
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



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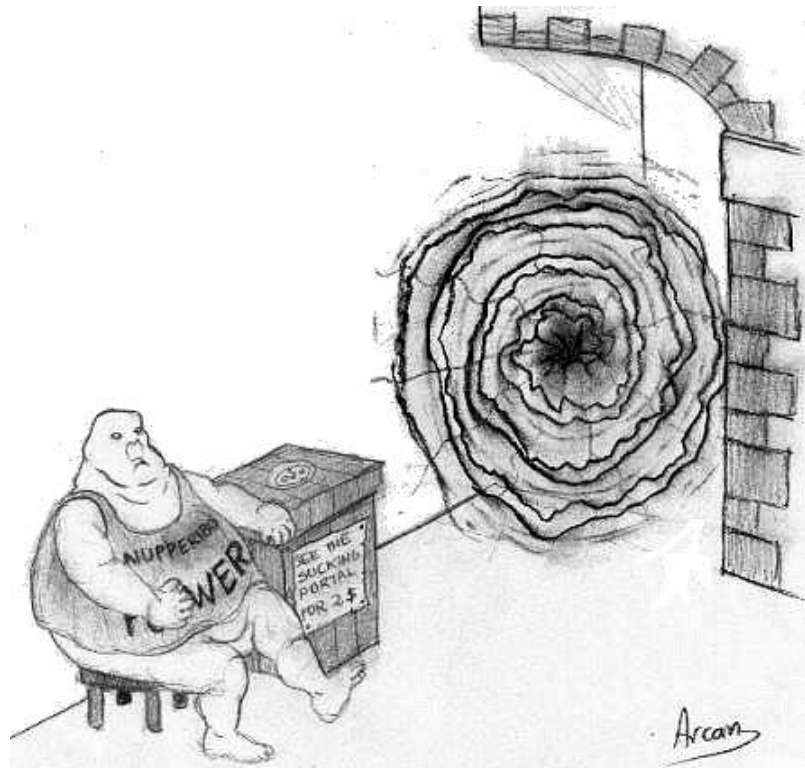
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Into the madness

by Lady Aruella Maranth, Sigil bureau culler

Clerk's Ward/Pandemonium-- Very recently, an ancient shifting portal on Flutecrafter's Street in the Clerk's Ward has created confusion and fear. The portal, which is known to shift between several dozen different destinations throughout the planes every five to six hundred cycles, has obviously opened up into Pandemonium now. Due to some strange circumstances, it created a howling whirlwind as it shifted again, and sucked one unfortunate planewalker into the plane of madness.

Members of the Fraternity of Order have set up an investigation team right in front of the portal (and the whirlwind, which still exists), in an effort to stop anyone from stepping through or getting sucked in. It seems the portal is permanently open, and the whirlwind sends the howling thoughts of the poor planewalker into the minds of anyone nearby. The Guvners do not have any real explanations yet, though many theories have been mentioned already. One thing's sure, though - the planewalker must have had a backpack full of luck that he survived at all. It seems the whirlwind's got the force to tear anyone entering it apart.



A member of the Bleakers, Shadai the Shadowelf, has spoken out, stating that the Guvners themselves are responsible for the event. He claims that a Guvner experiment with portals created these strange circumstances. The Fraternity of Order has called Shadai a liar, and some even speculated that the Bleaker himself was responsible for it. The Harmonium is currently investigating the case, and has even sent some members to Pandemonium, both to find the unfortunate planewalker, and to find out more about Shadai's past - he is known to have lived within the tunnels of the howling plane for several decades.

Fortunately, I was able to get my hands on some excerpts of the sucked-in planewalker's thoughts, written down by a Guvner scrivener. It begins with the moment the poor sod regained his consciousness:

"Where am I? What has happened? What is this WIND? Oh, gods, it's so dark in here, and that wind! I can barely stand up! Oh, Tyche, please tell me it's not true. I'm not in Pandemonium, am I? Can't anyone make that damn wind stop?? Where do I have that stone, ah, here we go. Continual Light, I love you. Caverns. Oh, gods, this IS Pandemonium. What's this thing over there? OH NOOOOOO!"

As the scrivener explained to me, the planewalker had then fought a creature that was attracted by the light, but I was unable to find out what beast it was. The sod obviously won the battle, though; here is another excerpt, written down after the man had wandered through the tunnels of Pandemonium for a few days already.

"It's like the wind brushes through my very mind, as if [got ya!] all my thoughts [I got you...] would be sent through the multiverse... [You're mine... little toy, my little toy.] Stop it! You're not real! [Oh, I am... more real than you are, little toy...] I will get out of here! I'm strong [weaking]! [You don't believe that yourself, do you?] GET OUT OF MY HEAD! AAAH! [I'm in too deep... I'll take over your mind... slowly, painfully... you're mine...] NEVER! I'm free! I. [Oh, see that, tears running over your cheeks.. yeah, so strong you are.. little toy..] SHUT UP! Pleeeeeeeeeeease!"

