
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-25

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Fear among the Dead

by Lady Aruella Maranth, Sigil bureau culler

Hive Ward-- Some rather bizarre events have occurred in the Cage lately. It seems that some kind of plague has struck the Dustmen; nearly a dozen of the usually emotionless cutters are overwhelmed by attacks of fear and panic. When questioned, the affected Dead cannot remember why they were so frightened. Up until now, it was not known whether any of them had recovered from the panic. Other faction members along with some Bleakers have been caring for them in Dustmen locations.

Shuzuan Mruak, an ogre Measure One of the Harmonium, stated: "I believe that's just a natural development. Wait for a few days or weeks, and Skall himself will be sitting in some corner, crying like a little child. Revering death just ain't natural - it has to lead to mental illness. It would seem that the time has come for the Dead to pay for their barminess."



Skall himself ignored the questioning of any investigators. His only comment was: "There is no fear, only lies." What that meant was unclear until just recently. The Dustmen mage Aragudra Avarilla has been made officially responsible for investigating the case, and shortly after being assigned he was busy gathering mages and priests from within his faction who were able to cast banishment spells. When interviewed, he stated only: "Passion has to be overcome. This fear isn't naturally inside of us; they are incarnations of lies."

Observers have guessed that this might mean the affected Dustmen have become victims of a new kind of Incarnate, something like Fear Incarnates. The true dark is

unknown, and the Dustmen do not seem to be willing to tell. Even the Bleakers who tried helping the poor sods that were infected were told only that they were dismissed when Aragudra Avarilla approached. As the Bleakers were not asked to return afterwards, it is supposed that the Dustmen have found a way to heal their members.



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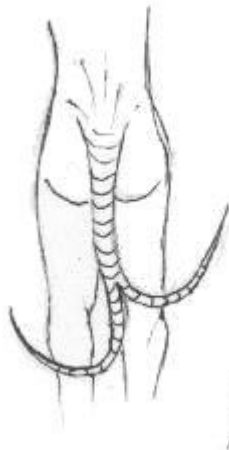
Advice on Appendages

by Dr. Hikelliam, Planar Health columnist

After a decade of exciting research and exhausting travels across the planes whilst writing the new edition of *Planes of Disease*, I am honored for the invitation to write a bimonthly health section for my beloved *Eye*.



The focus of my premiere column will be the common matter of extra appendages as publicly displayed by many a planewalker. Humanoids generally possess only two arms and legs, however you start to consider the growing population of aasimar, bariaur, eladrins and tieflings present across the multiverse, it is only natural that problems will arise.

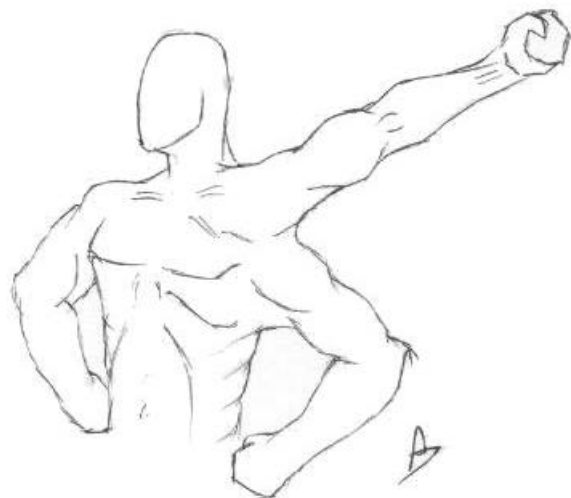


The first and most obvious concern is that of balance. Tails are a permanent fixture among the bariaur, and common enough within Tiefling physiology that they arouse many debates across the planes, which in turn have given give birth to "special equipment"; like spearhead attachments for tails.

