel with a nose for the news, keeps Tiefers and Zerths in the *know* with a review of your local businesses. Newcomers on the scene and established neighborhood bodegas can get an honest review for a modest donation of two dozen jink to cover cost.

A favorable one is a separate rate negotiated on an individual basis, Snitch can be contacted through the offices of this paper. - Ed.

Plague-Mort Merchants' Association
Issues Press-Release.

That's right, you read the oxymoron in the headline. Last month, rumors started coming out of the burg on the edge of the Abyss that some of the merchants on The Row had banded together for mutual protection. After I sent a couple of cullers who didn't come back, yours truly decided to check out the screed in person. (Need a Githyanki bodyguard for that dangerous trip? Contact Blue Steel Mercs, Guildhall Ward, Sigil.)

By the time I got there, most of the founding members had already turned stag, and were back to paying the Arch-Lector's hounds for protection. An increase in the Arch-Lector's tax rates had precipitated the original event, and a subsequent increase in cost of operation for the Association spelled its ultimate demise, but the three businesses that remained were still determined to carry on. So in respect to their entrepreneurial spirit (and their generous help in my goal to return to Sigil whole), I give you the Founders of the Plague-Mort Merchants' Association.

Devi's Tavern & Inn, Merchant's Row, Plague-Mort.

"The Multiverse is Balance." This quote by the owner wonderfully sums up the

atmosphere of this establishment. A Deva, and former (?) proxy of Agni, the Vedic Power of Fire and Hearth, Devi came to the blighted burg half a turn ago to offer the kind of hospitality that was singularly lacking here, and her presence has likely prevented more than one border-shift (which are bad for everyone's business.) Devi (with help from her faction, the Godsmen?) built a large, stout, three-story stone building, practically overnight. Subsequent attacks by angry Tieflings and Tanar'ri have only managed to destroy most the above-ground portions, leaving the most important part of any tavern, the bar, intact. Devi has managed to amass an impressive collection of volatiles from across the planes, and her absolute mastery of fire within her vicinity has thus far insured their continued preservation. Reservations may be in order, as the only place to sleep is under a table, but not suggested. In fact, don't ask for directions or tell anyone in town you're going there. Oh, and you should probably use the back door, too.

-Rated Three out of Five Angry Mobs-

Vial, Merchant's Row, Plague-Mort.

Tinctures, snake oils, potions, poisons, elixirs, essences, tonics, extracts, and antidotes. All these and more are to be found on the cluttered shelves of Vial. None of the flasks were labeled, so I politely asked the owner how one could be discerned from the next. Vile Croc simply wafted a bottle under his prodigious snout and replied, "Bebilith venom, twenty-seven drams, yours for...fourteen jink." Trusting a Minion of Set at his word might be a stretch, but its no stretch to say that Vial has EVERYTHING a person with a thirst for potions could want, and more than a few you wouldn't. Despite the staggering amount of stock he carries, Vile Croc's main business still comes from specialty orders. He whipped Bebilith venom, Slaad blood, and distilled Kraken oil into a poison that could kill a Dustman's dead

grandmother twice, right before my very eyes, and at bargain basement prices! Like all the best craftsmen, Croc is more concerned with the quality of his wares than with monetary gain. "My art is it's own reward." I'm sure the Pharaoh of Darkness has a few rewards waiting for you too, Croc.

-Rated Four out of Five Cases of Mummy Rot-

The Iron Monger, Weaponsmiths' Way, Plague-Mort.

Talk about your blade-lovers' paradise! My Githyanki bodyguard practically salivated when we entered the Monger's display room. Potential plunderers of the Abyss take note; nothing turns a berk into a cutter like a REALLY sharp blade, and you'll definitely find the shiv for you at The Iron Monger. Just don't ask to see the ones in the cabinets unless you've got some spare willpower, I found myself wanting to worship Gruumsh when I handled one particular spear that had caught my eye. There is even a small arsenal of weapons dedicated solely to destroying Tanar'ri. How does the Monger get away with stocking such weapons on the doorstep of the Abyss, you ask? Simple, nobody tell him he can't, nobody who enjoys not being a little pile of goo, that is. According to his psionic interpreter, the Monger was once a powerful human wizard, but a horrible accident with a Magic Jar spell trapped his spirit in the body of a particularly large iron golem he had on hand. For some reason, he decided to take his anger out on the Tanar'ri, to the profit of violence lovers everywhere. Tieflings and Tanar'ri are advised to use middlemen when purchasing weapons from The Iron Monger.

