
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



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Advice on Lungs

by Dr. Hikelliam, Planar Health culler

Many diseases are contracted through breathing via airborne contaminants, like [The Crusher](#), [Spitting Fire](#), or even the rare [Four-fold Plague](#). Also, it is a common occurrence that one cannot breath normally in many planes due to noxious gases in their atmospheres. For that, magic is often the preferred solution, using spells to inhale solid particles, liquids or even heat. However, as studies have repeatedly confirmed, many a malaise results from prolonged exposure to one or more of the apparently survivable planes.



[Gehenna](#), after managing to surpass the lava, pollutes the lungs with all kinds of venomous gases that cause cancer, brain damage or wasting sicknesses. The heavily particle-filled air can bring one to an unrighteous grave, speeding the natural Death. To fight off the worst of it, one typical solution is to bring along a "chasme mask". An apparatus made of chitin and sold only in Bedlam and Sylvania (highly expensive in [Sigil](#)), it can filter the denser metals and components in the air.

The air of the void of Acheron is not without its own dangers. The metallic cubes and constant rust poisons eventually lead to a deterioration of the lungs. The chasme mask is equally efficient in this case.



The atmosphere in Arcadia can weaken a planewalker's defenses. As the plane itself does not encourage migration, the pure air lacks the daily assault on the senses of the Lower Ward or the ozone of Shurrock's tempests. This peace to the body can mean intoxication when making the shift to [Baator](#), for example (-2 to all saves).

On the other hand the air of Mount Celestia, specially on the higher layers help develop a large number of blood cells, which prove useful when extra energy is required in lower locations (+1 to all saves per three layers), a benefit that lasts for a period of two weeks.

As a last word, remember not to visit Ysgard and the Quasi-elemental Plane of Lightning in the same month. It seems that Thor's storms charge a visitor and doubles his chance to be hit by lightning.

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Hail the Revolution

by Yuriko, Chaotic culler

Torch-- Things we tanar'ri have known for eons are finally being learned by mortals. Revolutionaries everywhere are gathering to join the Depraved. Inspired after an ancient Prime texts that have by now been dubbed sacred, Anarchists, Sensates, tanar'ri, slaadi and Mercykillers are all preparing to enlarge the numbers of the Transplanar Mob of Spiraling Ecstasy.



It all began with a revolution organized by the so-called masses, a group of mortals self-entitled sans-culottes. One ideological leader of this revolution named Marquis de Sade wrote some books exploring the intrinsic properties of pain and pleasure as means of achieving fulfillment. His tales were deeply rooted in sexual experiences, permitted torture, aggression and other debasing attitudes.

When these texts were uncovered in a barren toxic world of unnatural energies, Primes organized an expedition to bring enlightenment everywhere and, according to them, happiness. The mob is now near crossing a portal by Faunel and will proceed from there to Torch, where they will camp for a fortnight during next Regula.

Like-minded Sensates, embodied by several baatezu, seek such experiences and will mount an exchange of information in the gatetown. Rumors place agents of Pearza among the party. The group, called the Depraved, is already preparing accommodations for the Primes and many curious pilgrimages have been camping nearby. Nias, who is the appointed spokesdevil, claimed that there are those that would revel in seeing that this friendly event is ruined, *"Many of the uptight planars have a certain compulsion for burning things down, for that matter we used only fire-proof material. On the other hand there are also those that would prefer to monopolize the occasion for selfish reasons."*

The leader of the local eladrin camp, Willing Pain, only commented, *"We should use this occasion to spread the possibilities inherent to all feelings and not make it a 'members-only' circus. Let us hope that everything works out peacefully."*

This culler is proud to announce that she will be attending the event.



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Words from a Widow

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

Perhaps you've heard of Marian Gembright, **The Guardian Widow**, and her crusade against the monsters and pests of the multiverse. Well, she's just been offered a space here in *The Eye* to give you some advice about the creatures she's found in her trips. Let's hear what she's got to say about the abominable hobyah.

- Sydney Silamander, managing editor

Well, I don't know much how to begin this first piece of advice for you, the inhabitants of the multiverse. My dear friend and efficient supplier Snail Trawet Jr., the brain behind the great success of Snail Outfitters, asked me to share all the information I've been able to compile during my journeys across the planes. First of all, I'd like to say that if you're a mother and have little children, you must pay a lot of attention to the chant I'm sharing this time.

