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# The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



**BATCH-20**

**Planarwide Web**  
**In Darkest Knight**  
**Interview with a Conqueror**  
**Strange creature attacks Hex**  
**Ethereal explosion stirs Anthill**  
**Murders linked to Lolth worshiper**  
**Uproar over New Immigration Policy**  
**Factory collapses on Mungoth, 7 killed**  
**Rogue modron clockworks throws gear**  
**Uncontrollable outbreak hits Plague-Mort**  
**Portal Polo All Stars!**

---

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Planarwide Web***

by Ny'quis Ramir, Freelance culler

**Lady's Ward--** While banging around the Cage, my ears skegged some new chant concerning the darks of a plan by a group of canny spellslingers to link together a web of crystal globes. In doing so, access to any subject imaginable can be exchanged over great distances. Anywhere within the Great Ring to the City of Doors itself and nearly everywhere in between. Chant would be flying through this planar web faster than a cutter can lann them.

I interviewed some bloods to get their reaction to this barmy idea. Haglynn Meroots, a cager alchemist, stated, "A barmy idea it may be, but if it works it could help my business. I might want one o' them globes for meself."

A member of the Guvners, Porlance Geheadyian, insists that any addle-cove leatherhead that twigs to such a sodding bob will find himself a peeled rube. Most likely with no jink left in his pouches when the whole thing hits the blinds. "Park your ears and mark my words. Be peery and bar your bone-box from rattling such barmy chant lest you be known as a clueless sodding berk long after you're in the dead-book."

Sensate Wendlew Q'tuone replied that she really didn't care if the darks were from a bad bottle of bub or not. She would like to feel, smell, and taste such an interesting sounding artifact as the globes would represent. Before I could finish the interview she set out to find one.

I also interviewed a blood by the name of Gill Bates who is skilled in the use of conduits. The cutter told me that he is sure that the web would require constant updates and would probably force the general public into using globes only compatible with certain schools of enchantment. His feeling was that something like this could bring a fella like him a lot of jink.

How would it work you ask? The exact mechanics of how the globes would work has not been lanned by this culler. But the darks are that the globes would be linked through a complex "web" of conduits and gates. They would actually allow cutters to wigwag with each other from case to kip; burg to anthill; or even plane to plane. The conduits, however would only be large enough to carry information or maybe even small items.

In order to access the web, a cutter first has to procure an enchanted globe. Globes can be expensive, but shops like Passageway, Bellstuff, or Comepicker may offer cycle lease agreements. He would then have to contact a planarweb servicer. The servicer would then connect the cutter's globe to a local "hubby"

conduit. The "hubby" would direct the view from the globe to whatever location specified by the user. This culler is sure the servicers would be a barmy bunch as they deal with conduits day in and day out. Some strange shop names have already been suggested like Planelink, Brainspring and Abode Of Links.

In conclusion, my opinion is that such an idea is completely barmy. The idea of a web of information accessible by any cutter anywhere not only came from the brain-box of an addle-cove, but is the blinds. This concept could never be achieved. I'll skeg what I can and let you know if the idea produces any results, but I have a feeling this could just be a bunch of cony-catchers out to peel the gullys.



---

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B20 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Tales from the Blood War***

by Sofellor, Blood War culler

*In Darkest Knight*

*Related by Baron Zilfarr*

*I slid through the forests. Fools call the elves lord over these lands. I would show them the dark of the situation. The aged trees, scarce born when I last breathed, slipped away. A centuries old Oak hid a sentry. He looked about, alerted to possible danger when the animals of the forest fell silent. I took it as the humblest creatures paying their respects to me.*

*I came up the tree to stand behind the elf. He slowly turned and froze in fear. His eyes widened and his hands shook. My cloak covered my body, but he clearly beheld death in my eyes. My Helm allowed me the ecstasy of plucking his dying thoughts from his mind as he was overcome by my presence. I shuddered as life left him. Oh the glory.*

*I bound him to the tree branch with his bowstrings and cut an ancient rune deep into his chest. The elven symbol for "Death Awaits" was soon covered in blood slowly leaking from the wound. A pity I would not see the reaction when this pitiful shell was found. I gloried in the thought of the despair that would touch his young wife. His last thoughts were of her. I may have to pay her a visit, so the lass won't feel lonely and scared... here in the dark.*

*I raised a shadow from around the bole of the tree. The insanity of the wretched creature blasted my mind until my will asserted control. Quiet as the night it floated towards the main camp of the elves.*



