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The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-4

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Spectator yanks down pants

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lower Ward--With Copley the Cruel, a cyclops, beating Wadswart, a barbezu, in a fight-to- the- death match at the pit fighting arena, *The Shattered Skull*, in the Lower Ward, a barmy tiefling spectator made a futile attempt at distracting Copley. Just as Wadswart was about to grab Copley, the tiefling onlooker pulled his pants down to his knees, exposing himself. Copley, who has only limited vision in his one eye, failed to notice what the tiefer had on display and instead embraced his fiend opponent, snapping his spine to win the contest.

The prankster, whose name is being withheld, was then pushed into the fighting pit where Copley, thinking that a second opponent had appeared, began assaulting the tiefling. After severely blooding the tiefer, Copley scooped him up and broke his back over one knee, paralyzing him. Finally, Copley was restrained and the arena, with its customers roaring for more, was cleared. An eyewitness said the tiefer had wagered heavily on Wadswart and couldn't afford for Copley to win.

The Harmonium charged the tiefling, as he lay paralyzed on a cot, with misdemeanor counts of disrupting an "organized sports match" and disorderly conduct. That wasn't good enough for *The Shattered Skull's* owner, Bully 'Bang-o' Spikestaff, who banned the barmy berk from all fighting activities at the arena. Spikestaff later commented that audience participation seemed to turn the crowd on however, and now plans to open a similarly themed fighting establishment.



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Aasimar becomes Prime Saint?

by Magrum Rood, freelance culler

near Tir na Og--A recent surge of prime religious pilgrims has taken both the Cage and the Outlands by unawares, baffling authorities and causing many a raised brow. Apparently hailing from a little known prime world from a land known only as Eire, these pilgrims have come seeking, as they put it, "their savior and protector!" Arriving by two previously unknown portals, one in the Lady's Ward and another near Tir na Og in the Outlands, these strange speaking primes have come seeking an aasimar that they continually call 'Saint Peter'. A small colony of these primes has sprung up near the shores of Lake Tir fo Thiunn and they have begun to plant a new crop on the Outlands, potatoes.

Eye cullers, taking an interest in this unusual story, have tracked down this individual in question and found him to be a rather unremarkable, if not likeable, aasmiar. Strangely, the basher goes by the name of Pilgrim, however. When asked to explain this unusual occurrence surrounding his person, the seed of the Upper Planes remarked evenly, "I'm rather taken aback myself. It all started when I stumbled blindly through a color pool in the Astral. I found myself in an ancient stone circle in a lush verdant field in a pleasant enough area. However, there were several small children nearby and they were being harassed by large snakes. Thinking quickly, I used a special ability of mine, a *snakes to sticks* spell, which eliminated the problem. After all, I would not have wanted those lovely children to be harmed... "

When asked exactly how this seemingly harmless incident led to the aasimar being revered as a saint, Pilgrim continued. "Well, apparently, there were some adults (most likely the children's parents, although I am not certain) nearby who witnessed this act. Never having seen such magic before, they began to thank me and praise me as if I was a power, if you can believe such! When I tried to explain myself, I found that they could only understand parts of my speech, almost as if they understood parts of, but not all of, the chant. Needless to say, things got increasingly confusing from that point onward. Even a *tongues* spell could not clear the muddied waters of our speech! Finally, I managed to convince them that I was not a power, but they insisted on calling me a 'Saint', which I think holds some religious significance with them. Tiring of the confusion, I complied and gave them my name. However, they only understood a portion of my name, and interpreted it as 'Peter'. It seems that now the mess has once again gotten out of hand, however... "

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Unannounced jail break goes awry

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--Two suspected cross-traders were just moments away from freedom as they waited for paperwork on their bail bonds. Then suddenly they frantically began trying to wave off their barmy friend as he approached the Harmonium substation, just outside the City Barracks, in a runaway Acheronian war wagon. Undaunted, the wagon being pulled by a trio of razor steeds, rammed into the front doors of the substation in what Hardheads said was Wilam Stormeye's bubbled-up attempt at a jailbreak.

Two Sigilian citizens, including a formian larvae, suffered injuries that were not considered life threatening. However, a Dustman priest, Foulter Jizzt, commented, "Course, injures are hard to determine on larvae and with three razor steeds involved, it is only by the Lady's Grace that more were not writ into the Dead-book. This would have, of course, been more beneficial to the poor sods." One of the razor steeds was killed in the collision, but the remaining two shook off the debris of the doors and took off across the Cage. The wagon was apparently undamaged in the violent crash.

