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The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-17

Lords Last

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Tales from the Blood War

by Sofellor, Blood War culler

Lord's Last

Related by Shade

Thief/Lich in service to Sofellor



My task was to assassinate a Balor. I gathered my spell components and blade. Hrasna opened a gate that dropped me into the abyss. I was protected from the lightning storms in this area and soon found the Tanar'ric Legion my target was to lead to battle.

The packed mass of lesser fiends presented no problem as my spells shielded me from their eyes. I soon found my ticket to Hur'nafel's presence. I planned to use his general, the Marilith Meshara. My blade, Heartrender, began to scream warning. The marilith had found me. Her tail whipped me and broke my right leg. I hit the ground and rolled away, leaving the lower half of my leg on the ash strewn ground. She swung a great axe at me. Heartrender parried and sliced the haft of the axe in twain. Screaming rage the snaky wench tried to stab me with a spear that sparked black. I cast bladestorm and eased away to reattach my leg. Once I was able to walk again, I snuck behind her and Heartrender lived up to it's name, the blade drinking her life and memories. I immediately gutted the corpse and used a skin graft spell to assume the body. I was embraced again by life's fleeting warmth.

Hur'nafel growled and loudly asked where I had been. I brandished the skull of a lesser tanar'ri saying it had tried to kill me (which was perfectly true). The great Balor turned back to eating a subordinate that had failed to move quickly enough to get away. His flames burned my new body as I slid close, his great wings fanning the heat onto me. It has been many decades since I last perspired. Heartrender found the spot, just below the left wing root. My shout echoed Hur'nafel's as my sword exploded in him. My blade and longtime companion was gone! The nearby fiends went insane attacking each other and me; one even beginning to flay a nearby rock. My tail was severed by a chasme who began to eat it. I slid out of the false warmth of flesh and stood revealed. Acid storm caused all save one Glabrezu to retreat. The Glabrezu tore off my left arm as its head melted from my spell.

The gate my medallion summoned opened at my feet dropping me and the remains of my most recent kill into the Citadel of Woe. Mission accomplished.

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Sheela Peryroyl's Cure

by Curry Bombast, Guest culler from [S.I.G.I.S.](#)

Part I of III

Greetings Most Esteemed Readers and Purveyors of Planar Tastes Most Sublime, my beloved Citizens of Sigil:

It is with most exciting hand that I, Curry Bombast - your Gnomish guide to all things Gourmet - write of my most recent adventures in the Outlands. I am proud to state that I am, to mortal knowledge, the first non-halfling to attend Sheela Peryroyl's Great Apple Festival! The Green Sister, as her joyous priests and hardworking petitioners call her, restricts all other mortal races from enjoying this most hallowed festival, but I had obtained a most excellent disguise that allowed me entrance into Flowering Hill, as they call the Power's realm.

What is beyond all keen and sure to amaze the most jaded Sensate or Gour is the fact that I, Curry Bombast, have uncovered the secret recipe of Peryroyl's Apple Cider. Yes, the famed cure-all of the halfling race, the same brew that is said to cure Adnias Feltfoot, Proxy of Bradobaris, when he was stuck down with Waste disease while traveling those lands to steal his wife back from dastardly 'loths. It is my joy to provide to my eager readers the most secret recipe of this curative concoction most excellent in taste and potency! Let me tell how I did come upon it!



Flowering Hill: Sheela Peryroyl's Realm:

The Flowering Hill is truly an idyllic setting, reminding me of my home in Bytopia. Well, perhaps idyllic does not best describe Bytopia, but it did remind me how much I enjoyed having a break from my labors there. The Hill is half-wild and half-tame: well-beaten paths run through high grass and wildflowers

to meandering orchards and well-tended gardens. The halflings here are of the wildest kind, a true rural folk with an accent so thick I could hardly understand. Thank goodness for the magical, and most divine nature of my disguise, for these folks are mighty peery of strangers or 'queer folk' as they call them.