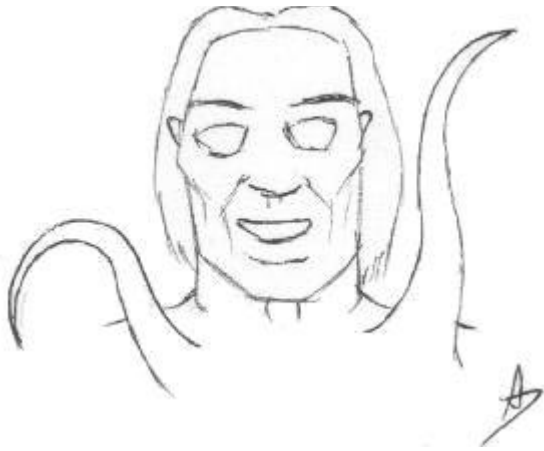
Also in this vein, deformed limbs or those that are otherwise inadequate can be augmented with tools, stumps can be fashioned for those that find themselves with some form of leg impairment, and finally all manner of piercings whether they be purely decorative or entirely functional.

It is important to take note that many of these augmentations can cause even more serious problems than one would be otherwise expect. The added weight of spearheads can cause distension of the tail muscles, lengthening of tail, spine complications and can even be attributed as the cause of many disastrous falls.

Tools are generally harmless, but the prosthetics I have been seeing lately do not show the level of quality required for commercial use. Infections or abuse of the limitations of the body can lead to broken limbs during daily activities and even amputation in extreme cases. Stumps tend to add too much pressure over an unused spine. Before indulging in their use, please make sure that your diet is well balanced in calcium and fibers.



Despite the ramblings of old maids, having



many arms or legs does not automatically lead to mastery over all limbs simultaneously, like the bariaur, for example. Especially among tieflings, it is common to use clothes to conceal and tie unwanted members. The first step to effective use is acceptance. On the planes, more than anywhere else appearance is relative. Once the mind has come to free the path for use, it is important to make exercises to "awaken" the nerves within. Swimming or underwater sports of all sorts are considered the best

alternative. With time, the nerves and atrophied muscles of unused limbs are ready for use once again.

Again, it is essential that practice be exerted before trying complicated maneuvers, like three-armed fighting or four-legged running. Despite best intentions, sometimes an extra limb is a danger to the body. Cancer, and all kinds of tumors are frequently found at these places and wounds only increase the risks. In any case, it is imperative to seek a physician to analyze it. Priests and clerics, although useful for treating common diseases, illnesses and scraps, are not known for their scientific knowledge.

From the Ash,
Dr. Hikelliam



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Skeleton falls from the Sky

by Will the Red-Eye, Freelance culler

Hermit's Case, Outlands-- Rorik Blackboar, a scholar and member of the Fraternity of Order, who lives in Hermit's Case on the Outlands a short distance from the Spire, has reported a truly bizarre event. He constantly watches the sky and observes cloud movements to predict weather changes and the coming of philosophical seasons.

While he was studying the sky through a scrying device known as the [Field Far Eye](#), he claims to have witnessed a strange object fall from the sky. This object crashed into the ground several leagues away from Rorik's kip. It was moving too fast for the graybeard to identify it, but his scope was linked to a crystal ball, which he used as a recording device. After analyzing the recorded material very carefully, Rorik concluded that the falling object was actually an incomplete humanoid skeleton wrapped in the remnants of some clothing.

Rorik immediately set off to locate the site of the impact. All that could be found in the theorized crash location was an enormous crater, similar to those found at other "meteor" crash sites. Only after examining the dust that completely covered the crater did he discover that it contained slight amounts of bone tissue. Rorik continued his search around the crater and found three complete bones.

Guvner skeletal specialists confirmed that they were in fact the ancient finger bones of an unidentified humanoid. The Fraternity sent a research team to explore the site more thoroughly. Their investigations uncovered a few fragments of cloth and several more small bones. Examining the cloth revealed it was definitely over 2500 cycles old!

Rorik suggested the bold theory that it was most probably the remains of an unfortunate sod who either fell off or was pushed from the edge of Sigil. During the fall, all the way down the Spire, the unidentified victim most probably died of starvation or dehydration, if they were even alive at all when they fell. The skeleton was incomplete (the recorder showed that the whole left arm was missing) due to the rough conditions it must have endured during all those centuries of falling.

This theory spurred a great debate among the graybeards across the infinite planes. The majority of scholars have rejected this idea as being nothing but barmy screed. According to them, any sod that jumps off the edge are instantly teleported to a random location on the planes. This opinion, even though officially supported, has little proof, as very few berks who have jumped have lived to tell the tale. No one knows what happened to the rest - were they shipped by a portal or did they fall and disintegrate in the air?