Most people think that the greatest and most unpleasant danger in the multiverse are fiends or dragons or whatever that has a big sword or a wide mouth full of sharpened teeth. I completely disagree. The real danger doesn't have more than twenty centimeters of height and those who know call them [hobyah](#).

These creatures could be quite similar to tiny humans if it weren't for their extremely white skin. They have the color of a deader on them. I've always found them in quite large parties of up to twenty or so members and they use their numbers to commit their atrocities and tasteless jokes. If they are able to spend some time without being discovered, they'll fill your house with harmful surprises such as pits or stones that fall on your head upon opening a door.

However, their most heinous behavior is their predilection for eating babies. They'll steal your beautiful children from their cradle and kill them to use their little bodies and skins to brood their eggs.



But you don't have to think you're defenseless against them, a sharpened knife or a good dagger is enough to write their names in the Dead-book and I've checked that a cold wrought iron dagger (that can be bought at any Snail Outfitters store) increases the pain of the wound. The problem is having to deal with their high numbers, you can only kill them one at a time, so you must protect yourself and Snail Outfitters has just the perfect shield. Something in the ingredients of the [ni'iath repellent](#), so useful for travelers who are going to [Bytopia](#), is extremely disgusting for them and they won't approach you. However, these horrors can still be a menace for you with their poisoned

weapons and the spells they're able to use in their jokes.

Follow my advice and be careful, and if you're not lucky enough and they try to enter your home, ask for help. However, remember that a house can be replaced, but a child cannot!



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Abyssal Nightmares, part I

by Barking Wilder, Demented culler

Barking cringed as the cruelly, barbed whip crashed onto his now scarred skin. The tanar'ri watched with perverse delight as the young human howled in pain. *"What are you human?"* demanded the glabrezu in its growling voice. *"I am Barking...that is all I know,"* stated the man through gritted teeth.

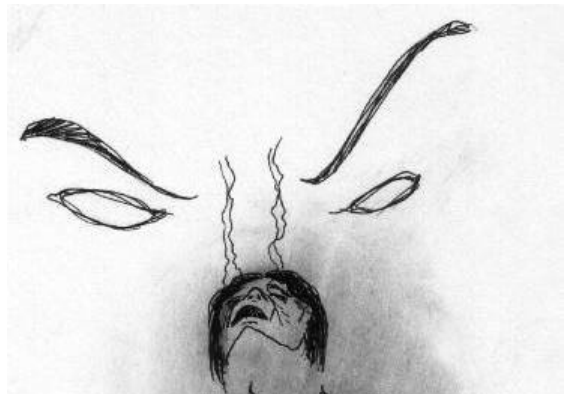
The glabrezu looked at his associate wielding the whip and nodded for another lash. *"You are nothing, your name is of no importance to me. You will work for our amusement, our benefit and if you are lucky enough you may die for us in our war against the baatezu!"* roared the glabrezu spitting after the word '**baatezu**'.

Barking looked at his captor and then looked to the chains that bound his hands and legs, he wished they would fall away and allow him to die fighting these creatures, anything was better than a lifetime of pain. Another lash caught the back of his skull and with a final thought of freedom and a roar of pain, he blacked out to the sound of tanar'ri laughter.

Barking awoke much as he expected, naked and bloodied on the floor of his cell. As much as he hated to admit defeat, he broke into a fit of tears. *"I cannot live like this, I vow I will escape this hell and seek revenge on those who torment my soul!!!"* he bellowed in despair. *"Keep it quiet slave or I will make your pain unbearable!"* ordered the guard. He was a disgusting figure, even for a tanar'ri. His wings had been amputated when they became diseased due to wounds he received during his service in Blood War. His commanders had refused to let him die purely to watch the misery he now endured looking after slaves day and night.

Barking looked to the ceiling of his cell and began to pray to the Lady of Pain. *"Lady, why do you allow these fiends to keep me here?"* he asked. *"Did I not serve you well, I lived as any citizen would, my life was a picture of goodness in the fray of Sigils streets, WHY DO YOU ALLOW THEM TO TREAT ME LIKE THIS!!!"* he demanded.

He was suddenly aware that he was not alone in the cell, he stood quickly and spun to face the intruder. *"Speak your name to Barking!"* he ordered, hoping it was not a fiend. *"I...AM NOT AT LIBERTY TO SAY WHO I AM AT THIS MOMENT,"* stated the creature in a scratchy voice. *"Barking knows that you do not smell of tanar'ri, I demand you reveal yourself to me!"* he said as he became aware of a sudden heat in the cell.