The excerpt I got is somewhat longer, but it stays very similar to the above. The planewalker runs through the caverns of Pandemonium, desperate to get out somehow, and fights everything that he encounters (and the fact that he still lives tells of his abilities). The last excerpt that the Fraternity of Order allowed me to see was the following; for some reason, I wasn't able to persuade anyone into giving me further excerpts:

"I hate you, and I'll never bow to your will. [You already did.] I didn't. Shut up! The wind is [wiiiiind] annoying enough! [I AM the wind and you know...] You won't get me! [Little toy, little toy.] Look there! [Oh... lucky boy. A portal is it? Back to Sigil you want?] YES! And I will leave you back here! Go screaming with the wind again! [It's you who's going to scream. Little toy.] We'll see, sodding barmy! Okay, this cavern entrance is small, but I'll get through [you won't] I [you won't] just have [you won't you won't] to find out the [you woooooon't] key. So where's my scroll... [It won't help you] STOP RATTLING YOUR BONEBOX! [Oh look, little tears again...] Here it is. Please, Tyche, make the magic [got a surprise for you.] work [surprise.] NO! The wind's blown my scroll away! [Little toy, little toy.]"

After this, the planewalker just collapsed whining and sobbing. Only the Fraternity of Order knows what horrors have befallen him since. The Harmonium stated that their investigation team is tracking him down in Pandemonium's caverns, but they were not willing to give away any other details. Guvner portal experts have explained that they will be able to destroy the whirlwind and turn the portal into an ordinary portal to Pandemonium once more, but they don't want to risk anything as long as the poor sod's mind is somehow connected to the whirlwind. Meanwhile, Shadai the Shadowelf has disappeared. The Guvners claim he's hiding from the law, while some of his Bleaker friends have heard him talking about a trip to Pandemonium, "visiting an old friend," he's said to have stated.

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Murderous serenade

(The Dolls of Yeris Case, Part 3)

by Yuriko, Chaotic culler



Lady's Ward-- Death drives his scythe through the Golden Lords of Sigil this month, as well as the famished mobs of the Hive. Furtado Jafé, admiral to a vast fleet of animal transports, was discovered in his home along with his whole family, all butchered and with corpses arranged in crucifixes and blood forming trails. Narcovi of the Harmonium claims to finally be able to identify a pattern out of the many killings. The Hardhead said the evidence uncovered up to now and comes to a new conclusion: there are two different groups of murderers at work.

One, responsible for the [bloodlust of Saint Dominguez](#), seems to be composed of children or very small halflings, possibly even halfling children. *"The footsteps are too small to be of any adult species short of fairies. Fairy-dust, however, discarded that alternative. Incisions were painfully small until they reached vital organs, as if children toys were being used as weapons. Wooden chips were found and discovered to be part of dolls,"* explained the Harmonium investigator.

Harmonium officials refused to comment further in this case, but they obviously can weave no pattern whatsoever on the victims chosen. The second case is no more informed. Amazing investigator Christopher Verdue has analyzed some strange black sand that was found at the scene; the only common factor in the many killings still remains a mystery. He made a statement declaring to have found a dense emotional trauma residue in all of the scenes. Narcovi and Verdue have requested several archives lately and are comparing results. Still the smokescreen hypothesis was not turned away yet, and the Harmonium fear a furry-clawed hand being connected with all the bloodwork.

I, Yuriko, have unearthed some curious facts that were being covered over the authorities. Neighbors using a mimir were able to record a strange serenade late in the night around the mansion of Furtado, one that finished in desperate moans and children voices.

The murder cases present a hidden cause and consequence effect: all scenes were stage to murders, brutal, senseless ones at that, as if the past was reaching out to the present to claim its black fief. Some sages say that Sigil might exist out of Time and be isolated from the Planar-Time Continuum, but what if the fine thread that separated them started to melt away?



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The soup of your dreams

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

Greetings again, my mon amis! Zhiz iz Justin deKichon, the Zenzate chef, back with anohtzer delightful recipie for vous, hon hon! Zat is right! Brought back by popular demand, and zee blessing and zee help of ze *Lady's Zharper Eye* and ze [Snail Outfitters](#), again I will zhow you all how to eat vell while on zee Great Road, hon hon!

Vhat zhall ve have zhis veek, eh? Vell, I must tell vous that I have just returned from zee beautiful Upper Planes (zhey are quite lovely zhis time of zee cycle, ya?) and I must tell vous zhat I had zee most wonderful dish while I was zhere! One of my dear friends, [Theramanas](#), a vell known and respected guide of ze Znaile Outfitters, made zhis for me and zhen lanned me zee darks on how to prepare it! And now, I vill lann all of vous, of course, hon hon! Vhat is zhis wonderful dish, vous asks? Vell, it is *Dream Turtle Zoup*, of course!

Now, first vous take zee dream turtle (once it is caught, of course - Justin deKichon is not very good at catching zee turtles, I have found, hon hon!) and vous place it into zee large pot of boiling hot vater. Where vill vous get a large pot of boiling vater while on zee Great Road, or in zee Astral, vous asks? Vell, I always carry my pot vith zee handy [medallion of zstorage](#), of course! And zee vater? Not a problem if vous has a [ever-flowing canteen](#), hon hon! Zee boiling vater will help to tenderize zee turtle and make it easier to zeperate zee zhell from zee turtle. I find zat zee best tool for zhis job is none other zhan a zet of [woodsman knives](#) zhat vous can get from Znaile Outfitters!

Now, once zee zhell has been removed, place zee remaining parts into zee pot, adding zeasonings and vegetables to taste, of course. Of course, you can keep all of vous vegetables fresh for zee journey vith a [pouch of preservation](#), zhat vill keep all of vous fruit and vegetables as fresh as zee day zhey where picked, hon hon!

