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The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-16

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Tales from the Blood War

by Sofellor, Blood War culler

Blood Wings

Related by Hrasna the Shatterer

Lich in service to Sofellor

We were clearing the field after routing a minor tanar'ric horde when a blinding light from among the nettles began to burn the skin of my undead minions. A shining gate had opened and dozens of Aasimar and Asuras, led by a Deva, burst forth. Their song burst the ears of the few still living among my mages forcing me to bring them to undeath earlier than planned. The celestials began flinging spells and swinging great burning swords felling many of my followers. We began to retreat with my mages flinging acid bolt after fireball.

My gathering of lesser liches worked a gating back to the Citadel of Woe where our legion was quartered. The ready force of 2 dozen skeletal warriors mounted upon undead nightmares roared onto the field. They slew many with their unexpected assault. The



last of them was destroyed in the fourth minute of the battle. I wove one of my greatest spells forming a golem from the still living nettles surrounding the gate. My creation began to strike about; it's fists still sucking blood as the nettles yet lived. This caused great consternation among the celestials.

A recently animated dragon tore the right arm from the great Deva and was immediately burned to pieces when the holy blood struck its throat. My lightning bolt

was worse than useless as I struck an Eladrin and he seemed to grow. An Aasimar threw the wounded Deva over his shoulder and ran through the gate. My surviving mages (of whom there were 6 from the original 91) cast fireballs, which were rebounded from the shielding spell of the now retreating celestials.

I cast barrier reaver to create a hole in the spell. Three of my mages cast delayed blast fireballs through the hole I had caused. The shattering blast blinded all of us for just a moment. When vision returned the golden gate had closed. A single cut off Asuras was devoured by my golem, which fell to pieces as the spell ended. The last celestial had been destroyed in the 7th minute of combat. I and the survivors of the host returned to the Citadel of Woe. So ended a skirmish with the Wings of Glory.



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Dis raid foiled on Acheron

by Craedous, Lower Planes culler

Tso Slaving Grounds, Acheron--In a startling turn of events, the Company of Ironhearth, a planar militia of sorts, hit the blinds while trying to stealthily navigate the Tso Slaving Grounds, located on the second layer of Acheron, Thuldadin. The force was roughly one-tenth the size of the normal forces employed by the top-shelf team of cutters based out of the Outlands citadel-city known as Ironhearth, but there is little doubt of their intended objective. A portal, located within the fringe of the Tso encampment, is a well-known passageway from the Plane of Endless Conflict to Dis, the Iron City of Baator. Although the Company never made it to their intended destination, there can be little doubt that these elite warriors-against-the-Blood-War were attempting to infiltrate Dis and bring defeat to those sequestered there.

However, it seems that the bloods had someone on the inside of their mission turn stag on them because a large force of baatezu, who were reportedly taking orders from the leader of Plague's Bane, Blaylocke, were awaiting their arrival to Acheron. Several groups of Tso spell-slingers as well as large groups of bashers wearing the colors of Plague's Bane were amongst those waiting to spring the trap on the Company of Ironhearth. Whether this has any connection to the imposition by Plague's Bane of a supposed 'kill zone' across the lower gatetowns is unknown.

Only through quick reaction time and superb leadership and training were the Ironhearthian cutters able to survive long enough to make it back to a portal to the Outlands, but they suffered very heavy losses amongst their number and barely made it out before being written into the dead-book. Sources (unreliable at best) that claim to have been at or nearby the battle as if occurred did not think that the Company had made it out at all, due to a powerful illusion spell that fooled even the fiends. Exactly what kind of spell it was, or whether the Company of Ironhearth had a mindbender amongst their group remains dark.

The baatezu and Plague's Bane are publicly calling the battle "a bloody rout" and issued the following warning to "any blekking sod that managed to crawl out on his yellow belly": "Your futile terrorist attempts to upset the fragile balance of the Blood War will no longer be tolerated. We now understand that your minds, diseased as they are with the infernal plague of chaos that you carry, have directed you towards attempting to shatter the ultimate force of law in the multiverse - the baatezu. You will fail miserably and once Plague's Bane has wiped the face of the planes free of your soiled influence, we will rise up and crush the planes beneath our ordered and unforgiving heel. Only fools

refuse to fear us."



