
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

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The midnight black sword fit perfectly in my gauntleted hand. Its weight seemed as nothing. A hamatula was chained against the wall. It raged and spat at me, swearing vengeance. The blade tore through it, as though its hide was paper. The mad voice raged in my mind. Screaming hatred and desire for vengeance. It howled as the fiend died, appetite sated for the moment.

"You see milord. The tanar'ri's new weapons are most impressive." Hrasna, my Master of Lich's replaced the ebon blade in its amber sheath. As soon as my hand released it, the crazed voice ceased.

"In the last skirmish Baron Zilfarr's forces were terribly beaten, mostly due to these types of blades. Even some few arrows of a similar type were used." At mention of the hated Shadow Knights name the thin remnant of Hrasna's lips pulled back, showing a rictus snarl. In all their centuries of contact the two had never learned to more than tolerate one another. Hrasna considered Zilfarr a dangerous maniac, where Zilfarr thought the lich lord a self-important fool.

"Lord Sofellor. We can destroy these weapons; it was only surprise that gave them power. My scouts will never be so surprised again." Zilfarr's deep voice trailed off in a surprisingly high pitched giggle as a necromancer reattached his sword arm. He flexed the powerful limb, and plunged his hand into the human's chest laughing maniacally.

Hrasna quickly repelled the undead warrior away from his dying servant. A power bolt burned Zilfarr and knocked him against the slain hamatula. Black lightning crackled from the lich's fingers as he hissed eldritch words. Zilfarr giggled to himself some secret joke as he drew his sword and charged. I stepped forward in between them. With a curse Hrasna broke off his chant, and Zilfarr had to jump to the side to avoid running into me. One of his Skin Changers was not so quick and actually touched my person. My blade flickered and his head broke against a wall. The stone chamber was silent, save for the Baron's disturbing laugh.

"Enough! These weapons must be destroyed, along with their source. Zilfarr, you are charged with the destruction." The Baron straightened and bowed silent now. "I do so hope you are careful Baron." Hrasna hissed. "I would lose sleep if something terribly painful and lingering happened to you. Hrasna, you will go with him and his scouts to provide magical support. Destroy all weapons the tanar'ri now possess and capture the source of them. If that proves impossible, destroy it. These blades are far too powerful to stay in hands other than ours."

"Milord, you can't mean for me to accompany this blithering idiot? I have dozens of lesser mages that will admirably serve the purpose." My master of lich's took the human necromancer in his icy cold hands. The man screamed as the last of his life left him. A quick potion, some convulsions and the newest of our lich's rose to his feet, glaring at Zilfarr who giggled at sight of the torn hole in its chest.



"I am quite certain you are not questioning me. I hate it when my underlings question me. Go, destroy these hated blades." I turned and stalked from the room. "One last thing. My eyes shall accompany you. Any foul play and the survivor will wish to still be a puling weak human, because humans can eventually die."

The battle raged. A squadron of Skeletal Knights lowered lance and charged Marilith. The serpentine woman's many arms held wands and bows. Twelve of the nightmares were riderless when they reached her. A lance struck deep and acid shot from the tip. Screaming and thrashing the little melee was lost to view.

A Skin Changer sidled up behind a tanar'ric mage and used his long finger spike to impale the luckless creature. The fiend had just finished his spell causing an acid storm to break over the two of them, melting the combatants away in a flush of caustic liquid.

A Glabrezu armed with one of the new weapons beheaded two of my vampires with a single stroke. A burst zombie exploded nearby, killing the fiend. The black sword hit the ground and was instantly picked up by one of my lesser Death Knights. He stood still for a moment in the swirling melee, then charged at me... Screaming incoherently about vengeance and mastery my once loyal servant jumped through and over life and death struggles. Curious. I had never seen an undead dominated by a magical weapon before. He drew close; a midnight nimbus surrounded him, crackling with power.