Let zhis all zimmer for a bit while vous zlip into your comfortable [cocoonbag](#) and take a nap zafe and zound from any beasties zhat might be around! Once vous nap is done, vous zupper will be as vell! Dine on zee tender, zucculent meat in the zhell bowl zhat it came in! Now zhat is fine dining, hon hon! Until next time...



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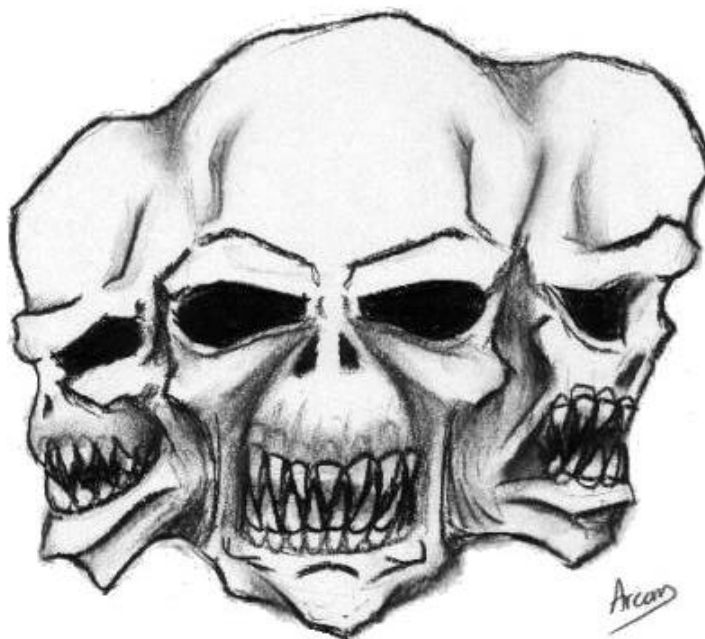
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Hruggek's eccentric skull

by Blessed Blight, Freelance culler

Cocytus, Pandemonium-- Let me clarify some things first berk - we're not talkin' 'bout Hruggek's OWN skull, though I suppose its eccentric enough. A few months back some bugbear petitioners were exploring the tunnels leading out of the honeycombed lair of Hruggekolohk, when they came across a strange, enormous skeleton sticking out of the rock.

About 20 lengths tall, the beastie stood on 8 long, stilt-like legs, which joined to a massive skull, some 10 lengths across. The Skull was said to have 3 separate brain casings with small connections (A blood would think for 3 separate brains?) and 3 sets of jaws full of sharp teeth. When they brought the Skull home Hruggek was most pleased with the find, giving the strange brainbox a prominent place in his Hall of Severed Heads.



At first the Skull did not speak, seemingly immune to the magics that kept the other heads screaming, shoutin', larfin' and lauding Hruggek's greatness. Then one day, when a famished Hruggek and a proxy were passing through the Hall, the left jaw of the Skull began to jabber in flawless bugbear:

"HRUGGEK YOU ARE HUNGRY FOR A DELICACY! THERE IS AN ENORMOUS, BLOATED WORM 36 LEAGUES TO THE NORTHWEST! LEAVE NOW AND YOU WILL ENCOUNTER IT IN THE TUNNELS! MAKE HASTE! EAT THE WORM, HRUGGEK! LET ITS SWEET ICHOR CREST THE BRIM OF YOUR GOBLET!"

Hruggek and his cohorts were so startled by this revelation, that they immediately went to the location the Skull had specified, and subdued the Purple Belly-crawler, its tender, sour juices pleasing their lips. This was just the beginning; over the next few weeks the Skull spoke with greater frequency, at times with the left jaw, sometimes with the middle and other times with the right.

A few days after the worm feast Hruggek's realm hosted a banquet, which included various wretched souls with a few tanar'ri among them. The Carcerian Snails had just been served when the Skull rang out with a bulletin:

"GLASYA IS SLEEPING WITH AN INCUBUS! HER FATHER IN NESSUS WILL CERTAINLY BE FURIOUS!"

The Skull then followed with what could only be described as an exacting description of the events taking place at the moment between the Queen of all erinyes' and her supposed Blood War enemy.

The entire table erupted in hysterics. A group of molydei on "extended leave" from the tanar'ri ranks, were gigglin' throughout the entire address. Others pretended to nibble their snails in a seductive manner throughout the Skull's blurbs. Hruggek himself snorted Oxblood Wine through his nostrils and let out a hardy growl as it became apparent what he was hearing. At the end of the dinner all the guests spontaneously toasted the bighead for a wonderfully spun yarn--many didn't really believe it to be true, at least not until the scandal broke weeks later and spread across the Ring.

At other times, the middle jaw speaks of strange events from ancient eras. Late one night, a groggy Hruggek heard a voice in the Hall and found the Skull chattering a tale to the Wind. It was a tragic story of a mother called Lillikumba, whose children had been cursed by a Forgotten Lord of the Midnight Wood to live only as long as the "Green Embers" remained lit. Lillikumba continuously fed the embers branches and logs all her life while her children grew up. Until one day when she was old and gray a son returned as a powerful mage, and cast great magics that caused the Embers to crackle and roar eternally, so hot that they immolated the Lord and destroyed his form.