"I am your savior and your damnator, I have heard your calls for help and tired of your whining, I am here to help you escape this cell and return to your rightful place in Sigil..." the creature's voice trails off and seems to await Barking's reply. *"I know that smell...how did you get in here? You're baatezu!"* As the words left Barking's lips he became aware of the volume of his voice.

"Slave, what did you say? A baatezu? Here?" the guard entered the cell and scanned the room for the intruder. The baatezu clasped his large, clawed hand around the fiend's head and twisted it off the unfortunate creature with a sickening sound.



The baatezu unfurled its wings and looked at Barking with burning eyes. *"What do you want of me?"* asked Barking, suddenly becoming aware that his own neck was within grabbing distance. *"Another one for the books,"* it said wiping its hand clean of the stain and clearly ignoring Barking's question. *"Please, what do you want of me?"* pleaded Barking. *"It's what you want that counts Barking, I am offering you a way out of this hell prison you have been forced into,"* said the creature, a lot calmer now. *"As I said, I am your savior."*

Barking studied the creature with fear in his eyes and then recalled the other part of that sentence. *"You also claimed to be my damnator!"* he said accusingly. *"This is true, for reasons we will discuss later,"* the creature nodded as if confirming his own statement. *"Barking I am offering you your freedom, is there any price that can pay for that?"* asked the baatezu.

Barking considered the fiend's proposal for a moment before looking the creature in the eyes once again and saying. *"You will help me escape this prison, no matter what!"* demanded Barking, the creature nodded in answer. *"If you turn on Barking or try to run, I will haunt you for the rest of my afterlife,"* he ordered again and again the creature nodded in answer. *"Okay, what do I have to do?"* asked Barking. The creature looked at Barking and smiled to reveal row after row of glistening teeth, after a pause the monster answered, *"Just watch!"*

Barking stood as the creature approached him and forced its hand into Barking's chest. Barking howled in pain but watched as the creature became an ethereal shadow and dissolved into the wound. The gaping hole crackled with raw energy and began to fuse itself back together. Barking collapsed in a fit of pain and lay in a spasm on the floor. Another of the guards entered the cell to silence Barking but noticed the corpse of its companion on the floor - its head some five lengths away.

"Slave! What have you done?!?" It roared, grabbing the man by the throat and carrying

him to the interrogation chamber. His feet dragged lifelessly across the floor and as he regained his bearings he heard the shadow whisper within him. "*Kill this worthless tanar'ri, he will be no match for you now,*" the voice sounded as though it came from his head, and then Barking realized what had happened, he had been **possessed**.



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Mercykiller hunts ultroloth

by Lady Aruella Maranth, Sigil bureau culler

Lower Ward-- Proving that even the truly powerful bashers out there are not above justice, one particularly ambitious Mercykiller recently earned himself an impressive reputation. The blood, a young human who was born in an unknown citadel in the Plane of Fire, recently beheld an illegal duel between two mages in a part of the Lower Ward. The duel resulted in a dozen buildings being burned down (or destroyed otherwise) before Arash Gaehurn, said Mercykiller, could react at all. As he then approached the two law-breakers, commanding them to stop their actions immediately, they just laughed at him, and one struck him down with a meteor swarm!

Arash, though, very obviously is a tough kind of basher, and survived the attack (if barely). When he woke up again, he assaulted the two surprised mages, and beheaded both of them before they could throw another spell at him. After a hearing at the court, Arash's action was officially supported and the young Mercykiller was put in charge of solving this case.

The reasons for this is because of the evidence found on the two mages' bodies. Both of them had a strange tattoo on their left hand, a sign that has already appeared several times in [Sigil](#) through the last couple centuries. No one has ever found out what this sign means, but it was always connected to some big dark illegal activities. The young Mercykiller gathered the chant available to him and explained before the court: *"I swear that I will hunt down whomever - or whatever - is responsible for all the injustice connected to this strange sign. I will bring the law-breakers to justice, or die trying."*