My blade rang against his. A shield thrust was beaten aside. The insane warrior threw his away to hack at me two handed. Step, block, and slide backward. We danced about through the battle, once being forced to disembowel a fiend that attacked us both. That mysterious sword sliced the lower half of my shield away. My own blade found him again and again, to no avail. The crash and din of combat surrounding us faded away. A fireball flashed, blinding me. A burning cut would have told in my heart if it still beat. The remnant of my shield struck his arm. The cut burned, feeling like holy water. My armor discolored around the wound. I threw my shield at his helmed face. The fool beat it aside, opening himself up. I rolled on the ground knocking his legs from under him. He fell, my blade followed. His helm rolled upon the ground. Dusting myself off I began to stand. The burning in my back stood me to my feet. I could see the hateful sword thrust through me. I spun, tearing the hole wider.

The knight stood without his head, and fought on. This was no power of Death Knights! I drew my sword breaker. His speed was incredible, making both my blades ring. Finally, his sword raised too high. My breaker knocked it to the side and my sword sank deep. I pulled and swung again at his wrists, severed. The foul blade fell to the ground. I dismembered the hulk of my once follower. Looking about I could see the battle was over. My minions stood in a wide circle watching. Three chained tanar'ri made the battle a success.

The screams of a captured nalfeshnee rang out, echoing from the walls of the fortress. I recognized the work of Yathrak, our chief torturer. He was quite an artist, striving for a particular rhythm to the screams of the broken. This pitiful specimen was ground between great wheels of cold iron. The wheels crushed slowly enough that each part of him had time enough to regenerate before coming back around. His taunt muscles were also being played upon by the silver picks of the torturer. Excellent work. We had been given the source of the weapons. This weakling had given away the information for the right to die. Pity he had not specified when he would be allowed to pass. Yathrak deserved his fun; he so rarely gets one with the vocal capacity of this specimen.

Hrasna opened a Planar Gate. The shimmering disk opened to a realm of ice. Tearing wind blew a veritable ocean to froth. Glaciers groaned like lost souls as they ground together. Upon one great glacier a fortress sat, high atop the icy walls. This was the target. My followers stepped through the portal and were lost from view.

END PART ONE...



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The Blood's Banquet

(Creature Feature sponsored by [Snail Outfitters](#))

I am the Sensate Chef Justin deKitchon, hon hon! Welcome to ze Blood's Banquet, you planevalkers out der! I come to vous all courtesy of ze Lady's Zharper Eye and ze Znail Outfitters to bring vous de chant dat all planvalkers needs to know, ya? Vhen vous are out on de infinite planes, ya, valking about and lanning all of zee darks and fighting all of zee creatures on zee planes, vhat happens to vous? Vell, vous gets hungry of course, hon hon! And zat is vhere I, Justin deKichon vill lann vous the chant and saves vous all from zee ztarvation, hon hon!

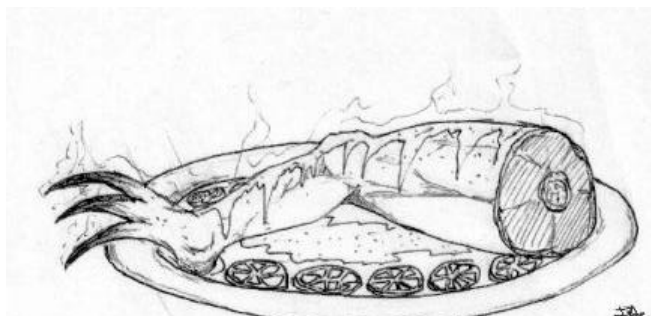
Vhat is zee banquet this veek, vous asks? Vell, Justin has prepared a very zpecial dish for all of vous – this veek ve vill learn to make a little known delicacy vat zimply drives zhem crazy on the Lower planes. I zee zome of vous nodding now, hon hon! Zat is right, I vill teach vous zhis veek to make Fried [Zlink](#) Legs! Zat is right, hon hon! So good zat de vill melt in vous mouth!

First, zhere are certain precautions zat must be taken vhen preparing Zlink – I always use my trusty Znail Outfitters [waterproofed poncho](#), because as any blood can tell vous, zhere is nothing vorse than a dirty Zlink, hon hon! Once vous have vashed zee Zlink down very vell, it is time for zee cookin'!