The Skull's voice was one of melancholy and bittersweet joy, describing the torment of the mother and the tearful joy of the final reunion. During the tale members of the bugbear deities' entourage had sat in the darkened hall and listened as well, and were astonished at one moment to glance over at their Lord, his lip trembling, and a large tear tracing down the coarse hair of his face.

The right jaw is the one that causes Hruggek great consternation--but it certainly motivates him. It speaks of the accomplishments of other Gods and Powers across the Planes, triumphs of policy and successful incursions into prime worlds, openly taunting Hruggek and challenging him to do more:

"WHY AREN'T YOU ENCOURAGING YOUR PRIESTS TO LEARN GREATER MAGIC... WINTER'S HALL IS SO MUCH LARGER THAN THIS CAVE AND LOKI IS ONLY THERE HALF THE TIME, IT SHOULD BE YOURS! GATE IN AN ARMY AND TAKE IT ALREADY!"

"EVERYONE ELSE HAS THEIR OWN SECT, WHY HAVEN'T YOU INVENTED ONE?"

"WHEN WILL YOU STOP BEING SO LAZY AND GET AROUND TO SLAPPING A LORD OF THE NINE IN THE BLOOD WAR!!!"

At one point the beratement became so constant Hruggek slapped the Jaw with his

great Paw, causing it not to speak for over a week...at first Hruggek ignored it, then he laid gifts by its side, and then he pleaded with it to speak to him again. Truth be told, Hruggek aspires to be far more than he presently is, and he secretly desires the chastisement of the Skull to force his courage, strength and daring to carry out schemes. When Hruggek speaks to the Skull of his sneak attacks, the skull comments on them and invariably offers insights on things ranging from battle tactics to potential allies, and has aided his reasoning tremendously.



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New face put forth for Law

by [Daeh K. Carc](#), Sigil bureau chief

Lady's Ward-- Recently, dear readers, the Eye was fortunate enough to have had the opportunity to interview Bartezu, head of the newly created Harmonium Commission on Fairness. Bartezu is a twenty-four-cycle veteran of the Harmonium and has been labeled by some as a "silent reformer" within the organization known for Law and Harmony. Any rumors concerning a connection between Bartezu and elements of Baator were dismissed several cycles ago.

Bartezu was recently named Mover Four to replace the deposed Durkayle and has been appointed by Factol Sarin to head the Commission, which is charged with examining the faction's procedures and structure. The Commission will determine if changes are needed or warranted regarding the attitude of faction members and their subsequent actions while on duty. So far only Harmonium members have been appointed to the Commission.

Daeh K. Carc: "Sir, what is your opinion regarding the view that all members of the Harmonium are 'hardheaded' and totally intolerable to the positions of other factions?"

Bartezu: *"We, of the Harmonium, are NOT created to show how irrational order can be. We are founded because the multiverse needs peace and harmony. To obtain this multiversal peace and harmony, rules have to be created. This is not because we love rules (that's the Guvners part), but because without rules there can never be any peace and harmony."*

DKC: "Inspector can you explain to our readers how Law and Order benefit the society at large?"

B: *"Certainly, for example, two neighbors are enjoying working in their gardens. Neighbor one decides that he wants a big tree in his garden; he plants an Arborean Willow and enjoys it immensely. But neighbor two sees all his plants die through lack of light, he gets angry with his neighbor and a fight breaks out, the harmony of the neighborhood is disrupted. Therefore, we have rules concerning how large the vegetation may grow in a garden. Neighbor one respects the rules, plants a Bytopian Dwarf Tree, which falls within regulations, and both neighbors will live in peace and harmony."*

DKC: "Well yes, your example does explain how forcing regulations onto the public has some limited benefits, but doesn't that defeat such principles as individual choice and freedom?"

B: *"Jeez, yer a silly sod. For rules to have effect it is necessary that there are people checking if everyone respects the rules. Thus, we have patrols of honest Harmonium officers who will see to it that people respect the rules. It is not because we love a police state, it is because someone has to defend the law-abiding citizens against their chaotic neighbors."*

DKC: "Inspector, back to my original question. What is the Harmonium doing to soften or change its image within the Cage and perhaps even the planes?"

B: *"Now, I know that among you chaotic bashers there is a popular theory that we like scragging and punishing you. This is so wrong; we do this with pain in our hearts. Why, you ask? Because we know that everyone, deep in their heart wants peace and harmony throughout the multiverse. This means that every one of you is going to be a member of the Harmonium sooner or later. See, if we scrag and punish you it is for your own good. Since talking didn't help with you, you've made us use force against you. Although it hurts, we are willing to do that for the greater good of peace and harmony. We can't have you ruin it for everyone else. So, next time we ask for a little understanding and respect. Remember, you are going to be one of us one day."*

The interview was then cut short, as the inspector had to leave to investigate another warehouse district bombing. We apologize for not being able to delve further into the mindset of Bartezu and unfortunately a follow-up interview has not been scheduled. *The Lady's Sharper Eye* intends to watch the Commission very closely and will post any recommendations that it should bring forth.



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Requiem drives slaadi mad

by Father Sander, Supernatural culler

Lower Ward-- A dark danse macabre has been making its paces around the city. Death arranged a table and some chairs for its guests and will dine angst. The emotional backlash has been drying out, being sucked by an unseen player. A group emerges from the depths of the past, forgotten not, always ready to snuff out the candle of life.