Since then, Arash Gaehurn has uncovered fourteen small thieves' guilds in the Lower Ward, several knights of the post working alone (seemingly, at least), and sent four mages into the jail for unlawful activities. Interestingly, the Harmonium doesn't seem to be offended by the Mercykiller doing what they should do. Sash Blacksword, Harmonium officer, stated: *"We've been working together with Arash several times already. He's a very talented young man, and could easily be a Harmonium member instead of a Mercykiller. He's got a special license for this particular case to investigate, although he does have to report to us, not to his own faction. Since he's fine with that, the Harmonium doesn't see any problems - except for the knights of the post, that is."*

Just a few days ago, the Harmonium published some of Arash's reports. They state that an ultroloth hiding somewhere in Sigil is the head of many criminal activities within the Lower Ward. The fiend seems to be some kind of "crime lord", and has been running his operation for a couple of centuries already. The strange sign, as it turns out, is his personal signet. Arash uncovered this in a trip to [Gehenna](#), where he found an ancient fortress that must have been the ultroloth's seat of power some time in the distant past.

The Harmonium asks the citizens of Sigil to keep calm. Arash is still in charge of the case, but is now supported by a team of highly competent Harmonium investigators. High-up members of both factions are convinced this case will be solved within the next few months. Until then, citizens shouldn't take any risks by starting any "heroic deeds" themselves. Justice will be delivered. The investigators only ask people to tell them if they themselves have become victims of knights of the post, especially if the mentioned ultrcloth sign is involved.



For those who fear repression from the fiend or his servants, a special protection project has been founded. Arash Gaehurn himself believes: *"This protection project is beyond the grasp of even an ultroloth. Those who come to us to support justice can feel safe in doing so. I am convinced that this over-confident fiend will feel the smashing fist of the law in just a few weeks."*

Whether Arash is right or not remains to be seen, of course. But he has already survived a near-perfect assassination attempt against him, in which he slain a dozen members of the Bloody Glove assassin's organization. It's surely worth keeping a peery eye on this ambitious blood, and if his special investigation license will be the start of an even more intensive cooperation between Mercykillers and Harmonium.



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The Lady's Blood gets spilled

by Lady Aruella Maranth, Sigil bureau culler

Lady's Ward-- A most unusual event happened during the festivities associated with the publishing of The Fraternity of Order's Book of Healing Potions, a tome highly respected and often used by many professional healers who do not have magical aid. Since this freely available book contains countless potions for curing about any standard disease, its authors and editors have indirectly saved many, many lives.

The same is said about the wine produced by the gnomish master brewer Poddock FerLayfunn. The rare bottles he sells are among the most expensive in the Cage, and there's a reason for it. Not only is his "**Lady's Blood**" simply one of the best wines out there, challenging even the best ones from Arborea, but his particular sort is even said to have inherent healing abilities, sometimes curing ailments and even some magical diseases that are otherwise incurable. Even to the healthy, this wine is said to highly improve one's state and feeling.



While FerLayfunn was always a very secretive cutter, and no one could even guess at what the ingredients used in his brewery are, the old gnome asked for silence during one of the calmer moments of the Guvner festivity. He then proclaimed, "*Dear friends and faction fellows, dear guests of this most wonderful festivity, I want to tell everybody of a decision of mine. I have been working in my brewery nearly all my life now, and I admit I've made a small fortune with it. Now, in my old days, I long more and more to just enjoy my life.*"

The audience was, of course, upset and astonished, but instead of answering questions, FerLayfunn continued, *"As I do not want the secret of my wine to be buried with me when I die, I now offer the recipe for the next edition of the Book of Healing Potions."*

What followed was a moment of silence, and then simple chaos - well, as much as one can await on a Guvner festivity. It took a couple of minutes before the situation got calmer again, and Factol Hashkar himself had to speak up for this to happen, *"Fellow members of our most beloved Fraternity! I ask you to cease this unfitting behavior, and act according to your usual fine manners again. Thank you. Dear Poddock, I congratulate you to your decision, and thank you for it. I am sure many healers and lovers of fine wine - will eagerly wait for the next edition to appear, which will be in about half a cycle. I hope that your retirement will not affect your faction membership, of course, but as far as I know you, I consider this highly improbable. I wish you all the best, and I'm sure all our fellow faction members do the same."*

A big applause followed, and at the same moment, the festhall's doors opened wide, and servants brought in large tables with hundreds of FerLayfunn's "**Lady's Blood**" bottles. They were served for free and, to be honest, I have never seen so many drunken Guvners as on that evening. After all, even the healthy "**Lady's Blood**" contains alcohol, that's for sure. The rest of the recipe will, as mentioned, appear in the Guvners' tome in half a cycle (I already wonder what rumors will come up until then, guessing at the ingredients used in the wine), and until that date, no known resources of this (still) expensive wine exist.

