
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



Fear

Furry Love

Anarian, part I

Fishing in Oceanus

Abyssal Nightmares, part III

A different view in *Last Liar Lives*

Most excellent murder in Arkenfort

Intrigue at Petitioners Square, Part 3

Flash from the Past

Fiend vs. Fiend

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Fear

by Dr. Hikelliam, Planar Health culler



This month I will reveal my findings on the subject of fear. As it is common knowledge many varieties of planar races are able to exploit the mind's weaknesses to their advantage, be it through smell, appearance, magic auras or similar. All exacerbated sensations take their toll on the planar traveler, regardless of how foolhardy or reckless he be. The two main areas affected by such conditions are the heart and the cerebellum.

The heart has its own work tune. When under duress, it doubles or triples its rate of work to allow quick strength for survival. Although it may seem tempting (to some) to live under these conditions, the facts speak for themselves. Heart attack is very common among lost visitors to the planes, be them Upper or Lower. Another problem is blood pressure. Many suffer from these malaises past their young adult stage, causing dizziness, slow reaction and general weakness.

To minimize damage by these afflictions there are some traditional techniques that will enhance performance. Many of the Hive's poor are really yoga gurus, living in privation in a quest for self-mastery. The exercises they practice, although very difficult to master may allow you to ignore pain, control your heartbeats and even isolate your emotions of fear and panic.

Another excellent method is a regular diet of **Crest of Rock Tonic**. The tonic is made in Plague-Mort and is illegal in Ribcage, Rigus and Baator. Basically it is a strong alcohol and cocoa syrup that is infused with juice made out of the heart of a goristro. The result can add 5 to 15 cycles to a being's probable lifespan. The gain in time has its cost, however, the syrup can cause allergic reactions if the patient ingests Baatorian foods.

The mind is hardly treatable by standard procedures. Logic would dictate that the source of fear be put away, but that would hardly be a solution. Most are ill prepared which explains the high causality rate. Of the methods to block fear, the most efficient are mental conditioning, providing the necessary devices to prevent reality to reach the conscious mind. The consequence is nightmares, subconscious problems that reflect as entirely different issues, intense paranoia and fear when not under altered states.

Some use certain drugs to take doubt and pain away; others use anger to protect themselves. Both have worse results than the above. The still unchallenged and most difficult to practice concept is survival instinct. There is no need to block fear or hide it, as some block their emotions out of fear they might consume them. The mind works at its best when in danger; the problem is to live one day after another. Take your time to divert the mind's attentions to other matters, strive for peace of mind and body and certainly fear will find no rooms in which to inhabit.

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Furry Love: A Look at the Courtship Rituals of the Dogs of War

by Abranathin, Dimensional culler

(Note: Please welcome Abranathin to the staff of *The Eye*, this is his first report and we look forward to hearing more from him as he comes to us highly recommended.)

Carceri-- Recently I became increasingly interested in the social habits of many of the creatures of the Outer Planes. My preference was to study the four-legged species known as yeth hounds and vorrs. I had been warned of the dangers of both species, and of the innate powers they possessed that made them deadly opponents. I knew from previous experiences that approaching an animal near its family was not only stupid, but for most Clueless, fatal. I was no Clueless, and I love life far too much to wish to prematurely end it.

I choose these two species partly for sentimental reasons. My home on the Prime was often home for wolf packs. I had studied the animals and became almost honored at their social interaction with me. The wolves accepted me as a curious passerby, not as food or a potential threat. As a noted biologist, I knew this was a difficult choice for animals that had been scorned and hunted all their existence. They were not monsters but a tight knit, family unit run as an organized machine. As hunters and predators they had few equals and as a social beings little fear toward those that wished them no harm. I wished to discover if such instincts were universal among the dog type creatures of the multiverse.

My ability to *disappear* came in quite handy while tracking a group of vorrs, the beasts I began my studies with. I am glad that dimensionalists have such wondrous powers. Using magic I hid myself in a number of ways, though I believed the animals always knew I was there. They had uncanny senses and an intuition that I could only awe at. My ***Scope of Seeing***, a magical item that made obstacles null and void, also allowed me to study them from afar. Good thing too, for the pack I had chosen was traveling through a part of Carceri, where reports of hoardlings and vargouille were widely spread.