Begin to heat up zome fine Arborean olive oil in a large frying pan as vous zkin and prepare zee Zlink legs. I have found zat by far, zee best tool for zhis job is a zet of [woodsmans knives](#) from Znail, zee are prefect for the planvalking chef! I always like to dip zee legs into a little [arborean royal jelly](#), which vous can find at any Znail Outfitters ztore – it adds zuch a zing to the already zpicy-tasting meat! But, hon hon, I am getting ahead of myzself!

By now, zee oil zhould be nice and hot, so add a bit of zalt, pepper, and a tiny pinch of abyssal red-pepper spice and zee legs zhould be ready for zee pot! Vatch for zee hot oil to ztart popping out, bloods, I always try and have my [fireskin](#) on zo zat I can cook worry free! Let zee Zlink legs zizzle until golden brown, or coal black for zhose of vous with fiendish blood, and zhen zhey are ready! Ah! Zhere is nothing quite like cooking, it relaxes me zo!

Have zee [modron messkit](#) ready and waiting for zee tasty treat zat vous have just created! It makes zee ztomach growl and zee mouth water does it not, hon hon! Dine in pleasure on zhis lower planar treat of fried Zlink legs and a tall glass of [flammable water](#), vous can have zee word of Justin deKichon zat zhere is nothing like



it on zee planes! Zee you all next time, hon
hon!



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Fie on you, false Fool!

by Skelterbet, Culler of the Stage

Lady's Ward-- I am almost unable to write the words for this review, gentle readers, for the best description of that farce that some addle-coved berk has the audacity to call a performance of Ning Brwn's masterpiece 'Fool!' are best left unspoken and unwritten lest those readers with faint hearts be writ into the Deadbook after reading what could be said of this production. It is only with an unsteady hand that even now I write these words, for the rage at the offense done to the best poet Sigil has ever seen still boils inside me as I put these words down. If you have a sense of justice, of decency, and most of all, of true art, do all that you can to avoid seeing the Lode-Bearer Company's production of 'Fool!' at the Phoenix theater. If you miss it you can consider yourself better off for the experience of missing it.

Before I go into a rampage of cutting words about this travesty, I would like to send a message to all other irreverent fops who see fit to try and destroy the high quality plays available to us by bending them and twisting them to fit whatever disgusting personal agenda you may hold. We don't want to see it! The art-appreciating peoples of Sigil are sick of your pathetic attempts to force your twisted viewpoints upon us! Contrary to what you and your pseudo-artist world belief, it is not 'artistic' to mess with a play written by someone else! Deciding what your agenda is and then trying to bend a play to fit that agenda is not considered to be 'artistic vision'! Taking a play that is very definitively written as taking place in Elysium and choosing to make it look as if it is set in **Baator** is most certainly NOT a tribute to your creativity! It is a tribute to just how much of a clueless leatherhead you are! No more! No more! No more! I plead all of you who appreciate the true arts and artists to do all that you can to not support these productions of filth! The only reason that the disgusting drivel thrown before us is still around is because so many people still pay their ten greens to see it, which encourages these con-artists to continue propagating their trash. No more!

Ning Brwn, beloved by those with romantic hearts, was one of the best poets that Sigil has ever seen. This sweet and gentle tiefling lived a life flayed by the scorn of others because of her heritage. At a young age it was discovered that she was an exceptional poet. A kind human gentleman named Robert Earthtone took her in from the streets and encouraged her poetry, which he ensured was recited at the Hall of Speakers and various arts establishments around Sigil. The public was quickly enamored with the beautiful sonnets they heard, and were equally interested in the mysterious poet of whom they only knew by name. Robert Earthtone and Ning Brwn fell in love and it was to him that the most beautiful love poems were dedicated. As he grew older he encouraged her in other artistic mediums of expression, one of them being the writing of plays.