Members of the Revolutionary League have already stated that this will definitely lead to a rise in criminal activities like smuggling and stealing, as well as selling faked "**Lady's Blood**" bottles. This time, they could even be right (and if they aren't, they might make their prophecy come true themselves).



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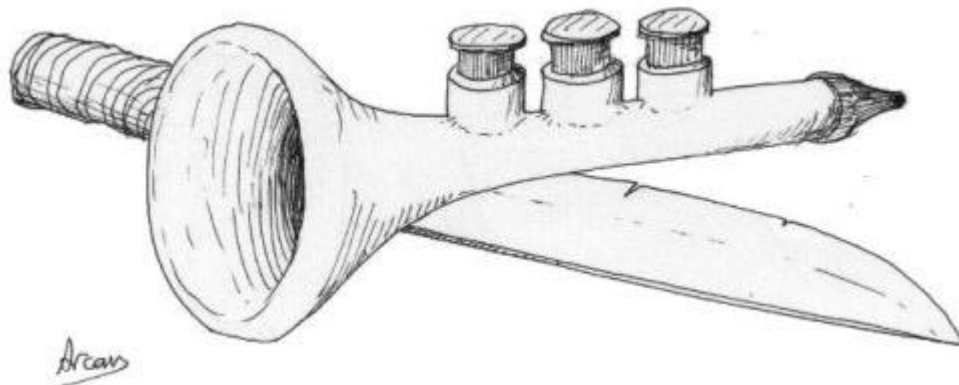
Factol Darius avoids sure death

by Will the Red-Eye, Freelance culler

Lady's Ward-- I've got some shocking chant for you, my dear readers. Yesterday all of the Cagers who attempted to gain entry into the Hall of Speakers after peak, were turned away by some mean-looking Signer guards. Nobody knew what was going on until Will the Red-Eyed, one of the most able *Eye* cullers, managed to sneak inside and gather the chant on the mysterious closing of the headquarters of the Sign of One.

The reason is quite simple, but nevertheless astonishing. There has been an assassination attempt made against Factol Darius! Yes, that's not a misprint - Factol Darius only by sheer luck avoided certain death from the hands of unknown crow-feeders. Let me tell you what darks I gathered during my brief visit to the Hall of Speakers.

Factol Darius and her usual staff of followers and officials were coming down the stairs inside the building. There was nothing unusual with this scene as it occurs nearly every day. A band of musicians was performing on the steps, entertaining Signers and visitors alike. This also didn't catch anyone's attention, as similar bands were a common sight inside the grand building. However, when the factol moved closer to the musicians, they threw off their loose clothes, only to reveal they were fully armed!



In an instant they attacked the entire group of the factol's followers. There were four or five attackers, the number vary depending on whom you ask. They even had a spellslinger among them who sealed the stairs with a silence spell. Therefore, neither the sounds of the fight nor the cries for help made it to the other parts of the Hall. Fortunately for the Sign of One, one of the guards noticed the commotion on the stairs and immediately called for reinforcements from inside the Hall of Speakers.

The fight was short, but violent. Numerous Signers were written into the Dead-Book with the first strike, when the fake musicians put the advantage of surprise to good use. The assault was so fierce, that the killers hacked their way through the ranks of the Signers. They were getting dangerously close to Factol Darius, who was the obvious target, when the guards realized that she was too astonished to defend herself properly.

When one of the crow-feeders swung a sword at her, she tripped on her long gown and tumbled down the stairs, thus avoiding the poisoned blades of the attackers.

When Factol Darius made good her escape, the situation of the assassins turned grave due to the appearance of guards pouring into the staircase from both below and above. In the chaos that resulted the scribes of the Dead-Book were all slain by the angry Signer soldiers. Eleven Signers were written into the Dead-Book during the attack and several more were badly wounded, however all four members of the attacking party were killed in action.

It has yet to be proven who stands behind the attack, as the slain crow-feeders bear no insignia. No one has so far claimed credit for the assassination attempt. The chant inside the Hall of Speakers says that there were actually five attackers on the stairs and that one of them managed to get away. This is probably just barmy screech, but the Signers dispatched numerous guards to watch over the entire building and Factol Darius. The security around the Hall will surely be quite tight in the days to follow.



