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The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-19

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Tales from the Blood War

by Sofellor, Blood War culler

Plague,
PART TWO
Related by Durkar

I arrived at the Sensorium some hours later making it a point to use a scent stick to mark my trail. I entered the building and was immediately assailed by a large number of masked figures. Reflexively I drew my sword and gave it to drink deep of my attackers. Three spoke their last good night when I saw others drawing away from me. I saw the chains in my assailant's hands were of a decorative nature. Some type of thick necklace it appears. I quickly became invisible and attempted to exit the area. A huge minotaur smelled me out and attempted to block my passage at the main gate. His blood fountained richly following my sword stroke. I made my escape.

I determined I was poorly suited to interact with these creatures that inhabit this Sensorium. I needed a proxy. I clung to the walls above the doors, inspecting all that exited. Many drunken fools staggered forth. Many of them felt the lash of my will, but all were found wanting. After many hours a large band burst forth. Their laughing and singing stung my already overtaxed ears. A large tiefling looked up as he passed beneath me and started. I assume this creature could see the invisible. I released the wall and floated down amongst them. The silly creature saw my fangs and bared his own. I attempted to dominate his will, but could not. The fleshed fool then clapped me on the back!

"Oh excellent!" He staggered a bit. The alcohol reek burned my nostrils. "We haven't had a dead day in ages." He stepped forward and attempted some bodily contact.

Expecting to lean against me, he fell to the street when I moved out of the way.

"Everyone, look! A vampire! We haven't had a theme party of this like in AGES!" The drunken fools shouted and screamed in pleasure.

The Tiefling again bared his fangs and put his arm across my shoulders, leaning upon me. The thirst near overwhelmed me, the hot scent of blood overpowering the stink of strong wines. "All you flat toothed cows have to make disguises. Me and, hey what is your name?" taken aback I whispered my name. "Durkar here, is gonna go find the costumes. He's had a great idea for a party, but no real vampire would dress like this", with a wave he indicated my lacquer armor. His casual denigration of my family heritage was enraging. None the less, I had found a subject.

The band of Sensates, laughing and touching me all the while led me back to their home. This was unprecedented. At the door many laid hands upon me. I flailed about striking one a great blow on the ear. The others laughed merrily as he was thrown across the street to land in a fruit cart. The fools then demanded I throw all of them across the street. When I refused they were glum and indicated envy of their friend. The priest in the bunch repaired his shattered jaw while he pumped my hand and thanked me for the experience. These bags of flesh lifted me into the air and carried me into their residence.

One of them, a female gith, looked at me with wide-open eyes. "So, what's it like to be dead? I mean, does it hurt? Do you miss being alive? Do you date much?" Annoyed, I hissed at her. I told the fool if she did not vacate the area she would soon be a child of the night herself. At this she became very agitated and fled the room. At last, these fools began to understand the threat I represent.

Mere moments later at least half of the band came rushing back into the room. Sensing they would attempt to harm me, I drew my sword and prepared for battle. One pointed at my sword and laughed. This was very disconcerting. They assured me they had no desire to fight, but instead wanted to become vampires themselves.

I realized that by default my mission had accomplished itself. I bared my fangs and stepped towards a thickly muscled dwarf. The large tiefling pushed him out of the way and demanded to be first. This started a scuffle amongst the creatures as to who would have the honor of the first dark kiss. I bemusedly stood and watched.

Finally the tiefling, whose name was revealed to be Garrick Frylin, won the mini battle and stepped forward. He asked that I drain him slowly so he could appreciate it. In my thirst I accidentally tore the flesh from his throat. Once I had dropped the body his followers fell back in horror. I assured them he would rise in a few days. Then the dwarf stepped up and demanded to be killed, since it had never happened to him before. I obliged and he joined his leader in lying on the floor. The female gith then was brought over to the night. This was far easier than I had expected.

After many hours, and a painfully full stomach, I transformed the whole bunch save for two that balked at the end. I altered them into ghouls. The pack could be used to dispose of bodies. That was always a problem for urban vampires. I'm certain this new bunch would appreciate my foresight, since they exhibited none.

I sat about the residence for three long days. I passed my time by taunting the ghouls I had sealed in the basement with fragments from my victims. A fat grocer reduced them both to slaving balls of appetite. After they consumed him, neither could move well due to their distended bellies.