Ning wrote three plays, with Fool! being the first. It is a wonderful story about a person named Jai that is tired of being mistreated because of his heritage, so he decides to hide his features in costume by becoming the court fool for an overbearing king. As the play

progresses Jai slowly teaches the king that no one should be judged by anything but the content of his or her character. The climactic scene where Jai's heritage is exposed and the king is forced into deciding what should be done is one of the most dramatic and moving scenes ever written. I had the good fortune to meet Ning Brwn and Robert Earthtone. They were still madly in love, though at that time he was the age of eighty-seven. When he died she was despondent and ceased writing. I cried greatly when she was found after committing suicide, unable to bear being apart from her love.

Perhaps, then, you might understand my rage and disgust at this production. First, the Lode-Bearer Company decided that Jai was a slave of the king, so instead of portraying his decision to don a costume and try to change the attitudes of the king and court, they decided to skirt this "troublesome" scene by cutting it altogether from the play! I suppose having Jai willingly become the king's Fool would have ruined the 'artistic' statement. They also opted to dress Jai in a loincloth and chains instead of a costume that would imply his features were hidden. Thus, when he is found out to be different than the king and court the audience is left wondering what the big deal is. These, by themselves, are bad for the show though not insurmountable.

The most unforgivable sins, however, are much worse than these. The decision to have the king turn a deaf ear to all that Jai is saying is lamentable - and it goes directly against all of the dialog. This is unforgivable. Worse still, was having Jai portrayed as trying to revolt, thus everything he says is a lie to gain the king's confidence. I was aghast at all of this, but was even more outraged when this false theater company decided to CHANGE THE ENDING! After the beautiful final scene was butchered by these hacks, they added a part where Jai kills the king after the king opts to let him go free! I admit that I howled at this and at everyone involved in the production, as did a third of the audience with me. The Lode-Bearing Company deserves much worse than I can bring myself to dole out upon them. I have never seen a larger mockery than this show.



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Beholders are at it again

by Godemirc Krebs, Outlands culler

Ironridge, Outlands--Well, those bally sods (or rather, soddin' balls), the beholders, have done it again. But this time they might have gone too far. The spawns of Gzemnid on the Outlands have disturbed the fragile balance that exists between themselves and the illithids across the hills and conquered the burg of Ironridge. Needless to say that most of its inhabitants, including the staff of the *Eye*, did the bolt the moment they saw them coming. Unfortunately, there were over 200 inhabitants, mostly graybeards and kiddies, that didn't make it out and ended up in the Deadbook.

A local argenach hastily commented the following, "Here's the dark of it, the illithids were completely caught off guard by the beholders, because they were in ritual mourning over their deceased deity Maanzecorian. This enabled the beholders to strike swiftly and conquer a piece of the "neutral" territory. Usually, the illithids are quick to stave off any offensive action made by the beholders and vice-versa, but it's clear that this time they were surprised.



"Why you ask? Well, think about it. What's the only thing that can put a mindflayer off guard? Confusion, pure and simple. What could confuse a mindflayer? Something REALLY unexpected. What's about the last thing you'd imagine happening? Maybe a power taking the eternal dirt nap. It's simple; Maanzecorian's a deader. Various sources have confirmed this, and a couple of associates have confirmed that it's gotta be Maanzecorian, since by not returning from Ilsensine's realm they aptly proved that *it*, at least, is still active."

Why Ilsensine should be upset by Maanzecorian's death could not be explained, as yet. Could it be that the deities finally settled the ancient score and one of 'em hit the blinds? Or perhaps it's all screed, after all, why would a power get itself killed. No one here can imagine it, but this culler thinks the illithids really WERE taken by surprise by the tyrants, but they're just so ashamed of it they won't show their tentacled faces for a while.

In the meantime, the beholders rule Ironridge with iron... eyeballs. They have enslaved those still living that couldn't get away. Occasionally, the beholders eat one or two. Chant has it that they are busy massing troops to launch a full-fledged assault on Ilsensine's realm, in order to claim the entire region for their own. Seems there's an awful breach in the balance here, ain't it?

"Of course," said the argenach, "but don't forget even we Rilmani can be surprised sometimes. And besides, a dead god - or whatever the reason - is also something to look

into. We are currently in meetings with the various druidic circles of the region, and of course we are willing to pay any cutter bold enough to try and restore the balance on his soddin' own."