There is panic, fear and loathing. This usually happens when something is about to change fundamentally in the multiverse. This just happens once in a lifetime. No, it happened when the Harmonium closed Nemausus to visitors. And when the Modron March started early. And the new Cat Lord emerged. Oh, never mind.

Regardless, something big will happen, so it is time you started running for your lives, opening that coffee plantation you always dreamed of or joining the army.

Facts, facts, Ashy said. Then we are glad to announce that the recent Doomguard arsons were in fact caused by slaadi, anxious for this new chapter on the story of the multiverse. The slaadi were already dispatched back to Limbo by four Harmonium patrols, but the question that drives us still remains: *"Why they needed to destroy creativity to do that?"*

The sage Self-Fulfilling prophecy is filling in for Xanxost in giving vague utterances to editors and ripping off heads of helpless elves. On this matter he was only able to say "that I am utterly offended by such behavior and that I must turn my attentions to the Prime now. All matters you have with karmic disputes or an angry wheel are non of my business.

We hungrily wait for more information regarding this planar affliction and its developments.



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Most excellent murder in Torch

by Juriel the Unseen, Hitman culler

Torch-- Hey cutters! See, ol' Juriel has managed his next report despite all the work he had to do (successful as ever). And of course it's a story about a most excellent kill, again! So, it's not in the Cage, but this one was so fine that I just had to write about it. Actually, I might get away from the Cage in the future, as well - after all, I don't want to neglect some great artists just because they ain't living in the City of Doors, right?

Now, what's got Juriel for ya, cutters? You might already have heard about it, but it's me who knows the real darks. Within the last couple of weeks, the gatetown of Torch was infested by a horde of [lesser vampires](#) - stupid, but dangerous brutes.

They seem to have come from nowhere; and their numbers grew every day. Slaughtering a few hundred natives of Torch within the first two days already, a small panic started to evolve, and the high-ups of Torch decided they had to do something about it. Spellslingers got some jink to provide spells against undead (and ya should know how hard it is for the high-ups of Torch to part with their jink!) and guards were equipped with stakes and holy water (one wonders where the high-ups of Torch got THAT from).

So, during the third night of the bloodsuckers, the burg seemed to be prepared. As the hungry barmies stormed the town from their dark hideouts, the locals didn't flee as they had done before, but instead stood up and fought (those with not so much jink, at least). In the mean time, the thieves' guild known as **Tiamat's Chosen** stormed those homes that stood empty during the battle, raising some easy revenue. But for the stupidly brave fighters, that definitely wasn't the worst thing. Seems the lesser vampires had been prepared by something more intelligent, and they all had finely crafted chainmails and spells protecting them from holy water. In short, the beasties slaughtered another hundred people that night, while only two dozen or so of their own numbers were killed.

The next day, rumors spread that the creatures were actually the servants of some higher vampire, an inhabitant of Torch who wants to eradicate the whole gatetown. Even without any real proof, it didn't take long until half the burg was out on a hunt.

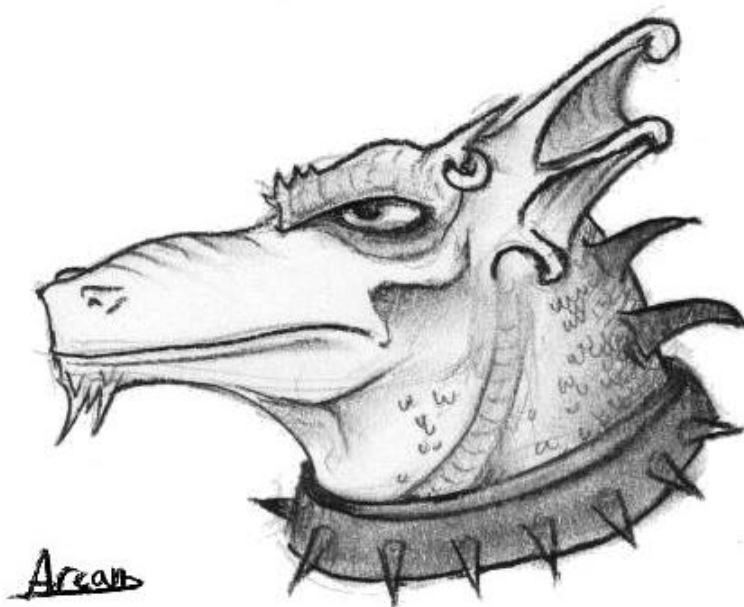
It might be interesting to note that it took just a half day until fifteen different vampires were slain. It would seem the higher ones feel as comfortable here as the lesser critters. Anyway, the crowd wasn't satisfied yet and finally stormed the hideouts of **Tiamat's Chosen**. The slaughter was nearly as bad as the night before, just that the bloodshed was mainly the result of weapons, not claws (there were exceptions, of course).

In one of the hideouts, the crowd found another vampire - one that was highly guarded both by spells and servants. But the crowd was in such a bloodlust that nothing could

stop them and their overwhelming attack simply breached through any defenses (with many losses, of course). Just then, the vampire climbed out of his coffin and cast a spell. A shimmering *wall of force* appeared to block his enemies from him, but at the same time, a dozen lesser vampires appeared out of nowhere.

