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The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



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Tales from the Blood War

by Sofellor, Blood War culler

Plague

Related by Durkar

My mission was to create a nest of vampires in Sigil. We could use them as an info source and safe hold. I am uniquely equipped for this mission. I pulled my long black hair through the hole in my helmet. I was now shielded from prying magics. I then had a priest cast his dark blessing upon my katana and sunray upon me to test my ring of Midnight's Strength. I withstood Sol's kiss. Slowly I strode to the gate. I held high the eyeteeth of a man and stepped forth into Sigil.

The cage wrapped around my vision. The crumbling dusty buildings enclosed the alley I was now in. The hot sweet smell of food drowned me. My hunger burned in me, my blood afire. A thick fat child looked up and squawked in fear at my sudden appearance. His throat fit nicely in my hand as I crushed the life from him. I turned away from the mouth of the alley to take my fill. As I threw the withered corpse aside I noted the fur upon his feet. A halfling. The mystery of the slight cinnamon taste was now explained. I buried the body in an ancient trash heap.

I faded from view and came forth from the alley. Meat brushed up upon me. It had been decades since I had beheld such a feast. The hunger tried to take hold yet again. Ignoring it I went in search of my goal.

A Half-elven male in chain mail armor wearing a Mercykiller symbol sauntered up to me. "Hey Berk, You got a city pass? There's a lockdown in this neighborhood." I looked deeply into his eyes and he fell in behind me on our way to the center of town. The half a man, Dwerion was his name, got us through the patrols and guard stations. Some riots had shaken this area in the past few days. My agents had done their job nicely in distracting the jaded populace.

One of the Bone Legion's functionaries flashed his symbol to me as I drew near a guard post. When I draw near the strong point a fireball flashes into view. The Mercykiller guards dance as the flames consume them. The sick sweet smell of cooking blood hurries me on my way. What a waste. Guards were streaming in from all over this section. I and Dwerion exit the sealed area unopposed.

My newest servant guided me to his residence. It was some kind of barracks near a large prison. Some dozen of the roughly three score beds were filled with sleeping forms. The low thunder of their snores was far easier to bear than the raucous clash of the city. I instructed my servant to resume his normal duties while I took station about the roof of the barracks. He blinked and stared in wonder. After a moment he scurried back into the streets wondering why he was here. My invisibility held.

After days of observation I determined this was an unsuitable location. At all hours there were visitors and warriors present. Through the suggestions of my servant I gleaned a grouping known as "Sensates" would be most likely to excel as my victims. I abandoned the barracks with little regret having fed well. The torn remnants of the second watch

shift and those that sought to pleasure them would incite great fear in the town and give me time to complete my mission. I placed the last head with it's rictus grin facing the door atop the pyramid of its fellows. A late arrival had been staked to the ceiling and beaten by his fellows until he fragmented. The mind lost wretches were feeding upon his flesh as I depart.

END PART ONE...



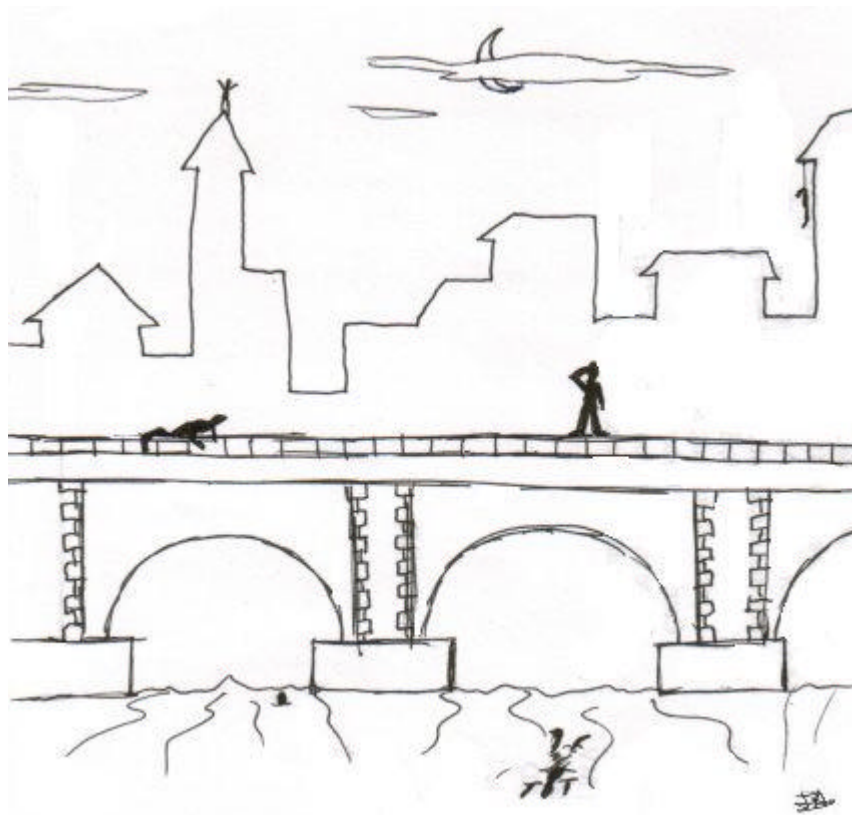
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Hopeless Slides