*Lord Sofellor had tasked me with a reconnaissance of it. He would grudge me the bounty if I took too much blood. But that was a worry for tomorrow. I reached the ground and followed in the path of my minion.*

*The Bone Legion was due to attack here in three days time. The slaughter would be all the greater if we knew the disposition of our foes. I heard an indrawn hiss of breath at my side. An elven mage had ventured out to study. My sword kissed the pulsing beat of his life force.*

*I again shook with the pleasure.*

*I had nearly removed his head with my blow, so I decided to finish the job. I placed it into the trophy bag I keep on my belt for just such occasions. I glanced at his spell book. My chuckle escaped before I could control it. The spell he was studying was "Summon Shadow" and how to prevent it. I set his body against a bolder as though he were still studying and set the book upon his folded hands still open to that same page.*

*Through the eyes of my shadow I saw that many in the camp were about a great altar, receiving the blessings of their god. Excellent. I again moved towards the camp.*

*I passed through a low hanging branch and was suddenly beset. A screeching tearing mass of elven cat was upon my back. He tore deeply into me. If I still retained one he would surely have cut my spine. I raised my swordblade and plunged it through my chest. It pierced the eye of the foolish creature and the cat grew still. I had never killed an elven cat before, and thus cut off a paw to add to my treasure bag.*

*I came into the camp before I well realized it. The small shelters blended in most admirably with the forest. Easing about the area I saw half in their religious observance and half asleep. Very poor generalship. My Commander Sofellor would teach the leader of these foolish beings many lessons before the week was out.*

*I determined the best way to serve my Lord was to find out the contents of each tent. I searched through two, finding a magical shield in one. I took note of the heraldry and marked that one down as some type of leader. In the third three slept. One upon a hummock of leave, and two in a lover's embrace. My willpower failed me and I crept over to them. Both the Faerie creatures were so beautiful. I ached to destroy them, but instead thought of a little joke. I had used this once long ago and thought it would be appreciated here. I slid my sword through the base of the female's skull. She tensed once, but died without a sound. I thought my fun would be spoiled as the male murmured something sleepily, but he slumbered on. I then used my wand to create the female as a zombie. I ordered it to await the male awakening and allow him to escape before attacking. Also it was to tear out its eyes and throw them upon him when he first opened his. Again my chuckle nearly escaped me as I anticipated his reaction to my joke. I do so hope he has a sense of humor. I smiled again as I noticed the slight bulge of pregnancy upon the zombie. A great joke indeed.*

*I continued moving from tent to tent. I was good and didn't slay any save one elder who awoke as I entered his room, the terror on his face as he surrendered life, and the anticipation of my joke allowed me to be strong. In one of the larger tents I found the garments of the priesthood. This was simply too much to hope for. I settled into a dark corner and waited.*

*Many hours later an ancient elf came into the room. She still moved with grace of a youth but years and cares had creased her still beautiful face. She reminded me of Malissin, lost these many centuries. I had intended to scare her, but my rage at her cruelly showing the face of my lost wife caused me to lose control.*

*I rose up out of the shadows with my sword raised high. The elder leaped back, staring in terror. I quickly moved to destroy that hateful face. Just before my first stroke fell she raised her holy symbol. Augh! It burned. The glare reminded me of the sun. Malissin and I used to sit in the sun and read to one another. The hag was taunting me with memories of my life. Hate made me strong enough to close with her. I took the holy symbol in my hand, and crushed it. The pain was great, but the hateful light was gone. My memory fades then. I remember the blood, and tearing at the body of the hateful old woman, but I'm not sure exactly what happened.*

*I do know that once I had escaped the alerted elven camp I had the face of my love to keep with me. Forever...*



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[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Interview with a Conqueror***

by Eiryk Lacedaemonian, Freelance culler

**Mithril Grotto, Outlands--** The following is the first ever interview with a known Metril. The interviewed being's name roughly translates to "Speaker for the Steel." Some translation errors may be present as Metril speak a corrupted form of elemental common, which is difficult for non-elemental natives to understand.

*Eiryk:* "Why did you invade the Dwarven Mountain? The Dwarves have never had contact, much less done you harm?"

*Speaker:* "No Harm?" (The Speaker became very excited and paced about the Leomunds Shelter at this point.) "They use metal for tools!"

*Eiryk:* "Most races use metal for tools, why is this a problem?"