-Rated Four out of Five Tanar'ri Spleens-

ANARIAN, PART V

By Barking Wilder, Demented culler

"I do not want trouble," Anarian informed the devils as they approached him screaming and roaring "I tell you again, I do not want trouble," he said again but the large group of Lemure, led by a lesser Abishai, just seeped closer towards him. Anarian sighed and prayed that the Baatezu blood would come out of elven silk. He was about to draw his sword when he remembered the certain invulnerability that Baatezu had to fire rendering Flametongue a simple magic weapon. He pondered the point for a few seconds then reached to the rear of his waist and waited for the moment to strike.

The Lemure came lurching forward and gave a sloppy lunge forward into combat. Anarian grabbed the pair of weapons from his waist holders and slashed at the closest devil-slave. The Lemure folded in on itself as it suffered the intense cold of the enchanted punch daggers. Anarian bore the writhing, blue weapons to the remaining enemies and considered tactics before jumping into the fray. Anarian drove the six inch blades into the shifting torso of another Lemure and scoffed as he heard the hiss of heat and cold meeting inside the being.

Another tried to attack him from the rear but was soon taken down by a boot to the face. He pulled the dagger from the Lemure and slashed out in an arc behind him as he turned to face the rest of the band. He cleaved one Lemures head and landed the blade in another. The blade was embedded, up to his fist, in the creature's side. He applied more pressure to the blade and watched as the devil fell in half. He was stained with black blood and Lemure flesh but now it was time to party with the leader. Anarian began to speak in an ancient language and grinned as his hands started to glow a vicious red colour. He spun and cast his hands out towards the bellowing Abishai. The Magic Missiles surged towards the

Devil and impacted at multiple points on its body. Anarian put his daggers away and cast another spell onto his hands. He felt a jolt of electricity inside his body as the bolt traveled to his hands and waited for an earthing.

Anarian walked calmly over to the Devil and bowed, ready for combat. The Devil let up another roar and plugged his claws towards the Elf. Anarian was quicker than this lumbering fool and stepped out of the way of the Abishai with ease. As the Devil went by him, Anarian grabbed the creatures head and earthed the electricity in his hands. The effect was a lot like the electric chair, need I explain more?

The cooked husk of the Abishai fell to the ground with a sickening crunch of singed, scaly, flesh. Anarian looked at his clothing and tutted "Ruined," was all that he said. He cast minor cleaning spell and got rid of the worst of the stains but the rest would need a VERY good cleaner. Anarian looked around the baked plane; the red of the landscape was entirely appropriate considering the blazing suns that were in the sky. It was no wonder that the Baatezu had such a resistance to fire. He carried on along a charred path that had been worn away by the heavy beasts that had walked it so many times.

The path passed into a small valley and Anarian did not like what he heard at the other end of the valley. The chattering was endless and Anarian instantly knew he was on Avernus. He walked down the valley and listened to the insane conversations that were going on. It was enough to drive an undisciplined mind crazy. As he approached the end of the valley he could see what looked to be an obelisk or something like that. He realized that he was right to suspect what this was. It was the legendary 'Pillar of Skulls'.

Anarian recalled all that he had heard about the tortured pillar in an attempt to find out how to talk to it without being fooled into giving it his soul or something equally bad. He had to keep the pillar on its feet (so to speak) and

never let it confuse him, if it did then he would change the subject. The pillar was bigger than he had imagined, bigger than his father had told him but then again a lot of people had died since he was a boy, their evil skulls becoming at one with the monstrosity before him, their souls ever bound to the whim of the others. He did not notice how close he had strayed to the pillar but he became all too aware when the pillar spoke to him.