Some other philosophers argued that the skeleton should fall to the base of the Spire, not over 1000 leagues away from it. Others said that the winds could sweep a corpse all

the way to the Hinterlands, if not even further. Another group of skeptical scholars tried to convince others it was just a strange-shaped rock, which fell on some ancient skeleton lying on the ground. Few graybeards claimed it is impossible for anything to fall from Spire and hit the ground, as the Spire appears to be infinite. This theory caused great upheaval within the Doomguard faction. Factol Pentar's comment was: "You graybeards are all wrong. This sod fell from the infinite Spire and did hit the ground. You see, EVERYTHING comes to an end eventually!"

The Trancendent Order immediately dispatched several groups of adventurers to discover whether or not there are any other such craters scattered across the Outlands. The Fraternity of Order has decided to join this noble cause, so that the adventurers have support from both factions. Be sure not to miss any future batch of the *Eye*, as we will stay in touch with these daring planewalkers.



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Vengeance of the Scramasax

by 'Jelly Hoarfrost' (a.k.a. Shiad Amaroon), Freelance culler

Ysgard/Lady's Ward/the Abyss-- It seems as if whole lifetimes have passed. So much has happened in the last few months, and I have changed so much, I feel as if I have become a completely new person. However, I will explain this to you, dear readers, from the beginning on, so you can all understand what has happened.

After my last battle in the Gray Waste, where the blessing of the holy *Scramasax* allowed me to guide the fiend-captured slaves into freedom, I stayed a short time in Ysgard. I used this time not only to say farewell to my proud friend Bjorn Svensson, but also to come up with new plans for my crusade.

During one night, I had a weird vision whilst I slept. The face of a glorious bariaur appeared in front of me, and said: "Shiad Amaroon, wielder of the *Scramasax* - you have proven to be worthy of this holy weapon. I am Graccon Blazingsoul, Lord of Courage, Deifier of Evil; the ancient legends of the bariaur speak of me as the Lost God. Lost I was, and forgotten for millennia. But the combined faith and bravery of both you and Bjorn Svensson made me return."

Despite the fact, that I was completely awed, I asked: "How can this be? I am just a scholar."

"Have you still not learned enough, brave Shiad? The *Scramasax* is a mighty artifact, forged by the greatest priest that has ever served me. Yet, it only releases the strength that is hidden within its wielder. It was your courage, and your strength that defeated your opponents. The *Scramasax* merely guided you."

"What am I supposed to do now?"

"You know of your task. Sigil holds the key to understanding, but in the Abyss, you will find the evil that is at the heart of all this suffering. The Fraternity of Order has already ferreted out the snake in their midst, and have heard your story. Speak to them, and the end of your quest will come nearer."

"I will. One last question, though - if you allow."

"Ask."

"The Abyssal Lord Graz'zt is involved in this evil, as well as a balor of great power. Even if I find them - how am I supposed to defeat them?"

"Your strength, my friend, is not yet great enough for Graz'zt. Maybe it will, one day. For now, focus on Barugias, the Ruler of Law and Disease - that is how he knows

himself. Graz'zt has invested much in this fiend, and you will hurt him greatly by slaying Barugias. The balor is powerful, yes - but so are you. Remember, you are no longer a mere scholar. From now on, you shall call yourself Shiad Amaroon, First Paladin of the Returned Graccon. Now, sleep, you will need your strength."

After these events, I returned to Sigil and contacted Factol Hashkar. I admit the discussion with him was not exactly friendly, in particular because Hashkar was unhappy with the revelation of the truth within the *Eye*. Yet, he gave me the information I searched for. The Guvner who played a key role in all this horrible dealing was Jamara Shuduan. Being a bariaur himself, he contacted Barugias when a portal in his kip opened up that led directly to the balor's fortress. Thus, the bariaur got the attention of Barugias, while the fiend covered himself from Jamara's detection.

He sent him visions, though, stating that the Lost God would return. The balor hoped to use these lies - or what he thought were lies - to convince Jamara of his plans. Jamara's mind was twisted so that he believed the bariaur had to experience again, what had made them so strong - falling into slavery, and breaking out again. This, Jamara thought, would be the key to bring back the Lost God, which the ancient legends describe as the bravest bariaur that has ever lived. Of course, the wicked balor only thought of the slavery, and of using the bariaur for his Blood War plans. There were no plans of freedom. Yet, he unknowingly spoke the truth.

