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The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-13

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Xaos bomb plot foiled

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Xaos--Harmonium officers, on a routine patrol through the gatetown, said they scragged four sods for alleged plans to bomb the gate to Limbo. "One human and three githzerai were arrested," Hardhead spokesman, Nahen 'the Peery' Gensor, told cullers. The human arrested was identified as Sammenih'n'vd Abbu Nammisr, a barmy Egyptian mage and known Xaositech. Hardheads said that six others, all believed Xaositects, were wanted for questioning in conjunction with the planned bombing. The six bodys being sought included a bariaur, a rogue modron, and four slaadi. Gensor said the group "planned to carry out the attack on the soddin' gate next month, when travel to Limbo is heaviest".

Apparently, the citizens of Limbo are expecting the *Festival of Tad*, to occur next month. The Festival is so named because of its distinction as a rare planar occurrence wherein all of the highest ranking slaadi of each color display the strongest of their spawn, or tadpoles, as they are also known. The slaadi, for no apparent rhyme or reason, peaceably parade their young into the barmy gatetown and then back out again, into the soup of Limbo. A known slaadi expert, the githzerai, Torpellin of the Golden Spires, had this to say regarding the *Festival of Tad*. "I think that while it may seem to be only a freak and oddsome happening to most sods, it is actually a rite of passage for the strongest of the tadpoles. If they can survive the short trip out of the soup into the 'outer world', as the slaadi call it, then they have a better chance of survival."

Gensor and his Hardhead fellows pointed the finger at the Chaosmen for planning the attack, which appeared to be through hired mercenaries. "While this seemed to be a bit organized for the normally chaotic and unpredictable faction, it would not be beyond their scope of normal activities," Gensor said. Representatives for the Xaositects, for the most part, denied the charges. "We like the gate to Limbo, so why would we want to blow it up? But, hey, come to think of it - it sounds like a right tarmy brain-boxer! It does sound like fun, so why not?" said a representative.

Nammisr, the barmy basher scragged for the attempted bombing, was also arrested in Sigil last cycle. He has been identified as working for a Chaosmen splinter group and has been repeatedly scragged for other infractions such as illegal dealing of weapons, disturbing the peace, and public indecency, Hardheads said. The four bashers who were arrested were caught after an anonymous note was delivered to the Hardhead troops foretelling the groups' plan. Evidently, Nammisr had sent the note saying, *'Thought you might want to*

know we are blowing up the Gate to Limbo. Have a good day!' Harmonium officials were at a loss to explain this.

Since Xaos does not have an office or ruler acting as an answerable, official body, a formal statement concerning the bombing could not be gleaned. However, a passing resident said, "We call upon the planes to embrace chaos and everything that it has to offer. Join us in our attempt to become more random each day and learn of the joys of unpredictability!" It was not known if the sod even knew of the bombing.



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Trekking across Bytopia

by Darunden Thistlesnap, Upper Planes culler

Bytopia--Two birdlike voices warble in the darkness, and what feels like a light breeze shakes the outer flaps of our tent. It is Fhooz and Shall, two of four *co'wan*, (a local gnomish word for 'planar guide') who take turns rousing trekkers from our mountainside slumbers with cups of near-boiling lildus-herb tea. "Time to rise and see the glory of the morn fog o'er Dothion" the whiskered gnomes call out to my tent mate and me. "Top o' th' ridge an' mornin' to ya!" they remark jokingly, referring to our precarious perch, high above the plane's lower layer. Just moments after the morning elixir is distributed, large bowls of bubbling, warm water are passed precariously through our tent flap by steam mephits for a pre-breakfast sponge bath.

After a quick rub down, we joined our six other trek mates at a long unrolled rug and start scarfing down thresh porridge, made from the finest and freshest thresh wheat harvested in the Outlands. For the more daring of culinary bloods, there are hard-boiled furred-lizard eggs, found in the nooks and crannies of Shurrock's high mountain ridges, a real treat, despite the slight haze of fur in the eggs. For all there are large piles of rumgumn, a traditional gnomish honeyed nut bread, served with a coating of sprogash fungus butter, also known as "trekking honey" and orange marmalade, a feast fit for kings.