With luck, I spotted two individuals away from the pack; the male making an elaborate dance of short runs and leaps. A courtship ritual! I couldn't believe my fortune! I had known that approaching the pack would have spelt certain doom had my *invisibility* power run dry at an inopportune moment, not to mention that a vorr shaman could be present among the pack, which would have, without a doubt, discovered my presence. Instead, I nestled in a patch of high grass and watched the two vorrs in their dance of love.

As a sage (some might say scientist) I looked at the courtship ritual with curiosity and

took many notes, but there was a small smile that crossed my lips. It seemed that these animals, which were considered monsters across this plane and the Outlands, were simple creatures that enjoyed simple lives. Each of the vorrs barked loudly, the male leaping to great heights, the female looking him over from his snaky tail to his long jaw. The male barred his teeth (I assume a show of strength among the animals), and blinked his glowing yellow eyes. Neither of the animals chose their *shadow form* while performing the ritual, leading me to believe that this was a dance that needed no hiding or stealth. This was not a hunt, after all, but a symbol of one's devotion and love for another. It was a common theme among creatures to portray such love in the open public, for the entire world to see. Even us humanoids cannot hold back the words and gifts when we are smitten enough by the arrow of passion.

I next moved on to the yeth hounds, howling intelligent wolves. This trip took time because yeth hounds only hunt once during each month, and only at night. Other animals I had witnessed would hunt before a mating ritual, and I found the hounds to be no different. It was not the discomfort of the travel, but the yeth hounds' fear inducing howling that I was worried about. Armed with this knowledge I quickly read a *protection from fear* scroll and let the magic protectively surround both body and mind before setting out.

The yeth hounds did not disappoint me. As I watched a pack travel, I heard howling this way and that, which scattered other animals and created nightmares for the young and old alike. Even protected as I was, a chill ran down my spine, and I knew that the sound would echo in my ears long after the study was complete. Again, I came upon a small number, each male finding a female that caught his interest. The females merely huffed at the males' advances, seeking more from them than loud boasts. Once again I was reminded of how humanoids act, with males sometimes flaunting themselves proudly and females simply sighing, looking for something more. I laughed silently at the display of one couple; the male so frustrated at his prospective mate that he ripped at the bones of the carcass the pack had just killed. Just like a male, I could hear my female colleagues at the academy say.

This time I saw a far different approach to the courtship than the vorrs. These creatures were hunters as well, but did so by howling their chilling song. The male hounds began to bay, each hitting a higher note like a dueling orchestra. The females sat as an audience listening to the fearful sound, nodding to each other in approval of this specimen or that one. They were as giddy as schoolgirls staring at a pack of young boys, each picking her favorite singer.

I was surprised at such a performance, but then thought back to the ritual of the vorrs. The vorrs hunted using physical prowess. They had the stealthy abilities of thieves and great power in their leaps and bounds. It only seemed natural that they would show their strength in such a method, making the ritual a show of acrobatics and physical power.

The yeth hounds were far different. The strongest yeth hound led the pack, and I

hypothesized that his or her strength came from both its physical body and the power and pitch of its baying. To prove their worth to the females, the males had to show them that they were great hunters. Hence, their howls must be strong, loud, and full of pride. At the end of the performance each female stood up and went to a male, their noses touching in an intimate gesture.

I have to say that I was highly impressed by the rituals shown to me on this journey. I see now that I was right, and pack hunters were more than well-greased cogs, but a passionate family of creatures with the same emotions as humans. Their courtship rituals were symbols of strength, pride, and willingness to give to their partners, not unlike our own. Love truly is a multiversal idea with a number of methods to show it and great prizes at the end of the path if one was willing to walk it. Each creature used its own talents to prove it had what it took to be a good mate. Perhaps young humanoid males who dally in such romances should take a tip from their four-legged friends.



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B31 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Anarian, part I

by Barking Wilder, Demented culler

"*Help me!*" screamed the young woman as the thugs carried her to a dark alley. "*Please, anyone!*" she yelled again.

The thugs scoffed at her, no sane person would dare to try and stop two armed men. They pulled her screaming into the alley, knowing this was one crime they would get away with.

About twelve lengths down the alley one of the thugs heard a splash, as if a stone had been dropped into a large puddle.

"*What wuz 'at?*" he asked his associate.

"*Just a Tricha, probably,*" he replied, but the first thug was nervous now.