by Tiabh Sif, Gatetowns culler

Hopeless--Since the recent slide of Hopeless into the Gray Waste, the number of sods writing themselves into the dead-book has reached an alarming rate. There have been over 300 suicides since the slide of the once Outlands-based gatetown, and the number continues to surge. City officials are struggling to combat the turn of events, but due to the oppressive



presence of the baatezu and the very fact that Hopeless now resides on Onios, many are barely able to defeat their own despair. Some stoic sods, such as the well-known bloods from *Matron Weary's Orphanage*, desperately try to calm the inhabitants using both words and spells, but to no apparent avail.

With the recent unexpected and brutal ascension of the Temple of Mask, the murder rate has risen like the Spire itself. It is almost as if the thieves that worship the Lord of the Night have decided that they would rather deal in heads and hearts than merts and stingers. The streets of Hopeless seem to run with the blood of its own inhabitants while the baatezu stand silently by, watching the carnage. Unless some form of order is restored, the burg once known as Hopeless may be disbanded.



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More jink for sap on World Ash

by Quindas Burleybark, Yggdrasil culler

Crux--Sap prices were raised today after an announcement last week from the Woodcarver's Guild that the amount of sap available would be reduced in order to stockpile for the upcoming Crux Sap Festival. Last cycle's festival caused sap shortages throughout Yggdrasil for several months. Guildmasters hope to avoid any shortages this cycle by stockpiling sap prior to the beginning of the festival.

New art on Yggdrasil

by Quindas Burleybark, Yggdrasil culler

Near Crux--A new exhibit has opened on Yggdrasil near the Two Forks Lane area featuring the wood sculptures of the scuridal, Chitter'Ritt. *The Lady's Sharper Eye* repeatedly tried to schedule an interview with the popular new artist, but was told that he was too busy and could not stop from his current work. Interestingly, it was lanned that Chitter'Ritt had spoken lately of retiring and no reason for his recent and dramatic 'change of heart' was uncovered. The exhibit will be open for the next two weeks. Attendance is expected to be heavy due to a decrease in recent artistic activity on the World Ash.



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Sheela Peryroyl's Cure

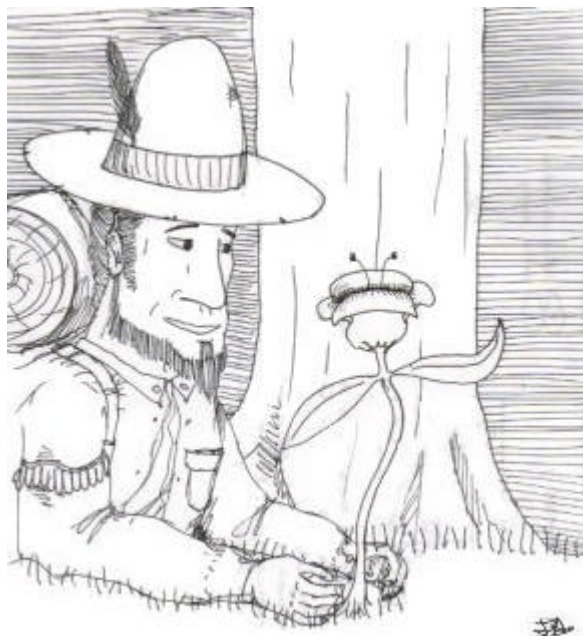
by Curry Bombast, Guest culler from [S.I.G.I.S.](#)

Part II of III

From Golden Hills to the Land by Pipe-Light:

So joyous and heady was the perfume of abundance flowing upon Flowering Hill that a whole day past in reverie before I recalled why I was there. But a few days ago I was wandering Bytopia's Golden Hills, gather herbs for cooking at Chirpers, when I was subject to the prank of my brethren of Garl Glittergold.