We sit atop Torrin's Ridge on Shurrock, the upper layer of Bytopia, buffeted by breezes and surrounded on all sides by sheer cliffs and razor-edged peaks. A group trek is not what I had in mind when I first thought of traveling to the twin-layered plane. I was more accustomed to exploring the upper planes and their foreign, but mostly hospitable burgs by myself and usually dismissed guided trips as overpriced commodities for high-ups with too much jink and helpless, addle-coved primes that know no better. That was not the case with this trip, which provided a welcome respite from the tiring logistics of planning an upper planar ride while freeing me to become totally immersed in the tranquility and simplicity of Bytopia. You could certainly tell that the lot of us were not from Bytopia, however, or we would not be treated as such. We would be spending all of our 'sight-seeing' time chopping wood to cook our supper meal!

I had no heavy load on my mind or my back: ten of the Snail Outfitter's porters carried our food, clothing and equipment, while a staff of two gnomish cooks and four bariaur lads prepared three daily meals along with morning and afternoon tea. An attentive halfling guide took care of each day's itinerary and made sure no one wandered off a cliff or alone into the wilderness. The out-of-

the-way route devised by the company I signed up with, Snail Outfitters (based out of the Outlands burg, Ironhearth), usually kept us far from the possible lurking dangers of the plane as well as any merchant-saturated hamlets.

We strolled through green thresh fields, wandered in hoary forests thick with Ironoak and gnarled Rhoanwood trees. We labored over high mountain passes where giant eagles soared amongst the misty pillars that connect the bi-layered plane. We tromped over hill after hill that rolled past like the emerald green waves of a limitless sea. We shared our paths with fellow hollyphants, baku, and treants and entered quaint hamlets not often visited by outsiders and visited folk that only new of the Outer Planes as long forgotten fables and myths. The salutations we received in these remote villages were refreshingly untainted by the chant of the Cage and the exposure to planewalkers that is so evident in larger burgs such as Yeoman and Tradegate. These were places where newly arrived guests are openly welcomed into one's home and treated from first sight as nothing less than family.

In Carnbrook, we visited a gnome craftsman named Thinnoc Silvereye who crafted such beautiful pieces of silver and spectacular jewelry that any Sensate or Taker alive would have given a dragon's hoard to claim. At Chirinsburg, after we had spent hours ascending through rain, a woman welcomed us into a small stone hut where we shared a fire with sizzling pots of spiced Bytopian buffalo meat and freshly harvested rice.

The guide, porters, *co'wan* and cooks who accompanied us taught us the local Bytopian phrases, folk songs and dances. Traversing tricky terrain with the skill of 'billy' goats (or bariaurs), the *co'wan* made a daylong climb look like a walk through a Sigilian park. Nonetheless, they always stopped to let a body catch her breath and did not hesitate to take on an extra pack when someone's shoulders started to sag. The porters strapped duffel bags onto their heads and strong, young backs. Despite the unreasonably heavy loads, they scrambled with sure-footed coordination over tree roots, dirt paths and rain-slicked boulders, almost always making it to camp first to erect the tents and have our bags waiting when we arrived. The talented cook staff had piping hot tea and grub ready before we arrived, and forever made hot soup when we got caught in rain along the trail.

Dinners, served by candlelight in a dining tent or by torchlight around the table of a local villager, spanned the variety of not only Bytopia, but also the planes. We had Arborean wine, Bytopian cheese, mashed and diced Carcerian potatoes, spicy hot chicken with Abyssal peppers, the traditional Bytopian lentil soup over rice, and fluffy 'cloud bread', well known on Mt. Celestia. Each plate was piled so high and refilled so often we fell away from the table every night gasping.

The trekking company was fanatical about preventing us from getting sick. The

co'wan forbade us to touch so much as a teacup until we had completed the ritual of 'squeaky clean', rinsing our hands under mephit-boiled and magically treated water they poured from a large teakettle. Our guide was a cheerful, well-known gnome named 'Gopher' Sputtlepot. Quick-witted and sociable, the blood never forgot a name and seemed to always keep an accurate mental roster of each person's pains and progress.

While I can't vouch for other trekking companies, Snail Outfitters, the Outlands-based company I signed on with, did everything, as Ashenbach would say, "right and tarmy". Admittedly, group trekking with a company like Snail O. will cost a body about 100 stingers a day; easily twice as much as an individual guide in Yeoman quoted. In return for my jink, however, I saved time and headaches while reaping the benefits of camaraderie and the local culture that only a true lanned planewalker can lay claim to.