At last Frylin raised. I explained to him his mission. He would maintain this residence in the subtlest fashion he was capable of, and shelter any bone legion functionaries that need aid. Frylin assured me of his grasp of the mission as he ran across the ceiling and alternated between gaseous and solid. I began to think this might not be the best group to rely upon. The dwarf passed his time by splashing holy water on his friends and watching them sizzle. I shook my head.

I prepared to leave, mission accomplished. The entire gaggle of new vampires dressed up in black cloaks and suits. One had his arm removed by trying to pet a ghoul. The remainder laughed at this as at a great joke and venture back to the Sensorium to "experience death". I am unsure how my lord Sofellor will receive this report.

Regardless, my time here was complete. The Fortress of Woe awaited me.



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Metril Uncovered

by Godemirc Kreb, Outlands culler

Dwarven Mountain, Outlands--A second attack against the Silverflow cavern has the Dwarven Mountain stunned. Dozens of Metril attacked and wordlessly slew the party that was out to secure the cavern. The lone survivor, Baloin Pikefast, barely escaped with his life.

"They's just plain melted out of the seams of ore. One instant we's ready to attack, the next I's covered in blood. The first damn bleeder stuck his hand through me brudder. He's standing next to me liftin' his hammer. Then suddenly Balin was spittin' blood. I want's another piece of 'em. Let me at 'em, it'll be different." The grieving dwarf went on to shave his beard as a statement of his shame and sheer determination.

One Metril was slain and its body dragged back by Baloin. It appears the unusual beasts are made of pure mithril. Any non-magical metal weapon that strikes them merely passes through without leaving a mark. The creatures have no mouth or other facial opening and are distinguished only by their gemstone-like eyes. The recovered dead specimen was some 5 feet 8 inches in height, though massively built, like that of a dwarf. The arms were slightly elongated, giving the barmy creature an almost ape-like appearance.

Baloin has claimed the body as blood guild and is planning on creating a magical axe to use in avenging his brother. Guard Commander, Olin Dreadhammer stated, "Baloin's clearheadedness and courage are to be commended. Faced with the loss of his entire party and his own brother, he managed to slay a Metril. After this he carried the body, which weighs some 17 stones, the full two leagues back to the guard station. He is a model of steadfastness for all dwarves."



The Dwarven Guard is preparing a major expedition to secure the caverns, although a timeframe could not be determined. The normal dwarven-issue metal armor is being traded for leather, along with begrudged substitutions of heirloom enchanted metal weapons for ordinary wooden ones. Several Outlands burghs that focus in the trading of wood and leather are having a windfall due to this unexpected peak in purchases.



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Terror in the Hive

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Hive Ward--Violence, mayhem, and death erupted in the Cage yesterday as an anti-plaguer rally escalated into an all-out war against some unfortunate passing plague monks. Plague monks, known throughout the planes as a relatively peaceful, if not a bit barmy, group of sods are of the very firm conviction that the Chaos Plague is "the planes' way of cleansing themselves of impurities".

They travel throughout the known planes, seeking to spread the Chaos Plague by simply coming into contact with others, they herald themselves by the loud and ominous gonging of their "plague bells" which can be heard leagues before their arrival. Most canny bashers and bloods believe them to be utterly barmy. "We only seek to spread this divine blessing to others so that they, too, might know the caress of eternal chaos. Chaos is the end-all of everything, and it has come to us. We now bring it to you..." commented (from afar) plague monk Drothus Piolonious, formerly of Arborea.

Apparently, the havoc began at the height of a Plague's Bane recruitment rally in the Lower Ward. The clueless plague monks came waltzing through a portal only a scant few yards away. The monks, being for the most part non-confrontational and very ceremonial in their funeral-like procession, incited an immediate riot amongst the newly inducted initiates of the plaguer-hating group. Needless to say, the members of Plague's Bane fell upon the monks with bitter hatred and swift vengeance, cutting through them like so much ripe wheat.

Some of the monks, those with their trance-like cadence shattered by the attack, began to flee screaming in terror. This seemingly normal behavior then apparently triggered numerous chaos-outbursts from the panicked monks. Multiple and massive chaos surges, very similar to but far more powerful than a wild mage's *wild surges*, swept through the ranks of the monks. The chaos surges then spread geometrically with each monk.

Suddenly, there were various explosions of acidic ooze that appeared out of nowhere and rocked several buildings to their foundations. Even more unusual than the ooze was a house-size pile of baking bread that appeared out of thin air and smothered countless bodys, monks, plagues and bystanders alike. Swarms of sentient mothballs materialized and began attacking sods. Making matters worse was the fact that many of the members of Plague's Bane **also** began exhibiting signs of the plague, causing their companions to turn on them like

animals.