I was halfway through a conversation with a surpassingly sentient herb, who challenged me to a contest of wits before allowing me to harvest him, when I realized I was subject to a prank from a faithful of "The Joker," Garl Glittergold, father of gnomes. The masterful ventriloquist appeared, laughing, from his hiding spot accompanied by a particularly stout and good-humored halfling. "Well met Curry Bombast!" hailed the gnome. The halfling, whose name was Adnias, I was later to find, answered my questioning glance with a wide grin, "The wind told us of your approach," as he produced a clay pipe and began to pack it.



"...and the howls of a hundred hapless-herbs subject to your harvest!" quipped the bunch of basil at my boot, as the gnome grinned impishly. After greeting, we sat and shared the stout's pipe; we shared also stories, as the sky faded from the afternoon's azure to the deep violet of twilight and darkening evening.

"Curry," spoke my fellow gnome between draws of the pipe, whose light lit his face with an orange glow in the conspiring darkness that had gathered around us in Dothion dusk, "We've sought you out for an important favor...for the good of all of

Glittergold's people. As you might know, outside of Yeoman many of our people are building giant towers, in response to the challenge of some sect called the Communals, who plan on bridging the gap between the layers. Yes, well the competition has driven many to near madness in the eyes of us here in the Golden Hills, and Adnias here has got a solution, one that needs your

skills."

"Aye," spoke the Stout in a whisper, who's tone suggested secrecy, "hidden in the Outlands 'tis a powerful potion that has cured me of philosophical madness in my youth." The halfling was a compelling story teller, and I soon gathered that he was more than a mere wander of lands, but a proxy of Brandobaris, halfling power and ally of Glittergold. Once I realized who my company was, proxies of powers both, I began to stutter and offer my services at Chirpers in Sigil.

Master Ral of Glittergold gave me a wink, "Curry, we need you to go to Flowering Hill, and find the recipe to Sheela Peryroyl's Curative Cider. Adnias, here, says it's her guarded secret, and she is sly to his tricks, but you might be able to uncover the dark. The chant of our folk is that you tumble to the dark of any food with but taste or a sniff!"

Caught between confusion and downright pride, I must have sounded like a bubbling-brook splashing in Shurrock. "Adnias will guide you to her realm, but this," Master Ral said, as he produced a woolen hat with a red feather, "is a blessing from the Master of the Hidden Knoll, Baravar Cloakshadow, god of illusions. With it you shall be most accepted in Peryroyl's realm, especially when the hat transforms you to a stout halfling!" Both proxies laughed gaily.

Why me?, I asked. To which they answered, "is it not true your uncle married a stout? And you learned many a manner from your aunt? And speak the happy tongue yourself with little error?" They spoke true, and to this day Uncle Hillock gets me in trouble! "And your masterful culinary skills will prove most guiding in gaining Sheela's petitioners trust...remember a halfling's heart is his stomach." At which point Adnias agreed and said it was time we made our way to the Land, and toward Flowering Hill.

And so I was swept off to a most miraculous journey to save by brethren from philosophical madness. I barely could follow the spry steeping Stout, seen only by the faint glow emitting from his clay pipe, as he passed through the darkness cloaking Dothion.



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Faction Fashion Slaves

by Lady Susprina, Guest Fashion culler

Site Withheld--Lady's Grace my sweetlings of Sigil!

Lady Susprina has the pleasure to give you the juiciest chant on the best of fashion in all the planes. Fortunately for us Cagers, that means right here in Sigil. Little Ashy has asked me to do this article for the Eye, and I can't say I'm more pleased. Yes, you little rumormonger, it's true I'm drow, a blatantly 'outed' Anarchist, but that all adds up in your favor my sweetlings! You see, here is the chant.