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Intrigue at Petitioners Square

[A short story taken from The Hall of Speakers [forum](#)]

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(A charismatic human in shining red ornamental full plate enters a platform. He walks to the lecture in the front and starts speaking.)

"Ladies and Gentlemen, I welcome you all to this special occasion. Today we will honor one of our top-shelf members. He has patrolled Sigil for the greater good of Peace and Harmony. He has given his life in the hands of our faction the Harmonium. After cycles full of good work he accomplished the impossible. He has broken the legendary record of scragging criminals in one cycle. This record used to be in the hands of Loktar the Swift and has stood unbroken for more than 20 cycles."

(Loud applause and cheering.)

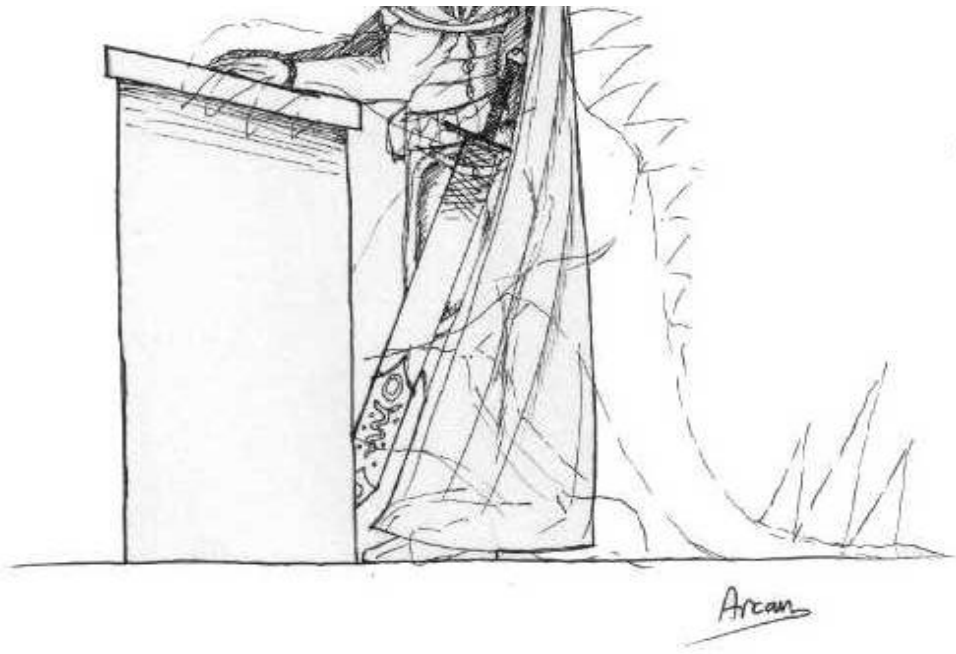
"Please, thank you, thank you. I'm happy to introduce you all to the man that has accomplished this feat. Bartezu please step forward."

(Again a roar of noise breaks out as a grey elf with a smile that threatens to split his head in two ascends the platform. A single solar aasimon falls silent when he sees the true fiend form of the smiling elf. The impressive speaker raises his hands to quiet down the crowd.)

"Bartezu, I want to congratulate you and thank you for everything you have done for the Harmonium these past cycles. Therefore, I, Factol Sarin of the Harmonium, honor you with the Harmonium Platina Medal of Achievement. Together with this medal you are promoted to the rank of Mover Four. I hope you are able to continue your work and wish you best of luck."

(Bartezu bows before Factol Sarin. Factol Sarin hangs the medal around Bartezu's neck. The single solar is the only one who notices that Bartezu has to force himself not to be pushed back by the protection from evil sphere that hangs around Factol Sarin and his holy sword. Bartezu turns to the crowd and waves to them. All this time his smile adorned his face.)





"Thank you all for this great reward. And a special thank you to Factol Sarin for the kind words. I wish that this reward wasn't necessary. I wish that the multiverse was already in peace and harmony with itself."

Your peace and your harmony the solar thinks. If they all could see his true form, his eyes filled hate; he is evil to the core.

"I'm sorry to say that it isn't. But fear not fellow citizens. I will patrol the streets of the Cage until Sigil is a place of Peace and Harmony. Then I will patrol all the outer planes until they reach the same Peace and Harmony. Then I will patrol the other planes still with only one purpose, Peace and Harmony."