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Hardheads gain ally with Order

by Darunden Thistlesnap, Upper Planes culler

Melodia, Arcadia--Factol Sarin declared last week that the Harmonium has certified the Order of Planes-Militant as being a reliable ally in the difficult struggle against the spread of planar hibiscus, saying cooperation "has clearly improved" under Prefect Increase VII. Despite a disappointing arrest record and a drop last cycle in planar hibiscus and jarra spice seizures; Sarin found positive things to say about efforts of the Order to reduce the availability of illegal substances. He welcomed a joint plan to share the enforcement of laws against illegal substances on both planes and declared, "The Harmonium is ready to do all we can to support you."

Factol Sarin and Prefect Increase VII conferred on Melodia at a palace with manicured gardens in the middle of the Harmonium's planar headquarters and training center. They then addressed a crowd estimated at 14,000 in a domed auditorium. Hundreds of people lined the narrow, orderly streets leading to the auditorium. The factol's trip was his first trip to Melodia in several cycles. Sarin said, "I think this is a time for reconciliation and renewal. I think what we have to do is to serve more order to our people. And if we keep that in mind I think everything will be fine."



Factor
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the
Stutterer,
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that
will
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faction and sect closer together on issues concerning law enforcement and the abolition of chaos and evil. Another accord was aimed at promoting portal safety and religious rights, which addressed complaints, by the Order about the deaths of several celestials in Sigil. Factor Shar said he was impressed with the Order's commitment to Law and Harmony, "recognizing that it can't happen overnight but that sometimes there are more frustrations than there are victories . . . I think they can succeed, given time." Similarly, Indigo said, "It's a much-changed atmosphere from four cycles ago when the Harmonium was highly critical of our efforts. This is a new orderliness we're dealing with, in my view," he said. "All in all," Indigo added, "we think we are on track in the coming cycles to turn the existing cooperation into an enterprise that will be significantly better for the planes, as a whole, in the future."

Factol Sarin told the gathered crowd; "We have made progress in areas today where, to be charitable, we have not always agreed. Not long ago, our two orders could not have had a conversation about the enforcement of Law without falling into an unwinnable argument about how to conduct it. That has changed." "The law abiding people of both our planes recognize we must reduce and eventually eliminate the demand for illegal substances such as planar hibiscus," the Factol said. "The Order of the Planes-Militant recognizes that ending the drug trade is a matter of security and public health that should be imperative to everyone."



In turn, Prefect Increase VII called Sarin and his wife "dearest friends," and displayed a touch of pride when she said: "For members of the Order, the commitment to stop illegal substances is first and foremost a commitment to ourselves, to our children, to our safety and to our future." The Prefect, who is the only female to ever serve as Prefect, said her people were "convinced and determined to keep up the fight against planar hibiscus and jarra spice until we win." Addressing another priority for citizens of Mt. Celestia, the Prefect said, "It is important for our communities to be safe, clean and productive, which will provide a source of pride for all of us within those communities."



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Sigilians join fight against giants

By Jerek Rejebo, Roaming culler

Lower Ward--It was a tale of two cultures ready for war in the Outlands as hundreds of Sigilians in leather armor standing in formation near the Foundry, said good-bye, perhaps forever. A light rain began to fall as more than 400 soldiers-to-be, dissolved into tear-drenched hugs with their families. The group was a mix mash of races, composed roughly half bariaur and half other humanoids, including many tieflings and humans from the Hive, hoping to enjoy the spoils of war.

This week they enter a portal to Tradegate on the Outlands, to be trained for a death-defying mission, crossing war torn countryside to assist the bariaur and other organized forces against a massive incursion of giants and ogres. An old man wiped his eyes, standing alongside red-eyed grandmothers in headscarves. Tough tiefling youths from the Hive, wearing various faction insignia, fell into bear hugs with weeping young men headed for war. Nearly everyone present lived in Sigil and had volunteered to fight the giants in the Outlands.

