
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



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Assault on Powers Maw

by Magrum Rood, Freelance culler

Powers Maw, Outlands--Sounds of steel upon steel rang out over the calm morning air today, not far from the well-known nature temple, Mended Bough. Nature priests, clerics, rangers and druids joined forces with the quickly growing might of Ironhearth to attempt a total rout on the fiend-infested area of the Outlands known as Powers Maw.

Powers Maw, a long standing and well-known Outlands landmark, is an incredibly large ring of sharp and jagged mountains that stand alone, many hundreds of leagues away from any other mountainous region. Rumors abound that it is actually the skeletal maw of a massive creature that is said to have fallen long ago in the Outlands, the same creature whose ribcage is believed to make up the gatetown of Baator that goes by the same name.

Over the past few cycles, the once vacant and relatively calm ring of unusual peaks has become infested with a surprisingly large and well-supplied group of tanar'ri. Many locals have suffered from their quick strikes and chaotic attacks, but little has been done, due to the fact that the fiends are so well protected and entrenched in the circle of jagged teeth-like mountains.

Recently, however, the three clear and pristine streams (known as the GodsFounts) have begun to run foul and black with some sort of vile pestilence and corruption. This apparently was far too much for the neighboring nature priests of the Temple of the Mended Bough (which is made up of a collective of many devotees to the various Nature Powers) to stomach, and they petitioned the leader of the Outlands citadel-city, Kalinor Grimjaw, for assistance.

In a staggeringly well organized and cooperative effort, the Company of Ironhearth and the faithful of Nature entered Powers Maw and decimated the tanar'ri therein. This was just in time as well, for the tanar'ri (who later claimed to have been directed by an unnamed arcanaloth) were attempting to create a conduit within Powers Maw to the Abyss.

As if this were not bad enough, they were also working with a large group of hydroloths to funnel a portion of the Styx onto the Outlands, thus creating a tributary of the Lower planar river in the near center of the Outlands! They would then use Powers Maw as a staging ground for attacks both on the Outlands, as well as the Upper Planes and Sigil. Apparently, the poor sods that were captured in the aforementioned tanar'ri raids were needed as sacrifices in the arcane ritual needed to "coax the Styx" through the conduit.

Bloods from the Temple of the Mended Bough told *Eye* cullers, "We owe our thanks and gratitude to Kalinor, Ironhearth, and the Company thereof. If it had not been from them, we surely would have been vanquished this day. The bards shall sing in harmony of our glorious victory - we were a force of nature that was to be reckoned with!"



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Mom rats out her own son

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--A snitching mom ended a lucky convict's brief taste of freedom after a clerical error put him back on the streets too soon. About 10 months too soon, grinning Mercykillers said yesterday between snickers. Instead of an 11-month sentence for breaking and entering, Kein Murey had only 11 days written on his incarceration documents. But Murey only got to take advantage of the screwup for about a day -- when the Red Death caught up with him after his mom squealed.

"I said to him, 'What's going on? You're supposed to be in jail for 11 months,' " she told *The Eye* yesterday. She said her son arrived at her Hive Ward home to collect some clothes shortly after he was set free from the Prison around peak. Quickly realizing there had been a mistake, Murey's mom -- who didn't want her name used -- tried to persuade her son to turn himself in. When he refused, she went to the Mercykillers herself.

"When I got back he had plum taken off," the woman said. Justiciar Geld Ball and his partner scoured the area for the remainder of the day, eventually spotting Murey the next morning hiding in an outhouse near the Ditch around Waterside Lane and Depression Avenue. They took him straight back to the Prison to serve out the rest of his actual sentence. "I asked him, 'What are you doing taking off? You knew you had to stay 11 months,'" Ball said. "He said, 'They're willing to let me out, I'm going to go.'"

Murey had been charged with breaking into a Lady's Ward home on Threegate Boulevard. The home was ransacked and property stolen, Ball said. Murey pleaded guilty at his trial before the City Courts and was handed an 11-month sentence. Someone, however, wrote down 11 days, which were up yesterday. "Someone just made a mistake ... a simple, little mistake," Ball laughed. He went on to say that the clerical error was made either at the Courts or in the transfer process, but he doubted that anyone at the Prison would have made such a mistake.

A similar mix-up occurred last cycle, a man on trial for attempted murder was mistakenly freed by the Harmonium. Hesa Burke tasted three days of freedom when the Hardhead bailiff mistook the judge's "guilty" verdict for "not guilty." It turned out the judge had cleared his throat before saying "guilty." Burke surrendered and an inquiry corrected the mistake and reinstated the original verdict. He was sentenced to 12 cycles.

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Goblins Get the Last Laugh

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Guildhall Ward--It is interesting to note that even though Sigil is, for the most part, a free city open to all (save some insignificant things like, for instance, Powers or Baatezu Armies) there still seems to be a general bias against some races. Let's look at things from the typical Prime point of view. I recently was summoned there so I had the great distaste of being reminded exactly what that point of view is. Primes see that races such as humans, elves, dwarves, halflings, and the like are generally considered 'good' or accepted races. In some cases just tolerated races - some of the dwarves I recently encountered on the Prime didn't care for any other races.

Sure, there are those amongst these races that despise each other, but that is the exception and not the rule. These Primes almost unanimously band together in their hatred (and sometimes attempted genocide) of what they call the "monster" races - Orcs, Goblins, Bugbears, Kobolds, and the like. That these races are not only vilified but are openly attacked does not raise a Prime's eyebrow - this is acceptable behavior.