Ya can imagine what happened then. The crowd took this as a proof of the vampire's guilt. The lesser vampires were slaughtered (as were a couple of barmies from the crowd), when one of the wild bashers used some kind of rod to destroy the *wall of force*. It was a matter of moments until the shocked leader of **Tiamat's Chosen** was ripped apart, and permanently destroyed with holy water.

The next night, the bats didn't appear again. Seems the crowd's killed the right guy, yeah? But you ain't so barmy to believe it's that simple, right? Of course, the whole thing was just a ruse, if a bloody one. See, the draconian Vrazhuu was a member of **Tiamat's Chosen** for many cycles already, and had considered himself a natural leader of the thieves' guild since the beginning. Probably because of that, he never rose very high in the ranks. But ambitious as he was, he crafted a plan to take over the group. The spellslinger that he was, he developed a spell to summon lesser vampires and let them seek victims within the gatetown.



As the crowd got wild, it was Vrazhuu who led them to the hideout of **Tiamat's Chosen**. Considering it was his suggestion to rob the treasures of those who fought the vampires during the night, one could call it irony that he used this fact to get the crowd's attention to his own thieves' guild. And as they stood in front of the thieves' leader, it was he who summoned the lesser vampires and destroyed the *force* field.

What better revenge could the draconian get, than have his hated vampire master thief be killed by a crowd angry at all kinds of bloodsuckers? And not just that, Vrazhuu's style was simply wonderful. Ya see, he was there as his victim was killed; he might even have been the murderer himself. But instead of being accused of it, it's just taken as a matter of fact, even by his enemies. Committing a murder in public without having to be afraid of any consequences - now THAT'S what I call a good assassin!

Too bad the story doesn't have a happy end. Vrazhuu's plans did not work completely, and although he's killed his master thief, he didn't rise in the ranks himself. Rather, someone else took the place, some evil human psionicist, someone with far less style I

have to add. Even worse, the draconian's thieves' guild has suffered such heavy losses that now they've got to struggle against the other important guilds, so as not to lose their status in Torch.

It's all too bad really.



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Paladins block *'The Defrocking'*

by Skelterbet, Culler of the Stage

Lower Ward-- Every so often a play comes out that offends various groups. True art, being only concerned with expression, does not care who it offends but instead strives to remain true to the artist's intent. For any medium this is simple to accomplish, unless that medium is one of the performing arts. A painting is a completed work of art. A play is only completed when it is performed, and therein lays the problem.

Too often the play is performed with a different agenda than what the playwright intended. An example of this is the recent blasphemy of Ning Brwn's *'Fool!'* which twisted the play more than I had thought was possible - and that is saying something since I've seen more twisted performances of plays than the number of days many mortals see of life.

When a play offends certain groups, invariably they do things to end the run of the production. Often this is merely protesting the performance. However, sometimes it is as severe as burning the theater down or killing the actors (one merely needs to think of the tragedy that occurred a couple hundred cycles ago at the infamous performance of *'Hel'* and the degrees people take things is painfully obvious).

And so we come to a production of Drake's *'The Defrocking'*, a play about a paladin who loses his status. I should say we come to a single performance of this fine play, for at the time of this writing the playhouse has been closed by the Harmonium due to the express request of several paladins who consider it to be worse than pornography.

Having seen that single production, I can say that I don't understand what the paladins find so offensive. I have been witness to the defrocking of a few paladins in the past while working on various Prime spheres. The play is considerably kinder to the subject than what I have witnessed in real life. The story centers on Philotomy Jurament, a paladin who strives hard to follow the teachings of his power. While hunting a tanar'ri lord on the prime, he is soon faced with a dilemma: A human woman bears the cambion son of the tanar'ri and Philotomy must decide what to do.

The rest of the play is how his decision ultimately ruins his life and ends with him being defrocked as a paladin. I felt that the story is very moving and that the play ultimately honors paladinhood by showing how difficult it is for those who choose such a tough way of life. Sage Hovenous plays Philotomy with a passion for doing the right thing, and the energy he brings to the performance pays off. Derrick Braysin plays Klasin Bourke, Philotomy's friend and advisor who ultimately must defrock him. The two are perfectly cast together and the defrocking scene is excellent. I look forward to seeing both of these actors again.

It is hoped that the Harmonium will relent on their banning of the play, but that is quite

unlikely given their track record. I heard mention that the production might be moved to a Prime world called Oerth. If that is true and you don't mind the trip, it is worth the effort to see this show.



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Bariaur blood insults Hardheads

by Will the Red-Eye, Freelance culler

Market Ward-- Over the last few days a bariaur warrior has been running amok in the Market Ward shouting insults at Harmonium officers and provoking brawls. Some berks got wounded in one of the fights and several costermongers from the Grand Bazaar have reported damage to their tents. Even though the Hardheads dispatched several patrols in attempts to scrag the troublemaker, the young bariaur proved to be quite capable of defending himself, giving a few Harmonium officers a serious thrashing. There were no casualties, although it's still unsure whether some of the nicked bashers will recover.

After their initial failure to scrag the bariaur, the Harmonium sent even more patrols to the Market Ward. This paralyzed the entire ward for rest of the day, as the people were hesitant to go onto the streets. Many were afraid of the raging bariaur and the crowds of angry, red-armored Hardheads running back and forth down the streets. After a rather long chase, the Harmonium managed to beat the troublemaker into submission and take him prisoner.

