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The Lady's Sharper Eye

"Cutting through the darks, *The Eye* sees all."



BATCH-2

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Prime Party Retires

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lower Ward--Officers of the Harmonium were called earlier this week to break up what appeared to be a riot at the Lower Ward tavern, *The Lost Dragon Inn*. When the Hardheads arrived they found, much to their surprise, that the ruckus was a retirement party for a large group of unusual primes. The ragtag bunch identified themselves as the 'Party of Pain' and was immediately hauled to the Prison for taking the Lady's name in vain, as well as making a public disturbance. Being inebriated beyond all rational thought, the green primes accompanied the officers, thinking that the party was merely changing venues.

Eye cullers later learned that the group of greens had in fact earned the name the 'Party of Pain' several weeks ago after their initial arrival to the Cage. The informal title had been given to the primes due to the fact that they had thrice been seen in the presence of Sigil's sovereign ruler and survived. This, as all Cagers know, is a fact that is rare, in the least. Further, we at *The Lady's Sharper Eye* lanned that it was this same group of strange primes that were earlier seen at the scene of the 'Harbinger House Affair', as it has become unofficially known, which occurred in Sigil a few months past.

Sources within the Harmonium also indicated that this party had recently returned from Twelvetrees, the thirteenth layer of the Abyss, after resolving an extended quest for some addle-coved, prime artifact. The apparent success of this quest led to the raucous party in the Lower Ward, which in turn involved the faction for Most Harmonious Law. In a strange turn of events, all charges were dropped and all party members released after a supposed letter was delivered to Factol Sarin from Factol Ambar, factol of the Believers of the Source. All attempts by *Eye* staff to obtain the contents of the letter have failed, and the 'Party of Pain' is apparently making no comments on the whole affair.



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Beastlands barmyness

by Magrum Rood, freelance culler

Faunel--Druids are a bit rattled regarding some unusual goings on in the Beastlands. Recently, something has upset the natural balance of things throughout the upper layer of the Beastlands, Krigala, also known as the Land of the Eternal Noon Sun. Seems that several of the plane's petitioners, who normally take the form of animals of various forms, shapes and sizes, are simply wandering off. It seems almost as if they are no longer content to remain on the layer and are leaving for 'better watering holes', or 'greener pastures', however it might apply. While on the surface, this might not seem like a problem to most cutters on the planes, the druids that spend their lives tending both the animal and plant life of the Beastlands say that it is a sign of a greater worry.

"If they leave, then it means that there is something horribly amiss", commented druid Waymyer Windbark. "You don't understand. You see, the anim-, I mean the petitioners' senses are much more refined than ours are. They can detect bad water a league or more away, water that would look just fine to sods like you and me. Also, just the same as petitioners everywhere on the planes, they have a close tie to the plane itself. They know that something is wrong - horribly wrong."

Despite the urgent pleas of the assembled druids and rangers native to the Beastlands, there currently has been no official word of any kind regarding this strange occurrence. Nor does there seem to be a great interest on the parts of any of the factions. *Eye* contacts within the Cage were unable to speak with any faction high-up that would comment on the current happenings on Krigala. Rest assured, however, that if any darks are revealed, *The Eye* will be there and will pass the chant along.



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Carcass needs caretaker

by Magrum Rood, freelance culler

Hive Ward--Nearly every sod in Sigil complains about their job, except perhaps the Dustmen, who don't complain at all, or the Bleakers, who don't care enough to complain to begin with. Just walk down any street in any ward of the City of Doors and you'll hear the flapping bone-boxes swilling the screed from every bubhouse and pub. Some sods don't know how lucky they have it! If you take this peery culler's advice, you'll mark your lucky lots and thank the Grace of the Lady for what you've got, because you could be like Talemoss Stormheart.

This unlucky officer of the Harmonium has been assigned to guard the smelly, rotting carcass of a recently dead baku that mysteriously washed up in a low area of the Ditch. Now, as any Cager can tell a green prime, the Ditch has to be one of Sigil's most fragrant spots. Add the Ditch's normally fetid aromas with that of a rotting, festering, maggot-strewn carcass of a 40-foot long, benign Upper Planar creature and you have quite a duty detail. "I gotta tell ya, I thought it would be an easy assignment, ya know. Just sit in a bubhouse across the way and watch this dead-book berk? Sure, blood, sign me up! T'weren't nothin' like that, though", commented the githzerai Hardhead.

Apparently, the surveillance is necessary to keep out all of the attention that the dead creature has drawn to itself like flies. Xaositechs, bent on painting graffiti or planting flowers on the remains, as well as using the beast as a speaking podium, storm the Ditch daily since the baku's body appeared several days ago. Also, the poor Hardhead has to try and prevent other vagrants and gleaming pips from stealing the baku's valuable tusks, which could fetch a hefty amount of jink in the Great Bazaar as possible portal keys or spell components. The knights-of-the-post have also been scragged filching the poor dead beast's flesh, saying that in certain Lower Planar circles, rotting baku flesh is considered a delicacy! Chant has it that the carcass has also attracted several Sensate parties, seeking to revel in nothing more than the immense stench and site of the corpse.

Further, it seems that a few members of the Verdant Guild, a sect well known throughout the Upper Planes, have taken a stance, stating that the beast's body should be returned to the Beastlands, where it no doubt came from. This, in turn, has gotten the Dustmen involved, as well. The Dead simply state that all mortal remains found within the City of Doors are the responsibility of their faction alone, by The Lady's decree, and that the baku is theirs to deal with as they see fit. Now, both faction and sect members have firmly entrenched themselves on either side of the rotting monstrosity, making sure that the other side does not spirit away the body.