That dreadful rag **S.I.G.I.S.** refused to print my wonderful expose on Sigil's Faction fashion-slaves, or should I say the fashion of Faction slaves. Yes, the editors of that gutter-scroll said they had enough trouble with Anarchists in their past. What screed. Well, I'm an anarchist in the best sense of that word, I'm here to liberate your imagination from the chains those factions have you in. So, when I'm not yachting with Cesh Maturin and his amusing sensate-click, or debilitated with laughter at Estivan's latest wardrobe, you can find me at the Hall of Speakers enjoying the circus the Factions call government, uncovering it's darks for you. Here's the greatest dark. A body need not listen to their barmy screed to tumble what they are doing: grabbing for power while dressed shabbily. It really is that dreadful. With a bit of exercise you too can avoid their so-called philosophical pretensions and learn to deal with the *real* reality of the Factions: appearances.

Just let me lann you the chant my sweetlings:

The Guvners - Guvner fashion, now that's a laugh isn't it? Guvner fashion comes in two styles, none and dreadful. Either they lack all sense of art, or they look like a roving workshop. Either way they are about as interesting to talk to as they look.

The Xaositects - What can I say? I have a soft spot for those darling little chaosmen. While they have little respect for the law, which I appreciate, I wish they would adhere to common sense and at least try not to clash so much...colors, I mean. I believe the Hive has left their fashion sense dreadfully impaired. They are always into something new, but never go the distance.

Deaders, Bleakers, and Sinkers - As a Drow I will agree that basic black is always classy, but these Faction's choice of dress is about as classy as their philosophy is uplifting. No, not since my days as a whipping boy in Menzoberranzan have I

seen such morbid taste. Bleached bone-box belt buckles, broken sword-blade scale armor, and steely cloaks of woven Nighthag hair. All so very morbid and droll. You may not tell a bleaker, deader, or sinker apart by dress, but honestly who needs too?

Athar and Believers of the Source - Well, for a group that despises the Powers, the Athar are entirely too monkish for me. Either they dress in formless robes and go pamphleteering, or they look like warriors who've tumbled with the Fenris wolf too many times. As far as the Believers, well...for a group that says they all have the spark of individual divinity, they seem all to caught up copying their favorite deity's style, or doing that "ranger thing" popular since the arrival of their current Factol. I mean, Factol Ambar is cute with his little velvet suite and bad verse, but how many more quasi-elves can this Faction, or City take. Please.

Now the *Fated*, they are a gaudy and unimaginative group. You'd think a bunch of criminal-minded berks would have a better sense of style. But they haven't dressed well since the Great Upheaval. They can always be found cloaked in the dross excesses of power and influence - gold chains, Glorium bearskin, Baatorian bracers, or Elysium silks. They are as gaudy as a Prime king, and as just as corrupt. Their factol is no different with his Cornugon-hide hair wrap. I mean that is just so *Prime*.

Speaking of corrupt, no one lacks style more than the *Mercykillers*. My goodness, aren't those spiked helmets and armor original? Shame on them, don't they know a fashion crime when they see one? We all know that style only looks good on one being, and I'm not about to criticize *Her*.

Well, now I must admit a weakness. The *Harmonium* may have the undying hate of many of my co-conspirator Anarchists, but there is something so cute about Sarin in his shinning red-armor suit. If only the Hardies knew how to treat a women such as myself. Yes, my sweetlings, a little rouge and a girdle of femininity, and watch a whipping boy's social status soar in Menzoberranzan. If only the Hardies would appreciate all the trouble a lady goes through...

The only fashion worth watching these days come from the *Cyphers, Signers, and Sensates*. Everyone knows the Sensates have a taste for color, an eye for pattern, and a feel for style. But the Sign of One are often the most inventive. Remember Modulus, the mad Tiefling Signer, whose outfit and personal routine grew each day, as his tailor servants would sow other people, garb and all, onto his flowing robes? Such audacity! Such flare!

So there's the dark of it my sweetlings. You don't need mental powers or your fancy magic spell to guess a bashers philosophy. In Sigil, they wear their philosophy on their sleeve, and if you don't like their style they've always got their club. With a good eye and a bit of my chant, you'll never mistake a Prime for a Fated or a Cypher for a Harmonium, no matter how dim the light. And

that might just keep you out of the deadbook for another day.