"That was one 'ell of a fight. This goat-boy fought like a madman. 'E went completely berserk. All th' time 'e shouted those damn insults. Somebody 'ad to shut that yarkin' leather'ead's bone-box, so I swung at the goatboy. I woulda nicked 'im but th' berk knocked my 'elmet off with 'is axe and punched me in th' face with th' other 'and. I woke up 'ere." said Damian Forrester, one of several Hardheads sent to a healer's house.

The bariaur was identified as Sonkis Meadow, a young Indep living in the Market Ward. *"That's not surprising at all. Wherever trouble arises, you can count on the Free League having some involvement. We've got to get rid of these vermin once and for all. Otherwise, they will keep disrupting the peace of our fair city,"* said Factol Sarin.

Several witnesses said it was quite entertaining to watch the rampaging bariaur. Some said the insults he was throwing at the Hardheads were particularly tarmy. I believe these insults must have caught on, for just this morn I saw a group a kids playing in the courtyard. They were wearing red capes and were running after a lil' bariaur girl.



The girl was shouting at the other kids: *"Come and get me, you bleedin' buncha blex. Your father was a bubber and your mother was a vaporighu! I'll chop yer soddin' head off; you don't use it anyway! Every sod knows that all Hardheads are paralyzed from their necks up. Hmpf, you and yer bleedin' faction! And this prime berk Sarin with his notorious Complete Knowledge Resistance and Immunity Against Intelligence; Go back to yer own kip, you prime leatherhead!"*

There was even more to it, but I couldn't remember it all. If Sonkis Meadow shouted such things at the Harmonium, it's no wonder they wanted to scrag him so badly. Intrigued by this whole affair, I tried to find out the reason of Sonkis' outburst of anti-Harmonium hatred. The quipper I garnished took me to an old bariaur woman, Sonkis Meadow's mother.

The old woman was crying: *"I will lose two sons now. Sonkis is too hot-blooded. When Wayne died, Sonkis just couldn't stand it anymore. He just grabbed his axe and ran into the street. They're going to give him the rope. I'll lose both sons!"* When I asked about Wayne, she replied: *"Wayne was my younger son. He was killed a few days ago by the soddin' Hardheads. They killed him just for being an Indep! And no one even believes me!"*

Factol Sarin, of course, denied everything. *"We're still looking for the murderers of the bariaur Wayne Meadow. The case is colder than the Mortuary's steps, as we don't have any reliable witnesses. As for his brother, Sonkis, I hope the Mercykillers will give that berk the rope. He's gonna pay the music. No one gives us the laugh. The righteous shall triumph!"*



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Xaositect "accountant" gets scragged

by Will the Red-Eye, Freelance culler

Lady's Ward-- Krex Grasshopper, the githzerai accountant who's was scragged by Harmonium officers a week ago; has been tried in the City Court and sentenced to two cycles in the Prison. The case itself is quite interesting, so I guess this story is worth skeggin'.

The githzerai clerk was an employee of "Greed Inc.", a Fated-run company of accountants in the Clerks' Ward. They were preparing the tax statements for small manufacturers from the Guildhall and Lower Wards. Krex Grasshopper has been accused of very serious errors in his ledgers, endangering clients of "Greed Inc.". It seems that the statements prepared by Krex were total gibberish.

*"I can't imagine how this son of a slaad managed to avoid the earlier inspections by Taker officials! He's been making these barmy messes in his records from his very first day in our <*chuckle*> honest company! Krex's ledgers make no sense! The ol' gith must have gone totally barmy!"* said Natasha Jodes, another clerk working in "Greed Inc."

The investigation of Hardheads revealed that Krex Grasshopper was a member of the Xaositects, albeit he never told anyone. His behavior was also perfectly normal. It seems the only chaos he was making was in the accounts that he prepared. When Krex was asked whether he deliberately entered wrong amounts in his papers, he pretended he didn't know what they are all talking about. He claimed defiantly that all his records are perfectly correct. The numerous proofs against the githzerai were serious, however. All of the documents he prepared were completely incomprehensible.

"That's a bunch of grail! If you don't have the brains, you won't understand the ledgers. It's not my fault. Scramblewriting? I've never heard of it," were Krex Grasshopper's comments on the accusations. Judging from the noise in the courtroom no one has heard of scramblewriting before. Neither had I, to be honest.

It seems Krex was writing the numbers in the random places on the page, sometimes even changing the order of the numbers, completely confusing both Guvner and Fated officials. The most astonishing thing, however, turned out when the gibberish ledgers were given to one of the most talented Mathematicians in the Cage; a prime human named Tatsuo Yamahiro, for inspection. After several sleepless nights Yamahiro managed to decipher Krex's ledgers. It turned out that all the balances were always correct. How did he do it is still dark - to randomly change the amounts and still get the perfectly correct balance!

Factol Hashkar quickly stated that according to the Fourth Volume of The Laws of Sigil, law number 433.12, paragraph 14, *"it is illegal to deliberately enter wrong amounts in official documents."* Krex stubbornly replied that the amounts were not wrong, just written

differently. Despite the githzerai's efforts, the judge found him guilty of all charges. The Xaositect accountant has been planted for two cycles with no chances for appeal.



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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.



