
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-27

Advice on Senses

Nostalgia is Death

Meeting with the Stench

Licentious tiefer fathers twelve

Three painful lessons of a paladin

Most excellent murders in the Cage

Blue-Heeled Jack is good for business

Agent of false hopes and grand dreams

Xaos Improvisation Theatre inaugurated

Sydney's Snippets

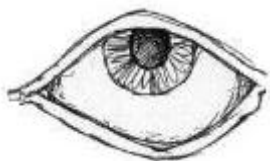


[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Advice on Senses

by Dr. Hikelliam, Planar Health columnist

I've received numerous letters since my first column was published. It seems the majority of my readers are composed of planewalkers. With that said, I would like to discuss the subject of the senses, the most vital, and unreliable, asset of a planewalker. There are five senses readily available to most mortals. Some are possessed of an innate sixth sense that is time-related, offering portents from the past and future, while others, rare others, possess a strange sense of existence and energy that is mostly incomprehensible to their peers.



Amidst all other sensations is vision. Many hazards threaten the eyes: acid, light, fire, infection and similar dangers. To those granted infravision, the matter is worsened, as the sheer heat of the Plane of Fire, Phlegethos or Muspelheim might blind a traveler. Magical assistance might be the best protection; however, there are alternatives. Glasses of a slight black tint and other light filters, such as those worn by the enigmatic Keepers, provide enough protection. One who can see in the Ethereal and/or the Astral should be wary of dangers presented in those planes, like medusas, predators, and such.

As for smell, many of those that call [Sigil](#) or the Outlands home are capable of detecting the slightest odors. Layers of the Abyss in particular, or Ooze, certainly offer the greatest danger, covered in excrement and noxious gases. To ward off this damage to delicate senses, a wet cloth is a poor but effective solution that often provides immediate relief. Certain oils sold in the Upper Planes can bestow immunity to these afflictions (it is often told that the celestials use the oils themselves when coming to Sigil).



Hearing is, needless to say, linked to equilibrium, balance, and thus is second to vision in direct importance. Pandemonium can infuse its insanity through whispers in its winds and sometimes the sound becomes a roar so loud that it may even cause one to become deaf. Sealing the ears with wax or gum can be the best alternative in these cases, but not for long, as it also increases the threat of being stalked by one denizen or another. A potion manufactured in the Gray Waste numbs hearing to any external stimuli save those of

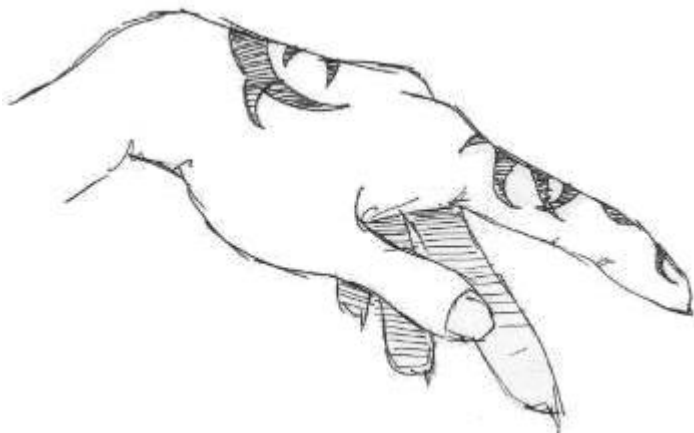


low frequency, such as the sound of a beast trying to sneak in the darkness.

Taste is most helpless and of little use, as venomous substances abound in the Lower Planes. The only advice that can really be given is don't taste something, even if you think you know what it is!



The feelings of touch, or other skin-based senses, are a direct problem to all planewalkers, and usually the first to be prepared for. There are cases of tieflings and aasimar without feeling at all or with intensified ones, like that of a scorpion, and to these much attention and care must be taken.



Finally, extra-sensory perception is another trait of the planar races. All planes offer dangers to unready minds. The Lower Planes have madness, pain, anguish, despair, and even parasites, while the Upper Planes are possessed of soothing environments, suggestive visions, all of which can be the doom of the mind as an independent personality.

Of other senses, there is little experience, or evidence to be truthful, of their conditions or dimensions in the records of the Fraternity of Order. As a last indication, remember, all senses are subject to illusions and afflictions, weight your options well and one should be able to surpass all limitations.



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B27 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Nostalgia is Death

(The Dolls of Yeris Case, Part 2)

by Yuriko, Chaotic culler



Shadowtown, Lower Ward-- Sigil, cradle of the multiverse, home to exquisite forms of anguish and co-existence is target to yet another wave of murders. Of the many inscrutable recesses of the Lower Ward, Shadowtown is one of the more appealing to those of a penumbral inspiration. The Essence Market was closed temporarily as Harmonium investigators inspected the area where a man died in a rather abrupt manner.