Some of this general attitude has carried over into the Planes and has been around for as long as one can remember. A Balor walking down the streets of Sigil scares primes and Planars alike, because a Balor is, usually, beyond their capability to defeat, but an Orc or Goblin? This may sound like a strange introduction for a Theater review, but I think most would see the point it makes: the majority of beings are biased against Goblins. Thus, it is quite refreshing when a play written by a Goblin and championing Goblindkind is produced in Sigil.

The Northumber Amphitheater in the Civic Festhall is the site of *Groo Fph* (pronounced 'grew fiph'), a tale of two Goblin slaves in the hands of arrogant human king. This is the first play produced in Sigil for Playwright Dgare Lnope, and it is a good one. I hope that we can see more from this fine writer. On opening night there was a plethora of Goblins from Acheron there to see it. Judging by their reactions (a standing ovation with many of them weeping openly), it was a big hit. A side note, this is a play for all beings, not just Goblindkind - the lesson is a good one for all to learn.

The play begins in the great hall of a castle belonging to King Mangrim, a ruthless human who abuses his servants and plots against his own court of lords. Sven Allsgrith, whom you might remember as the title character from the Theaterworks production of Thor, plays Mangrim. Sven keeps the long red hair and full beard for this part and he plays it well. Mangrim has two Goblin slaves,

Groo Fph (played by the playwright Dgare Lnope) and Tapatrit (played by Vrung Capa, Dgare's wife). Groo is the court jester and is well known for his imaginative pranks.

Early in the show we see that Groo and Tapatrit are in love with each other and we hear the story of how Mangrim captured them after he had destroyed their tribe. The King has a great costume party to prepare for, and he and the court of lords do not know what costumes to wear, so they consult Groo. While thinking of a grand plan that would scare the guests at the party and provide a wonderful prank on them (something the King loves to do), Tapatrit spills the king's goblet of wine. The king slaps her, which enrages Groo, who then plots his revenge.

The rest of the story is how Groo enacts his revenge on the King. As a loyal theater fan, I will say that it is ingenious and that you must go see the play to find out what it is. Needless to say, the Goblins get the last laugh. The acting in the show was excellent, though the court of lords was mostly part of the background. Dgare and Sven work very well together and it would be interesting to see them in another show. The setting was very simplistic, letting the audience's imagination fill in the details, which is a good thing. The Illusionist Drass, last seen in the horrible Oh Andronicus, did the special effects. I can happily say that he kept control of himself and did an outstanding job.



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Seer says "planes will be torn asunder"

by Magrum Rood, Freelance culler

Xaos--A possibly barmy seer has claimed that visions of the future have shown him that "the planes will be torn asunder by plagues unlike any other". The seer was once a common rug merchant who sold refurbished mats. Then suddenly out of the blue last month, the halfling formerly known as Quiliver began having visions. These visions left him in a near catatonic state for days at a time.

After the first such episode, the halfling quit his job and changed his name to Omenius. He then began "preaching" to denizens in the rundown parts (what parts aren't) of Xaos. *The Eye* was able to conduct a brief interview with the seer. Hopefully his comments are understandable and informative, to someone.

Culler: You say these visions are of the future.

Seer: Yes, yes. Many days, far days ahead. My, my, the devastation, how can we survive when the wings are torn and the silver is bloody.

Culler: Easy now sir. What have you seen in these visions?

Seer: The planes broken, unable to respond. Ohhhhhh, the horror of the dead. I smell the mist of death. A storm of precision will climb the steps of craze. I tremble at the sight.

Culler: Are you having a vision now?

Seer: Cracked is the sky. Nooooooooo, the mad rock is calm. How can the lever be returned? My stick is wet. How can the pen be mightier than the sword, when the quill is lost amid the sea.

Culler: By th' Lady's Skirts yer barmy. What are you saying, can you decipher the visions?

Seer: Explain nothingness, repair unhealable wounds? The tear has already begun, can the blind not hear. Take my words and tell the innocent. Listen to the Eshaten, they know what is coming. The many must know that the time of deliverance is coming. Guard your words, heed your actions.

Culler: Sorry, I think I'll be moving on now. Anything else you would like our readers to know?

Seer: Blessed is he who would hold the fate of another.

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Snail Expeditions expands to gatetowns

by Blisswing, Upper Gatetowns Culler

Sylvania--To further expand its quickly growing customer base, Snail Expeditions opened a third shop this week at Sylvania. This is the second expansion for the business after having opened a shop in Ironhearth last cycle. Guest of Honor Kenda Fretterstag, current ambassador for the Sensate Embassy, and Snail Trawet, owner and operator of the guide service, officiated at the opening ceremony.

At the ceremony, Snail said: "Over the cycles, Snail Expeditions has grown alongside contemporaries in Sigil and the Outlands. Today it now begins serving the gatetowns. The success of Snail Expeditions can be attributed to its deep-rooted premium customer service and its endeavor to respond to customer needs by offering safe and reliable services, as reflected by our motto, "*Because You Need.*"

Snail when on to say: "We have always aimed to expand Snail Expeditions' opportunities to strategic locations in order to reach more customers. When conditions became favorable we expanded beyond the Cage and established ourselves at Ironhearth. Once there we began growing quickly and expanded our services. The proximity of the new branch in Sylvania to the existing store in Ironhearth will offer added convenience to customers, particularly those who are prospective travelers between those two sites. Our future is bright and we will continue to move forward. I someday hope to expand our operations to the other gatetowns."

Chant has it that the business is making a killing, but Snail refused to comment on the financial situation of the stores. Word from a reliable source within the Hall of Records said, "I don't know how he does it. We tried to get him every which way, but his books were always in order. It could be that somebody big is behind this operation. His timing has always been just too good. I'd at least suspect that he must have some kinda dirt on a high-up. How else would you explain it?"



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