Madmen flood Lunia

A bunch of loonies from the Gatehouse are to be led by a bleak squad to bathe in Lunia's waters. The Bleakers hope to soothe their minds by external stimuli and thus allow the cure to occur at a faster pace.



Dwarven fortress in Rigus

A group of priests of Moradin are searching for the perfect place to build a blacksmith shop near Rigus. As dwarves, old time enemies of goblins and orcs, it is expected that they plan on using it as a fortress to attack Acheron and many speculate that a temple will be built under it



Dwarven king visits Excelsior

A mighty-looking dwarf walks the streets, followed by what seems to be half the warriors of a whole clan; this is Jarunorum Windblood, the king of a dwarven clan living in the Outlands. He is to investigate if it might be wise to let the clan move near Excelsior; his own mines were recently attacked several times, and the evil forces became more and more overwhelming every time.



Shady scholar makes 'loth apologetic speech

Here is part of the speech of the sage Lothmerc:

"Yes, there are good yugoloths. They all are. All residents of the Gray Wastes and Gehenna are 'open, friendly, and capable of love.' They are just victims of a cruel and highly unwarranted smear campaign from residents of the so-called Upper Planes. A 'kin is no more 'friendly' than the rest of us, um, them. He is only better known by planewalkers. If they would spend some time with us in the Khin-Oin they could get to know how we really are. As far as Shemeshka getting run out for love, obviously you have never read the poem by the yagnoloth Grakeel entitled Souls on the Field of Nettles. Every 'loth gets a tear in his (or her) eye when that epic is read aloud. Sure, barmy mortals gloss over the 1000's of pages describing gore and torture, but most miss the subtleties of the love story embedded within. Ah, if they only had time to appreciate the 'loths more..."



Poetry by Shamus spreads in the Cage

The following poem was found painted in many Walls of the Lower Ward, anyone possessing evidence or information please contact the Harmonium in the City Barracks.

*"Good and Evil are pointless,
Law is overly oppressive,
And chaos is out of control,
We're all dead,
Or at least we'll be someday,
It's only me that matters in anyway,
All of the gods are fake,
And you're just some sodding clueless rube.
... Welcome to the multiverse we live in..."*



Jinkologist discusses crisis

"The resources of the Prime material might well be finite. After all, don't the Godsmen believe that someday the Prime will run out of mortals? Don't the Doomguard think that it will run out of energy?" that is part of the prediction made by Sinker specialist in Prime jinkflow, Effe Quatr the Crooked. His grim theories have the bad habit of turning out to be true and his latest discourse at the Trianym follows: "The only ones who seem willing to exploit the Prime Material without limit are the Merkhants. If an infinite number of spheres all contained a finite amount of resources draining without being replenished, eventually Entropy might consume all. That's when the Outer Planes collapse on themselves due to lack of belief, and a whole new multiverse rises from the ashes."



Child rhyme mocks Harmonium investigation

The case of the murderous dolls has attracted a little more than unwanted attention. All over the Market Ward and Lower Ward children were found singing a rather unique song. According to nearby salesmen, tanar'ri and Chaosmen agents have been subverting the kids against the ongoing investigation. The song per se:

*"One, Two the hunter's coming for you.
Three, Four better bar the door.
Five, Six take your silver sticks.
Seven, eight better 'ware the gate.
Nine, ten your scream will never sound again."*



Monk kills 3 and disappears

A nameless monk only known as Plague Monk killed three passers-by after a cryptic

statement. After that, he simply vanished with little else. Witnesses helped collect all the nonsense utterance of the strange monk.

"Yes...the whole universe revolves around the ego-elemental.... jovian moons aside I have named the unseen moon berkshire....and am sending my astral body there to escape the mundane.... will there be battle - there if I so require....?not blades but waves? ultimate berk...otto the utmost....skinhead god of mutton...."

Harmonium officials are searching for him ceaselessly around the Ring and on of the victim's parents offered a reward of two thousand jink for the capture of said criminal dead or alive.



Ancient manuscripts by sage Xirt found

A dusty old diary was found with the last notes of the Guvner metaphysical sage in Chaos. The diary was been used as a support for a table, but the Fraternity's mystics confirmed the ownership. *"Whatever experiences he suffered while in Limbo, it seems to have addled his brain a little,"* claims the sorcerer Eucom. The last words of the sage follow:

"I have heard some say that chaos is incapable of intelligent decisions, I've also heard it described as unable to be loyal to anyone or anything. Since when has chaos been unable to do anything in the vein of law? Nature is the perfect example of chaos. Chaos is a law of nature, yet nature is a model of chaos. Chaos is spontaneous and surprising. Chaos can be loving, chaos can be caring and never injure, yet it can also cull the herds when necessary. A supposedly lawful trait, yet it is the law of survival. Chaos is randomness, chaos is inspiring, and sometimes brilliant. Yet, it is not safe to stay in it for too long. As the results are never what you can expect."



OWLS report horrible climate

The OWLS (Outlands Weather Locality Service) have communicated to neighbor communities in the Outlands a forecast concerning an incoming storm:

"Next week's weather for the Outlands will feature a large dust storm near the Ironhearth area. This storm may last a few days and will cause high winds as far as the Temple of Mended Bough. Residents in that area are urged to secure all exterior items and OWLS may issue a hazardous air warning later." Brisk Lightwind, an air genasi Guvner and Chief Advisor to OWLS issued the forecast.



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