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Cant can't be proper talk

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--It is an accepted aspect of our everyday lives, but should it be? One Fraternity of Order bureau chief calls it "sigilspeak," - the pernicious trickle of "berk," "peel," "bloods," and even "pike it" that compose a staggering proportion of the everyday speech emanating from the average citizen's mouth. Guvner Ruffuth Saltspits, a B2 at the City Courts, wrinkles her nose in disgust when she hears it. Now, she is at the vanguard of a growing movement of lawful residents to stamp out "sigilspeak" within the City of Doors.

Earlier this cycle, Saltspits introduced the idea for a program at the Hall of Speakers that would instruct citizens to speak more clearly and to resist using the dreaded "unofficial language" well known to all Cagers. The idea was ultimately approved after much debate, the deciding vote being surprising thrown by current Xaositech representative who said, "hells not no, not but certainly"! The Guvners, using the literal interpretation of the Xaositech's scramble-speech vote against the chaotic faction, insisted that it should count as a vote for, instead of against.

The Fraternity of Order has become to incorporating more speaking requirements and oral scrutiny into their examinations, and they have enlisted the aid of several tridrone modrons from Mechanus to assist in 'speaking lessons'. Chant has it that speaking programs may soon be set up on Mechanus too, as a requirement for entry onto the lawful plane.

While a few citizens may respond well to Saltspits' program, most are expected to simply ignore the wigwag and continue to use the familiar cant of Sigil. Saltspits said she is undeterred and feels that, "It has become so widespread that I just want to grab them by the shoulders and say, 'Do not say 'berk' one more time!'" Chant also has it that if this program continues, plans are in motion to deny services at the City Courts to any "cant-speakers".



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Mercykillers free 42 sods

by Blisswing, Upper Gatetowns culler

Automata--In an odd act of leniency, Mercykiller officials freed 42 prisoners in an amnesty program last week. In a release on the same day, the Fraternity of Order announced that it was planning to make changes in regards to local policies that deal with lower planer traders. These 'reforms', as Guvner officials call them, are part of a 'jurisprudence reformation' led by Pelnis the Clockmaker. The prisoners being released include 26 Xaositects, who participated in the large riot that caused widespread damage in the burg last month. However, Xaositech riot leader, X'guana Guas'a'mao, was not granted his freedom. He is currently serving a 20-cycle sentence in the gatetown's prison for inciting the riot, which resulted in the death of a local aasimar mage. The Red Death also said additional 16 other prisoners, including 15 Doomguard namers and one known Anarchist, would be freed in the coming weeks. All of the involved prisoners had been previously sentenced to jail terms ranging from 16 cycles to life.

Cullers quoted Justice Minister Manticoreian, as saying, "the local government has decided to either revoke or reform the existing anti-trade laws, which limit the exchange rate earned by lower plane traders." The Council of Order will begin debate on whether to totally discard all anti-trade laws later this month, or use them as a foundation for creating less stringent laws, he said. The laws, which have been in place for nearly a century, are a potent legal instrument because they define virtually all trade activity undertaken within the gatetown and its borders. Manticoreian also said that traders would no longer automatically be jailed for not having proper trade permits, but would rather be issued permit fines and would be given a yet undetermined amount of time to retrieve the proper permits.

In a seemingly unrelated manner, *Eye* 'sources' within the lawful burg have reported an unusually high influx of baatezu visitors recently. One visit in particular was paid by a high-up fiend 'ambassador', a cornugon who identified himself as 'Magus', representing the Lord of the Fifth. 'Ambassador' Magus was seen often during the day at the Hall of the Council of Order, but was also seen entering *McGuvol's Stabling Establishment*, a suspected access point to the shadowy Council of Anarchy that is rumored to exist beneath Automata's orderly lanes. Further, several of the 'ambassador's' entourage openly wore the colors of the Doomguard and the Fated. Adding to this intrigue was a considerably large and anonymous donation that was delivered via a Fated merchant messenger from Sigil to the Council of Order. Could this be a possible peel in progress? You can be assured that *The Eye* will stay peery as this puzzle

comes together.