*Speaker:* "What? You would cut metal? Heat it to burning? Barbarian!" (The Speaker then began to shout words for which we have no translation.)

*Eiryk:* "I still don't understand why this bothers you."

*Speaker:* "Have you no concept what you murderers do? You are killing our children!"

*Eiryk:* "What? The Dwarves didn't attack you. How could they kill your young?"

*Speaker:* "The veins of rock are nurseries, we call them 'the soft ones.' The Dwarves dig our young from their safe nests and use them as tools!" (More shouting followed which could not be translated.)

*Eiryk:* "Nurseries? They are just veins of ore?"

*Speaker:* "Ore? In our mother tongue, ore means "that before Metril." Your very name for it, Metal, comes from our species name! For millennia past counting you have slain us. Our adults have been on 'the long search' for a cure for the tarnish the Dwarves inflict on us. We have it now and we will be strong again. Those who would slay our young beware. The shine of light on our skin will be the last sight you see!" (The Speaker again began shouting and then stormed out of the shelter.)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Strange creature attacks Hex***

by P. Fiendus Hooten, Guest culler

**Hex, Outlands--** A trail of glowing blue horseshoe-shaped footprints, a band of blasted bodies, a town of terrified citizens, and a lot of questions are all that is left in the wake of a strange creature that blazed through the small town called Hex, a burg not too far from Curst. Information is still scarce and the ramifications of this attack are still undulating throughout the region surrounding Hex. Here are the facts that are known at this time.

Hex, a walled burg spireward of Curst with a population of about seven hundred, consists mostly of taverns and inns and is primarily seen as a stop for traders traveling around the gate-towns. The chant around the Outlands is that Hex is primarily a stopping point for those who wish to skip going to Curst and wish to proceed on to the next gate-town, though inhabitants of Curst would deny that this is true.

According to witnesses, a fair amount of time after it turned dark but still before the curfew bell was rung (Hex has a rigid set of rules regarding curfew), a long loud disconcerting howl or scream was heard outside the walls of the burg. "It was like the wail of a Banshee!" exclaimed one resident who refused to be identified. This howl rose in volume and according to the guard on the gate-tower (who also refused to be identified), a stream of bluish-white light could be seen streaking across the ground in a beeline for the town. The guard states he sounded the alarm bell as the streak of light approached. "It was a humanoid, of that I am certain, but it is nothing like I have ever seen! It was man-sized with a man-like torso, head, and arms...but its legs were turned backwards at the knees, like a satyr's or an insect's. The streak of light was streaming behind its feet as it ran at an unbelievable speed - and that's no screed!"



Apparently the creature jumped over the twelve-foot high wall and landed on a roof. It started "spitting blue flames" and racing across the roofs of the town



until it arrived at the inn and tavern known as *The Nails*.

Gnert, the constable of Hex had stepped into the square as this creature jumped to the ground (a three-story drop) and burst through the wall into the Nails tavern. Inside, the startled patrons were witness to a strange sight as the creature "blasted its way through" to a table with a sole inhabitant, a woman dressed in scarlet robes. The creature jumped into the air and pounced upon her, stomping repeatedly upon the hapless woman.

Apparently a mage was in the tavern and cast a lightening bolt at the creature, who then turned a glowing bright blue and seemed more invigorated by the magical attack. The creature ran through another place in the wall and then jumped back onto the rooftops, ignoring all attacks that were aimed at it as though the attackers did not exist. Several arrows that were fired at the creature were found shattered upon the ground in the morning, all resting in places that the archers state the creature was at when they shot it.

Per Gnert, the creature has pale white skin and flaming blue hair forming a "widow's peak." It wore a manic almost comical expression on its face as it wreaked havoc throughout the burg. Gnert had this to say about the attack: "By the time we mobilized and began to attack this fiend, it turned and jumped into the square and then jumped on the roofs and fled. The coward ran from us at near lightning speed. We'll be ready next time, suren!"

Most inhabitants were reluctant to discuss the attack.

A trail of glowing blue footprints in the shape of horseshoes were still in place that marked everywhere this creature stepped. Gnert stated an unnamed party has put a reward up for the capture of this creature. A group of bounty hunters left Hex the morning after the attack. An interview was not possible but they were seen following the mysterious footprints. The woman that was killed in the tavern has not been identified and her remains are damaged beyond recognition.