Detective 'Brick' Pagsnort said the two suspects were apparently unaware of their fellow's escape plan. "They had a look o' terror mixed with surprise when he drove in," Pagsnort said. "It's probably best that a body know when one of their basher, sod-headed berk-friends is gonna try and break 'em out of jail." Stormeye was arrested later in the day near the Foundry after the war wagon finally came to an abrupt halt across town. It seems Stormeye lost control of the vehicle after passing out and the two razor steeds careened headlong into a passing galeb duhr family, on vacation from the Elemental plane of Earth. The razor steeds were immediately killed, but the rock-people were apparently unharmed. Stormeye, after having a broken leg set, was being held on counts that included aggravated assault and felony criminal mischief.



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Baatezu bar approved by Hall of Speakers

by Ti'Era Zutar, Freelance Culler

Clerk's Ward--Chaos reigned in the Hall of Speakers yesterday when Factol of the Fated, Duke Rowan Darkwood finally caused a breach in the tightly-held control of Erin Darkflame Montgomery, Factol of the Sensates. Things erupted over a meager vote concerning a request by Carius Beerspinner, a barghest from Gehenna; to locate a tavern for the exclusive use of the baatezu in the Lady's Ward right next to the Prison.

On most days this request would have been laughed off of the agenda since almost no one believes that the baatezu really want to be that close to the Mercykillers. But today the Duke seemed to have something afoot. He fought long and hard bringing in representatives from Baator and high officials among the Fated to argue the case for the tavern's location. What cinched the win for his side was a representative from the Mercykillers, H'gu Algib, who stated that the Mercykillers were in support of this new business. The Duke also argued that a vote against allowing the business would prove that the Hall of Speakers was not for open trade and were actually assisting in the overall increase of disorder and chaos in Sigil.

There were shouts from the galley that Factol Montgomery would betray the citizens of the Cage and that she has made a secret pact with the fiends. Factol Darkwood encouraged these outbursts and a quick vote was taken allowing the business to be opened. After the ruckus ended there were rumblings from some members of the Hall that the Mercykillers have thrown in on the side of the baatezu in the Blood War. A departing Guvner official said, "It looks like that chaos is taking over and that the sides are not as clearly defined as before." Chant has it that Factol Montgomery has now left Sigil for a time to visit family in the Outlands.



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Tanar'ri concert ends with injury at Broken Bones

by Jerek Rejebo, Roaming Culler

Hive Ward--A concert by *The Jaded*, a tanar'ri "thrasher" band, was cut short when the lead singer, using the stage name of Bleedin' Hedwund, fell off the stage at the *Broken Bones Tavern*, ironically, breaking his ankle. "He tore it up pretty good, a clean compound fracture to his ankle, not that it holds any meanin' or nuthin'. After checking with the owner, the pointless concert was stopped cold so we could haul his raggedy arse out o' there. Th' whole bloody business was fairly unnecessary, if ya ask me," Bleaker priest Revily Tops told *The Eye* yesterday.

There was no immediate word on the fiend's condition, although tanar'ri are categorically known as fast healers. Tops, a priest of Orcus, said the singer, whose real name is unknown, had not been fully healed. "We suspect foul play was involved with the injury, possibly some barmy incantation or curse," reported the priest sourly. Concertgoers said the lead singer for *The Jaded* jumped or possibly fell from a keg of Elf's Blood Ale during a rendition of "Baby, I'm Your Fiend." The concert halted abruptly after the singer crashed into the crowd, which caused a waitress to spill several drinks onto visiting yugoloths. Luckily, the 'loths were highly intoxicated and did not openly retaliate against the spill. They may have also been under the influence of jarra spice, a heavy narcotic believed to originate from Gehenna.

The 'management' at first told concertgoers that there were 'technical difficulties' with the instruments and the show would continue. However, a later second announcement indicated that *The Jaded* could not continue due to the fact that while waiting, the goristo drummer, Cruskul, had eaten his instruments from boredom. The event was then called to a close and the case's dance floor was quickly cleared to allow for the arrival of the Bleak Cabal clerics.



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