'Till next time my sweetlings, that's fashionable advice.



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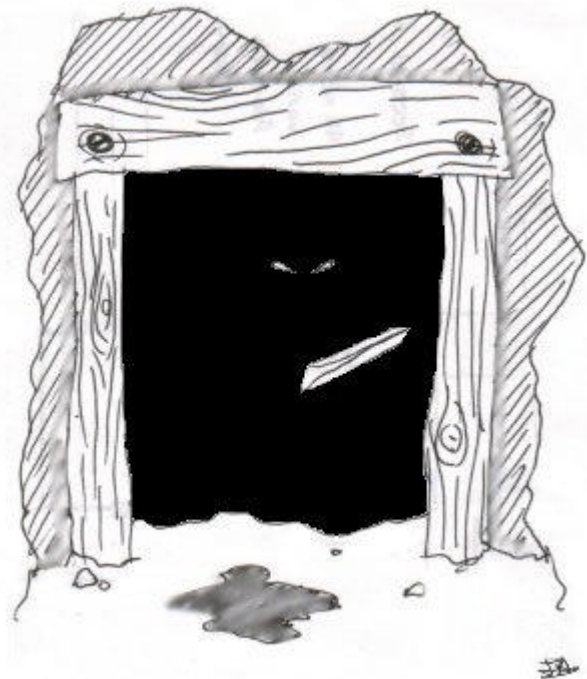
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Massacre at the Mountain

by Godemirc Kreb, Outlands culler

Dwarven Mountain, Outlands--The peaceful and rhythmic mining under the Dwarven Mountain was shattered today when an unknown species of metallic humanoids silently flooded into the caves, brutally clubbing, goring and pummeling the miners to death. All miners in the first cave, a silver mine known as Soulforgers Dig, were to a dwarf, put into the dead-book. If it had not been for the quick response of the Dwarven Guard, those in the second mithril mine, Silverflow Cavern, would have suffered the same gory fate. After the Guard managed to evacuate Silverflow of it's few surviving miners, they quickly barricaded the entrance until reinforcements could arrive.

The invaders, who have been termed Metril after their eerie semblance to an ancient dwarven legend, made no sound, moved very slowly, and attacked without any apparent recognition or mercy. They struck with the sides of their hands, which seem to be sharpened or formed into crude claws, or large, boulder-like fists. During the brief, but brutal and costly exchange between the dwarves and the Metril it was noticed that all metal weapons, both magical and non-dweomered, of the guard utterly failed to effect the invaders. Also, attacks with picks and shovels of the surprised miners were totally useless. Stones, from an attempt by the desperate dwarves to bury the Metril in a collapsing mineshaft during the retreat seemed to cause some damage, as did the heavy wooden beams that held the rock aloft.



Once reinforcements arrived, an attempt to recover bodies and vanquish the creatures met with no resistance. In fact, other than the hundreds of slashed and battered dwarven bodies found in the caverns, there was nothing else to be found. Strangely, all metal implements and clothing were missing from the bodies but they were not tampered with in any other way. It is unknown how the Metril entered into the mining caverns, as there are no known portals, gates,

vortexes, or conduits in the area and this was a nearly new mining attempt in a virtually unexplored area of the Mountain. *Eye* cullers were not allowed to speak with any of the dwarven miners or guards for an eyewitness interview.

The Legend of the Metril tells of the origins of the metallic guardian-race of all great ore stores. It is said that they were the second borne of Moradin and their purpose was to commune with the metal within the rock and protect the largest stores from harm at the hands of the evil underground races. Tales from ages long past tell of the Metril working side by side with dwarves, showing them how to mine properly without taking too much or damaging the fragile ore streams that run through the rock. It is said that the Metril taught the dwarves not only how to find the greatest repositories of the precious metals, but also to respect and be thankful for them.

Apparently, they Second Borne were thought to have been wiped out in a titanic battle against the duergar thousands of cycles ago. The gray dwarves infected the Guardians of Metal with a strange, incurable tarnish that spread amongst the Metril like wildfire, wiping them out. Have the tarnished guardians returned, or is Moradin displeased with his children, and set upon them with a vengeance?