Backtracking the footprints a couple miles (granted that distances change here in the Outlands), Harmonium investigators found a band of dead humanoids that are suspected to have been Rilmani, though like the woman in the tavern their remains were also damaged beyond positive identification. Backtracking from that point led to a hillock within visual distance of Curst. On the crest is an ancient stone statue of humanoid fitting the description of the creature. A large crack appears at the base of the statue and this is the apparent origin of the footprints. On the base there is an inscription that has been identified for me today by sages in Sigil: "*Behold that the fiend is now bound in Carceri - may the Blue-Heeled Jack never again know freedom!*"

Further reports on the hunt for this creature will appear as information becomes

available.



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[\[Back\]](#) [\[B20 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Ethereal explosion stirs Anthill***

by Godemirc Kreb, Outlands culler

**Near the River Ma'at, Outlands--** The ground tremors were felt as far away as the Spire as a massive explosion that has been identified as ethereal in origin nearly devastated the formian settlement commonly known as Anthill XY7. The unfortunate formians also suffered a devastating blow in a bloody battle against a neighboring hive of black mants. It is not known if the two simultaneous events are related in any manner.

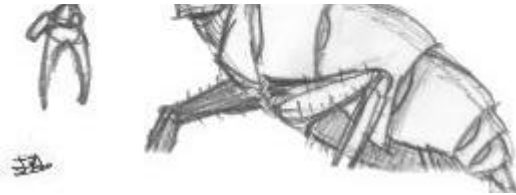
The mants are well known adversaries and antagonists of the formain colony, but the reason for such a violent and barbarous attack remains dark. "It just makes no sense, I tell ya, no ecological sense. The mants, while they are outright enemies of the formians, would never, if they were in their right mind, attempt such an outright slaying of the insectile-men. You see, the mants prey on the food that the formains create, as the mants, or at least this specific sub-genomia of the mant, cannot create its own food. Therefore, it sacrifices a measure of their number in periodic food-gathering raids. While several hundred of the hive members perish, several thousand more gain the food they need to survive. It would be the equivalent to subjecting oneself to slow and unavoidable genocide - or would that be insecticide?" commented planar biologist Nal'ben Drummerhaven, the well-known son of the famous bariaur biologist, Gorad Drummerhaven.

When asked why he thought the mants - large, six legged, ant creatures with hideous human-like faces - would act in such a strange and abnormal manner, he continued. "I could not say, as I was not present to observe their actual behavior, but judging from the evidence presented here, I would have to say that their normally rigid social structure was totally thrown off keel. Their actions were very unpredictable, chaotic, and seemed to lack any positive motive whatsoever."

*Eye cullers*, after donning the **Helm of the Formian**, a magical device that is used to communicate with the high-ups in the formain world, lanned the following chant from Hive Warden Vx'xrT'ttiillv vx'xw, who will be known as "Till" for the remainder of this report. "We azzitized zee Hive memberz new. Zey were in need and became memberz new. Workerz and Warriorz both. Happy waz zee Hive. Hive waz in need,



memberz new were in need, Hive helpz memberz new and vize verza. Zeen, zee mantz came and made war. Hive fought az one, zeen zee killing light came - zee Hive and zee mantz fled. Memberz new left in zearch of food, zis thing called oozzze. Hive waz pleazed. Mantz came again, again zee killing light came, but zis time zee killing light waz not zee zame. Took memberz new zway - now gone and Hive-home deztroyed..."



Despite hours of continued questioning, this culler was unable to lann any other meaningful chant out of the ant-centaurs (but he did manage to extract a headache as ruthless as a baatezu advocate). Magical testing at the area of the explosion indicated an enormous amount of residual ethereal magics, as well as a strong concentration of magicks from the schools of alteration, illusion and strangely, a slight presence of magic fiendish in origin. At last report, a dispatch of Harmonium officers, led by a Guvner research team from the Cage, was on its way to "assimilate and classify" the barmy goings-on.

Strangely, in a seemingly unrelated bit of chant, as this culler was returning to Ironridge for a new assignment, stories and reports of a "giant blue wyrm with shimmering golden talons" soaring through the Outlands skies were rampant. There was even a report of a bubbler just this side of the Spire being hit on the head with a "large, bejeweled goblet" that fell from the sky after he had allegedly seen this "blue wyrm". As the chant went, apparently the goblet was enchanted, and upon command, it filled with "the sweetest wine ever tasted". The bubbler was nowhere to be found for questioning, but chant was that he had "drunk himself into oblivion..."