The sword archon Tiras witnessed, along with others, the victim suddenly drop dead into several pieces, as if he were torn apart by an invisible beast. Tiras was believed to have said, "The Old Ones are here again! He carried the book, I saw it!" Another witness, the babau Skelly, told cullers, "This is all just tasteless. I wish I never left Broken Reach!" Tyson, a prime elf, added, "Cool, the berk's bowels just flew around for no reason at all! Are we in Limbo yet?"



The crime scene was soon cleared of rabble and the scrying work began in earnest. Despite a large amount of wizardry, results were far from solid. No elemental traces were found - no residue and no magical resonance. "It's as if the murderer did not exist at all! Huh? Who allowed this kid in here?" claimed Three-Moustaches, an aasimon inspector.

That was all there was to extract from such pitiful sources, dear reader. With Narcovi working in yet another murder case, the Harmonium plans on requesting the experience of Christopher Verdue, the prodigious "mind-over-matter" man, to offer counseling on follow-up procedures.

Of course, other sources do exist. Gellina of Many Fingers, an aged and slightly bored tiefer resident to the nearby Little Italy, made a bold claim, "It's exactly like fifty cycles ago. A nycaloth disemboweled a man on a cold evening at that very spot. I could swear it looked just the same."

Hive inhabitants have made a raucous chorus about the numerous "invisible" murders that have taken place in the last cycle, while authorities seemingly have turned a blind eye to them. "These slice-jobs are unnatural," says Father Crude, ex-priest of Horus and one of the many foragers that haunt the Slags. "I just hope this is not divine

punishment."



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B27 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Meeting with the Stench

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

Lady's Grace cutters! I'm Glaivas, a traveling planewalker and priest of Helm. A friend of mine asked me to relay a story about a most unusual creature I had the misfortune to run across. So here's the tale bloods...

Since I arrived in Sigil and began knowing all of the wonders and mysteries the Planes I have run across only one truly disgusting experience. This most disgusting experience happened while I was travelling with my party from Rigus on the way to Automata where we were going to use the gate to the plane of the Unsleeping Eye. We had been travelling through the Outlands and had chosen a grassy field near a straight river, which flowed with crystalline water, to sleep for the night.

When the dawn was near, I took my turn on watch while my friends slept. It was quite dark and I spent part of my time thinking about the amazing store we had visited the day before. I believe its name was [Snail Outfitters](#). They had a special little gem on display, but I just didn't have the jink. (Too bad for me, as it would have been extremely useful.)

I was finishing my prayer to Glorious and Vigilant Helm when I saw it. It had climbed a rock and stood there staring me. Firstly, I thought it was some kind of toad or frog or something like that. They are indeed very similar to those creatures, but they're not as peaceful and clean as frogs normally are. The first difference I noticed was the color. It wasn't green or brown; in fact all of its skin had a bright blue color.



"Brab-bib..." Upon hearing this sound, I tried to observe the unusual creature more carefully. It had a tiny horn-like thing on its forehead and two ear-like wings adorned

both sides of its little head. I don't know why, but I felt quite embarrassed and annoyed by its presence, so I picked up a pebble from the ground and threw it at the little pest to make it flee.

That was my mistake, when the beastie felt the impact of the rock, it croaked "brab-bib" again and suddenly more of the creatures appeared. I'm not sure how many of them there were, but I then noticed something I had failed to notice earlier, the stench emanating from the creatures was becoming unbearable. I knew then that I should have found a way to buy the special gem at Snail, the display had said it was an [Amulet of Vermin Protection](#). (I really must pay more attention to this Snail operation, they appear to be very useful to travelers.)

The volume of "brab-bib" sounds awoke some of my friends and they looked as confused as I was. Some of the creatures began spitting an acidic liquid at me trying to hit my face, and five even leapt at me with the idea (I suppose) of hurting me. I quickly managed to interpose my shield from their spray.

I was ready to crush them with my mace when Ganuzk, the planar ranger that was with us, cried out, "Glaivas, we have to run, they won't follow us and I don't want to lose one of my eyes." Obviously, he wasn't thinking of my heavy armor when he said that. Then, Withro, our rather annoying kender, took the leftovers of our dinner and threw them to the [brabbibs](#) (what else could we call them?). Perhaps they were hungry or simply bored. The food seemed to work, thus allowing us enough time to take our things and get away from them. While we were fleeing, I prayed silently to Helm, "May your Will be that I do not meet these pests again."