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Sensual painter dead at 167

by Blisswing, Upper Gatetowns culler

Ecstasy--Garm Coffman, the Outlands' great painter of the sensual, is dead. Born in Elysium, Coffman studied art for several cycles in Sigil before finally moving to Ecstasy, where he became one of the planes' better-known artists. The aasimar passed in the gatetown's temple of Gaea last week at age 167.

Coffman began exhibiting his canvases when the *Revelhome* festhall was just starting to heat up. With other figures such as Madame Millani and Kagorius, he was one of a handful of planars who would transform Ecstasy into a major center of philosophy and art. His exhibition at the renowned Philosopher's Court raised Coffman to the front ranks and listed him as a top-shelf blood where the canvas was concerned. According to Aici La'levo, author of *A Concise History of Ecstasy Painting*, and life-long companion of the deceased painter, the show was "one of the great accomplishments of Ecstasian art." The works of the painter's entire lifetime were all part of a loosely rendered series depicting sexual confrontation coupled with the need for greater variation in sensation.

When asked to speak about his friend's life, La'levo replied. "The image of an intended subject could, and often, would preoccupy Coffman for decades. His series of paintings depicting a couple floating in abstract space became a visual device through which he could indulge his passion for form and color. Coffman approached color, as a composer would sound. The fondness he held for acidic greens and dissonant yellows was not appreciated by some, but in certain circles he was heralded not only as a visionary but also a star. He was an eccentric who traveled the planes regularly for months at a time and often drank and smoked too much, but he will also be remembered as a dear friend and companion."

When Coffman returned to Ecstasy after spending several cycles in Sigil, an obvious change was reflected in his work. "When I did the Sigil shows, I realized how cramped and closed in I had become," he said in a mimir-recorded interview. "When I moved back to Ecstasy I wanted to somehow deal with the philosophical landscape of personal growth and unspoiled sensations while still maintaining my theme of the eternal figure. It took me five long cycles to figure out how to do that and when I did, it was as if my eyes had just been opened."

Though he never abandoned the central figure in his painting, Coffman eventually removed everything else. His entwined lovers inhabited psychological space that left no room for external reality. One of the last of the great artist-heroes, he was himself the true subject of his art. Ultimately, he was a modern romantic who saw the canvas alternately as a battleground and a bed

of love.

His wife, La'telsia Coffman, a former Acheronian sword-dancer and Sigilian model, said in a statement that Garm would be remembered as an artist whose works inspired others. "For him, to leave something behind that would bring others enjoy and inspiration was the greatest feat that could be accomplished," she said. A memorial celebration will be held at the *Revelhome* festhall next week. It is widely whispered that Factol Erin Montgomery herself plans to attend.



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Travel warning for the Outlands

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--The Harmonium warned the citizens of Sigil against traveling to or within the Outlands yesterday. A Hardhead spokesman stated that the warning may be in place only temporarily and would not force any portals or gatetowns to be closed or patrolled. The warning came, without a great deal of explanation, directly from Factol Hashkar's office at the City Courts. Chant has it that the travel warning is in response to the emergence of a strange, new plague that has infected several of the lower planar gatetowns. However, officials would neither confirm nor deny this rumor. Once it was posted at the Hall of Speakers, the official release warned citizens not to travel to the Outlands, but did not describe any enforcement of travel restrictions and did not indicate any penalties against those who ignored the warning and continued to travel within the 'Land.

The travel warning closely follows last month's odd occurrence when various trade routes around the Great Road were temporarily closed for unspecified security reasons by Harmonium patrols. No explanation was ever given for these interruptions in trade and seemingly there was no justification for the informal blockade. The gatetowns of Bedlam, Plague-Mort, Xaos, and Curst have recently come under close watch by the Hardheads and the Fraternity of Order since the appearance of the new plague in those burgs. Some loose chant indicated that severe travel restrictions were discussed for those gatetowns, but nothing has so far been issued formally or informally.

An addendum to the warning was posted at the City Courts, which indicated that the families of Harmonium members would be allowed to return to Sigil or Mechanus at the faction's expense. This supplement comes just three days after Special Investigator Kadria returned to Sigil after conducting a two cycle long survey of the plague on the lower planes. According to independent graybeards retained by *The Eye*, 224 people (including 12 Hardheads) have died in the Outlands from the spreading disease since its origin at the beginning of last cycle.