---

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B20 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Murders linked to Lolth worshiper***

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

**Hive Ward--** A tiefling fugitive sat calmly counting a deck of cards when Harmonium officers burst into his kip and found a chopped-up body they estimate had been there for at least three days. In a bizarre, ritualistic fashion, the victim had his arms, legs and head cut off. This was the third mutilated victim found in the Hive this month.

Hardheads came upon the grisly discovery after getting a tip from a suspected prostitute who had been in the building earlier that day. The skirt had given a tip about seeing a pool of blood in a hallway around midday. However, the Heads couldn't immediately gain entry to the suspected kip. They had to wait until a Guvner could accompany them. Since the crime could be Plague-related, an official of the Fraternity of Order had to be present upon entry.



Upon being joined by a "Plague Law" specialist, the officers forcibly entered the kip at the corner of Hiverunners' Road and Radagast Street at about anti-peak. When officers burst into the kip located above a prime-owned tobacco store, a criminal -- wanted on a multiple warrants in Excelsior -- was counting cards while a bloodied corpse lay in the other room.

The victim's legs had been placed where his arms should have been and his arms were where his legs should have been, between the misplaced arms lay his head. His fingernails had been pulled out, and a cup of his blood appeared to have been drunk. It was believed that the murderer had even eaten some of the fingernails.

The Harmonium believes the body was deliberately cut into six pieces to represent "666", a common symbol of evil on prime worlds. Chant has it that the suspect is believed to be a devout fanatic of Lolth and may have conducted the killing to win her favor or approval. It was unknown if the suspect was connected to any drow associates in the Cage.

P'trik Osbore, who is currently serving an unrelated sentence in the Prison for public intoxication, was renting the apartment. About two weeks ago, P'trik's cousin Yanik moved in with him. It was Yanik that was in the Hive kip and he will be charged with murder. The Harmonium says Yanik was released from jail earlier this cycle after serving a sentence for armed robbery in Ribcage. It was not disclosed why he had not been executed as Lord Paracs is not known to be merciful.

Additionally, an Outlands-wide warrant had been issued by the Blackguard for Yanik three months ago after he failed to show up at a restitution hearing following his release. Hardheads said the suspect has a lengthy criminal record across several planes and had been charged with transporting 15 barrels of jarra spice through Excelsior last month. Yanik had fled before officials there could capture him.

Authorities are not releasing the victim's name until his family can be notified. It is not clear from the body exactly what race the victim was. An autopsy is to be conducted by Pathosis at the Mortuary and officials hope this will shed some light on the victim's identity and the exact cause of death. Chantmongers are saying the victim was involved in the botched drug operation in Excelsior, but proof of this could not be obtained and no one with the Harmonium would comment. Hardheads would only say that the victim was dead before he was cut up. They refused to say what was used to dice up the corpse.

Interestingly, none of the neighbors saw or heard anything amiss. "I didn't hear anything over there," said Melaie Gane, who spotted a man on the balcony that day with a woman. "There was no light over there during the night. I just heard the news," Gane said. Neighbors were stunned when they learned what had happened. "We just moved into the Hive three months ago after Plague's Bane burned our home down near Curst. I think we're going to move again, but where in the Cage is there to go?" said neighbor Jerry Proul.

Osborne's landlord, Daiel Levre -- owner of *Packem'*, *Puffem'* and *Smokem'* downstairs -- said he'd barely spoken to either P'trik or Yanik since they'd been living there. He closed his shop before dark and didn't see or hear anything suspicious. "I was surprised like anybody to hear about the murder," he said. "My sister Lileth lives next to Osborne, but she didn't hear anything either. She was really surprised," he said, adding that she's now out of town.



---

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B20 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

---

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Uproar over New Immigration Policy***

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

**Clerk's Ward--** As major provisions of a new immigration law took effect this week, opposing factions opened a broad-range challenge to the measure. In a message posted at the Hall of Speakers, the Society of Sensation, the Transcendent Order, the Sign of One, the Believers of the Source, the Free League, several Revolutionary League cells, and random Xaositects members are seeking to block the law's procedures for dealing with Chaos Plague refugees. A spokesperson for the groups said that this would be part of a prolonged attack aimed at overturning the law's tougher elements.

After the new law was announced at the City Courts there were several dire warnings that the new law would send scores of refugees back to face certain death and persecution by anti-Plaguer groups in their homelands. While being totally unexpected, this suit is also an unprecedented show of unity between varying factions and is clearly aimed at delaying the enforcement of certain provisions or rolling back the new procedures entirely. Unfortunately, it was unclear when the suit would be scheduled to go before a judge.