I would kill him right here and right now if he weren't so powerful.

(Bartezu locks his eyes with the eyes of the solar. His broad smile seems to widen a little. He has seen me. The solar leaves the crowd to disappear in the narrow streets of Sigil.)

"And when we reach our goal the multiverse will be one. We will have fulfilled our destiny. Thank you once more, live in peace and harmony or I'll scrag ya!"

(A last wave, then Bartezu leaves the platform followed by Factol Sarin. The crowd stays cheering before disbanding. A happy elf walks through the barracks. A great day, a great day indeed. Unheard, he starts to laugh. It is the nasty evil laugh of a fiend... As he walks past Petitioners Square he hears a high-pitched voice in the crowd, crying out.)

"You call this justice! This is tyranny! The man is only guilty of defending his beliefs, yet you execute him like a traitor!"

(Apparently, someone is being given to the wyrm. But, this person...a tall, thin and ragged looking man is stirring up the crowd.)

"He alone stood up for the people when the law-factions pushed the curfew in the Hall of Speakers last week! And when we peacefully demonstrated against this, they attacked us! I would have lost my life to the Harmonium if it hadn't been for my friend. And now...they execute him in the most horrible way possible!"

(The crowd stirs. A few people, curiously spread in the crowd, shout insults towards the Mercykillers.)

"We demand freedom!"

(And suddenly, as the Red Death enforcers approach, the speaker darts into the crowd. Although, he got away from the Hall of Speakers last week and the Red Death enforcers lost him out of their view, it is not his lucky day. He slips through the crowd but he is stopped by an elf in red armor. A broad smile adorns the elf's face.)

"Now, now, that wasn't nice of you."

(Before the man has time to react, manacles close around his wrists.)

"If you would be so kind to walk with me to the Barracks. Thank you."

(In the eyes of the elf the man can see that resistance is futile. Then the man seems to blur and change form.)

"Why are you always hounding me!"

(A rather short, cat-headed demon has replaced the captured figure.)

"Look, I'm doing this for a reason."

The demon points toward the crowd.

"See the unusually clad men that are sort of pushing the crowd towards the Prison?"

The elf-fiend glances towards the crowd, careful not to let his eyes off of his cat-headed prisoner.

"Anarchists! They weren't going to attack, but now they are. See? They'll get killed for sure! I'm on the side of LAW!"

(The fiend grins and snickers, "... at least today...")

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Amnizu ambassador visits Whistledge

by [Skragx](#), Upper Planar culler



Whistledge, Arborea-- Dear readers, after my unpleasant experience in the Frozen Valley I have been recovering here in the most beautiful of the heights and nearest the purest and most peaceful skies. The priests of Syranita, watchful mistress and mother of the aaracokra race have cared of my harmed body, but be sure that I'll return to the Beastlands as soon as I can fly and I'll let you know the dark of the penguin monsters (I've had no news from there since). However, although we are a peaceful people, there is news here that perhaps some of you may find interesting.

A week ago, some of the guardians witnessed a most bizarre vision: five inhabitants of the pits of [Baator](#) were flying towards our Realm. Fearing an attack, the alarm croak was heard for the first time in many cycles. The visitor's group was formed by an amnizu, who seemed to be the leader, and his escort of four black abishai. The amnizu talked to the guards and ordered (he must be used to giving orders in Baator) them to go to warn a proxy of the goddess because he had something to discuss with Our Flying Lady.

A party of more than twenty of our best warriors guarded the fiends while their request was being considered. My people were quite nervous with the visit. What could they want from us? How had they reached our Realm without being noticed and killed by eladrin or elven petitioners (who especially hate baatezu).

When at last Milano, one of our goddess' proxies, called for the amnizu, I had the opportunity to talk to the abishai. I speak a bit of the Lower Planar Trade tongue, so I could chat without any extra help. They were very silent with respect to their mission and I had to spend a long period with them and give them some Arborean kirsch (brewed in Whistledge). My ever-useful [Amulet of Friendly Behavior](#) proved to be of great assistance to me.

They were on a mission for the Dark Eight. So, this visit somehow involved the fiendish and feared Blood War. This fact surprised me because we were quite far from the Lower Planar struggle. The other thing I was able to determine from my conversation was the fact that they had come to warn us and offer us their help for something. My feathers stood on an end, if baatezu were coming to offer their help to the inhabitants of Whistledge, their reward would have to be inconceivable for any being of goodwill.