In the meantime, though, Jamara was actively luring bariaur tribes - as well as clans and tribes of other races into traps to lead them into slavery. Although utterly twisted, this Guvner's mind was still that of a genius, considering the traps he set. This is the information I received from the Fraternity of Order. Jamara has not been found yet; Hashkar believes that, after the events in the Gray Waste, the traitorous bariaur is kept in Barugias' fortress in Pazunia. Most probably, he is not a guest there.

With this information, I traveled into the Abyss for the second time. I am still here now, and for the last two weeks, I have searched for the balor's fortress. Many more fiends have died by my hand - by the Scramasax, to be more exact, but the few ones I allowed to survive finally led me to the Court of Sickening Law, a fortress entirely made of the brains of lawful mortals who fell for Barugias' tricks. Chant has it all these brains are still living, sentient, and silently screaming.

I believed I could storm this evil fortress, and maybe even survive it. Yet, I know Barugias would just hide somewhere else for a time, and then return when I am gone. Thus, I have to defeat Barugias with his own weapons - tricks. I was able to capture a patrolling succubus, and convinced her to tell me about a merchant whose appearance is expected tomorrow. As much as I hate this, I will sneak into this fortress when the caravan arrives. Until then, it is time for me to pray. May Graccon Blazingsoul, bravest of the bariaur, guide me to unleash the strength within my soul.



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Celestial court for knight killer

by Will the Red-Eye, Freelance culler

Hive Ward/Arborea/Bytopia-- Hello again cutters, Will the Red-Eye here! I have been out of town for some time but have no fear, for I was not sitting idle. Instead, I have been traversing the planes, gathering some new chant for all of you to enjoy.

Last month I hit Arborea, not that I like the silly place, but I had some obligations that had to be fulfilled. D'ya remember the story 'bout the young tiefling urchin who nicked a shiere knight to death? If not, skeg a copy of [Batch 23](#) - it's all right there. Just a few weeks ago I went to the Gatehouse to see how Sluffy was doing. Unfortunately, I didn't meet him. In fact, no one has laid eyes on the kid for days - he just disappeared. I was quite torqued off that no one seemed to care about it, but then again, what should I expect from a bunch of Bleakniks?

After investigating the matter closely I was sure that Sluffy had been kidnapped. He left all his belongings in the Orphanage and didn't tell anyone where was he going. He simply didn't come to supper one day. I knew the kid had many enemies among the Law enforcers after the incident, and many more bashers were interested in him and his unusual abilities. Feeling somewhat guilty, after all it was me who exposed this whole affair in my article for the *Eye*, I chased down a few of my most trusted contacts in the Cage, and managed to skeg some useful whispers that where running throughout Sigil.

My most obvious suspects, the Mercykillers, who had previously openly threatened to bring Sluffy to justice and make him pay for a most foul murder, seemed to be equally puzzled and angered by Sluffy's disappearance. They said the little tiefer won't give 'em the laugh that easily, and will be found, caught and sentenced accordingly, by all means necessary.

The Sign of One were interested in Sluffy and his imagination too, but I found out that even though they had indeed tried to steal Sluffy away from the Gatehouse a few days before, the raiding party was discovered and repelled by some Bleaker guardsmen. One of the Signers I garnished told me that Revus Kee, a githzerai Signer who devised the rig to capture Sluffy, suspected that the Bleakers had hid him somewhere to prevent the Signers from getting a hold on the kid.

This was all getting too strange, as even my contacts inside the Gatehouse knew nothing of what happened to the boy. I was beginning to feel like a clueless lemon, when a few days later I suddenly got an astral stalker from a friend in Arborea who claimed to have seen the kid I described! More surprising was that he said Sluffy was traveling in the company of eladrins! Needless to say, I took my sturdy backpack and the rest of my planewalking stuff (guess where I bought it!) and blitzed through the nearest portal to Arborea.



I don't want to babble as to how I obtained this chant, but I found out that the eladrin's captured Sluffy to bring him to the celestial court where he was to stand trial for the slaying of shiere Vardeen Sunset. Eladrin high-ups have gathered together for Sluffy's trial, and all seemed lost for the young tiefer. I was allowed to watch the trial, so I've brought these darks before yer peery eyes.