"Bariaur are willing to die for freedom!" yelled Harmak Muk, a bariaur and head of the Sigil Civic League, to the recruits and their families. "Yeah!" responded 4-year-old Tasha Brightwing, whose father, a Lower Ward pub doorman, stood at attention in his studded leather armor and short sword. "It's dangerous, but it's the last chance to be free or die," said Storma Fleetfoot, tears in her eyes. She was among about 500 bariaurs weeping and cheering in the lot outside the bariaur-run pub *The Horned Doe*. Her brother, a basher bodyguard working in the Lady's Ward, was one of the would-be soldiers leaving this week through a portal to Tradegate located in a crystal shop. "I'm very happy I'm sending my son, I'm very proud," said Eliza Mamina, a mother clutching her youngest son's leather jerkin.

Born in the Lower Ward, 19-year-old Jek Marafa is a Harmonium sergeant who has helping with the training. Now he stood facing the recruits, a Harmonium patch still stitched to his sleeve. He's taking a leave of absence from the Hardheads to fight. The families were told to say their good-byes on this raw day at the swearing-in ceremony. As they listened to rousing speeches, many clung more tightly to their children. "Bye, daddy!" said Larka, waving from her aunt's arms. Wearing her best black leather shoes, she held up her tiny hand and shaped two fingers into a "V." Her 34-year-old father, Jelan Thanol, and his 31-year-old brother, Mek, placed their hands on their hearts as a soprano with a bariaur accent sang "For Freedom and Love of Herb."

Then the crowd chanted "Sig-il, Sig-il!" But there was no doubt which group drew their fiercest allegiance. "Bariaur freedom fighters! Free the bariaur!" they roared. Little Laura echoed softly, "Free bariaur..."

Some recruits have military training or, in the case of some of the older men, have actual combat experience in conflicts such as the Ogre Wars, but most are untrained. Many of the gathered soldiers had Doomguard surplus armor and swords that were brand new, still sharply creased and shiny. Marella Barunaka, 19, was toughened up for combat by her stint as a tout in the Hive, make that as the only female tout in the ward. "It's not gonna be pretty," said the young tout, gently stroking the crewcut head of her 7-year-old brother, Zama. "I only hope they can scrounge some jink from those bloody giants."



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Plaguers fear rise of death squads

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Torch--A growing extremist group has formed Plague death squads and threatened to launch a "war without quarter" against the plaguers now present throughout the Outlands. Officials for the group, known as Plague's Bane, announced that the first death squads would be created at Torch, the gatetown to Gehenna, and used to "cleanse the Land of those infected with the Chaos Plague".

During last week, unidentified persons dumped pamphlets and daubed blood-red anti-plaguer slogans on the walls of homes and shops in the slave district of Torch. "Die you plaguer scum!" said a pamphlet distributed bearing the black, red, and grey logo of Plague's Bane. The slave community has had the highest infection rate in Torch and Bleaker clinics have been unable to keep up with the demand for help. The Dustmen have been forced to bury the remains, if there are any, in large mass graves outside of the city. A Dustmen official said, "The things that are happening are just terrible! No one should die like this; it's not natural. To be buried without ceremony or rites is unthinkable. Someone must stop this!"

Plague's Bane, the largest and most violent anti-plague group on the Planes, unilaterally began moving against plaguers just days after saying that the group sought a peaceful solution to the plaguer problem. It believed that they have already massacred more than 160 peasants across the Outlands and have inspired many more anti-plaguer riots that have resulted in the deaths of hundreds more. Plague's Bane, like many other anti-plague groups, has accused the Harmonium and the Chaosmen of a "secret dirty war" against the folk of the Land. Although they refused to clarify why these two diametrically opposed groups would be working together.