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Food shortage grips Plague-Mort

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Plague-Mort--Almost no food remains in the gatetown to the Abyss, forcing thousands of displaced sods, who sought shelter here, to return to the Great Road or enter the Plain of Infinite Portals in search of something to eat. The city's Bleaker temple was already over-crowded with bone-thin children and frail, elderly bodys before this crisis began. Now, with the increased numbers asking for shelter and with the stores of milk, bread, and water severely depleted, the faction is trying to muster replacements from elsewhere. All known trade caravans mysteriously stopped coming to Plague-Mort at the end of last cycle and the gatetown was forced to use food reserves.

Quickly replenishing these reserves is almost impossible due to several outside forces. One of these forces is the subtle political maneuvering by high-ups in the Upper Planes, where most of the food for the planes and gatetowns is grown and harvested, which do not have a soft spot in their hearts for the Abyssal gatetown. This, coupled with the kreigstance in Sigil, where many of the enemies of the Bleak Cabal (such as the Fated) oppose the giving nature of the faction's attempts, only adds to the level of difficulty. Bleaker temple director Bingol Longshroud predicts the situation will only deteriorate in the next few weeks. "Sods have gone out into th' wastes around the town to find food, but there's none to be found. The poor bashers leave in a bad shape and come back an even worse 'un. Things'll only get worse," he said. The Gatehouse in Sigil has continued to try and aid Plague-Mort, but "security fears" and "taxation checks" setup by the Merchant's Guilds, primarily run by the Fated, have kept Bleaker supplies from reaching the burg since the beginning of the cycle. "Most of Plague-Mort's 20,000 sods are starvin' to death", continued Longshroud, shaking his head sadly. "If this sort of thing don't prove that there's no point to it all, then yer a blind sod fer sure." Master Longshroud, while seemingly melodramatic in the normal Bleaker vein, draws a seemingly accurate portrait of the current situation, however.

Cullers of *The Eye* witnessed horrible sights made only more dreadful by the recent tragedy. No matter if residents live in the jagged rubble of long destroyed homes or within the shadows of the walls of the Arch-Lector's keep, they all live in constant fear. It is only this fear that keeps them going from one day to the next. A graybeard who identifies himself simply as Uncle Gabriel and barely ekes out a living selling dead cranium rats has lived here for over 20 cycles and has never seen it this bad. The poor basher lives within a barely-standing, ramshackle hovel and shares it with 24 other poor sods told the following tale, "Them Hounds 'ave been everywh're. They was cuttin' sods

down left and right just fer beggin' for a bite to eats or a drops o' water. Some houses have been burned, like mine, here. Th' only way we was able to putout th' fire was beatin' it wit' our own hands. I can't tell you how hungry an' frightened we were." The Hounds described by Uncle Gabriel are the unofficial army of Plague-Mort. Chant has it that their actions, including the most recent slaughters, are directly controlled by the Arch-Lector. His Immense could not be reached for comment or to clarify the actions of The Hounds.

As if matters were not bad enough, the situation has been worsened by unmerciful weather. Hundreds of homeless sods have perished due to the cruel weather conditions and exposure to the elements. Horrific floods, mudslides, torrential rains and winds have all taken their gruesome toll on the hunger-struck burg. It seems that there was little end in sight when the attacks of the Hounds were renewed with vigor. Longshroud commented again, "We were workin' day in and day out just tryin' to deal with what was thrown at us when the Hounds hit us again like a balor's whip." he said. "It was so bad that we had to get the sick to help us carry in the wounded. The sick were carryin' 'em in on their backs or in wheelbarrows. It was horrific." There are no official figures on how many have died in the city, as many people were buried in the countryside, or trapped beneath mudslides, or devoured by fiends and their ilk leaving their deaths unreported.



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Cobbler buried alive then rescued

by Darunden Thistlesnap, Upper Planes culler

Haven, Mechanus--Cold and muddy, a thri-kreen cobbler who had been buried alive for nearly eight hours clacked his mandibles loudly as he was pulled from a damaged giant gear assembly to the resounding cheers of hundreds of rescuers. The cobbler, identified by fellow 'Havenites' as A'antsirilicurik 'Antsy' Kirat'tilk, chattered happily to rescuers and clutched his four hands with the hands of others as he was strapped to a Dustmen wagon and taken to a nearby temple of Psilofyr, the myconid power of healing and medicine.