Dwarven sages, along with a special Guvner research team dispatched from Sigil, are currently pouring over the oldest volumes of dwarven lore stored in the Great Vaults of Moradrin, searching desperately for an answer to this strange and deadly enigma. "We are doin' everythin' that can be done", remarked Chnnuuld Whiskersshield, dwarven sage-prophet, "We certainly appreciates th' help from Th' Cage. I only hopes for our sakes that we are wrong and it is somethin' other than th' Metril. As much as some of us would love to see ag'in th' Second Borne, I fear that it bodes ill."



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Infiltration of Jangling Hinter

by Craedous, Lower Planes culler

Jangling Hinter, Baator--The citadel of chiming chains was rattled to its core this week by groups of small strike forces from Ironhearth. Taking full advantage of the city's unholy holiday of *Camaura 'Suun*, the Festival of Flesh, the Company of Ironhearth along with several of its smaller, elite bands of shock troops were able to infiltrate the city and wreck havoc.

Sensate factotum Rias Repruls, who is a return visitor to Jangling Hinter for the *Camaura 'Suun*, was at the burg when the stealthy attack erupted and was able to give *The Eye* an eye witness description of the events. "It was ghastly, I tell you - simply ghastly! Here was an entire city, embroiled in one of its most sacred of holy days -we were all solemn and glum, as the holiday mood requires, you know - and th' first thing a body knows there are all these burly bashers about, brandishing brain-box bashers and swingin' shivs and spellslingers by the scads! It was perfectly ghastly - I almost got the faints!"

"No, no, it was not a unique nor a pleasant experience at all, I tell you - not that I am in it for the pleasant experiences, oh heavens no - I would have never went into that room that night with that fellow and his cranium rat in a tube if that were the case - but oh, my, that **is** another story, now isn't it? At any rate, these bashers obviously did not understand the hallowedness of this occasion - I mean, I felt sorry for those poor petitioners too, gettin' their skin flayed from their bones by old rusty chains just could not be fun, but **somesods** have to appease the Ancient High Dark Ones, right? Humph! I was just glad that I could get seats again this year - I could not see last year - that blasted minoutar with his oversized head and those horns, oh my, those horns!"

Despite the attempts of the kytons and their lackeys, they simple were not able to muster quickly enough to repel the main force from Ironhearth. (It is a well documented fact that during the unusual and garish ritual that comprises the pinnacle of *Camaura 'Suun*, the kytons seem to enter some sort of strange almost trance like state from which they are loathe and slow to rouse). It was not until the main slave holding area of the burg was beginning to fall to slag from the Ironhearthian mages that the frightful chain men of Jangling Hinter were able to fully strike back and drive the invading forces back.

The kytons were unavailable for comment, and the first three attempts by *Eye* cullers to contact them were meet with fierce and painful opposition. However, a spokesdwarf for the Company of Ironhearth, Cestus Morningside, had this to say, "It is only th' first o' what will be many attacks on the infernal reaches! Lord

Kalinor has warned them all, and there will be no quarter asked nor given! This is WAR!"



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Chaos in the Cage - Factions Frantic

by Derek Whiteorb, Freelance culler

Lady's Ward--Amongst what seemed more like the wind-infested tunnels of Pandemonium than the City Courts, the Guvners barely managed to make a formal announcement regarding the present state of affairs in the City of Doors before their podium was torn asunder. "We strongly encourage all law-abiding citizens of the Lady's City to return to their homes as quickly and efficiently as possible. Lock your doors and bar your windows - let no one other than the Harmoinum enter. We say this only for your safety, please abide by this suggestion which falls well within the guidelines of *Municipal Code EMR-2b, Subsection II, paragraphs one through thirty-six*. Please note that we are in no manner whatsoever ordering you to do so, we ask you to do so out of your own common sense and goodwill. Thank you", stated Guvner Factol Haskar, while dodging spell fire and thrown objects all the while.

Utter chaos erupted through the Cage suddenly and without warning yesterday, beginning as minor arguments and disruptions that are all too common in the streets of Sigil and escalating to major fires, riots tearing through normally affluent sections of the Lady's and Clerk's Wards, and massive spell battles above the rooftops of the Hive Ward. Rumors are flying about the presence of The Lady herself appearing, but this seems so far, to be nothing more than screech.