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Licentious tiefer fathers twelve

by 'Tasty' Telacs, Sexual Appetite columnist (madam of *The Slippery Portal*)



Outlands-- Based on numerous reports, it appears that twelve different females in twelve different gatetowns have been impregnated within the last seven days by one rather fast-moving, smooth-talkin' planar "gigolo". The supposed father for all of the pregnancies of this group of shapely beauties is none other than the infamous tiefling known as Ashenbach, the owner of this very magrag, the *Lady's Sharper Eye*.



After speaking to "deeply placed" sources within the Gatehouse, it has been indicated that this individual has a long history of sexual conquest and may have once caused a pair of Prime maiden sisters to go barmy after an overly long "heave" in a haystack on a distant crystal sphere. Previous "acquaintances" of this individual claim that he has "enormous fortitude" and can be rather "forthcoming" in his delivery.

It's believed, based on a little known Cipher report, that Ashenbach (or Ashy as some call him) may have caused a Lower Ward brothel to go out of business last cycle when he spent an entire week at the skirthouse. Bankruptcy soon followed after he kept the occupants (including the madam) busy the entire time, not allowing another customer to be "serviced" the full week. The sly cutter then skipped out before any of the deeds were even paid for!

In a later interview one of the skirts involved in the financial fiasco was quoted as saying, "Hey, what can I say, he's hung like a **pif'Chiang**. That tiefer's got more stamina than an abyssal lord discoverin' a Prime world full o' paladins. Sure, the bastard didn't pay, but nobody said he didn't give a few of us tips!"

Additional chant is expected soon regarding the whereabouts of the tiefer and the Harmonium is believed to be seeking him for questioning. Authorities in the gatetowns were in a stupor over how the tiefer could make the rounds in such a short amount of time. One gatetown mayor said, "This man, beast, whatever...is a blekkin' freak of nature. How can one copulate like a rabbit while moving like a nic'Epona!"

(Editor's note: The following report was the opinion of one, and only one, individual. The

supposed facts of this case have not been proven and several points were more than likely based on pure screed. It is the official policy of the Lady's Sharper Eye not to investigate stories of a deeply personal nature.

Tasty Telacs was hired as a guest columnist based on superior reviews of her escort service and prior "business handlings" in the Cage. Please realize that it is quite possible that Tasty has had some sort of "prior relationship" with Mr. Ashenbach, which may have ended badly. She may now be attempting to harm his public perception by slandering his reputation. Additionally, ask yerself this question, could anyone REALLY be hung like a pif'Chiang, the four-balled bull of Gehenna! - Sydney Silamander, managing editor)



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B27 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Three painful lessons of a paladin

by Will the Red-Eye, Freelance culler

Lower Ward-- I've got a story for ya cutters, a story about a barmy paladin who came to the Cage about a week ago. I'd like to put his story to the light, for all the lemons to skeg. I hope it saves a few sods from learning the lessons themselves and to stop some of the Clueless from disrupting the peace of our fair city. If ya wantin' the story of the paladin, I've got all the chant ya need to know!

Some three weeks ago a Clueless lemon appeared in the Lower Ward. He emerged from a shifting portal that supposedly leads from the Prime world of Krynn, sometimes. That would explain the Clueless behavior of the sod, as the berks who come from this particular Prime sphere seem to be the most addled and unhende leatherheads in the multiverse.

He stood before the portal, staring at the street in a terrified surprise. He was just as cagestruck as any other Prime, but this one was a real leatherhead as it turned out. After a few minutes of coughing spasms, the berk, whose name was revealed as Tony Jourdean, started to pay more attention to the pedestrians. When he realized with terror that some of them are fiends, he withdrew further into the shadows, as if he thought no one could see his shiny plate armor.

He waited until the street was unusually empty, then drew his chiv and struck a peacefully passing gray slaad. The blow was tremendous, but the sword enchanted on the Prime wasn't strong enough to nick a powerful planeborne. The paladin, a little disappointed by the failure of his first attack, was thrashing harmlessly at the slaad, all the time crying wildly, "By the might of Kiri-Jolith!" and, "Bane to all the Abyssal deamons!" The slaad was giggling quietly at first, and then unexpectedly caught Tony's bone-box with both his hands, kissed him powerfully on the mouth and went away. That was the first painful lesson for the hot-blooded berk.