Passers-by and bystanders, who had seen the unprovoked attack on the monks, waded into the fray, only adding to the carnage and thus strengthening the chaos surges. Ten squads of Hardheads, supported by the Red Death arrived on the scene within a few moments, but were apparently waylaid by some passing Xaositects and Doomguard who were seeking to even some old scores while capitalizing on all of the quickly spreading chaos and entropy.

The unchecked carnage continued growing, accentuated by massive explosions of fire, ice, 'popcorn' and flaming furniture, until it finally spilled over into the Hive. By this time, there were estimated to be over sixty squads of Harmonium on scene, as well as half that number of the Red Death. Fully twice that number of Xaositects and Doomguard were present, although many of them were either frolicking in the crumbling streets or trying to toast marshmallows on the several buildings that were on fire.

Sensates were flocking by sedan chairs from all over the Cage "just to take in the sights". There were so many dead and wounded that the Dustmen had to begin renting supplemental carts just to drag the bodies away from the scene amid all the chaos. It was reported that some of the bodies were unwilling to leave, apparently still powered by the chaos within them. There were many head-less and limb-less bodies seen running helter-skelter through the streets.

It was not until half of the Lower ward and over two-thirds of the Hive were in flames, smoke or covered in some form of sticky goo that the Harmonium, supported by a Guvner "peace-keeping force", the Red Death, citizens of the Cage and passing planewalkers were able to subdue the fighting. Eyewitnesses said that a fine mist of pink flowers falling from the sky had more to do with it than anything, as they seemed to have a "calming effect" on whomever they touched. Although there were well over 600 arrests and at least twice that number slain or wounded, there has not been an official statement by the Fraternity of Order regarding the incident.



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Sheela Peryroyl's Cure

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

Part III of III

In the Midst of the Feast:

During the highlight of the feast an argument ensued as to which bodily organ was most supreme in appreciating the sublimity of these most holy of fruits, Sheela's Apples. While I argued, rightly I might add, that the nose is the most discriminatory of senses, from the sheer amount of pies, cakes, stews, soups and cider consumed, one can only assume that halflings vote with their stomachs. A halflings heart is their stomach. Suddenly, I recalled Master Ral's joke and in turn my mission.

I picked my way carefully then, from the crowds of lounging folk, most dozing away after their feast. I past the tankards of apple-ale and tables loaded with pies, breads, puddings, and cakes. Everywhere was apples: boiled, roasted, baked, and stewed, sugared, peppered, spiced and brewed. I patted my portly abdomen and fiddled with the tight pockets of my waste coat. No wonder Sheela restricts other races from visiting the festival, I chuckled to my self, and no other race could survive such an onslaught of gluttony!

"Aye, so you haven't had your fill yet? Mayhap I have something to tide you until the sweet wine of Sheela Peryroyl graces our lips." I looked up to see a most stunning halfling maiden emerging from the Cooking Huts. The curly golden locks, that graced her diminutive feet and cascaded to her shoulders, shone like the sky of Pelion, bright and warm. Her eyes were as blue as Oceanus and her lips small but full. My heart leapt at the sight of her dressed in garlands of daisies, golden with blue eyes.

Was this some trick of this Hat of Cloakshadow, that had transformed me, perhaps too much so, into a halfling? Was I finding at last another similarity with my adventurous Uncle Hillock, whom himself had fallen in love with one of the Wee Folk?

Secret of the Cure:

Sheela Peryroyl is also the power of romantic love among the Small Folk and now the power of my heart as well! I chased after my fair maiden into the nearby meadows, enchanted by her voice as she sang: "Hey! Doe-dee, the birds and bees! Let us be so gay and free!" I swear upon my grandmother's tobacco, that the trees swayed to her rhythms and the flowers bloomed at the sound of her voice!

We danced in the high grasses, laughing gaily until we collapsed in a fit of giggling. Have I ever felt so happy, so joyous? With a whisper and a laugh, she produced a flask of the sweet wine whose secret I had been sent to discover. The luck of Glittergold was with me, I would have a taste of the mighty brew and in what better company!