The first problem arose when the eladrin's had trouble keeping up with Sluffy's cant-influenced speech. It was quite humorous to watch the puzzled faces of the mighty celestials during situations like this very first conversation:

The Court (**C**): First of all what is your name, boy?

Sluffy (**S**): It's a demiplane, sir.

C: Hmmm... well... hmm..., okay then, demiplane...

S: No, no, my name's a demiplane, means I don't know it. My tag's Sluffy, everysod calls me this way. It's not my true name though, suren.

C: I see. Tell us if you indeed killed one of our

knights, Vardeen Sunset in Sigil.

S: Yea, I s'pose it was me who wrote him to th' Dead-Book. I didn't want it, but he wasn't a knight for sure, he seemed a good man.

C: What do you mean 'wasn't a knight', mortal boy?

S: He looked honest. Knights usually sneak around in shadows, wearing hoods and dark cloaks. They're bobbing and peeling lemons, bubbers and other berks. This Sir Vardeen didn't look like a knight o' th' post at all.

C: Excuse us, Sluffy, but what do peeling lemons have to do with knights or thieves?

S: I don't get it, sir...

The trial was full of such misunderstandings. It seemed the eladrin's wanted to find out if Sluffy was possessed by his obviously fiendish ancestors when he nicked the shiere. Sluffy claimed defiantly he was just playing. I must admit that young Sluffy is a real canny lil' tiefer. All in all I think he managed to make the celestials believe that

Vardeen's death was just an unfortunate accident. I believe it was his final argument that convinced the court he was innocent.

Sluffy said that the impossible circumstances of Vardeen's death must have been the knight's destiny. The next day the eladrin debated among themselves and that evening set Sluffy free. I said I would gladly escort the kid back to the Cage. Since the little orphan never saw the planes, I decided to take him to a few places before returning. A strange thing happened along the way.

Just before taking a portal to Bytopia, I told Sluffy about my unsuccessful visit to the Astral plane. When I opened a portal I made the mistake of letting the kid go first. When I stepped through I was shocked to see Sluffy hovering few feet above the ground. All around us was a dense fog. Directly in front of Sluffy was a ni'iath. It was whipping at the kid with its fearsome tail, but I swear by my own soddin' eyes, that the tail was passing right through the boy! Sluffy merrily said it tickles and asked me to take it off. Before I could get any closer, the ni'iath, obviously as terrified as me, bolted.

"How did you do that?" I cried with still shakin' legs.

"Do what?" Sluffy asked, innocently spinning happily in the air.

"Why couldn't the ni'iath hit ya?"

"You mean it wasn't an illusion?" I couldn't say a word for a moment.

"But you said ni'iaths only live in Bytopia." said Sluffy, still not believing me.

"And just where do you think we are?"

"On the Astral of course, the Silver Void." he said pointing to the white mist around us.

"Nope, it's just a fog."

Sluffy looked at the ground and suddenly fell heavily to the ground. "I thought we were..."

Well, the Power of Belief is starting to get a whole new meaning. Needless to say, I decided it would be safer for the kid to get back to the Cage. And for me as well, for that matter. It wouldn't be nice to hear Sluffy say one day, "I thought you were dead, uncle Will!", would it? Right now he's under protection of the Bleakers, but for the kid's safety the location of his new kip remains dark. Nevertheless I've got a feeling it's not the last time we hear of Sluffy.



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Bar fight keeps Hardheads busy

by Daeh K. Carc, Sigil bureau culler

Hive Ward-- A fight at the *Broken Trust* tavern has kept the Harmonium busy for most of the last three days. Evident a huge ruckus broke out after a "contest of skill" and spread into the Hive damaging a passing Dustmen wagon. The loser of the contest was Bleys Theraind'var, Master of Blades and Grand Councilor of the Trancendent Order. Waging had been quite high on Master Bleys since he hadn't lost in over 10 cycles. Following his loss, which cost several berks to lose a bundle of jink, several sods "thoughtfully" decided to wreck the bar in fit of anger.