Over three dozen sods are known to have been put into the dead-book already and an uncounted number of wounded sods lie in the streets awaiting the carts of the Dustmen. Accounts of "normal" citizens of the Cage going berserk and attacking those nearest to them were as plentiful as Spire butterflies. The barmy sods would bring their best weapons and spells to bear initially, but if they survived long enough they would begin to tear with elongated claws or bite with enlarged jaws, sources say. There was no discernable pattern - merchants attacked customers, priests attacked their own faithful, families fell upon families like wild beasts.

Panic spread through the wards like razorvine, and bodys began barricading themselves into businesses and homes, or began fleeing to the nearest portals. Accounts of a Mercykiller squad that was sent in to check on the situation slaying one another only added to the rising fear and panic.

A local mage shop, owned by Sigil native, Strenna Blackglove, was utterly destroyed in a magical battle which apparently ensued when she outright attacked her customer, and unknown planewalker mage. Both combatants took

to the air, ripping the sooty sky of the Cage asunder with *lightning bolts* and *ice storms*, wreaking more havoc and wounding countless sods in the process. Chant has it that it was The Lady herself that ceased this disturbance when her gaze fell upon them both.

The Hall of Speakers nearly erupted into an all-out battle due to the stress of the sudden and unpredictable influx of chaotic behavior in Sigil. The Law Triad pointed the finger at the likes of the Xaositechs, Anarchists and the Doomguard, saying this is more than likely their handywork, while those factions accused simply stood by and said nothing, or pointed their fingers at the Chaos Plague, which is running rampant throughout the planes as a whole. However, this hit a sore spot with the Guvners, as there still has been no "official" recognition of the "so-called plague of chaos" by the Fraternity of Order, which only seemed to fuel the fire which raged outside.

Mercykiller Captain of the Third Watch, Thod Gwalkik stated, "We'll find the soddin' unlawful berks're responsible for this and they'll pay the price."



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Snail Expeditions - Changing Shells?

by Magrum Rood, Freelance culler

Ironhearth, Outlands--Snail Trawet, Jr. announced today that the business that his father had loving begun so many cycles ago had "outgrown it's name". In a conference called today at the Ironhearth-based store, he disclosed, with great fanfare and pomp that Snail Expeditions, known to cutters and planewalkers alike, would no longer be known by that name.

"It is not that we are forgetting our roots, as many of our competitors will wigwag", Snail Jr. said with a smile. "But moreso that we are paying tribute to our ever-spreading branches. We have grown beyond just being an expedition shop - we are now, with the help of our many contacts and sponsors, Lord Kalinor, being only one of many - truly an outfitter's kip. And thus, our name will reflect this as such, as Snail Outfitters!"

Chant has it that Snail Expeditions, over the past few cycles, has seen an unprecedented growth spurt for such a small and allegedly underfinanced planar equipment and guide shop. However, under the new leadership of Snail Jr., the business has done nothing but flourish. In fact, Snail Jr., in a surprise accompanying announcement, happily stated that a new shop would soon be opening its doors in Ecstasy, the gatetown to Elysium.

"Yes, ever since we left Sigil, there has been little but good fortune. It was undoubtedly the best move that we could have made. My goal is to have a Snail Outfitter's shop in every gatetown by the end of next cycle - I want to provide decent goods and decent services at a decent price for all those canny planewalkers out there!" Snail Jr. commented.

Snail Jr. also added that he would be unveiling a new logo for his shops soon, one that would match the new name. "Keep your eyes peeled, bloods - soon it will be as well known and prevalent as the symbol of the Planar Trade Consortium!"



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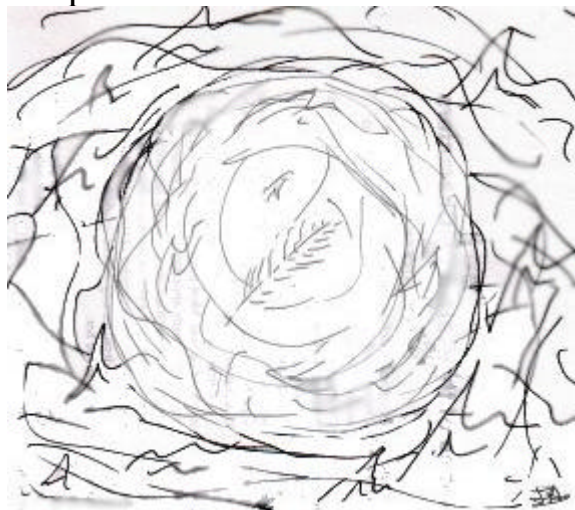
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Believed artifact and treasure hoard found on Fire

by Unter and Ober Emmergau, Inner Planar cullers

Elemental Plane of Fire--A trio of canny planewalker explorers has reported what well may be termed the find of the cycle somewhere near the City of Brass on the Elemental Plane of Fire. In order to keep their exact find safe, however, they have elected to keep the exact location dark from cullers.