Passed last month, the new law strengthens immigration enforcement for any one suspected of carrying the Plague. Much of the Guvner-designed law went into force immediately after it was approved, but key portions required changes in the Harmonium Special Immigration Taskforce (HSIT) before they could be implemented. The quickly enacted legal action has served to increase confusion among refugees in Sigil.

For most refugees who have already entered the city and found shelter, the new law means little. However, for those who are now trying to gain entry to the Cage, the law will make it increasingly difficult to stay in Sigil. Also those current residents who do not have jobs or homes could eventually be forced to leave under the new law. Although the HSIT has attempted to quash rumors of mass deportations and other feared effects, signs of continued turmoil were evident at several refugee centers in the Hive Ward.

"I've heard so much about this law that I don't understand anything," said Ana Lila, a midwife from the gatetown of Rigus. She now lives in an overcrowded kip in the Hive. She came to the City of Doors in an attempt to escape the effects of the Chaos Plague as it continues its unstoppable spread across the Lower Planes and the Outlands. "I think this law should be for people who come here to do harm, not for those of us who come here seeking peace and sanctuary," she said.

Mara Cabalo, a longtime Cage resident who operates a small weapons-cleaning service in the Guildhall Ward, said she was worried about the new law's impact on many of her fellow tieflings. She cited a provision in the new law that requires all tieflings to submit to "random observation confinement" as a test to see if they have the Plague. Refusal to the "confinement" would result in the immediate exportation of the individual and if they resist possible execution.

"They say people have only a few weeks to arrange their situation, and then the confinements will start. It seems like such a crude thing to do," said Cabalo, who has lived in Sigil for 16 cycles. "Sods come here with so many dreams. No one chose to have this disease. Why should we be persecuted for the harsh whims of the Fates?"

At the Casa de Tiefer, an advocate firm in the Lady's Ward that offers legal advice and representation to tieflings and their businesses, staff lawyer Gabe Zaels said many of his clients are terrified that they will be forced into confinement or deported. "It's been totally barmy," Zaels said. "Mothers have been asking if they are deported if their children would be also. Healers have asked how a bed-ridden patient can be thrown into solitary confinement with no comforting. One female tiefer begged me to come with her to arrange an immigration hearing now, because she was afraid she would be grabbed and deported at any moment."

According to advocates and specialists at the Hall of Speakers, the initial suits herald a broader legal assault on the new law in the months ahead. The opposing factions will challenge a variety of the measure's provisions. These include the definition of a resident, the entire question of "random observation confinement" and the lack of equal factional representation on the newly created Sigil Deportation Board. The opposing advocates charge that many provisions deal too harshly with people who are trying to simply escape the Plague or are fleeing persecution in their homelands by out of control anti-Plaguer groups.

Harmonium officials have tried to assure the public there will be no massive deportations as a result of the new law. However, hundreds of thousands of refugees face the prospect of eventually having to leave Sigil under its provisions. Advocates of Lower Planar immigrants argue that the law is a blatant attempt to remove certain unwanted racial groups from the Cage. They say these groups have been deemed undesirable by the Fraternity of Order, the Harmonium, the Mercykillers and the Fated and are using the appearance of the Plague to enact laws to force the deportation of anyone they want removed from the city.

"A lot of the provisions that the factions of Law have passed are in fact responses to the deadly outbursts of the Plague here in Sigil. I applaud their decision to act rather than sit on their hands and hoofs as they have for so long.



However, in its totality this law seeks to exploit every loophole, every crack and every nook and cranny of the law to simply remove those with the Plague rather than cure the Plague itself," said Factol Rhys, leader of the Transcendent Order.



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[\[Back\]](#) [\[B20 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

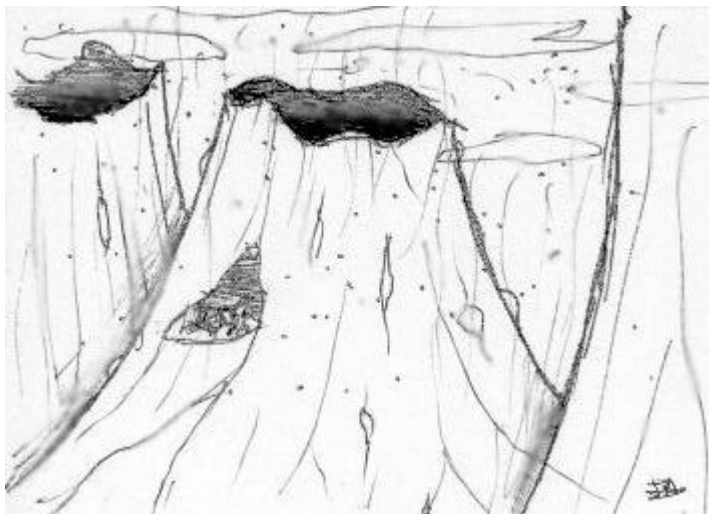
[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Factory collapses on Mungoth, 7 killed***