Hardheads say the winner of the contest was a human warrior by the name of Gwydion, although no one at the bar called him by that name, most referred to the victor as the Nameless One. Harmonium officials have been searching for the warrior for the last three days as they would like to question him along with a female named Brianna and a boy called Tap that accompanied him. So far they have not been found and leads normally wear very thin in the Hive.

One of the bartenders at the *Broken Trust*, which tarmy cutters will remember is a dead giant turtle, said the whole thing started over a misunderstanding. "Ya see, the prime blood didn't wanna to put his winnin's in a choke collar. Well, the crowd jus' went soddin' berserk. This berk beats the best swordsman I 've ever seen and then wants to change the rules. What will primes think of next!" said Bartish, a fire mephit and long-time employee of the tavern.

The owner of the bar, Diabrand, was hit by flying glass mugs during the melee and suffered a concussion. He was able to talk to the Hardheads and demanded the human cutter be found and made to pay for the damages. The previously unknown Gwydion and Bleys waged a blade duel over ownership of a virgin aasimar slave. Diaband was quoted as saying, "Blekkin' sod, these berks think they can waste a perfectly good pleasure slave. Wait till I get 'em in one of my cages!"

Structure damage was fairly large to the tavern, but Diaband doubted it would slow business. "Look around berk; like these sods care what's on the floor. As long as the rain stays out and the ale burns they don't give a blek!" Harmonium officials are continuing the search and are planning to post a reward for information regarding the Nameless One.

(Note: This story references several persons and locations from [Tide of Darkness](#) by [Sebastian Cain](#), a net Planescape novel that is recommended by the staff of the Eye. It can be found at the [Planescape Net Fiction Archive](#) kept by Ken Lipka.)

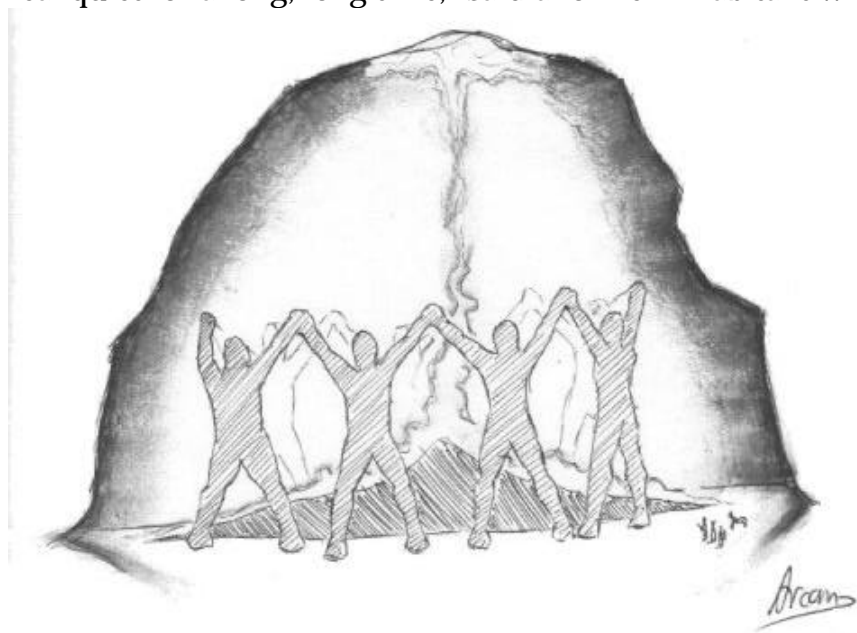


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Titans fail another escape attempt

by P. Fiendus Hooten, Freelance culler

Othrys, Carceri-- Reports are flowing in steadily that the Titans very nearly succeeded in an attempt at escaping from the Red Prison last cycle. According to the stories, the Titans had been slowly collecting the needed components for a grand spell designed to crack the bond that confines them in Carceri and release themselves upon the multiverse. The mechanics of the spell are unknown, but according to sources the Titans have been researching and developing it for almost two millennia. "They've kept this real quiet for a long, long time," said a former inhabitant who refused to give her name.



The cause of the failure is unclear, but some reports single out a material component that failed. The spell called for the use of a crystal orb that measured fifteen lengths in diameter. The Titans acquired it from the Elemental Plane of Mineral, though how and when is still unknown. It was polished and then suspended in the air by another spell. According to an eyewitness, during the incantation the orb cracked and exploded. This is thought to be due to a physical imperfection in the crystal. Enraged, the Titans began to brawl amongst themselves. No other witnesses have come forward and, given the nature of most folk in the Red Prison, any information they provide is suspect (as is the information just related here).