Well, it seems this situation embarrasses even the Rilmani! Or maybe there's more to this than apparently meets the eye, no pun intended. Meanwhile, our hearts go out to any blood unfortunate enough to wander into Ironridge unprepared and our condolences go out to the families of those already slain.



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Factol Nilesia kidnapped, Anarchists raid Prison

by Sarcina Sandoval Ocrea, Revolution culler

Lady's Ward--A chance attack on Factol Alisohn Nilesia by Xaositects has given the glorious Revolutionary League a chance to spring many of their imprisoned compatriots and left the Mercykiller faction reeling. Late afterpeak yesterday, Factol Nilesia left the prison to "interrogate" suspected Anarchist cell leader Reol "Scales" Seider. Seider, who has never been conclusively linked to the Anarchists, was reported to be held in the Market Ward. It is believed that "Scales" is in a secret location often used by the Red Death to gain information from arbitrarily detained citizens who are then never seen from again. Unknown to the Mercykillers, the so-called "detention center" had been infiltrated by the "Raised Fist" Anarchist cell, which had either detained or killed the guards and staff, and had sent the false message to the Prison.

Easily led by the ruse, the Factol and her entourage arrived at the rear entrance of The Golden Mallet only to be set upon by the Revolutionary League, who used magic especially designed to be used against law-abiding foes, including chaos hammer and *chaos blow*. During the pitched battle, an unnamed Xaositect mage apparently wandered by and began casting random spells into the fray. One such spell transformed the Mercykiller factol into a butterfly, which caused the terrified Mercykiller drones to flee.

Once word of the events reached Mercykiller high-up Arwyl Swan's Son, he put faction mages to the task of finding the factol's current whereabouts. After much arcane searching, they reported that she had somehow wandered through an activated portal and was somewhere in [Arborea](#). Swan's Son then sent out a call for all Mercykillers to "appropriate" any and all butterfly nets and report to the Prison, where they were given locations of portals to Arborea and the appropriate portal keys. Each team included at least one spellslinger to aid in the search.

The "Raised Fist" cell, thinking quickly, recruited two other cells, the "Inexorable Tide" and "Revenging Citizens", and infiltrated the Prison, which at the time was staffed by a bare minimum of namers. The Anarchists easily bobbed the guards for keys to the cells and began to release prisoners. Many of those freed helped to open more cells, and soon the entire Prison was in an uproar. The Harmonium was called in to calm the situation, which they did with excessive force and outright brutality, even bringing in the justly feared and loathed [Tentacle Squad](#). Within a few hours, things were under control and many prisoners had been written into the Deadbook by the Hardheads. The Anarchists who started the riot escaped, along with many of their comrades and a large number of general prisoners.

As of this writing, the Mercykillers have yet to capture any of the Revolutionary League members involved or recover their factol. Although they claim that success in the latter endeavor is near, eladrin sources report that the Red Death were having great difficulty getting their magic to work and negotiating the terrain of Arborea, and that they had

suffered a surprisingly large number of casualties to local flora and fauna. The eladrin blamed Mercykiller arrogance for their troubles.



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Sensate doctor gets death

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--A Sensate doctor who was kicked out of the faction over four cycles ago for performing sex-change operations was convicted last week of second-degree murder in the death of a man who had a healthy leg amputated to satisfy a sexual fetish. The doctor is currently wanted on six planes and has 22 other pending charges against him at the City Courts.

Doctor Nazava could face death by the Wyrm. Sentencing was set for the beginning of next month. Nazava, a 52-cycle old githyanki, amputated the leg of Lih P. Dreiw, a top shelf moneylender in the Clerk's Ward. Dreiw paid Nazava 100 Mechanus platinum for the operation, which is believed to have occurred in the Hive Ward during the middle of last cycle. Dreiw died of gangrene poisoning at his home in the Lady's Ward two months after the operation.