At a conference this week with cullers, the founder and leader of Plague's Bane, Blaylocke, declared an extension of the 'plaguer kill zone' that the group has setup across the Lower Gatetowns. Such a move sparked opposition from gatetown leaders who warned that Plague's Bane now posed a serious threat to the stability of the entire Outlands. When asked, Blaylocke, said that the 'kill zone' would effectively mean that no one with any possible sign of having the Plague could leave the Lower Gatetowns, which are already suffering from widespread overpopulation and famine. Blaylocke was flanked by his two top-shelf 'commanders', Veldrin Darkleaf, an elf who is thought to be sought by the Harmonium for various heinous crimes and a tiefling known only as 'Talons', who is widely rumored to be a barmy escapee from the Gatehouse in Sigil.

The Eye was able to conduct an exclusive interview with Bishop Hector Lolem, who oversees the local temple of Mask and others across the lower gatetowns, although he declined to say exactly where those temples were. The temple of Mask in Torch is included in the 'kill zone' and Bishop Lolem has fiercely denounced Plague's Bane leaders for running the region like feudal warlords and forcing able-body men into their ranks. The influential priest decried the alleged abuses saying, "Plague's Bane isn't going to like what I have to say, but it's harder, more painful and disgraceful to keep quiet about it than to talk."

Lolem went on to say that Plague's Bane, which he described as motivated solely by greed and power, had issued a decree in Torch under which every human or half-human boy aged 13 or older would be forced to join the anti-plague army. "They're turning them into killing machines. Those who don't want to go are obliged," Lolem said. He said all 'clean' human residents of the gatetown, aged between 13 and 40, were forced to undergo two- or three-day 'training' sessions in Plague's Bane camps in the surrounding area, where they are indoctrinated and versed in the handling of heavy weapons. "They told the peasants that if they wanted to leave Torch or the 'kill zone' they had to do so now or they could be killed later for trying. Those who stayed belonged to the group, either as an armed soldier, as an informant or as a sympathizer slave," Lolem said.

Echoing charges made by other clerics in the burg, Lolem said all residents, "clean or otherwise", were required to pay "war taxes" to Plague's Bane, in cager gold or barter. "When they go to the houses of the peasants and see livestock, they take half of them as some type of tax," he said. "At the same time, as if it were another hideous form of taxation, they take away the children." Such abuses of property and person routinely occur in the gatetown to Gehenna, but Lolem said the mistreatment of citizens by Plague's Bane was more injurious because those of the same race were committing the threats and actions. "Being in Torch, you learn to deal with the 'loths and fiends, but humans, or half humans, shouldn't pick on each other," he said. Additionally, Lolem said he expects Blaylocke to extend the 'kill zone' into more of the Land, adding, "This agony will continue until someone realizes that the plaguers are not the enemy. No one got the Plague on purpose."



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Explosions target Grillmoore ruler

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Grillmoore, Acheron--Last week, a bomb ripped through the palace of Grillmoore's current ruler, Lord Daren Makaries. The palace blast was followed by several other explosions at militia headquarters and other city building and appears to have been aimed at killing the son of the recently deceased ruler, His Majesty Glennmoore Makaries. At least ninety sods were killed and hundreds injured in six nearly simultaneous explosions, five of which contained Phlegistol, militia Captain Clancy Hortgaurd said.

Makaries appeared at a city conference shortly after the blasts and said the attack was an assassination attempt against him. Makaries had been expected to arrive at militia headquarters at nearly the same time as when the bombs went off, but changed his plans at the last minute and was fortunately not present, Hortgaurd told cullers. The blasts took place only moments before a scheduled militia council meeting in the Acheronian burg. No one has claimed responsibility for the attacks so far.

"The task of these fiends, and I believe that it was fiends of some type, was to spoil our present lives, to mislead and scare the people," the young ruler said. "Let them know that we have the strength and trust in that we've chosen the right path. No force will ever make us change that course. Grillmoore is stronger than they believe," he added.

Makaries has been the acting leader at Grillmoore since the death of his father last cycle, and last week's attack was one of the worst outbreaks of violence during his short reign. Grillmoore maintains tight security even during times of calm, and has stepped up its efforts after the blasts. The bombed buildings were cordoned off and investigators began searching for remnants of the bombs after all possible survivors were pulled out. All visitors to the burg were questioned and all traders were immediately searched for any possible explosive contraband. All methods of travel including wagons, horses, and other beasts were not allowed to leave the burg in the hours following the attack and all known portals, shifters and otherwise, were tightly patrolled.