Unlacing the flowers of her bodice, she passed the flask to me, smiling as she unrobed the garlands around her. I struggled to sit up and open the small flask, as she began to unbutton my vest. With an audible pop the flask open as she freed my very last button. Laughing, she pushed me down into the soft grasses, causing me to spill a bit of the amber liquid to my lips. The stuff tasted of late morning slumbers and late-night songs around campfires, of the embrace of loved-ones and the handshake of a long-awaited friend: enveloping in warmth and quickening in vigor. I fought against the feelings of peace and content that hid the mystery of the potion from my senses. What were the secret ingredients, whose combination possessed such potency?

"Curry, Curry Bombast," whispered my companion to my ear as we lie in the tall grass. I looked up in surprise that she knew my true name. Her face shone like a deva, as her bare form seemed to glow before me, "The secret is love, deep abiding love." Her voice seemed to echo, to be greater than her voice, to expand in my head, as if all of Flowering Hill was speaking to me at once. "Love of a gardener for his greens, a mother for her child, a friend for his friend, that is were the secret lies, and wherever food and drink is shared in joy and companionship, that is were the magic is. Go now, return to your people, return to the Golden Hills, and bring them the secret of Flowering Hill and of Sheela Peryoly's cure."

I don't now how long a lie there, alone or with Her, in a daze of warmth and rapture. I woke somewhere in the Land, not far from Tradegate, watched over by swaying Willows and the distant Spire. Was this a dream? Nowhere did I see evidence otherwise; I was not transformed by any magic hat but was simply as my regular gnomish self. In fact, no hat had I. Had I fallen pray to another one of my drinking 'bouts with Wooly Cupgrass and peeled into an unexpected trip to the Outlands?

As I made my way toward the workshops and laboring mills of Tradegate, I found Cloakshadow's magic hat of disguise sitting on a stump not far way, and its red feather replaced with a splendid daisy of golden petals and deep blue eye. With a smile that came quick to my lips, I knew, as assuredly as a Sensate, that all I had experienced was true. And soon all of Bytopia would as well.



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Mine blast at Quarry kills 39

by Darunden Thistlesnap, Upper Planes culler

Quarry, Bytopia--Rescuers have recovered the bodies of at least 39 miners killed in an underground gas explosion, officials in the burg of Quarry said yesterday. Another 48 workers were being treated in a local infirmary with injuries from last week's blast, including two miners in very poor condition, said a spokeswoman for the Quarry city council. The workers were a combination of svirfnebli gnomes, dwarves, some halflings, and a few earth pseudoelementals.

The blast of some form of naturally occurring gas occurred at a depth of approximately 4,125 leagues in the Zasado mine, one of the largest on the "upper" layer of Shurrock and one of the most profitable mines throughout Bytopia. Officials said 551 miners were working at the time of the blast and the explosion immediately affected 181 of them. All the miners including the dead and injured were recovered and transported to the underground settlement of Quarry yesterday morning.

Bytopia is known as a plane rich in natural resources and raw materials. Shurrock, the "upper" layer of the two-layer plane, is highly regarded as a region that houses vast deposits of valuable stones and gems. The plane and especially the "upper" layer have been plagued in recent cycles by instability in large underground gas deposits. Last week's accident brought the number of miners who have been killed on the job since the beginning of last cycle to at least 146.



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Fratricide in the City Barracks

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--Twenty-seven members of the Harmonium apparently went absolutely barmy in the City Barracks late last night. From what this culler could skeg, before I was violently escorted out, some dozen skulls of courtesans and ladies of low virtue were stacked neatly into a pyramid facing a door in the space between bunks.

The second shift guards were stationed in the Barracks and apparently went berserk. Two members of the force were outright slain with swords, apparently trying to restore order and protect the civilians. A third member was staked to a ceiling beam and beaten with table legs until he literally broke apart.

When the first shift rotated out and came to seek their relief they found the remnants of the bodies. The twenty-three surviving guards were eating the bodies of the fallen. The would-be cannibals then attacked the first shift with makeshift bone clubs, leaving their usual weapons lying on the ground. Some of the sods that had once been Hardheads foreswore weapons completely and attacked with curiously elongated nails.

Several members of the discovering guard unit were treated for severe wounds by Sensate healers. All of them showed dramatic discoloration and appeared to be in extreme pain. Some other members of the watch were made violently ill by the spectacle of the degenerate comrades. It is not known if this mysterious outburst is linked to the deadly Chaos Plague.