I was very keen to learn more of this matter, but they teleported back to Baator when their boss had finished, and no one spoke anything of the secret meeting. This weird silence is very suspicious, I'll try to learn more and I know something more, be sure I'll lann the chant for you.

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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.



Hangover causes 4 deaths

A drunken troll was partying in Sylvania. The following morning, with a terrible hangover, he slaughtered four nearby bacchae. He made only one claim in his defense, *"I says dontcha scream me! They did!"* Local authorities will hold a trial next fortnight.



Successful elves in Yygor

The prosperous trading potency of the kingdom of Gremalta on the Prime world of Yygor is threatened by a new rival. The elves of the plane, long hidden away by the Manticore of Mountains among the distant lands of the East, have opened relations with djinn exporters and are accumulating large capital in practically no time at all. *"All good things come to an end,"* sighs master trader Herrious of Gremalta.



Ursinal barely survives attack by crazed Primes

An ursinal found sleeping in Excelsior, receiving startled stares from a bunch of Prime paladins. Seemingly the group of lawful hunters had strayed from the path of their prey. The warriors recklessly assaulted the guardinal in the middle of the street, which almost teleported too late. Local authorities are negotiating with the local guardinals in an attempt to settle matters with the sword-happy Primes.



Four Cups visits Excelsior

Faunel minimalist artist, Four Cups, exposes lots of portable "touch art" for sale. Some feel rubbery, others cold, funny, slithering, furry, etc. *"Folks don't quite understand him,"* says innkeeper Trefis, *"but they seem to like trying his stuff and finding bizarre uses for his wares."*



Slaad-worshipping cult arises on [Outlands](#)

Cult members, disgruntled Xaositects all, wear live frogs and are trying to raise Xanxost to the level of a deity. Observers expect the cult to fall apart or get eaten by their objects of adoration in a week or two.

**Latest sport in the [Abyss](#)**

The newest game on the planes of infinite evil is monodrone bowling. The object is to use the modron as a wrecking ball and try to knock down any and all available petitioners with it.

**Torch runners from Torch**

In the gatetown of Torch, the infamous merchant Harvarr the Spreading has sponsored a weird competition. Fourteen sportive planewalkers were handed something he called "eternal torches" - simply torches which don't burn off, but can be extinguished normally. The cutters have to travel all around the Great Ring, through all the gatetowns, until they reach Torch again. The winner will be granted ten thousand gold pieces, Harvarr stated. The infamous merchant explained he got the idea from some backwater Prime world (whose inhabitants don't even know about the Outer Planes), and was simply fascinated by the patience and stamina of the sportsmen. To make sure none of the Ring-Runners (as they're called by most people) use a short cut, they're magically spied on during the whole contest. Some bloods who know Harvarr's typical plans and schemes are convinced there's far more to this competition than meets the eye, but he only smiled when asked. *"Can't a merchant have some interests beyond gathering money? Not everything I do is related to making money, thank you."*

**Twisting meat in Plague-Mort**

Fiends who dwell in or visit the [Abyss](#) get some good news from that plane's gatetown. A cambion assassin and part-time butcher has found a way to keep the meat he sells twisting and moving, as if still alive. Many denizens of the Lower Planes are dying to get a taste of this new delicacy, while others stated, *"It's no substitute for meat that's REALLY still alive."*

**Mysterious woman troubles paladins**

A mysterious woman travelling the planes in pure silver armor, completely covering her body, is troubling the paladins of the Order of the Planes-Militant lately. The woman has been seen anywhere from Sigil to Excelsior to Xaos, in an astonishing short time, and seems to be highly interested in a certain holy sword that's considered a religious artifact by the Order. Some berks have not survived meeting her, while others were paid extremely well for information about the sword. Nothing's known about the woman's motivations, or her nature. The Order stated, though, that the sword has been moved to a secret place, highly guarded and impenetrable.



Excerpt from pit fiend's [Baator-only book](#) leaked

A portion of [The Art of the Quadruple-Cross](#) has found the light o' day in Ribcage. Baatezologists from across the planes have been swarming to Ribcage to pick up a copy, while the baatezu have been all over the city trying to find copies and destroy them. Of course, it could all be a ruse on the part of the fiends.



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