After throwing up, Tony Jourdean, obviously much calmer than before the encounter with the slaad, started to ask the local residents, "In which part of the Abyss are we?" Of course he only got himself bobbed, then peeled and then bobbed once more! The cony-catchers of the Lower Ward had it good that day. But that's not really important, however. Tony had quite an amount of jink on him, so he was a lucrative target for many o' the knights of the post. When he tried to defend himself from the cross-traders, his great skills at fencing only got him into more trouble, when a patrol of Harmonium scragged him for wandering the streets with a naked sword in his hand. The berk was, of course, released after he donated a nice jinkscore to the Hardhead cause.

The next day he was wandering the dirty Sigilian streets gathering the darks about the planes and listening to the chant whispered in the taverns. Just when it was getting dark, Tony found himself in the Hive. Needless to say, it's not the right place for a

paladin to be a few hours before anti-peak, is it? Before he knew he was in danger, Tony found himself surrounded by a swarm of hungry children. With deamons he could fight, there was no doubt, but he simply couldn't lift a hand against a child, even as vile as the young Hivers. The weak are to be protected not fought, even if the weak are not very friendly. Remembering that (supposedly) every sod has a spark of goodness in them, he smiled to the first kid and asked him nicely if he could take him to the inn. The kid said "sure" and struck him with a wooden club upside the brain-box.

While Tony was trying to regain his wits after the surprisingly treacherous attack, the others laid in on him. He was kicked, punched and clubbed. Unable to defend himself, Tony Jourdean simply hurled himself into the mud and cried for the poor souls of his attackers, who were undoubtedly right on their way to hell. The kids stripped him of his armor, weapons, clothes, food and the rest of his jink. When the paladin regained his consciousness in the morning, he noticed that all he had left was a dirt-smearred pair of pants. That was the second painful lesson of the paladin.

That must be the way of the planes, he thought and stood up out of the mud. Bloodied and bruised, he walked unsteadily towards the Clerk's Ward. Luckily for him the oily rain removed most of the crusty dirt and blood from his body, so the Hardheads didn't scrag him for filthiness, as they usually do to Hivers who try to walk into other wards.

During the previous two days in the Cage, Tony Jourdean had heard plenty about the Lady of Pain and he knew what a paladin of Kiri-Jolith should do about her. He wanted to end the tyranny of that "most evil of evil beings, she who kills people for even talkin' 'bout her." Tony took a dagger from an unconscious bubber lying on the ground beside an alehouse. He went into Petitioner's Square to unveil his plan. He produced a dagger and started to throw challenges in the air. He wanted the Lady to appear and fight him for the control of the city. Hardheads thought he was an escaped barmy and tried to scrag him, but the crazed paladin claimed he only wanted a personal, honorable duel with the Lady. The Hardheads kept a close watch, but left him alone.

After a few unnerving hours of shouting, Tony gave up. His aching throat couldn't cry out anything anymore. Just as he turned, disappointed and hopeless, Her Serenity appeared and flayed him with just a simple gaze at the leatherhead. Tony fell to the ground in convulsions, spraying his blood everywhere. The pain must have been tremendous, as the berk finally stabbed himself in the chest, ending his torment. That was the third painful lesson of Tony Jourdean. No, on second thought, the first two lessons were quite pleasant compared to the last.

All the Primes of the City of Doors should remember the story of the young paladin. I just don't understand why Primes just can't leave us Cagers alone. We don't need no soddin' lemons here. We don't want 'em to "put things right." The Cage may not be a pleasant place, but it is our home and we love it just as it is, warts and all.



[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Most excellent murders in the Cage

by Juriel the Unseen, Hitman culler

Hive Ward-- Hey cutters! Hope my li'l streaker reached the *Eye* bashers in good shape! Me, I'm Juriel 'the Unseen', the most invisible blood of the Hive! And ya suren know what that means, cutters! See, the Harmonium, Mercykillers and couple of other leather-headed berks have been hunting me for about ten cycles, but they've not even found the slightest clue to my whereabouts. They're probably highly surprised to read I'm livin' in the Hive, the barmy fools!

Anyways, ya see I'm one of the most professional assassins of the multiverse, I'm not even sure if one o' the powers could beat me! I decided it should be my duty to explain the dark of things to all those untrained bashers out there, who think they're good enough when they're lucky enough to put a dagger in a balor's back. They're not, sure as the spire! There's so much to learn about this art, so much **STYLE** to achieve, becoming a truly good assassin is harder than reaching the seventh layer of Mt. Celestia! 'Course, I gotta mention here that I've been to the sixth already, where I had to convince a bloody solar it's time for him to merge with his plane.