All requests for comment from the Factol's office were refused. The only available word was from Captain Michael of the Rose who said, "This could not be the work of Harmonious warriors. There is some outside influence at work here. We will find out what and who it is. And when we do, whatever or whomever is responsible will be made to pay. "



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Primes buy big chunk of Ooze

by Unter and Ober Emmergau, Inner Planar cullers

Paraelemental Plane of Ooze--A prime-based 'conservation' group has outright purchased over 6,000 square leagues of the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze, for the sole reason of the survival of a single species of worm native to their home soil. This area will be marked off as a research and study area and will be excluded from any and all types of development.

"This might seem insignificant and totally meaningless to many folks", said Riy'lien Twoblades, a ranger-priest of the prime world known as Uth. Twoblades is also the leader of the 'conservation' group responsible for the Ooze purchase, known as *The Silent Life Group*. "However, it is anything but crucial that we study these worms, if we are to find any clues about what is happening to our own world", he continued.



According to planar sages and sources close to this chant, the prime world of Uth seems to be in some sort of strange rapid decay. While rich in magical energies, the world's natural sources of life and energy have suffered a severe and startling decline over the past few cycles (what are termed as 'years' on this particular prime world). *The Silent Life Group* have turned to these rapidly declining sources themselves in hopes that some clues might be found about how to cure the peculiar malady that has befallen their home.

"These worms were our brightest hope yet, because of all of our native creatures, only these worms had not shown any signs of decline or decay. Then, for no apparent reason, they suddenly disappeared - completely" added Twoblades. After conducting an extensive search, both magical and mundane of the areas the worms were known to inhabit, some evidence of conduits was found. The prime bloods then decided to head to Sigil (which they actually knew of) and continue their search from there. This, in turn, led them to the knowledge that the conduits led to Ooze, where they found their missing worms.

"We were overjoyed to find them, but cannot for the life of us discern why they

left and arrived in the Paraelemental Plane of Ooze. We hope that now, with further uninterrupted study, we can begin to open the doors that we yield the answers that we seek", Twoblades said. Some researches from the Fraternity of Order were dispatched with the prime cutters into Ooze. Sources within the lawful faction commented, "We like these folk - they are good and decent and law abiding. We will strive to help them in their need, as well as in the field of their research. We only ask their thanks in return".



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Thieves hit City of Brass, twice

by Unter and Ober Emmergau, Inner Planar cullers

Plane of Fire--Two break-ins during the last week within the City of Brass have reverberated throughout the Elemental Plane of Fire. Jamina al-Mubarak al-Kamal, resident ambassador for the Brotherhood of the True Flame and a reliable source of chant, told cullers that the thieves had evidently used the first break-in to setup the second. "Nothing seemed to be taken from the azer tower during the first raid, but it is believed that the thieves may have been interrupted and simply used the attempt as reconnaissance for their next attempt. During the second robbery, an extremely powerful magical item was stolen from the Crucible, the largest and most important azer tower in the burg," commented Jamina.



The first illicit entry occurred at the beginning of this week. The second took place yesterday despite the installation of a citywide crackdown on visitors and non-native citizens, according to a source at the Charcoal Palace. The burglaries brought thinly veiled hints from Shanmakeen, master of the Crucible, and his fellow azers that tanar'ri supporters might be connected to the operation. But, chant on the magma streets suggested the robberies might have been actually *allowed* to happen. Efreeti officials are investigating the two break-

ins thoroughly, but they have few clues to go on. Citizens living near the Crucible said that they saw two female tieflings near the tower earlier in the day.

Shanmakeen was careful to avoid directly linking the tanar'ri with the break-ins. "I am not pointing fingers," he said, "but this is not a mirage. Someone has committed nefarious burglaries in a very professional manner. Probably well

paid by someone who is strongly interested in the ridiculous thought that someone can steal from the City of Brass." Shanmakeen, whose skill with the hammer and anvil is legendary, said his own skill at picking locks makes him believe that the break-in was the work of an experienced team. "It is not just a bunch of firenewts out for fun."

Anonymous sources at the Arena of the Red Claw said that the valuable object stolen was the infamous *Box of S'm'rah'cyk'cul*, an ancient device supposedly created by an unknown and believed-to-be dead deity. The name S'm'rah'cyk'cul is inscribed into the top of the magical box, which has a golden lid with green jade sides and bottom. Sages believe that the name may be the site of a now-forgotten battle in which the followers of the unnamed deity used the magic box against an army of illithids, who had invaded the followers' plane.