According to their tale, the trio, made up of a tiefling planewalker-priest, Hu'na, an air mephit mage-rogue, Razorwind, and half-elven warrioress, Talismin Redboar have found what appears to be a large cache of ancient treasures in a magically sealed and shielded sphere made up of the four principle elements: fire, earth, air, and water. The reason the sphere had not been previously located was that the outer shell of the sphere apparently mimics the nature of the element around it. The cutters would say little else about this, fearing some canny bloods might twig to the chant on exactly how they planned to re-locate the sphere.



When asked on how they first found it, the informal leader of the group, Hu'na, replied. "We stumbled upon it actually, quite by surprise. Not many spend a great deal of time mucking about on the Elemental Cauldron, and the influx of energies surging from the other four primaries is enough to keep most of the natives away." Eye cullers queried Hu'na on the exact nature of this 'Elemental Cauldron', and the half-elf quickly and abruptly cut in. "This berk is just flappin' his bone-box to get in the Eye. He wants to be famous - pay no mind to this screed that he is spoutin'. He's a berk, plain and simple."

Apparently the sphere holds quite a bit of jink and treasure and is rumored to hold an artifact that has eluded even the Powers over the past few cycles. "Yessss. There wassss an artifact presssent. I sssaw it with my own eyesssss. It wasssss the *Quill of Wee Jasss*, which hassss been lossst and issss now again found. I will be the one to return it to the Goddesssss and claim her favor in reward", commented Razorwind on the subject of the artifact.

It seems, however, that the cache, while discovered, may yet keep its treasures deep within its core. The reason that no proof exists about the sphere or its

fabled treasures is that no way has been found to remove the contents without destroying them. In fact, the trio of planewalkers nearly perished several times in attempts to bring even a single stinger out of the sphere. "The ssspellsss ssssurrounding the sssphere are ssssuch that all other ssspellsss are rendered null and ussseless while passsing through each layer. A body jusssst cannot casssst fasssst enough to compensssate for the loss of their ssspellsss. Ssssomething about the sssphere can detect when a body hassss ssssome of the treasssuressss from within ass well. It iss even harder, imposssible even, to make it out with sssomething from within. You sssseem to move sssslower", Razorwind commented.

The planewalkers took their leave of their inner planar treasure hoard with empty backpacks, but have vowed their return. "We'll be back there soon enough", Talisim commented, "and the next time I will not leave empty handed."



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Dreams of Dreams

Deeper darks than those that have ever been printed exist just outside our knowledge. More strange and alien beings than we have ever known inhabit thousands of unseen planes. And millions worlds lie within our reach, each one filled with millions of stories that have yet to be heard by mortal or immortal ears. All exists because it is imagined, and all that is imagined exists.

Why don't we see these millions of words and unseen planes? Why don't we hear these stories? It is because our eyes and ears have been shut to the possibility that things exist outside of our narrow scope. The Outer Planes are infinite and vast in nature, and more lies beyond the Grand City of Impossibility than anyone could imagine. In some places, there are simply towns and cities that have previously been theorized: they are revealed fully before the light of the torch in the dark. New enigmatic Powers that have hidden themselves in the shadows or altered their form and portfolio to hide their true dark selves... new strains of creatures only dreamed about previously. The light of the torch sees more than towns and cities, though... it stretches into the deep wilds of the Beastlands and the strange ecologies and relationships between the enigmatic *seyhrain*, known to the unimaginative as the Animal Lords. Even the mind is bared open upon the light, and the psychic reactions of every Esper to the Outer Planes are made known. I am your torch, your torch in the dark, illuminating that which hides in the corners and outside of the sight of the common man. If we cannot learn to look, then how shall we ever find what we seek?

- Heregul, Planar Sage of No Repute



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