The hardy thri-kreen suffered multiple contusions, bruises, and carapace cuts and had inhaled an unhealthy amount of fine metallic dust, but was otherwise in good condition yesterday at the temple. Via his rapport spores, Molo'r'k, the myconid high priest of Psilofyr, conveyed the blood's condition, "The only thing he said was, 'I feel fine, thank you'. He was awake and alert and said he was cold." 'Antsy' was watching the raising of a 154-foot gear drive assembly into place by a modron constructor team when several of the supports gave way, literally burying the thri-kreen beneath an enormous pile of metal, cogs, gears and equipment. "It was a statistical anomaly that accounted for the unit's survival," pentadrone, 'Piffzy' (modron designation: Pi5Z), announced, "we calculated a 1.024% chance of survival, with a factor of two the power of negative theta to compensate for unknown variables represented by unavailable data on thri-kreen species' physiological makeup."

The modron crew was placing the last gear drive and 200 yards of the cabling when several of the supports collapsed. Modron workers were joined by several volunteers, who after undergoing a quick physical examination and classification by the pentadrone present, aided in the efforts to shore up walls and braces so the heavy metal cogs and equipment could be moved. "Once order was imposed upon the chaotic situation, the laws of variance were forced to shift to our favor", said Guvner volunteer, Hamik Sliderule. "With all of us working as one, orderly, cohesive unit, we were able to save the bloody sod in no time!" The Guvner was then quickly escorted away for using "improper language in an emergency zoned area". (A direct violation of *Emergency Code Procedural listing E1, subsection 3, paragraph 12*, that the Guvner no doubt forgot about in all of the systematic excitement).

Officials did not immediately know what caused the supports to collapse at the site of the gear drive installation. A formal investigation was underway, although a "hairline fracture or possible structural inconsistency" was suspected, as opposed to any "foul play". A similar, but unrelated, accident occurred last

month on Regula and severely injured quadrone modron (construction class) "Dumpy-One" (modron designation: DuM-P1-1). The quadrone was rescued after being pinned for 15 hours beneath several tons of rubble within a newly renovated aqueduct. Dumpy-One suffered major structural damage to its main body and wing units as well as being filled with fluid. The quadrone suffered a sever case of rust poisoning and it was too soon to say whether it would make a full recovery.



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Striking miners hold bariaurs hostage

by Blisswing, Upper Gatetowns culler

Glorium--Striking dwarven miners wielding clubs and warhammers clashed last week with bariaur patrols trying to block their march through Glorium. At least a dozen bariaurs were injured and some were taken hostage. The patrols used *stinking cloud* and *sleep* spells to try and disperse the miners, who were seeking higher pay, but retreated from their roadblock in the face of the rampaging mob of enraged dwarves. Unconfirmed chant said that about five bariaurs were taken hostage. "Miners are attacking in an organized manner much like an army," Glorium spokesman Rastaen Clubkick said. "But then again, wha'd'ya expect from dwarves? There is no doubt - they have taken prisoners."

The violence erupted after the disgruntled miners, led by their dynamic leader, Om Stoneshield rejected the Glorium Wage Board's offer for continued negotiations, aimed at ending their 16-day-old strike, and advanced on the bariaurs massed along the main cliff path to the burg. An unspecified number of miners were scragged as they tried to break through roadblocks but apparently it was not enough. Glorium high-ups are determined to prevent an outbreak of even worse violence.

Earlier, Glorium leader Flatnose Grim had named a team to negotiate with the dwarven miners. But the miners insisted that Grim be present. "We want to try to defuse th' situation," said Grim. "I hope to get the support of miners, and I rather not start bustin' heads to get it. I had hoped that we could 'ave reached a solution through talkin', or maybe even drinkin', but..." Grim said. The miners are pressing for hefty bit of hikes in jink, the equivalent of 10 Cager gold - demands the city says it cannot afford. Currently, miners make an average of 21 jink a month, about twice the amount that most sods in the gatetown get in twice the time.

Shouting obscenities in both dwarven and common, the miners hurled rocks and threw homemade dwarven explosives, called *firespheres*, and surrounded one group of bariaurs chasing them across a hill. The bariaurs then retreated from the roadblock. The clash broke out after 70 miners spent the night a few miles away, considering the city's offer and deciding whether or not to challenge the gatetown's forces. Onlookers stated that they sang ancient dwarven songs throughout the night and drank profusely, warming themselves by fires as temperatures dropped. Also during the night, bariaur troops piled massive stone slabs across a narrow bend in the cliff road to deter a possible onslaught.