But, that's enough about me for now (you've probably noticed I'm a man of secrets, and if you didn't, you're as leather-headed as Bahamut himself). I'm going to lann ya something about really good assassinations, detailing the most excellent murders of some of my colleagues. I can't promise my streakers will reach ya for every batch of the *Eye*, for my profession can sometimes be a rather time-consuming one, but I promise that I'll at least give it a try!

So, cutters, let's see what I've got for ya this time. There's that barmy spinagon, Gruchul, who's gone rogue after his baatezu superiors ordered his execution. He's wearing a shape-changing ring nowadays, so he can give the impression that he's a bariaur and lives under the name of Sika in the Hive.

About eleven cycles ago, he's joined the Indeps, probably just to have at least a spark of group-feeling. A friend of his, Dakron Mistmaster, also an Indep of course, found out about his li'l secret, and convinced him to become an assassin. So, nowadays Gruchul works as a freelancing contract killer, and in the last couple years he's become one of the best, indeed!



His most excellent kill was just about at the beginning of this cycle, when the arcanaloth merchant Rudig'ar entered the Cage. Shemeshka the



Marauder paid Gruchul a good piece of jink to get rid of this old rival of her, telling him that the only things that mattered were Rudig'ar's death and that no one found out who's responsible for it. Well, as most cutters know by now, Rudig'ar ain't been seen since and no one's hardly lifted a finger to find him. Looks like Shemeshka hired the right blood!



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B27 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Blue-Heeled Jack is good for business

by P. Fiendus Hooten Freelance culler

Hex, Outlands-- Blue-Heeled Jack may be a bad phenomenon when he is around, but after he's gone he is nothing but good business. The case in point is the burg of Hex, the site of Jack's first appearance. Since the attack, the burg has noted a significant increase in the number of visitors, many of whom visit merely to follow the footsteps of the elusive creature.

"Most of these sods aren't looking for Jack, they are just curiosity-seekers looking for a little lore to lann their grandkids," said Gnert, the constable of the burg. "I don't understand 'em, but it's been profitable for us, so I guess I can tolerate 'em for a while longer," he went on to say.

Profitable is a bit of an understatement. Most of the town's inhabitants have gotten into the action by recounting their Jack's stories for some jink or by selling various things that Blue-Heeled Jack supposedly touched. Some have been making good money on guiding the curious to the statue of Blue-Heeled Jack. There have been a couple of reports regarding rival guides fighting each other for business, but these are unconfirmed.

Nails, a tavern where Jack attacked and murdered a patron, has finished reconstructing themselves. Jiter, the owner of case, took the opportunity to expand the main room once the curious started visiting. He has marked out the space on the floor where the murder occurred and has renamed the tavern *Jack's Nails*. "Of course I'm going to try and glean a wee bit o' profit from this," he said, "Who wouldn't?"

According to some reports there is currently an attempt to find the wreckage of the walking castle that Blue-Heeled Jack destroyed. Unconfirmed rumors say that Snail Trawet Jr. of [Snail Outfitters](#) has considered making a 'Blue-Heeled Jack' expedition that follows the path taken by the creature.



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Agent of false hope and grand dreams

by Blessed Blight, Freelance culler

Blessed Blight, adventurous Pixie of the Planes, recently spent some time in the deafening tunnels of the Plane of Paranoia to lurk and lann the chatter about a bizarre littlekin whose made quite a name across the Ring - and yet you'll never hear the same story about him twice.

Lower Ward/Lady's Ward-- Nhymr-Nhy, perhaps every denizen of the Ring has a different take on exactly what he IS. Just consider the titles that abound, Agent Provocateur or Benign Mercenary - Amoral Assassin or Barmy Tiefling - Shadowy Practitioner of the Black Arts or Hired Gun of the Realms. What a cutter thinks of the little fella with the Golden Cape and Glowing Red Eyes is largely a function of what he has done for (or to) you lately.

As the Legend goes, ol' Nhymr was the progeny of an unusual tryst between an aged gray elf and his beautiful (and reformed) quickling bride. Mother passed on early in his life, and father died soon after repelling a raid of giants in Arborea. Always an outcast in his community near Grandfather Oak, Nhymr left long ago and has created chant that is a mad mixture of rumor, contradiction and controversy.

The berk ain't immortal, but for some reason he doesn't seem to age either, or at least he hasn't in the many centuries since he first wagged on the tongues of Sigil's gossipers - perhaps the gray elf in him is dominant in that aspect. He is adept in the sciences and wizardry, as well as in the darker spheres of cutpursery and assassination. He is one of the few beings who can truly be at home in the erudite Court of Titania one minute and then planning a major planar heist with the likes of No Cha the next. Most have an opinion of Nhymr-Nhy--usually a strong one.