The feast begins at daybreak and lasts for many days. Harvesting continues throughout the festival, and what a sight it is to see! Halfling petitioners dance upon the ancient orchard's heavy limbs sending apples cascading into the waiting basket-holders below. All the while singing their harvest songs: "I've me a carol while dancin' in Peryroyl's hair" to which the basket-holders sing in reply: "Please mind the basket dear, 'tis hard catchin' her blessings in mid air!"

Next follows the feast proper. Blankets are spread about the meadows and cider tankards are rolled out by the dozen! It's enough to forget all the smog and toils of Sigil and the harshness about half the Great Ring. What a blessing it would be to bring this joy to the rest of the multiverse, or at least the tables of Chirpers!



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Doomguard misses a spy

by Jerek Rejebo, Roaming culler

Lady's Ward--Factions don't like to catch spies. Nabbing one tends to be embarrassing, seen as proof that the people in charge have been sloppy and lax on security. And it raises painful questions: How much damage has the spy done? Why wasn't he rooted out earlier? Who's making sure such pillaging of the faction's vital secrets doesn't happen again? It's an uncomfortable debate that no factol wants to join.

But it is just this kind of scandal that hit the Doomguard last week--and the fact that it involves the Harmonium makes the mess even harder to clean up. Factotum for Public Relations, Jarana, has already been bruised by accusations that Harmonium jink found its way into his accounts shortly after reaching his new position within the Doomguard. And he was overeager to allow the Doomguard to provide security at a concert held at a Chaosmen charity event. Now the "soft on Entropy" shouts are louder than ever, boosted by claims from critics in the faction that Doomguard high-ups delayed and soft-pedaled the plans for sabotaging a new Hardhead training center.

The Doomguard's prime suspect is Kelmar McNalley, a senior member of the Office of Public Relations staff, who joined the Sinkers several decades ago. A well-placed source tells The Eye that McNalley traveled to a Fraternity of Order seminar on Mechanus last cycle where he allegedly divulged sensitive information to Harmonium agents. It is believed he revealed the Doomguard's agenda for sabotage against the lawful plane. 'The Mechanus Agenda', as the Sinkers now call it, went horribly awry at the end of last cycle, when several hundred Sinkers were killed in an explosion of unknown origin.

According to an unnamed Doomguard official, it was not until later that investigators singled McNalley out as a suspect, examined his travel and financial records, asked discreet questions about him and started monitoring his movements. McNalley apparently had a habit of not locking up classified information. "He's pretty soddin' sloppy," said the unnamed official. He was reportedly defiant when investigators confronted him about the Mechanus seminar. Interestingly, McNalley has not been fired, tried, or killed, yet. Evidently, the Doomguard feels that there may be others involved and is widening their probe to other divisions within the organization.

Several months ago, Factotum Jarana took over the Office of Public Relations from Jerek Pagrah, who remained in the department in a lesser capacity. Soon after, Jarana demanded the torture of Pagrah in order to question him about

missing office funds. He seemed innocent after extensive torture, including the loss of a few fingers, but Jarana suspended his security clearance and transferred Pagrah to the Crumbling Citadel on the quasi-elemental plane of Ash.

Recently, Ely Cromlich, head of the Armory's weapons division, ordered a crackdown on security at the Armory. It's believed that Cromlich was urged by Guido Larange, a Doomguard espionage specialist sent by Factol Pentar to shape up the faction's counter-faction program. Just a few days ago, Jarana ordered Larange to torture Pagrah again, only this time inducing more pain. By the next day Pagrah announced, "I'll tell you everything. It was McNalley!" McNalley was then suspended for allegedly breaking security rules including failing to report contacts with "sensitive" factions, failing to "safeguard" classified material and giving deceptive answers. McNalley is currently being held at Doomguard headquarters as the investigation is ongoing.