The first bomb went off in the main lobby of the palace, where the majority of those put into the dead-book were found. Shortly afterward, a wagon broke through a militia checkpoint at the front of the militia headquarters, prompting guards to open fire with crossbows. The wagon then exploded after being hit by a *fireball*, which burg officials say was not cast by any militia spell-slingers. According to an eyewitness who declined to give his name, there were two

passengers in the wagon that were killed by the *fireball*. Immediately following the *fireball*, four more wagons, staged at different areas in the city, blew up. Afterward, witnesses said they saw the bodies of the two riders totally dissolve into ashes.

"By all appearances it was an act of war because the wagons all blew up at the same time," the militia council said in a statement to cullers. Among the sites targeted in the blasts were the Internal Affairs Ministry, the City Treasury and a warehouse that served as a weapons storehouse. The explosion at the City Treasury damaged several of the building's vaults, and it was reported that there were numerous injuries at the Internal Affairs Ministry.

Lord Makaries has frequently cracked down on visitors to the burg and has drawn criticism from lower planar traders and the Mercykillers. There has been sporadic unrest in Grillmoore in recent years as the baatezu have moved their armies closer to the city, but Makaries is considered to have a firm grip on power. Makaries argues that his tough policies on visitors and trade have maintained stability in Grillmoore and prevented any spillover of the chaotic havoc that has recently begun to spring up across several battle cubes on Acheron.



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Eye peeled to free convicted killers

by Godemirc Kreb, Outlands culler



Ironridge--Apparent baatezu-affiliated forces broke into a warehouse in the center of town and wrapped thousands of copies of *The Lady's Sharper Eye* with a four-page mock newsrag demanding freedom for convicted fiends. Printed in a style nearly identical to *The Eye*, the "Baator Evil Eye" featured articles about child eating, nude drawings supposedly of the Lady, and editorials denouncing the planned execution of several imprisoned baatezu, including the infamous Grzat Zhikshingit. The phony rag went on to announce the threat of an impending invasion of Sigil unless the prisoners were released.

Supporters of Grzat contend that he was wrongly convicted of murdering a Harmonium patrolman, who he claimed "neaded kullin". "We didn't think of getting our message out that way, but we

wish we had," said 'Fat' Mangler, leader of the Demon Alliance to Release the Killers (DARK), a splinter baatezu group supposedly based out of Gehenna. He went on to say, "Sure fiends kill, but whose morality are we using? Something like that wouldn't raise an eyebrow back home. It's a simple cultural misunderstanding." During Grzat's trial, his advocate claimed that he was innocent and what had occurred was simply self-defense. The advocate said that an argument had erupted because of the Hardhead's racial bigotry. However, this unsupported view failed to sway the City Courts and Grzat was convicted and sentenced to death by the Wyrms.

No one has publicly claimed responsibility for tampering with the just completed batch. Considering the shocking heresy against the Lady, it is unlikely that anyone will step forward. "We've hired bashers to try to find out who did it," said Sydney Silamander, managing editor for *The Eye*. The magrag has also filed a report with the Harmonium claiming vandalism, criminal mischief, and trespassing. The phony rag was inserted into the newest batch of *The Eye* after the papers had been printed and prepared to ship for delivery. The papers are taken from Ironridge, where the offices of *The Eye* are located, to

news shelves in Sigil, the gatetowns and other locations across the Outlands. Only some of the copies of the batch were tampered with, as the trespassers may have been disturbed or interrupted. Some deliveries were delayed in order to remove the phony rag inserts.

Traders and passerbys throughout Ironridge do not remember seeing anything unusual and no other reports of break-ins or trespassing in the burg were reported. The stealthy group appears to be top-shelf, although they must have surely expected the phony rags to be discovered before being delivered. In the past, the Guvners have said that parodies of well-known publications are legal, if they are distributed or sold separately from the targeted publication. However, with the parody being directed at the Lady, it is believed that the Fraternity of Order may release new guidelines banning or severely limiting the ability to parody publications and city officials including the Lady of Pain.