"What are you doing here 'Elven Avenger'?" mocked the pillar, the million voices it spoke with made the question a whole lot more intimidating.

"I am..." Anarian was cut off as the voices spoke again.

"Anarian Planewalker, yes we know," said the voices in unison "Now answer the question," it demanded, pulsating with boredom.

"I am here to...to," stuttered Anarian.

"To...to what, Elf?" mocked the pillar.

"I am here to ask you a question," answered Anarian.

"Question?" the pillar had a small conversation with itself; the voices were shrill, deep, booming, light and melodious. "Ask your question avenger," ordered the pillar after a short while.

Anarian took a breath and started to speak

"NO!" the pillar cut him off again. "Let us finish, ask your question...after you do a service for us!" it demanded.

"No deal Pillar," stated Anarian as he turned to leave. Anarian remembered his dream, this pillar was said to be the ultimate resource on the planes and he needed to know what the dream meant, if it held any substance or whether it was something else. "What do you want pillar?" asked Anarian, still with his back to the Pillar of Skulls.

The Pillar tried to give a small snigger to itself but the thousands of voices that did so made its structure pulse, it gathered itself and began to speak. "We ask that you allow us to see into your mind," Anarian did not like this one bit.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"It has been so long that we have been trapped here on his baked hell-plane,

Continued from [pg 15](#)

we need to know what is going on in the planes, it is the only way we can keep our ultimate knowledge, short of devouring you whole," it said laughing at its own sick joke.

Anarian pondered the request, he was a little unnerved by the last part of the sentence but he realized that without the pillars insight it was impossible to further his quest. "Pillar, I shall do as you ask but if you try to do anything other than what you have said you will do I will destroy you by any means I have." The skulls all nodded at once.

"Okay, what do I have to do?" asked Anarian.

The Pillar of skulls doubled in size as it prepared to absorb the experiences of the Elf. Anarian stepped forward into the mass of bone and flesh and was absorbed for what seemed like hours. He could feel the pillar pulling parts of his memory apart and reading them like a book, they were not interested in his personal details or his life; they were interested in his knowledge of political structures, Factions, Monsters and other such things.

The pillar spat Anarian out and he landed on the ground. "We took the liberty of cleaning your clothing; we hate to see a dirty elf."

Anarian checked himself and realized that something was missing. "Pillar, give me the obsidian amulet back!" he demanded.

"What...do you mean?" said the pillar nervously.

"The amulet you stole from me!" he said.

"Oh...that, well your memories were not rewarding enough so we took a little more in the way of payment," said the pillar.

Anarian smiled and approached the pillar. He reached to his back and unclipped one of his punch daggers. "So, your not giving it back?" he asked, still smiling.

"No," said the pillar grinning.

"Oh well," replied Anarian turning. The pillar eased up and Anarian swiped the punch dagger across the surface of the pillar opening a huge wound in it. The pillar roared with pain and Anarian reached inside it. He grabbed hold of the amulet. The Elf pulled his now sticky hand out of the pillar and stepped back. The wound closed and the pillar glared at Anarian who smiled back at it, "Now, tell me what want to know."



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

Does your neighborhood stink? Are your streets filled with Scum? Do you find yourself in deep shit if you turn into the wrong alley? We can help.
The Sanitation Guild

Wanted: Unused prime llama skull for minor ritual. Discretion a must. Contact Evis Malberd at the Rotting Ratosk, Hive Ward for details

Sublease: 3 bedroom flat, 3s/mo good location, nice waterfront view. Only a few bugs. Cinn. scent is from apple pies, honest. Contact Sizzy at 23 Marsh Ln, Hive.

Missing: Platinum pocket watch with initials Y.G. on inside cover. Last seen before bar fight in Market Ward at the Blazing Archon. Hands only run backwards. Family Heirloom, reward of up to 5,000gp for it's safe return. If found, handle with extreme care and do not attempt to open back panel! Please see J.G.

at the Blazing Archon, 89 Garrish Street, Market Ward.