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Darkspine leader assassinated

by Craedous, Lower Planes culler

Darkspine, Baator--Warriors waiting in ambush assassinated the nominal ruler of Darkspine last week as he left this home to walk to the Great Hall. Lord Alfredo Mazillik, who became ruler of the burg after aiding the baatezu in the slide of the town into Baator, died from nine stab wounds and the ingestion of poison after an undetermined number of warriors ambushed him while he left his home. Two assistants accompanying him were also killed.

"Lord Mazillik left his crumblin' home with his two sod-headed bodyguards when they were intercepted by three, possibly four, subjects who stabbed the Lord and his attendants to death," Pus Ladil, leader of a group of abishai that form an unofficial militia in the town, told cullers. "The mystery warriors have not been identified nor captured and no one has claimed responsibility for the violent attack," Ladil said.

In recent cycles, Mazillik had been seen as a shattered man. He blamed the baatezu for his troubles as he claimed they turned stag on their deal with him after Darkspine slid from the Outlands. Chant has it that he simply forgot to read the fine print of his contracted agreement and should have known the baatezu would twist the deal to their liking.

Earlier this cycle, citizens began staging violent street protests, as Lord Mazillik had done nothing to combat the rapidly spreading Chaos Plague. Large portions of the population left Darkspine, which resides on Avernus, the first layer of Baator, and resettled to the city of Dis. Representatives for Bel, warlord of the armies of Avernus, blamed meddling yugoloths for the slaying.



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Chief torturer of Chare'en found

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Curst--The feared chief torturer of the tanar'ri balor Chare'en, who supervised the torture and killing of at least 14,000 people on the prime world of Toril, has been found leading a reformed life in Curst, gatetown to Carceri. The discovery of the fiend known as P'raag H'tukc, a **kah'lesar**, occurred by accident as a group of cullers made their way through the gatetown. Freelance artist Nik Donlup and unemployed culler Nath Tayer literally ran into the fiend at a local market. The pair recognized P'raag by the foot long scar he has on his left cheek of his hideous face and somehow talked him into setting down for a flagon of ale.

P'raag disappeared when Chare'en, also known as the Lord of the Seven Vengeances and Master of the Hosts of J'Duna, was defeated by the wizard Piotyr Braendysh and has long been presumed dead. In actuality, he became a member of the Athar and began working with various factional groups in their efforts to disprove the existence of several deities across the planes. Evidently, these organizations were totally unaware of his former identity. P'raag told the pair, during the impromptu interview, that he was deeply sorry for the killings and was willing to face the families of those he had ordered killed. Genuine remorse would contrast greatly with the ghoulish humor offered by some of Chare'en's former employees.

P'raag brought sharp organizational abilities to Chare'en's group. He rose quickly within the fiendish crew and eliminated any lingering competition to his position once he became security chief. P'raag headed the internal security force and was the director of Me't'siw't, an abandoned mage school near the Thunder Peaks on Toril that was transformed into an interrogation prison. Victims were chained to iron frames and tortured to extract any information desired by Chare'en or in some cases simply for his amusement. The victims were then executed in a snow covered field outside the facility and then placed into a portal to Gehenna, where **pifChiang** bulls would eat the remains and remove any evidence of the atrocities. Only seventy people out of eleven thousand survived Me't'siw't.

One of these survivors was a formian named Vrannath, according to a translator. The formian reached Toril after falling into a conduit on the Quasi-elemental Plane of Mineral. Nath Tayer had met Vrannath last cycle when he was gathering information on recent improvements in hut designs. Tayer and Donlup went to Plague-Mort to contact Vrannath after their meeting with P'raag. The story that Vrannath told them was that he was kept alive to bury

any bodies within the mountains that were not thrown into the portal to Gehenna to the creature servants of Sung Chiang.

After Chare'en was imprisoned and Me't'siw't was abandoned, Vrannath found his way to Plague-Mort where he became a respected hut builder. Shown a sketch of P'raag drawn by Nik Donlup, Vrannath had no problem recognizing his former jailer. "~!@#S%^&*+~@S^*+!#%&," Vrannath said, pointing at the sketch with his antennae. His words were translated to mean, "He changed, P'raag alive." Asked whether P'raag and other Chare'en leaders should be tortured or killed, Vrannath said, after translation, "I no care, me build."