The simple rotting corpse has become an absolute spectacle in this rundown area of Sigil. The locals have begun complaining about not only the horrific smell, but also the factional debates ramblin' on at all times of the day and night and wagon loads of curious primes and other 'tourists' plugging their noses to take a gander at the expired animal. The Fated have even elbowed in on the fracas, charging tickets to view the massive decaying beast and just recently, the Doomguard have included the baku in their 'Tour of Entropy', where they display to new Sinker namers the plethora of decay and ruin around them.

The problem is the Harmonium doesn't know what to do with the 3-ton beast and all efforts to secure the corpse and pull it out of the Ditch have been stymied because of opposing factional interest. The Guvners have convened a special session in the Hall of Speakers just to find a solution. "We have no laws governing this situation on the books because it has never before occurred! We are currently at an impasse, but something must be done!" remarked Fraternity official, Benden Jiir.



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Bar blast leads to smoke screen?

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--Two tieflings were arrested and questioned for several hours at Harmonium headquarters about the bombing last month at Taemyllen's Tap & Grill. However, the suspects were released later without being charged, Inspector Lurt Dagir of the criminal investigation unit confirmed yesterday. "Ye've got t' have reasonable grounds t' confirm there was a criminal offence committed and, by th' Lady's Blades, we have those grounds," Dagir said but confusingly, the gray dwarf inspector refused to elaborate on why the arrested suspect were then released.

"I'll not talk as to what roles these bashers played in all of this, but I can say that we had information regarding these two berks. We had t' follow up all leads. I'll also not comment on th' grounds we had for their arrest, other than t' say it did involve the explosion. Th' rest'll have to remain dark for th' time being." Cullers from *The Eye*, suspecting that something about this matter was as foul as a gehreleth's privy, continued the questioning. Inspector Dagir, growing increasingly agitated, replied, "There are many aspects t' a criminal investigation, from finding out just what berk or berks supplied th' bomb, right down t' the sod that placed and detonated th' explosive. I'll not comment on whether or not we will lay charges and to whom they'll be laid. Let's see how th' investigation goes, eh, blood?" Dagir also refused to say whether the two tiefers were suspected of planting the bomb.

The blast rocked the popular Lady's Ward watering hole just before anti-peak on the 11th of Regula and sent patrons scampering out into the street. Five sods were treated at temporary infirmaries as the rubble was sifted through by Harmonium. The Hardheads did say that all injuries incurred were not life threatening due most likely to the fact that the bomb was placed in a second-floor washroom rather than on the main floor of the case. The fiery conflagration blew a massive hole in the stone floor and ravaged an internal hallway, utterly destroying Taemyllen's well-known collection of 'Fornicating Formian' paintings. Falling stone injured four people on the ground floor below the washroom, but luckily, most were wearing helms and only suffered minor cuts and bruises. One patron, who was unfortunately in a washroom stall at the time of the blast suffered a serious leg injury and was taken to Sensate clerics for further treatment. Strangely, the ever-present Taemyllen, tiefling owner of the bubhouse, was "... out of town on business".

The Harmonium has taken over 500 written statements and collected more than 600 tips in their investigation. Dagir said the tips had led the Harmonium to

nearly 100 mini-investigations. After the blast occurred a crowd gathered on the street outside Taemyllen's. Inspector Dagir told the growing mass of onlookers that it was the hope of his faction that someone in the crowd might know something about the explosion and urged them to come forward with any additional information. Dagir wouldn't say if the two arrested were employees or former employees. "That may tend t' identify them." he said. Taemyllen, still "out of town" during this stage of the investigation was unavailable for comment and it is not known if he is even aware of the tragedy.



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Leatherhead leaves trail of clues

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lower Ward--It didn't take Hardheads long to figure out their prime suspect in the holdup at the *Jumping Slaadi Grocery* this morning. Harmonium sergeant Thurm Flatnose said that the kobold clerk, Munchum Worms, could clearly recall as well as describe the unusual tunic the cony-catcher wore as well as the barmy battle helm the sod had on.

When *Eye* cullers questioned the diminutive lass on why she recalled these items so well, she remarked. "Well, der was sumfin writ on th' sod's tunic and helm, which was covered with green feathers, by th' by and th' sod kept stickin' his chiv in me face, so, ya'd fink I'd remember it, ya?" It seems the robber had his name, which he mentioned twice during the robbery, scrawled across the front of both his tunic and helm: "Tors Dumth". The sod is a well-known gleaming pip amongst the Hardheads and has been arrested several times for minor infractions of the Sigil Municipal Code over the past cycle. Miss Worms also remembered that the knight-of-the-post had also carried a large, flashy knife during the robbery.

By peak, the githzerai leatherhead was in custody at the City Barracks. Officer Flatnose, after checking the route from the *Jumping Slaadi Grocery* to Dumth's nearby kip searched a trash heap and found a small, ripped sack that contained the helm with Dumth's name on it. "Apparently, the leatherheaded gleamin' pip couldn't even hide the evidence well. I saw a green feather stickin' outta th' bag a block off!" As for the 'flashy weapon' Dumth allegedly used, Sgt. Flatnose found a large silver dagger, bedecked with jewels endowed with *continual light* spells, embedded into a crate in the sod's shanty kip. "Ye'd think even a green prime would have enough sense to hide th' weapon, eh? Well, not him, 'cause there it was, as plain as day and half as bright!" Dumth was scragged by a Lower Ward patrol soon after and is now being held for questioning regarding the aggravated robbery and theft.



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