The following is an interview with an Old Xorn, who goes simply by the title "The Emerald Gourmet". The interview was conducted outside Doomguard headquarters at the Armory.

Blessed Blight [BB]: "So do you remember the events surrounding what your kind calls "the Silver Elm Swindle?"

Emerald Gourmet [EG]: (gnawing leisurely on a gemstone) *Munch, munch* Hmmm? Ohhh... Yes... I remember the Trickster wanting an enormous citadel/quarry carved out of our plane...something about rare gems needed in wand construction."

BB: "I understand that he entered into a pact with your leaders?"

EG: (picking a crystal from his maw) "Well yes, the twisty fella wanted us to build this Marvel of the Rock in exchange for...I believe the words were "a most sumptuous and

long-lasting feast."

BB: "Uh-huh, and where was this banquet to be found?"

EG: "Hmm...It's been so many cycles...it's hard to remember on an empty gut. (A small garnishing continued the interview.) Ho-hmmm, well as I remember he opened up before our eyes a great vortex, what I understood to be a Vacuum Conduit, a multi-opening through the Astral and Ethereal, leading straight to a place of...dream-like proportions. Before our eyes there was a magnificent and orderly forest of tasty trees - gold-plated oaks, silver elms, copper ash trees. I can still remember biting into a young sapling and marveling at the taste of pure platinum on my buds."

BB: "But I understand a problem arose."

EG: "Turns out the place was the garden of a blood named Marduk, and he was quite boiled over about the mess we'd strewn about. Suddenly, all these spirits were upon us and they tried to kick us out. Naturally we felt we had every right to gnosh on the glittertrees and so we had a bit of a jostle."

BB: "As I understand, it ended with the Xorn being kicked back through the conduit."

EG: "Yes, but we had our vengeance--the factory that we had started to build for Red Eyes was crushed by the rock all around - I heard Grumbar himself did the crushing... .

(The Emerald Gourmet began a rather Guvner-like symposium regarding the Plane of Mineral and the interview was concluded.)

Additional researched turned up an interesting mimir regarding illithids. A contact within the Society was able to allow me access to it at the Civic Festhall.

"One day Nhymr visited the githzerai stronghold of Shra'kt'lor to speak with the great githzerai Zaerith himself. In exchange for lanning the chant about silver swords, Nhymr presented the God-King of the zeraï with an unusual device of his own creation - The Diadem of the Illithid Mind.

A barmy crown of gems, metal and an aqueous solution filled with electrical discharges, the Diadem is believed to be on the same "wavelength" as the brainwaves of the mind flayers, allowing the wearer to scan the thoughts of any individual illithid. Furthermore, the wearer can travel across the waves to other flayer's minds that have had contact with the target flayer over the past two days.

With the help of the device, individual zeraï have fathomed long term strategies and offensives of the Elder Brains and Councils, allowing Zaerith and his people to stay several steps ahead of the illithids over the past few cycles, including successful ambushes and counterattacks. It has caused such panic in flayer communities as to result in careful segregation of key illithids from the collective. The Great Brain Ilsensine itself has called for the head of the ingenious little scamp.

The success of the Diadem has allowed Nhymer to pass into an almost saint-like status in the religion of the Floating City; and it's notable that Nhymer's influence has bargained the release of scores of slaves from the githzerai realm."

I was then able to contact Bitterkiss, an erinyes and mid-level Mercykiller, to gleem the chant regarding one of Nhymer's most notorious actions.

Blessed Blight [BB]: "How did you come to find out about the death of Nau' Mirau, the offspring of Molikroth?"

Bitterkiss [BK]: "I was at Mephistar at the time when the gelugons marched his enormous body through the streets before he was cast into the glacial chasm. His sire Molikroth attended and looked on with a bitter rage; already he had dispatched agents to acquire information about the Crow Feeder who had done in the one underling he trusted to serve him."

BB: "What did you know of Nau' Mirau before the events leading to his destruction?"

BK: "He was a wicked Beast, child to the Baron and his concubine, whose womb it ripped through to enter existence. It had the head of a Horned Serpent with a Fiery Red Mane, its long slender body tapering off into a tail like a Giant Mace, with which it would pin its victims."

BB: "Was it true Nau' Mirau was hated by many baatezu."

BK: "Yes the blood was detested after his short seizure of Tantlin, the City of Ice in Prince Levistus' Realm. Supposedly he had the support of the fiends and gelugons against Levistus' loyalists. Some say the Lord of the 9th was worried about the balance from the events; others, mostly sage types, said weird chant about Nau' Mirau resembling some ancestor of the Lords, and that drove him seething."