Wanted: Hardy adventurers willing to risk life and limb to save prime worlds from certain doom. Pay is excellent. Risk is high. Only the canniest cutters need apply. Visit our offices in the Lady's Ward for more details. PrimeSavers Inc, 1023 Gilded Lane, Second Floor. "We Save For Less".

Wanted: Large cart load of pumpkins, squash, other gourds. About the size of a head - must be able to fit into catapult. Contact N.Sw. at the Portal Jammer with offers or pies.

For Sale: Hairless albino human child of uncertain gender. Perfectly preserved in a block of strange crystal material. Passed down through family for several generations. Totally impervious to known magic. Currently being used as sitting room table. Great for conversation piece! Asking price of 1,000gp or best offer. See Pete at the Craven Maven in the Clerks Ward.

For Sale: Lrg. quantity of red pepper spice, found while on travels

in the plane of fire. Buyers should be resistant to fire. 500g or best offer. Contact Mert at the Genasi's Flame, Clerks Ward.

Wanted: Personal assistant for long term engagement. Discretion, expert cooking skills required. Self defense and bodyguard training a plus. Pay negotiable. Contact Lady Samantha, 237 Lann Circle, Lady's Ward.

Wanted: One large sea-unicorn horn, fresh. I have the prime world you can get it at, be prepared for sea travel. Contact Mrs. Sedstrum at 82B Smith Ln, Clerks Ward.

Wanted: Vrock feathers for portal key, fresh. As many as you can get. Must not still be attached to vrock!! Contact Sr. Jath at Cabinet of Curiosities, Lower Ward.

For Sale: Misc. jewelry, inherited from aunt. Includes tiara, matching earrings, necklace, broach, rings and others. Magical, but we don't know what they actually do. History unknown past inheritance. Serious offers only, starting at 15,000g. Contact Sera at Crown Crt, Lady's Ward.

Missing: Three sensory

stones, lost somewhere in the Festhall. Contains music, and 'personal experiences' with local innkeeper. I don't care if you make copies - I want them back!! Contact Trilly at Festhall anytime after 5. Innkeeper contact information available on request.

Found: Small terrier puppy, brown, black points, red collar, found in sewer entrance near Ditch. Friendly. Contact Sizzy at 23 Marsh Ln, Hive. Be prepared to prove ownership.

For Sale: Two advance tickets to Haskar Lives. Contact kiMrte, Otter, Hive, Bar's. 50g, or price negotiated price. Paint included.

Wanted: Replacement parts for mechanus orry, part numbers 238D, 2391E, 345F. New or used. Contact Rig, 23.2 Gear St.

Wanted: Mystical stone from small village on Outlands. recently stolen by new occupants of nearby abandoned palace (along with children). Payment for services rendered negotiable based on retrieval of stone and children. Contact Horath, Thirddriver, 3rd ring, Outlands.

For Sale: Small hourglass. Glass does

not function, small emerald stuck in neck. Heavily carved with dragons. 50g or best offer, to non draconic buyer.

Start		
12820	73035	83461
90243	93472	93573
91233	92351	91235
12431	98234	78954

Wanted: Husband for two weeks, to convince parents I'm ok. Must be presentable, civil, able to uphold his end of a conversation. Pay starts at 5,000g/day plus expenses. Friends of 'husband' welcome as retainers. Conjugal duties **not** included. Contact Lady Tzemish at 23 Goldenwood Lane, Lady's Ward.

Wanted: Good locksmith for opening a locked chest in my possession. Key lost down drain. Chest magical, come prepared. Contact 'Slim' at the Cat's Leg Bar, Lower Ward.

For Sale: Game collection, of wooden and metal puzzles, jigsaw puzzles and puzzle boxes. Most of the puzzle boxes are unopened - contents unknown. Lots sold in groups of 20 games per lot, 5 lots. No returns. Contact M. Fraternity at Lancer's Grounds Inn, Lady's Ward.



E.D. 2006

I WANT † YOU!
‡ FOR THE BLOOD WAR