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Holy waters may stop Chaos Plague

by Darunden Thistlesnap, Upper Planes culler

Dolorous Sojourn, Mt. Celestia--A possible breakthrough concerning the Chaos Plague has been discovered at Dolorous Sojourn, the City of Weeping, which resides on Lunia, the First Heaven. The possible cure is within the Chapel of the Sisters of the Broad Mind. Using the waters of the Holy River Eunoe, Sister Almera believes that she has found a remedy to combat the deadly Plague.

She was recently visited by an aasimar who had lost his memory while traveling through the Abyss on a mission of mercy. Before returning to Mt. Celestia, he had begun to show signs of having the Chaos Plague. He was brought to the Memorium, a temple within Dolorous Sojourn, by hound archons to receive healing. His condition seemed to only worsen after several sessions with priests. Sister Almera then allowed him to drink from Eunoe, the Water of Remembrance, in order to cleanse his mind. Unexpectedly, the Water healed not only his memory, but also removed the signs of the Plague from his body. The aasimar has continued to regain his lost memories and to feel free from the symptoms of the Plague.



This possible breakthrough is still undergoing review, but provides hope to the hundreds of thousands believed to be infected across the Planes. However, a statement released by the Order of the Planes-Militant said that the gates of Mt. Celestia would not, under any circumstances, be opened to the hordes of plagues now filling the streets of Sigil and the Planes. When asked why, sect spokesman Thaadus Ironbrow said, "This plague is undoubtedly one spawned by the evil of the Lower Planes themselves. Evil is itself a sickness that cannot be healed, only destroyed." No further comment was forthcoming.



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Murder suspect admits she was out of control

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Hopeless--During the opening of the sensational maralith murder trial, Sordris Pillias admitted she was out of control after discovering her husband was cheating on her with a maralith. The 38-year-old wife of Valdrin Pillias, a wealthy merchant and owner of several prominent, although decaying, properties within Hopeless, also testified that as she learned the affair was still going on, she became angrier and angrier towards his mistress. However, Sordris denied she was in a blind rage the day she's accused of throwing knives at her husband's mistress. She continued to assert that she never threw her husband's silver daggers directly at the maralith, only near her right arms. Sordris is charged with attempted murder, criminal mischief and five other weapons-related charges after allegedly throwing three silver daggers at Kirrin Whisperscales, who has been a resident of Hopeless since 'retiring' from the Blood War some 100 cycles ago, as she was leaving her kip.

When prosecutor Gorb 'the Gobbler' McGombe asked Sordris if she was out of control the day she confronted Valdrin and Kirrin at the tanar'ri's kip, she replied, "Yes I was, but just because that bitch has more arms, doesn't mean she can do things that I can't." Five weeks later another confrontation occurred when Sordris learned that the two were still seeing each other. In response, Sordris began to constantly follow the fiend and 'stakeout' her apartment. The final straw came when she suspected that Valdrin had "stole away in the night" to have dinner with Kirrin. Sordris admitted that she left a message on Kirrin's door saying, "you'll both be sorry". But, she denied McGombe's suggestion that she was planning to do anything drastic and said she was only referring to telling the authorities that Valdrin used to beat her.

Sordris again testified that she took Valdrin's platinum collection of enchanted 'fiend killer' daggers from their home, put them in her purse and went to Kirrin's kip on the day of the alleged attack, but said the knives were only to "get her to talk to me". "It wasn't my intention to throw the knives at all," she said, adding she only wanted to get Kirrin to confirm that the affair was still going on. Consequently, the three knives she claims she threw were only aimed at the wall of Kirrin's kip. "At no point did I aim my knife throws at her," Sordris said.

The husband, Valdrin, is expected to testify next week and it is believed that he will say that he continued the affair right up until the alleged attack, but he never left his wife because of their two small children. Cullers attending the trial hope for Valdrin to explain why he had an affair with of all species, a maralith.

Interestingly, an inquiry into the ownership of Kirrin's kip revealed that it is in fact not owned by her, but instead by the Planar Trade Consortium. It was unknown if the recently uncovered fact would have any bearing on the trial, which is expected to last a month.