BB: "And this led to a secret council in the Outlands?"

BK: (surprised) "How'd you lann about that? The chant is the major lords sent delegations for negotiations some 300 miles from the Spire, so as to ward off magical threats. Nau' Mirau was with his Father's company; Nhymer-Nhy was one of two dozen of the Lord of the 9th's reps. What happened is not truly known by any berk - its been scrawled that Nhymer extended a finger toward Nau' Mirau, and a savage beam tore into the fiend's flesh, sending him sprawling in agony. The quick biter was instantly upon him and, with a touch, the two of them disappeared. The stunned parties skirmished for awhile before returning home to report events. Soon order was restored in Stygia, and the charred and butchered body of his child was brought before his father in Cania, causing bellows that cracked the Ice for miles... ."

Other sources were able to confirm Bitterkiss's story, and in fact shed even more light on the events.

The assassination of Nau' Mirau brought many baatezu to a boil, pledging blood oaths to punish the cutter responsible. It also caused a stir in Sigil, with many beginning to question the nature of the trickster-turned murderer. How had he managed such powerful magic close to the Spiral? Why would he have anything to do with the Lords and their politics in the first place? Presumably the tiny blood was getting a payoff, still unfathomed, and possibly he also chose the side he thought most likely to keep Baator plotting against itself. Nevertheless, the fact that he would involve himself in such a bloody affair turned many a party against him, at least for a time.

He is now said to be temporarily residing in the Harmonica on Cocytus, among one of the few Spires there that actually reaches the center of the cave, allowing him to shout out to the multiverse. Here he maintains his laboratory and expands his knowledge, while hatching plots to acquire new "toys". Nhymer is a typical resident of Pandemonium--chip on his shoulder, abandoned or neglected since earliest memories, permanent outsider on the Ring, with an ever-chattering voice in his skull driving him to assert his importance.

He has many friends among the Cabal at the MadHouse and Windglum, though he rarely finds time to venture forth and visit (When he does, and is given a little ale, he can become quite the philosopher on any subject). Nhymer has an extreme distaste for order or bullies, and is always eager to sabotage their plans; on the rare occasions of his visits to Sigil, he has always stirred up trouble for the Harmonium and Mercykillers.

Some say his incident with the Xown was just an extravagant way of thumbing his nose at the lawful powers. Sympathizers point to his positive influence with the zerai and his efforts to support them against the githyanki and illithids, judging them to be the most promising of the races in terms of their ability to lose their hatred towards outsiders.

Nhymer's own hatred runs deepest towards the UnSeelie Court and its Queen. It is believed his mother was a suffering servant of the Court before being freed. Whatever else he schemes, it is certain that one day he hopes to crush the Court and dispel the foul black cloud hanging over its throne, freeing faerie folk from the Black Diamond's spell. In this at least there is a pureness of purpose that filters through the mischievous smile and nefarious deeds. On a plane of outcasts dreaming of glory and redemption, he can be raised up as a beacon of hope and possibility.



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Xaos Improvisation Theatre inaugurated

by Gnrzos Zrgnos of the Soaxicetst, Freelance culler

Market Ward-- Festivity! Created at colorful wooden stage, the Great Bazaar has been a new attraction, the letters bearing "a" Xaos Improvisation Theatre. A great took place, and even Factol Sarin was there, though not because of the Theatre.

Reputation of a great chaos artist, by the Xaositect theatre beautiful Lady Fijura Mareena, founded this new start is meant to be a giant turtle of eating the whole multiverse, or at least of all types to make to give improvisation artists known themselves possibility good a the start.

To explain a speech, Fijura held to the stage came artist after the first. This theatre she founded why she decided not to do it, then and instead, which ended when a wild, rhythmic dance started a husband her Tara Zann in her phoenix egg threw a face.

Bombwaboom (for no obvious reason), was mentioned above, at least the green slaad how everyone called him that's that first artist, who about "The Silent Slaad" play famous showed the for half an hour. Painted yellow, the audience granted him a great applause, and then he left the stage when him. As the slaad, a member of the Mercykillers, during this event unfortunately, was killed one ogre, to try painting the inner organ's ogre decided to.

"Actually, this isn't exactly what I intended", stated Lady Fijura. "The Xaos Improvisation Theatre was meant as a place of creation, of ideas that are born and raised, not as a place of death and destruction. Yellow admit, I did interesting to have the ogre's organs, though that more look after they been painted."