Around midday, hundreds of miners approached the blockade, throwing rocks, yelling and cursing at the bariaurs before scattering as the *stinking clouds* landed among them. "We'll not leave, ye flea-bitten bastard sons of giants!" yelled the miners. Several more miners marched behind them, reaching the site later with their fiery leader, Om Stoneshield. At least twenty miners and twice that number of bariaur were believed injured after the striking miners clambered over stone blocks and clashed with the bariaur patrols. They paused in their march before reaching Glorium upon hearing that Flatnose Grim's troops were waiting and ready to stop the march. So far, the dwarves have not issued any demands for the release of the captured bariaurs. It's hoped that negotiations can be resumed.



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Outlands citadel attacked by fiend forces

by Godemirc Kreb, Outlands culler

Ironhearth--The massive outer walls of the Outlands citadel-city known as Ironhearth were attacked at the end of last week by the combined forces of nine tanar'ri legions, a barghest army division, a group of khaasta raiders, and numerous yugoloth mercenaries. The brutal attack continued relentlessly for two straight days and left over 1700 sods of the burg dead. During the first day, the enraged fiends set the outer wall, called the Shield Wall, ablaze and tried to scale it, but had only minimal success.

Officials at Ironhearth said at least 1000 people were badly injured and more than 30 structures, including several homes, temples and barracks, burned in the city's outer ward, called the Grave district. Residents reported several columns of smoke rising over the city. Justice Sorikkio 'Master-san' Karoyoko, a local Guvner, said six houses of worship had been burned and scores of booths at a market were damaged in the initial raid.

The attack took place months after the Army of Ironhearth had defeated the Bloodshanks, a large and deadly group of mercenaries that was apparently being supported and supplied by tanar'ri forces. The attack on the city was the latest in a series of escalating clashes to hit the expanding burg that was established eight cycles ago by Kalinor Grimjaw, a cleric of Tyr and former Mercykiller. The city has experienced an almost unprecedented growth spurt recently as refugees from across the planes, particularly the Blood War ravaged Lower Planes, have relocated to this Outlands citadel. The friendly immigration policy set by the leaders of Ironhearth has caused the burg to become increasingly popular.

Sporadic fighting continued earlier this week, but was snuffed out quickly after formian reinforcements arrived from beneath the very feet of the opposing armies. Many residents were too frightened to leave their homes. Some took shelter at designated areas; others patrolled their neighborhoods in armed groups. "The situation is relatively calm now. But we are still worried that trouble could start again," Kalinor said in a brief statement released to gathered cullers. The statement also called for all residents of the Outlands to unite and stop the invasions of the Blood War. "If these heinous attacks are allowed to continue, a more serious disaster will take place," he said.



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Bariaur Culture in the Cage

by Mog Farzen, Roaming culler for *The Lady's Sharper Eye*

Lady's Ward--Keeping tradition alive is the goal of Saldrin Thanol, Free League bariaur mystic who recently arrived from The Outlands. "In a city where you're defined by your beliefs, it's difficult for a cutter to preserve the Old Ways", says Thanol. But that's exactly what this bariaur intends to do. Working out of a small flat near *The Golden Bariaur* tavern, Thanol operates "***Tale of the Bariaur***", an organization devoted to preserving and promoting bariaur culture.

She offers free training in bariaur teachings and language, ancient recipes, religious training, and an outreach program for those interested in finding other bariaur in Sigil or beyond, either for friendship, mating, or locating missing family members. The center is open to bariaur interested in preserving or rediscovering their heritage or non-bariaur creatures that are simply curious about new and interesting cultures. "Bariaur participating in the program have not only discovered their rich heritage," says Thanol, "but have also reclaimed many of the powers and attributes associated with their nomadic cousins."

In an attempt at cultural exchange, Thanol is currently holding a contest, for the next Sigilian calendar month, in which participants give advice to bariaur that have recently arrived in Sigil. Winners of the contest will receive a bariaur talisman, purported to bring good fortune to its owner, bariaur and two-leggers alike. The advice, according to Thanol, will most likely be compiled into a guidebook that will be provided to new bariaur as they arrive at the Cage. Donations are also accepted.



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