Seltih S. Deracs, a Bytopian trader, testified during the three-week trial that he and Dreiw contacted Nazava in order to fulfil their lifelong desires to amputate one of their legs. The two business owners share a fetish known as apotemnophilia, in which the subject receives sexual gratification from the removal of a limb. Deracs paid Nazava to amputate his left leg at the end of last cycle, but backed out of the deal because once he visited the 'clinic', he saw a tiefling operation assistant walking into a surgery room carrying a large hacksaw.

The doctor's advocate, Emtion Stidalg of the Casa de Tiefer firm, argued that Nazava was guilty only of operating on the fringe and providing "help for the those that traditional doctors wouldn't." "No one would deal with these people," Stidalg said. "They are an unusual bunch. Even the Society doesn't know what to do with them. Doctor Nazava was willing to deal with them and tried to help them. How can you punish a doctor for helping his patient? These procedures aren't guaranteed berk...I mean your honor, and sometimes people just simply die."

However, Fraternity of Order prosecutor N'wod Metuhs said Nazava "just chopped off" Dreiw's leg below the knee and then dumped him off at his home to recuperate alone while the doc tossed the leg into a portal to Fire to eliminate any potential evidence for Guvner and Fated investigators. Dreiw sent a messenger to Nazava the next week, complaining that his stump continued to bleed and ooze, Metuhs said. Nazava then visited Dreiw's home and examined the leg. Without even changing the dressing, Nazava suggested Dreiw take more pain medication and wait for improvement. Nazava then abruptly disappeared from Sigil and has since been on the run.



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Knight of the Post won't die

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil culler

Lady's Ward--A routine public execution ended in embarrassment for the Mercykillers when, even after great effort, the criminal simply refused to die. The Wyrms' teeth or the axe could not take a single drop of blood from him.

The criminal was removed from the scene and submitted to inspection by the faction wizards and clerics, while the guards were vehemently hooted. Harmonium patrols appeared soon after to disperse the troublemakers and calm down the raised tempers.

It turned out that it was the result of a divine curse, laid upon him for the desecration of an abandoned shrine in Arcadia. A justiciar has been assigned to discover the means of dissolution of the damnation so proper justice might be carried out. Seemingly he intended on pleading his case to the realm of Marduk, to examine any possible precedence of the curse. The Fraternity of Order has supplied him with two of its best advocates.

The criminal awaits a decision regarding his fate nervously and is trying to gain the sympathy of the masses. However, the Mercykillers have prevented any visitors. Since so many also eagerly wait for his demise after the robbery of the *Temple of the Sun*, dedicated to Ra, near the City Barracks.

Factol Nilesia's decision did not sound sparkling clear to all members. A splinter group is urging a discussion on whether the involved curse is not the fitting punishment and is a sign that other trials will serve justice better. If Harmonium guards step in the discussion the situation might escalate, as a parcel of its members are Marduk worshippers or sympathizers.



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Trouble at Slaadi Spawning Stone?

by Tiabh Sif, Lower Gatetowns culler

Xaos--The gatetown to Limbo was nearly torn asunder today as a mass exodus of slaadi rushed through what appeared to be an inter-dimensional rift that made itself known suddenly and without warning in the near center of the chaotic burg. Onlookers, at least those that could be calmed down enough, were able to provide a substantive report but were all telling similar tales.

One of these eyewitnesses, Sorbinni the Slick, a Fated tiefer, had this screed to spout. "I tell ya, the blekk'n' thin' was torn apart from th' inside! It looked like two giant, blackened slaadi hands simply reached through an' tore through! Then, it pulled back Xaos like a Sensate skirt pullin' back th' sheets! There was silence fer a moment, and then it was like all the maddened slaadi in the multiverse was bearin' down on me! If it hadn't been fer that soddin' pile of lummox dung that I dove inta, I would'a been a deader fer sure, berk!"

With the entire burg in even more of a state of utter shambles than it usually is, chant is increasingly hard to come by. Estimates of berks written into the Deadbook are currently at three hundred and rising. "Not eating slaadi stuffers hungry were running tromping stomping smashing tearing biting slashing red blue fast they were hooping hardly three!" commented a passing Xaositech, his scramble-speak ramble nonsensical, but surprisingly telling. The massive surge of slaadi did not seem to pause in the chaos burg, but rather tore through it on their way to another goal that lay somewhere in the inner section of the Outlands.