Upon returning to Curst to conduct an additional interview of P'raag, the pair found that he had disappeared from the burg and his whereabouts were not known. An inquiry with the local Athar chapter in Curst did not reveal any information, other than the fact that P'raag had worked extensively to discredit Baatorian gods and had served for a period of time at the Shattered Temple in Sigil.



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Mass grave discovered near Xaos

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Xaos--Harmonium patrols in the Outlands yesterday found the bodies of 110 beings, both male and female, in a mass grave near the gatetown of Xaos, where violence has escalated amid tensions over the spread of the Chaos Plague. The victims, who had been tied up, beaten, chopped into pieces and burned, were discovered in a large sinkhole far from the Great Road and other well-known travel routes.

Captain Erri Gultom, the Hardhead commander for the region, said authorities had arrested three anti-plaguer supporters in connection to the killings. He said one of the suspects had also confessed to being involved in the kidnappings of unidentified civilians that may have been infected with the Chaos Plague. However, Gultom would not indicate if the suspect was connected to any known groups or factions. Without elaborating, Gultom said the victims were mostly from the burg of Xaos, but may have also included travelers from Curst and Plague-Mort.

Earlier this week, the increasingly hostile anti-plaguer group called Plague's Bane issued a written warning that it would begin attacking plaguers "where ever they be". The letter urged citizens across the Outlands to stay out of their way and to throw any suspected plaguers out of their burgs. The groups' leaders have issued threats of violence on other occasions, and have sometimes acted on them. Last month, Plague's Bane troops severely beat a githzerai mage during an anti-plaguer rally in Rigus. The mage was working as a translator for a group of Sigilian cullers on their way to Ribcage. It was not known whether or not the mage was infected with the plague.

It is unknown if Plague's Bane is connected to the mass grave outside Xaos. However, a spokesman for one of the group's leaders, Blaylocke, warned the factions, "Do not interfere with our actions, since you obviously cannot control the Plague. Only we, through our methods, can." An inquiry to the headquarters of the Harmonium revealed only that the Hardheads do not consider Plague's Bane to be a threat and that no action would be taken against them unless evidence were to be shown connecting them to the mass grave at Xaos.



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Old landmark hotels enjoying a renaissance

by Jerek Rejebo, Roaming culler

Lower Ward--Grak Shuntwiggler's heart sank as he gazed inside what was left of the Hotel Abyss, once the social center of a small but busy neighborhood of the Lower Ward. In its heyday five centuries ago, the Abyss was host to visiting Guvners, high-society Sensates, fancy parties, the occasional celebrity fiend such as Jarl Axethrasher, three-hundred and thirty seventh level Abyssal lord of pain, and the likes of Lolth, Abyssal Queen of Spiders. Now it was an abandoned, decaying shell. Pungent carcasses of rats and birds littered the bare floors. Walls were filthy, windows broken.

"It was an eyesore ... a big, ugly thing sitting here on the corner," Shuntwiggler recalls. Three years later, the historic hotel is back in business with its former splendor and a new name: The Fiendish Inn. Shuntwiggler, a nine foot tall pit fiend with an admittedly feminine grace, has refurbished the six-story structure from top to bottom, replacing everything but the marble staircase and brass Baatorian steel railings. It boasts a spacious lobby with crystal chandeliers, a pub, a formal dining room overlooking Chandra's Crystal Cat House and modern touches such as a torture chamber (for demonstrations only, of course).



"They've done a beautiful job. I never thought I'd see that place up and running again," says local fiend historian Ryd Holmas, who recalls when The Abyss was a beehive of activity -- the place to cut a Blood War business deal, enjoy dinner or unwind after battle over a drink. The hotel's rebirth coincides with a citywide trend. Historic city hotels, symbols of glamour and focal points of community life that faded with the rise of outlying wards are enjoying something of a renaissance.