The *Box* was discovered several centuries ago by azers sanctioned by Amaimon, leader of the azer race. These investigators were conducting a search for arcane fire weapons within the Mines of Marsellin on Thuldandin, the second layer of Acheron. Graybeards at the Great Smithy in the City of Brass performed extensive research on the device and learned that it contained an inexhaustible source of magical energy and was capable of producing the effects of multiple *prismatic spray* spells. The *Box* had resided in a vault of lava before being stolen and was secured by a series of firewalls and magmalocks. Needless to say, whoever the thieves were, they were most definitely top-shelf.



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Vampirism on the rise in the Cage

by Derek Whiteorb, Freelance culler

Lower Ward--The Fraternity of Order's Undead Health Control Sub-Board announced today the destruction of another nest of vampires. Members of the Harmonium destroyed seven vampires, along with 19 ghouls. The ghouls were apparently being used by the vampires to dispose of those bodies that would not be raised. "It was a proper gathering. The master vampire and most of the lesser were all Sensates. We suspect the faction itself could be somehow involved," said Hardhead Brynnt Regiorr, commander of the group that destroyed the vampires.

The group was using the house of the master vampire, former Sensate factor Garrick Fryliin. The names of the lesser vampires are not being released pending notification of the families. Body parts of some 31 unidentified sods were found in the basement of the home. The pack of ghouls had apparently been created by Fryliin to ease the disposal of the bodies. "It was a regular body factory they had going. The vamps drain 'em; the ghouls eat 'em. It's well known the Ward over as a 'Sensate house', so the neighbors thought nothing of the residents keeping soddin' odd hours or the noise," said Regiorr.

Several recent missing person reports in the Hive had been put down to the generally odd behavior of its mostly unlawful inhabitants. Matters came to a head when Factor Nelsen Tharmak was seen bleeding heavily from the throat during a particularly wild 'Black Goth' party held near the Civic Feshall in the Clerk's Ward. Witnesses report that the Factor had been convinced to experiment with being undead by an "old friend", but tried to back out at the last moment. The vampire group then became violent when rejected and attacked him.

Unnamed sources within the Fraternity of Order claim that the number of Sensates seeking to gain entry into the permissive lifestyle of vampires has increased tenfold during the last cycle. Our source stated that until the Sensates stop engaging in risky behavior such as vampiric infection the undead problem will only get worse. Sensate spokeswoman Duranna Heartsglow was quoted as saying, "Sure, I'd like to try being an undead for a while. It's, like, a totally different way of looking at life. Who wouldn't want to try it?"



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Surprise attack leaves Ironhearth reeling

by Godmeric Kreb, Outlands culler

Outlands, Ironhearth--In a spectacular event that is being coined as the Fourth Testing of Ironhearth, the well-known Outlands citadel was taken utterly by surprise as a result of a massive influx of baatezu forces earlier today. While chant and details are sketchy at best, and screed flies from every bubber with a bone-box, the details as *The Eye* has them are nearly unbelievable.

Apparently after some months of intense subterfuge and spying, the baatezu have discovered a nearly fatal flaw in the seamless defensives of Ironhearth. The devilish fiends silently infiltrated the near-by outpost of Knight's Horn, an large and unusual shaped outcropping of flat gray stone that is well known as an Outlands landmark, seeking a rumored portal that led to the interior of Ironhearth. As many bloods will recall, Knight's Horn is also well known for the small group of "rogue" Ghaele Knights that stand vigil there, loyal to Lord Lance dar'Struzan, leader of the Company of Ironhearth.

Once inside the outer stones, the fiends wormed their way, undetected, into Knight's Horn where they overmatched and slew those Ghaele Knights that were present. They then slowly began streaming into Ironhearth via the "rumored" portal. Loose chant has it that there was a small force of Shadow Knights accompanying the baatezu, which allowed them to overmatch the Ghaeles so quickly and effortlessly.

At the same time, in a typically devious and expertly coordinated baatezu maneuver, they sent a massive force of fiends against the outer walls of the citadel-city, drawing the attention of Ironhearth's defenders outward to face this massive onslaught. Reports topped off that as many as one thousand divisions of Blood War-hardened baatezu were marching upon the front gates. Joining along with these fiends was the support of hundreds of thousands of mercenaries from Acheron, as well as an unprecedented force of 300 Shaton'Gor with their well known Death Rider handlers.

While the titanic battle was waged at the Shield Wall of Ironhearth, the baatezu force from Knight's Horn entered the citadel via the portal, attacking from within and it is thought that the Outlands citadel-city may very well fall to the fiends of Baator this very night. Sources for *The Eye* will endeavor to send as many dispatches as possible, should the mighty burg fall.

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