by Craedous, Lower Planes culler

**Hulgis' Cleft, Gehenna--** A small factory under construction on Mungoth collapsed at the beginning of this week, killing at least seven workers. A representative for Master Hulgis Zynzaar, the unofficial caretaker of the Cleft, said that up to nine more people were presumed dead. The burg of Hulgis' Cleft is commonly known as a refuge from the acidic snowstorms of Mungoth, the third layer of Gehenna.



Rescuers pulled the bodies of five workers from the debris, and a sixth victim died from his injuries later at a makeshift infirmary, the representative said. Another worker died after rescuers spent most of the day trying to free him from beneath a wooden beam. Ten injured workers remained under clerical care, and five to nine are still trapped under the rubble and were presumed

dead, according to a Bleaker at a nearby infirmary.

The structure was being developed as a factory for a local silverware business. The work of Cleft residents is renowned among collectors and many travelers have sought after unusual creations of silver from the local craftsfolk. After the building collapsed during the middle of the day, it left a pile of debris about 15 feet high. The cause of the collapse was not immediately known and two adjoining buildings were also destroyed. Fortunately, they appeared to have been empty.

"It is an absolutely horrible accident. I sincerely hope we have not done something to make Loviatar angry. The Maiden of Pain knows no mercy!" said Abel Adel, a 69-cycle-old laborer who was near the building when it collapsed. "Many, many of the laborers, maybe too many, were working on the roof at that time, and then they disappeared." Adel's son and two nephews were among those taken to the infirmary.

After the death of a worker whose leg was trapped, rescuers began using wooden beams and a large hook (some called it a "crane") to clear the remaining

debris, which included several metal rods. Earlier, they had limited their efforts, trying to avoid jeopardizing the trapped worker's safety while removing wooden beams and rubble. As darkness fell, the site was lit up with torches and magically created lanterns for what appeared to be an overnight operation.



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[\[Back\]](#) [\[B20 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B20 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Rogue modron clockworks throws gear***

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

**Guildhall Ward--** The relative peaceful tranquility that begins the day in the Guildhall Ward was sundered yesterday when the *Tock-Tick Clockworks* was literally ripped apart in a massive explosion. Bloods familiar with both Sigil and the Guildhall Ward will recognize the rogue-modron-run clockworks as the structure that shudders and chimes hourly like a massive clock, putting on an impressive display with its many moving gears, levers and pendulums. It is said that the hourly chiming of the clockworks can be heard as far away as the Hive Ward. Oddly enough, the rhythmic sounding comforts many primes due to the fact that it mimics similar time-keeping systems from their backwater home worlds.

While the exact cause of the explosion is still unknown and under investigation, it is believed that it resulted from ill maintenance on the main gear assembly in the core of the mechanical wonder. While this ill maintenance caused tremendous physical destruction to the structure, it has also caused massive destruction to the twelve cycle long partnership between the three rogue modron "brothers" that run the shop.

"Maintenance cycle responsibility on inner core structures has always been assigned to modron 'Sloppy', modron designation S10p2y, however, modron 'Sloppy' has only a 5.4% effectiveness rate on assigned duties. This faulty functionality has caused many inefficiencies and maintenance issues in the past", remarked the rogue modron known as 'Tinker' (modron designation: Theta-1nKr). The third rogue modron "brother, 'Coghoper' (modron designation c0g-Hpr01) was severely wounded in the explosion and was unavailable for comment



The *Tock-Tick Clockworks* was all but totally destroyed in the massive explosion, which sent debris and metal fragments high into the Sigilian sky at impressive

and deadly rates. "It is a sheer wonder and more'n'likely only by the grace o' the Lady that more sods were not injured or killed", commented Harmonium officer Gorb Steelshank, who was first on the scene. "If this would have happened even an hour later, once all the shops in the Ward had opened, there would'a been triple the injuries and just as many fatalities."