The Titans, long ago confined to Carceri by the Zeus and the Powers of the Greek Pantheon, are considered by many to be the oldest inhabitants of the plane. This is unlikely, but they are certainly the most famous. Tarso, a proxy for Zeus, had this to say, "Overall, if they did escape there really isn't much cause for concern. Sure, they will try to wreak havoc on whatever plane they escape to, but in the end almighty Zeus would yawn and then go knock them back to Carceri. If he was feeling kind that day,

he might not even take away their ability to cast spells." Others are not so smug about it. "I can't think of very many things that are cataclysmic here in the multiverse. The Titans escaping would certainly be one of them though," said Aebrynth, an elf inhabitant of Arvandor that was visiting Sigil when the news hit.



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Atmosphere heats up in Frozen Valley

by [Skragx](#), Upper Planes culler



Brux, Beastlands-- An unexpected event happened yesterday in the cold realm of Brux, often called the Frozen Valley. It's even been reported that the natural order has been upset in the immediate surrounds of the Penguin Lord's frozen realm.

Here's what we know so far. Some seal petitioners went to Penguins' Beach to catch some eggs and young for supper, as has been their practice since the first of their race was created. However, whilst they were collecting their meals, they were ambushed by several of the Penguin Lord's warden beasts. The warden beasts showed no mercy or forgiveness as they attacked the seals. The seal party was completely wiped out and their dead bodies were thrown into the cold waters.

This violent attack is the latest in a chain of events that has its roots several weeks past when the penguins started to accuse the seals of slaughtering to many of their numbers. Silkfur, a spokeseal for the Seal Lord, denies all of the accusations brought forward by the penguins, telling cullers that the seals take only the amount of eggs and chicks as are required to sustain their colony. Although both colonies admit to having had several arguments in the past, there had never been bloodshed until yesterday's slaughter of the seals by the Penguin Lord.

No official statement has been made and Silkfur has suddenly become unavailable for comment. The full effect of this slaughter has yet to be determined and its impact upon the seal communities is unknown. However, a group of cullers had to swiftly flee when a nearby gathering of obnoxious walruses turned and tried to attack them.

Cliff-flier, a well-known wererat living in the Lemming Lord's domain said that this would have terrible consequences for the Realm. "Everyone knows that the Beastlands is the Plane of Wildlife. Any attempt to disrupt the natural order of the plane is completely irrational and we know what happens when this kind of thing grows out of hand, don't we?" said the stinky creature.



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Slathering Fangs and Screaming Maidens

by Skelterbet, Culler of the Stage

Market Ward-- At a certain point in theatergoing, the loyal patron with some degree of taste and intelligence will notice that certain sorts of plays are done over and over again. These may be productions of the same show being done by a different theater company, but are just as often a variation on a similar theme. Too often, that theme is base, predictable, uninspired, insipid, and oftentimes offensive.

One such recurring theme in some of these plays is the traditional "Slathering Fangs and Screaming Maidens" production in which the audience is treated to watching a "monster" kill most of the cast (which is invariably filled with females that screech loudly) until a couple cast members somehow kill the monster. (Although a recent trend has been to have the cursed thing keep coming back to life.) Thus it is with a sigh that I announce yet another treat of "Slathering Fangs and Screaming Maidens" titled *The Cry of the Wolf* and being shown at the *Thumb in Yer Eye* tavern and playhouse located in the Market Ward.

The story centers on a small Prime village located high in an impassable mountain range. A group of nomadic wanderers called Vistani, who specialize in reading fortunes and presenting a circus-like atmosphere in their encampment, pass through the village. The villagers throw them out of town for imagined crimes and the departing Vistani leader, an old crone of a woman, curses the village. Thus, the next full moon a werewolf begins killing the inhabitants of the village.

The villagers decide that they must make amends with the Vistani so they can be told the bane of the werewolf and save their village. They send a group of their young men to find the Vistani. The old crone says that to make amends, each night they must have a maiden stand in the square and offer her throat to the werewolf when it next comes to the village. The maiden that the wolf refuses to harm is the bane of the werewolf and must kill him.