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Famous shop closes its doors in the City of Doors

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Market Ward--A mainstay of Sigil's Market Ward has sadly, closed its doors today, some say never to return. Snail Trawet Jr., the owner of Snail Expeditions announced today that the Sigil store could no longer be servicing its clientele. However, he commented that plans were underway for the ground breaking for a second Outlands location, with the site, for now, remaining undisclosed. Sources for *The Eye* speculated that the new location will more than likely be the quickly growing Outlands citadel known as Ironhearth. Snail Expeditions already has one store in the burg, where guide and supplies businesses are allegedly booming.

Many Sigilian business advocates, including many from the Planar Trade Consortium, have denounced this move, as "a foolish gamble taken by one green to the ways of business". Many of them believe that Snail Jr. is haphazardly tossing away the powerful and influential financial empire that his father "worked so very long and arduously to build". Estavan, one of the foremost members of the Planar Trade Consortium, had the following to say, "I feel that Snail Jr.'s inexperience in the ways of the Cage's (and the planes') ruthless way of doing business will be the end of both him and Snail Expeditions. Only a sod-headed green berk would give up the coveted corner spot that he had in the Market Ward and yet that is what he has done. I estimate that it will be a matter of months before he files a motion with the Guvners for bankruptcy."

While there are many supposed business reasons for the vacating business, many common folk and adventuring types had different screed to spill. Some folks attribute it to a recent split between Snail Jr. and one of his closest and longest running business partners, Cricket Champenbit, who also assisted Snail Sr. with running the highly profitable business for many cycles before his unexpected death. "They've never really seen eye to eye, not th' way Pop and Gran'Pop did", comment Slug Trawet, cousin of Snail Jr. "Cricket just threw his hands up one day and walked out. Th' only thing we know is that he took his trusty backpack with him when he left".

Some folk also believe that the recent increase in the number of plagues that are rumored to be infiltrating the City of Doors has something to do with Snail Jr. closing his. "Who wants to run a shop in the middle of plague central? By the Lady's skirts, even I am thinking about leaving this place. Put a few more plagues in here and poof! Ya've got yourself death stew with a nice chaos garnish on th' side!" Commented a Cager citizen, who wished to remain

unknown. Many citizens of the City of Doors have expressed similar opinions due to the anti-plaguer movement that is popping up throughout the planes as well as the stance by the Triad of Law that, "officially there is no plague and any berk talking about it will be scragged".

When asked to explain the move himself, Snail Jr. only winked and said - "Stay peery, blood. Stay peery, me dad didn't raise no barmy sod." Further comment on another shop opening or a liquidation sale in Sigil was not forthcoming from either Snail Jr. or any employees of Snail Expeditions. Snail Trawet Sr. was tragically murdered several cycles ago, along with a culler for *The Lady's Sharper Eye* as they made their way through Fortitude, which is supposed to be a harmonious gatetown. The murder remains unsolved to this day and some question just how long the Hardheads investigated.



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Missing Barmy!

Sometime three months ago a barmy escaped the Asylum. While normally a quite event, this barmy was quite special to us, his jovial jokes, witticisms, and parodies keeping everyone in a good mood. Since he has left the inmates have all been out of sorts, and members of are ranks of succumbed the the depression that afflicts us. We are unsure of how he escaped, or his destination, but before he left he scratched the words "**Barmy to the Spire**" on his cell walls, which we assume means he's taken to the Outlands somewhere near the spire.

So distraught at his absence and are failed attempts to locate him, we even tried hiring the Mercykillers to retrieve him. They however returned empty handed, covered in strange custard and muttering about him waving a mimir laughing in multiple voices at them, and sitting them all around on rocks to listen to a story about goldenhorns and the three bodaks. Five of those Mercykillers sent have now joined us here at the Asylum.

So now we turn in are true desperation to you, people of the Outlands, offering an award of almost ten thousand jinx for his return unharmed, or thirty stingers for information on his whereabouts. **Please, find our barmy today!**

Signed, Factol Lhar



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