As it stood, there were only six sods, including Coghoper, that suffered minor abrasions and lacerations. All were rushed to the nearby Bleaker hospice, with the exception of Coghoper, who was sent to the modron-specialist unit in the Gatehouse Infirmary.

Several nearby buildings and shops also suffered structural damage resulting from the explosion, including *The Valkyrie's Arms* metalwork shop across the lane. Unfortunately, this shop seemed to bear the brunt of the explosion, receiving a humanoid-sized gear in its front window. The owner of the shop was unavailable for comment, but a note posted on the still intact front door of the establishment read, "Sorry - we are closed for upcoming renovations!"

The smoking remains of the Clockworks, famous also for its precision time-keeping instruments, said to work on any plane and under any conditions, was being dutifully cleaned by the dabus. It was not known whether any legal action would be taken on the part of or against the rogue modron Sloppy or the *Tock-Tick Clockworks*.



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[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Uncontrollable outbreak hits Plague-Mort***

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

**Plague-Mort**-- The death toll rose quickly this week in the gatetown to the Abyss after a horrific outburst of chaotic fever that bears the deadly signs of the Chaos Plague.

A resident Sensate doctor, Dr. Abdo Modi, told a group of cullers that the deaths were from cases recorded since the beginning of last month. This concurs with other deaths at lower gatetowns in which the victims are diagnosed and perished within a few short weeks. The deaths at Plague-Mort were all located near an abandoned temple of the Celtic power, Oghma. It is unknown if they were seeking His knowledge to defeat the disease.

"The disease is extremely virulent. We believe that there were ninety-two deaths, including the leader of the Hounds, the personal militia of the Arch-Lector. It appears they were mostly huddled together when one of them began shaking uncontrollably and then suddenly burst into flames. The others "cooked off" as the wave of chaos spread across them. I don't think the planes have ever seen anything like this. New experiences are one thing, but this is completely out of control," Modi said.

A total of nearly 3000 beings have died during the last cycle in Plague-Mort due to the unstoppable epidemic of the Chaos Plague, which kills each and every victim it touches. Most of the cases reported in Plague-Mort, since the Plague became known, have died from various symptoms including massive hemorrhaging of the mouth and ears, sudden high fevers causing cranial explosions and severe headaches inducing coma and *energy drain*. Most of these symptoms were usually followed by death within two days.

"Have we ever faced such a disease as this? Whatever can be done must be done now. We must act fast if the gatetowns are to remain on the Outlands," added Modi, who has been involved in efforts to contain the epidemic since it began.



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[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B20 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

---

## ***Portal Polo All Stars!***

This year's "Bariaur Portal Polo All-Star Game" will take place at the base of the Spire (facing Glorium) several weeks from today! We're searching the multiverse for the most skilled portal polo bloods to clash in this championship match. Whether you're a bariaur, centaur or even a meat-breath two-legger, you're encouraged to sign up for this amazing event.

Standard portal polo rules apply and there's even talk of a celebrity guest head! Vote for the slaying of your favorite most evil and vile giant at the well known case, the ***Tale of the Bariaur***.

The portal polo teams themselves will be hunting the villainous monster. Also, rumor has it that there will be TWO portals for this event, allowing for deployment of offensive AND defensive players at the same time! There are various rumors as to where the two portals may lead.

Will there be denizens present from Baator and the Abyss for a Blood War tie in? How about an Upper and Lower Planes confrontation featuring both fiend and celestial performers? There's even rumors that top shelf elemental mage from Sigil will perform a "Clash of the Elements" show featuring creatures from the Inner Planes.

But as we all know, portal polo is about the game. It's the struggle for freedom, good over evil, independence over tyranny. This is surely a celebration you will not want to miss. Be sure to keep visiting ***Tale of the Bariaur*** over the next few weeks for more information!

### **THE DARK OF PORTAL POLO ALL STARS**

Submit a player's name and basic attribute stats to ***Tale of the Bariaur*** so we can create a line-up. Creative names and personalities will most likely get picked first. Each character's info will be posted online, including their portal polo strengths and weaknesses.

Participants will be able to suggest line-up changes and configurations. The characters and stats will be entered into a game program where they'll battle it out on the field! We should be able to provide blow-by-blow coverage as the game progresses. The game will be as interactive as possible, with participants deciding line-ups, strategy, and much more!

For more chant on general bariaur portal polo, visit this sage's ***kip***, who is well-lanned on those darks!