Screed and rumors abound as to exactly where they were headed, but the general consensus seemed to be Ironhearth. Could this be some type of unusual and surprisingly well-orchestrated attack (or feint) by the tanar'ri? With the burg of Xaos left behind in smoking ruins (even more so than usual), one can only guess what will happen next.

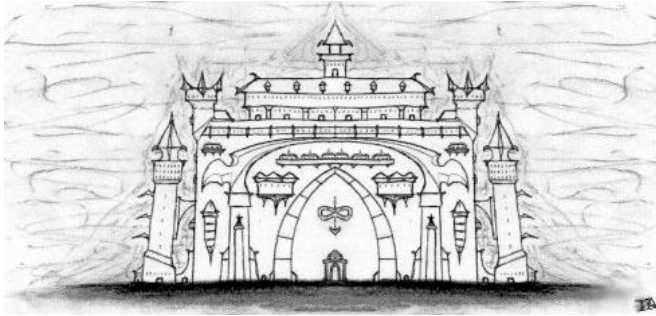
Strangely, the earliest reports from Limboian rangers that have entered Xaos via astral streakers cryptically mention something about a large battle near the *Temple of Change*, and as well as a massive disturbance and increased instability of chaos stuff near the Slaadi Spawning Stone. Whether or not these occurrences are related is not the question, instead how they could occur together is where the truest dark lies. Keep a peery eye on the *Eye* for the latest chant on this recent and peculiar development.

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Nel-Kan-Mar mysteriously devastated

by Craedous, Lower Planes culler

Khalas, Gehenna--Nel-Kan-Mar, one of the biggest tanar'ri fortresses was razed suddenly, with almost half of the walls and towers, along with many troops, struck by an unseen force, leaving behind only ruins, and dead, and confused tanar'ri.



Witnesses report hearing a rumbling from the ground moments before the incident, while others rattled about a loud roar and screams. "I was just coming back to the tower when I heard that vrock shouting, 'It's coming', and then was thrown off the place," declared alu-fiend Magira Twice-bent, "must have been them bloody baatezu."

Hannadi the Sliding, legendary marilith general, lost a large amount of face with the circles of high-ups on Gehenna. A chasme contact, later found dead-booked, buzzed that Grezzas'yut, the marilith's rival in Khalas, was again calling her "the upstart." The balor has many times scorned Hannadi's techniques and may be preparing to "put her in her place", whatever that is. The marilith refused to comment on the situation, but reconstruction has already begun and scouts are flooding the slopes to dig up any remaining darks.

Dwarf master-builder Forhal Stonehedge, who aided in the construction of the fortress and was on site for repairs, relayed another story, "The whol' thing was chomp by da 'Lurker' and may be comin' back for da rest". When asked to clarify what the 'Lurker' was, Forhal just mumbled, "It's da thing down below, letterdhed".

Interestingly, an unexplained note was also found amid the tanar'ri ruins, it was written in a little-used and ancient form of High Tanar'ri:

"More and more rumors here in Chamada speak of it. It just has to be true; there's no other explanation. What would make a whole caravan of merchants disappear without a trace? The baatezu would already have asked for money and the tanar'ri would have left corpses behind, at least some evidence. Can it be the yugoloths, but then they would have taken the book.

"This tome surely has some connection with the recent earthquakes and lava waves

around here. This thing, it is probably a wild beast. Has it been noticed before, surely there is some record. Ah, wait, the tome mentions some creature that awakens from decade to decade, devouring all it finds, rising out of the ground. That body they found thirteen lava flows ago, just the foot, it was a glabrezu. What could be as big as to bite a whole tanar'ri that size? By the Abyss, I must find out."



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Sydney's Snippets

Here some assorted chant that ain't been checked out yet that ya might be interested in. If ya skeg some darks that ya wanna pass along, then send me an [astral streaker](#) and I'll lann it to the multiverse.