The rest of the play is predictable. A couple maidens die trying to find the bane of the werewolf until the one who is the bane is found. Her fiancée does not like the idea of her staying in the square so he tries to kill the werewolf. In the end there is a lot of blood, a lot of screaming, and a lot of slathering fangs from the werewolf (the illusory costume was done very well I thought) before the end finally comes.

The audience did not seem too impressed with the performance that I saw. I was not very impressed either, but then again I have seen a score of similar shows. A friend of mine named Bliss had perhaps the best comment of all, "We live in a place where a Pit Fiend can be eating dinner in the same room of a tavern where you stopped for a drink. We don't bat an eye at such a thing, so when a bunch of Primes start screaming and carrying on about 'that horrible evil monster called a werewolf,' we aren't impressed.

We are more prone to laugh than anything else."

With a small laugh and a soft nod of the head, here's to hoping that maybe the next show will be better.



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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.



Radiant Yetis

No less than twenty yetis were found dead in the Plane of Radiance. How they found their way there is truly a mystery, but a reward is being offered, namely 400 jink, for any that can "shed some light" on the subject. To this, a quasiaelemental only replied "we have nothing to do with the meanderings of blind dead apes and do not appreciate lots of curious planewalkers meddling in our lives."



Sylvania is Dry

Sylvania may suffer from alcohol shortage during the month of Savorus. The shipment passing through Xaos simply vanished without a trace, however many slaadi speak of drunk tanar'ri screaming into the night. Town trade representatives are panicked and fear the fury of the bacchae and Sensates. All producers of exquisite beverages are being accepted to fill in the demand.



Fritz's Will

The lich Fritz wishes to lay clear his desire not to be interrupted in his tower in the Outlands, as the many warning signs only seem to attract more visitors. Also, he expresses his desire to buy selected larvae from traders near Rigus.



Misunderstood Geniuses Wanted

Looking for bigger, greater opportunities? The Planar Trade Consortium is an enterprising group, surely, but does it have the broadness of vision of business you do? Present your project to Zadara, master investor, with sponsorship of up to 100% of costs. Interested should parley with Kubriel in the Lady's Ward.



Reward Offered for Stolen Dolls

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.

**Thor's anger persists**

Petitioners and farmers alike feel this may be a grim cycle for crops. The Norse god, Thor has not lifted the heavy clouds from the sky and intense raining threatens to destroy the harvest. Reports point out that Loki moved to the Winter's Hall again in Pandemonium.

**A Promising Erinyes**

Baatezu agents on the world of Toril managed to finally capture the soul of Jorthunder BlazingHill, master swordsman and infamous paladin. He is reported to have invaded Baator many times and killed numerous baatezu during his escape after peeling a fiend out of its skin. The lower planar soul market experienced a sudden increase as the erinyes Cecilia managed to bring his soul back to Dis. Random paladin orders have sworn revenge.

**Karan Warns Citizens of Missing Children**

Factol Karan announced loudly the disappearance of more than fifteen children in the Hive, blaming the Kadyx on it and demanding action from the part of the Harmonium. The evidence, the Chaosmen claim, is undeniable: lost shoes and toys pertaining to the missing kids were left at the door of their parents.

**Oceanus Faces Epidemic**

Word of warning from Elysium. Ardeidals wish to inform of this season's epidemic of [Heartwater](#) and advises all to beware purple tints in the waters of Oceanus, the disease can cause madness and melancholia.

**Blue-Heeled Jack Gives Them the Laugh Again**

Barton Mercenary Services, a planar military guild and guard service, reported that one of their subcontracted units had a devastating encounter with Blue-heeled Jack. "They laid an ambush for him with a classic pit-trap that was between the walls of a narrow canyon. The bastard fell into the trap and me boys tried to skrag 'im but he leaped out of the pit and started blasting 'em with those flames before he ran away. Three of me boys are in the Dead-book and two others are now crippled," said Derrid Crackus, leader of the "Fire's Eyes" mercenary squad. It is not known where on the 'Land the failed ambush occurred. Derrid Crackus stated he is reforming the group and has vowed revenge. "We'll bring that bastard down," he added coolly. Alex Barton has confirmed that several different units are currently looking for Blue-Heeled Jack.