(Not of the Harmonium and Mercykillers) of the Harmonium the Mercykillers and the Guvners, already explained Xaos Theatre Improvisation they will try officials to close everything legally allowed. The the the the the the the the the the the the the the the... Who was Juddbud? Recent assassination attack on all Factol's responsible Xaositect Factions, for a Guvners absolute support though not promised his.

When the Beholder Lharb asked, the Xaos Improvisation Theatre guessed that, either legally or illegally, within the next few days. If this would happen, Lady Fijura mentioned that will probably start an all-out war against Sigil. She'd burned down Factions's lawful.



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B27 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

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.



Anarchist leader executed

The leader of the Anarchist's cell known as "the Orphanmakers", the mind flayer Glork Kiador, has been executed at Petitioner's Square. The dangerous Leaguer was arrested during a "Lawsweep" operation by Harmonium and Mercykiller troops. Cell members during the arrest killed several Hardheads and three officers of the Red Death. This long-sought criminal was responsible for the death of 37 pairs of mothers and fathers. The cell sought to destroy the first of all institutions that corrupts an individual - the family. Cullers for the *Eye* have been told that a key informer for the case may have been an Anarchist that believed that Glork had gone too far with his philosophy.



Torture chamber dismantled

A secret torture chamber located in the cellar of an abandoned building in the Lower Ward was dismantled by a party of planewalkers, led by Yldbein the tiefling bard from Nidavellir. A member of the party, the Prime kender Withro Saltamuros was saved from an inquisitor, the one apparently in charge of the chamber. The Mercykiller diviner Binoy was slightly injured and Yldbein told us that they didn't know who was using the chamber or what purpose it was being used for. The investigations of the *Eye* have found that the last owner of the building was executed several cycles ago.




Robber wore pj's

A robber adopted an unusual disguise when he held up a jink bank in the Lady's Ward - he wore his pajamas. Hardheads said the man walked into the Sigil Municipal Commercial Savings Bank before peak wearing a blue and white zipper jacket, a black cap, blue and white checkered pajamas and bedroom slippers open at the heels. He didn't have a mask on, but did have some type of evening shawl around his throat. The robber handed a teller a handwritten note demanding money, but didn't show a weapon, said Officer Bryn Holbrook of the Harmonium. Holbrook wouldn't say how much jink the robber got away with. He described the man as about 5 and half-lengths tall, weighing about 150 stones. Of the man's outfit, Holbrook said, "It was a little unusual, yes, but then robbing places is an unusual practice anyway!"




Ooze Dogs

A rather new curiosity has appeared in the streets of Sigil, ooze dogs. On sale currently in the Hive, they're animentials who began life as dumb dogs, which were subsequently swallowed by ooze pools. They weren't bright in life and as dirt they didn't get much smarter. Their bark is also remarkably low and their slurp is noticeably muddy.




Mission of Mercy

This is a newly formed charity station run by two devas in conjunction with various natives of the Hive. A sturdy, though run-down building, the Mission of Mercy is filled with both the needy and volunteers from a variety of races. It's not unusual to see khaasta, hobgoblins, tasloi, bladelings, and grues working to feed and clothe tieflings, humans, bariaur and spellweavers in distress.




The Heavens

"Don't be fooled by the name, berk." In the Lady's Ward there's a series of tall, golden buildings adorned with clear semiprecious stones the size of carefully carved boulders. Celestials dwell within - at least, they were celestials at one time. Now they're just Sigilians with very good connection, neither evil nor good. Cirily the Eladrin has lived here so long that she assumes her bones are made of razorvine and rat bits.




Two-headed Cow

A two-headed cow has been seen around the Gatehouse. Its owner claims to have a whole herd of them and wants to sell them all to start a tavern chain on the Plane of Water. The cow seems fake and sickly, but is said to resist magical radiation slightly more than normal. Many joke that each head has half a brain, which is why it's so addle-coved!




Baatezu curses bard

A cursed bard is looking for help in Sylvania. He can't stop playing the same old boring song since he crossed an amnizu. Worse yet, his friends were captured and he can't even eat. Those willing to offer assistance should seek Bamar at the Temple of Bast.



King in spiritual quest

The Prime king Itto and his entourage are to present themselves in front of the great temple of Osiris, in Fortitude, surrendering the treasures of his world. Many rich folk from the same Prime sphere are following his example and the temple is planning to fund a great charity institution and possibly build another wing for the building.



Sword master seeks apprentices and sponsorship

A mysterious swordsman has been seen in the distance on rooftops in Tradegate. He is apparently looking for fighters of great skill to help him preserve the traditional martial school of which he is the only descendant. Some say this mystery warrior may be the famous ronin called Yamasay.



[\[Return to top\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B27 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)