Priests of Ra proudly announce the discovery of a new prime sphere totally uninhabited, which they dubbed Sun Rings. Anyone who harvests the land for more than five cycles receives the rights to the land and will be invited to the noble council of the Pharaoh. Applicants should be at Heliopolis before Sacrilegion.



Holling Bransworth, noted Planar scholar and author of several books about the planes, has once again caused a stir at the Hall of Speakers when he began deploring the lack of artists that are able to work on his next book. "You have an artist friend, don't you?" he queried one of the assembled crowd, who nodded. "Well, get him!" Holling has been working on an extensive work with a small team of dedicated professionals for the past two cycles. Research continues into the nature of the planes, the beings that inhabit them, and the beliefs carried by all. Some of Holling's close friends have been concerned about the drive and obsession that he has for planar knowledge, but all unanimously agree that his quest has been fruitful and the many researchers that have joined him in the quest speak very highly of him. A researcher who wished to remain anonymous had this to say: "The artist issue has been with us from the obscure beginnings, back when discussions were made on creating a Rebus dictionary for another scholar. The issue now is that we have so many researchers gathering new information that the talented artists on our staff are having difficulty keeping up with the demand." The anonymous researcher did add that any artist that is interested in assisting with the project should send an astral streaker to [Holling](#).



Arsonists caught in Bedlam. The group known as the Red Hand of the True Man was dispatched for the gallows immediately. Their heads are for sale with prices going from three to thirty gold pieces.



Gruesome nights for grues in Sigil. Rosimoro, efreet swordmaster has expressed his intent to rid Sigil of all elemental pests, including genasi, mephits and, especially, grues. The Harmonium is still trying to get him, but he gave them the laugh thrice in a row.



A strange trial is going to take place soon in Mechanus. Gregor Janz, a human who states

he is a member of the Fraternity of Order, was arrested two months ago for "Sedition, Slander, and Succinctly sabotaging the peace and order of the town Ratchet on the corner of Rivet Street and 4 to the 32nd power avenue." Details of the crime were in the dark until the Superior Court of Ratchet officially ruled that a trial was in order. Docket# 32564216481 lists the details of the charge. Apparently Gregor Janz had just exited the 'Ratchet Rivet 4 to the 32nd Power Tavern and Clothing Goods Store' after imbibing a reported 6.24 Pints of Cog's Grog. As he walked into the street the Rivet 4 to the 32nd Power Corner Constable overheard him saying that he saw some rust on a gear outside of town. He was arrested on the spot and charges were made in court the following day. Gregor Janz is being held without bond and no visitors have been allowed. At this time it is unknown who his legal council will be.



Rigus is closed for two days due to the missing heads of ten specific prisoners guilty of murder in the Ethereal. The Mercykillers are working jointly to discover who meddled with the natural course of punishment, but reliable sources point to a supposed undead beast living below the sewers.



The *Civic Festhall* is hiring blind fiends (baatezu preferable) or competent shapeshifters for the role of the Thirty-Three Partisans in the play "Of The Fall of Keynes Fortress". Good payment, meals and possibility of full-cycle contract. Seek Adonis, the yagnoloth in all Voids of the month.



The knight of the Holy Order of The Golden Fist of The East, Uzun Gre-Bomps defies openly Therinnotos of the Red Beard, barbazu sergeant of the Eight Division of the Third Front of Chamada for a duel to death in X of X at peak in front of The Sword and Buckler in the Lower Ward. Yeris Leoreslav, daughter of Earl Lyur Leoreslav, the canny noble politician of the lands spireward of Fortitude, is offering a reward of 20,000 gold pieces for those that can find her Arcadian dolls and can arrest the thieves. The dolls are more than four thousand cycles old, having been passed by the hands of the Empress of Jardiv and the royal family of the Efreeti themselves.



A greatly angered Thor might cause partial or total loss of the crops of neighboring lands of Asgard. "Tributes to the god have escalated to an unusual rate inferior only to when Loki had him dress like a woman", attests Athar factotum Bile Sting.



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