"History is hot right now," says Jan Kragfallow, spokeswoman for Historic Hotels of Sigil, an arm of the Sigilian Trust for Historic Preservation. Her group was founded a century ago to promote hotels at least 500 years old that have been renovated but retain their original architecture and ambience. Since then, its membership has jumped

from 32 to 127.

Fixing up an aging hotel can be a hugely expensive gamble. Shuntwiggler spent 6 million gold pieces, a small investment compared with the recent 50 million gold piece restoration of the Aasimon House in the Lady's Ward. Built 900 years ago, it's among the oldest continuously operating hotels in Sigil. Unfamiliar with the hotel business and the complexities of renovating a gutted building, Shuntwiggler set a 3 million gold piece budget that would double before the work was done. And he made mistakes, such as buying a huge charcoal grill that had to be replaced because it made the kitchen unbearably hot.

Shuntwiggler gave all 64 rooms and suites a different look. Many are named for famous folks who have stayed in the hotel, such as Lolth and fiend music sensation Bleedin' Hedwund, of the tanar'ri band, The Jaded. The rooms feature their portraits, done in glorious Arborean oil paintings as well as short biographies. Another is named for The Lady of Pain herself. The room has an elegant beauty yet a hard stylish edge that keeps one alert. "We've worked so hard," Shuntwiggler says. "It looked like we weren't going to make it, but I think we will. It makes me feel like I'm a hundred years old again."



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Legendary aphrodisiac draws Lawful lovers

by Blisswing, Upper Gatetowns culler

Excelsior--Hoping a centuries-old secret recipe will inject new romance into their lives, more than 140 people flocked to the gatetown of Excelsior this past week to grab a piece of a legendary aphrodisiac. Local priests of Marduk planned to throw hundreds of packets of a mysterious paste, known as Mesur Macunu, from the top of the Temple of Marduk in Excelsior's main square.

The paste, made up of 41 different spices, has gained the reputation of being the strongest aphrodisiac on the Outlands and is believed to help produce extremely lawful children. Graybeards believe that the substance was invented eons ago by a medicine man from the prime world of the Otermon, who may have devised the formula to save the lives of his tribe from abyssal raiders. Chant has it that this lost tribe worshiped Marduk, although they knew him as the "Lord of Pure Incantations".

The recipe has been secretly transferred from generation to generation among the town's ruling class, known only to top-shelf clerics and officially appointed spicemakers. Every cycle since the burg's creation, the gatetown of Excelsior has thrown a special festival to distribute the strange elixir to the masses. This cycle's celebration was marked by the announcement that the distribution would be the largest ever recorded. Excelsior authorities said that almost 40 tons of the paste would be produced this cycle, with a quarter of it exported to Mechanus alone.



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Jailbreak at Sylvania gives Hardheads the laugh

by Blisswing, Upper Gatetowns culler

Sylvania--Three escaped prisoners are on the run this week in the area surrounding Sylvania after a jailbreak that left five guards and one prisoner dead. Mercykiller justiciars are mounting a massive hunt for the escapees, but none had been apprehended as of yesterday. In addition to the Red Death, chant has it that the warden of the prison has hired the bounty hunter brothers, Bustus and Cuftus Goodlock, formerly of the Order of Planes-Militant, to aid in the tracking of the convicts.

The prisoners escaped at the end of last week from the jail facility located on the outskirts of the gatetown to Arborea. The trio allegedly began an uprising of inmates over a shortage of meat in the prison's meals. A mob of about half of the prison's 50 inmates, reportedly armed with sticks and rods, broke down a fence inside the structure and overpowered guards. The inmates then broke into a weapons storage area, taking crossbows, blades, and fire wands.

Amid the melee and a hail of poisoned crossbow bolts from the sentries posted atop the main gate, the three criminals slipped through the main yard and under the walls by way of a concealed tunnel. Once outside, they hijacked a passing supply wagon to make their way out of Sylvania. The three were being housed at the burg's jail temporarily before the next 'sentencing shipment' to Sigil. The escaped prisoners, who may also be holding two female prison employees hostage, were scheduled for transferal to the Prison in the City of Doors next week. The names of the possible hostages were not released, but officials did say that they had just recently begun working at the jail as cooks.



Deputy Fram Emgud, a spokesgnome for the jail, told cullers that luckily only three inmates had escaped before reinforcements arrived to restore order. Emgud confirmed that two of the escapees were convicted murderers, but

declined to say whom they had previously killed. The third escapee had been convicted of multiple counts of robbery and was believed to be a master thief. Mercykiller officials refused to comment on the situation, but a contact close to the Goodlock brothers said, "Them leatherheads'll be back one way or 'nother. Nothin' gets by Bustus 'n' Cuftus."



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Cage erupts into chaos, Ironhearth is inundated

by Godemirc Kreb, Outlands culler

Ironhearth--The Outlands citadel known as Ironhearth has seen an unprecedented influx of bodys, flocking to Kalinor's walls in droves of hundreds upon hundreds. Sources for The Eye informed cullers that more than anything, the recent happenings in Sigil are the direct cause for this massive surge in population at Ironhearth.

"I tell ya, th' (Chaos) Plague is all over Sigil like cranium rats in th' Hive", remarked recently replanted citizen Cakrth Ragsnatcher. "I'm from a long line o' Cagers, five generations worth, and I've never seen anythin' like what's befallin' th' Lady's City now. Th' Plague is everywhere, but all the Hardheads an' Guvners keep sayin' is - 'There is no Plague - stay calm, remain indoors and we will handle the situation!' Now, I asks ya, if'n there's no Plague, as they says, then what situation are they talkin' about? It's a dirty peel if'n ya ask me!" Apparently, Ragsnatcher is not alone in his feelings. In an informal poll taken by The Eye at the strictly guarded entrance gate to Ironhearth, we found that well over 95% of the bodys entering the Citadel City were fleeing from the Cage. A vast majority of these individuals, in turn, cited fear of the Chaos Plague as their primary reason for leaving.

When presented with these figures, P'rong Dewhoof, bariaur factor and Appointed Bureau-Chief of the Guvner settlement, known as GuvTown, within Ironhearth had this to say. "We, as Guvners, do not have the luxury that you cullers flaunt to attribute mass hysteria and hear-say as factual chant. Only through observation, empirical study and collection of precise measurements and information, would we ever be able to come up with such a statement. Furthermore, it would take literally years of study to with all validity and finality, make such a statement, which you have carelessly done in only a few moments. Knowledge and fact cannot and must not be swayed by popular sentiment and irrational thought." When asked if there was, in fact, "empirical evidence" of the Chaos Plague, Mistress Dewhoof abruptly ended the interview, citing "more pressing issues" demanded her attention.

So far, no official word from any of the Triad of Law has commented on the deadly Plague or its apparently unstoppable effects, despite the ever-mounting list of names put in the dead-book.



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The End is Nigh!

A Public Announcement, Paid for by the W.A.D. Brotherhood (We Are Doomed) Brotherhood

Beware th' Plague! It matters not if ye be cutter or sod, barmy or blood, th' Plague will get ye, suren! Thousands are dying daily and there is no cure in sight! The Factions have turned their thick-skinned backs upon us, and the Powers themselves can be infected! The planes tremble beneath the weight of the chaos, and the fiends are mounting massive armies to march upon the planes as a whole!

The celestials close the doors of heaven in fear of the infection and the Cage itself quakes under the internal strain caused by the Chaos Plague. There is nowhere to run, nowhere to hide! Make yer peace and prepare to meet yer maker, whichever Power it might be, for the end of everything is nigh! **End's Eve** is upon us all and if no one can stop th' infernal Plague, th' planes themselves will tumble into ruin and darkness!

Make yer plans for the next world today - BEFORE it is too late!



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