"*But, Tricha don't live in Sigil...*" he said. As the last word left his mouth he heard a **swoosh** of metal. The other thug turned just in time to see his friend get his head cleaved in two. The shadowy figure picked the woman up off the ground and said something to her before sending her on her way.

"*Oo the 'ell are yoo?*" said the thug, but the being did not answer. The thug looked around for a place to run, but the alley was blocked off, the only way out was through this creature. The thug began to sweat, but he drew his dagger and said, "*Ere mate, just let me through and there won't be any trubble!*" but the slender form of the shadow just laughed. Suddenly, in a blur of darkness and blood, the thug was in pieces on the ground. As for the man, there was no sign.

Sometime later...

"*Oi!*" yelled the stall keeper as the young tiefling ran away with a handful of apples. The tiefling ate noisily as he ran, but was soon cut off by the Harmonium officer standing in front of him.

"*Come on son, just give me back some of the apples and I'll let you keep the rest,*" he said in a soothing tone. The young man smiled in surprise and handed a few of the apples back. "*Thanks kid, just don't do it again, you want food? Go to one of the hostels or something, don't steal,*" he said, then the young man ran away again.

The streets were busier than usual in Sigil today; the arrival of goods from the Outlands had brought all of the worms out of the gutters to find some deals. All manner of scum were present, but as always there were some of the more noble here as well. The noblemen walked through the stalls turning their noses up at all but the most well kept

of the stock. One man stood out amongst the rest though, he was not your everyday trader, in fact he looked like...an elf?

The Hardhead looked on in fascination, what was an elf doing in Sigil? There were hardly any elves, dwarves, halflings or indeed any of the races that were so abundant on Faerun living in Sigil. Despite his rarity, the Hardhead kept a close eye on the newcomer as he would any citizen.

He walked lightly through the stalls, his head hidden beneath a silvery helmet. His clothes were definitely a sight to behold, he had a cloak that seemed to shift and displace the light, and it was hard to look at it for a long time without becoming entranced. He wore a suit of plate armor, it was quite easily distinguishable as mithril, as it had a purple sparkle but still retained its silver color. His boots were a deep brown and seemed to allow him to move quicker as well as silently, while his gloves were a crushed velvet with mithril chain links sewn into the backs of them.

The elf approached one of the stalls that held all manner of jewelry and amulets. He reached down for a piece of burnt obsidian on a gold chain.

"Good choice, sir," said the stall keeper.
"Obsidian, straight from Baator, no finer obsidian in all the realms of existence," he said.

"How much?" asked the elf in a low tone.

"Oh, well, for a man such as yourself...450 copper," he said, expecting a haggle.

"Done," said the elf throwing a pouch of coins onto the table.

"Why thank you sir, nice doing business with you," said the slightly plump man.

The elf was not even listening to him; instead he clipped the necklace around his neck and turned to leave.

"Oh, sir!" shouted the man, the elf turned his head, *"May I ask your name?"* he inquired.

"Yes, you may," replied the elf.

The man chuckled and said, *"What is your name sir?"*

In response, the elf turned and stared the



man in the eyes. "*Planewalker*," he said in a sinister snarl, "*Anarian Planewalker*," and with that he disappeared into the crowd.



One of the Harmonium officers walked over to the man who was visibly shaken by the tone of the elf's voice. "*What did he say citizen?*" demanded the guard.

"*He said his name was Anarian Planewalker, sir,*" replied the man shakily.

The guard followed the elf with his eyes, "*Anarian, hmm,*" he said quietly.



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B31 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Fishing in Oceanus

by Glaivas, priest of Helm and guest culler

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

The planes hide the most marvels anyone could expect to find. After having visited the cogs of Mechanus with the most wonderful one being that which holds the awe and glory of Helm, the Unsleeping Eye, I've found another place full of wonder. This place can inspire even the most listless of the souls, the plane of the Greater Good, Elysium. Well, for me it is just a bit difficult to understand how a plane can defend itself against its enemies and how it does it without a good army of watchers and defenders.

It's not the aim of this story to explain my business there, but a reminder to be always watchful. I had gone looking for someone who was not there, but would arrive soon. So there I was, a fully armored priest of Helm with a couple of days with nothing better to do. Of course, it's my holy duty to be watchful for enemies or for my target, but it was a hot afternoon and the view of the purest and greatest of the rivers gave me an idea.

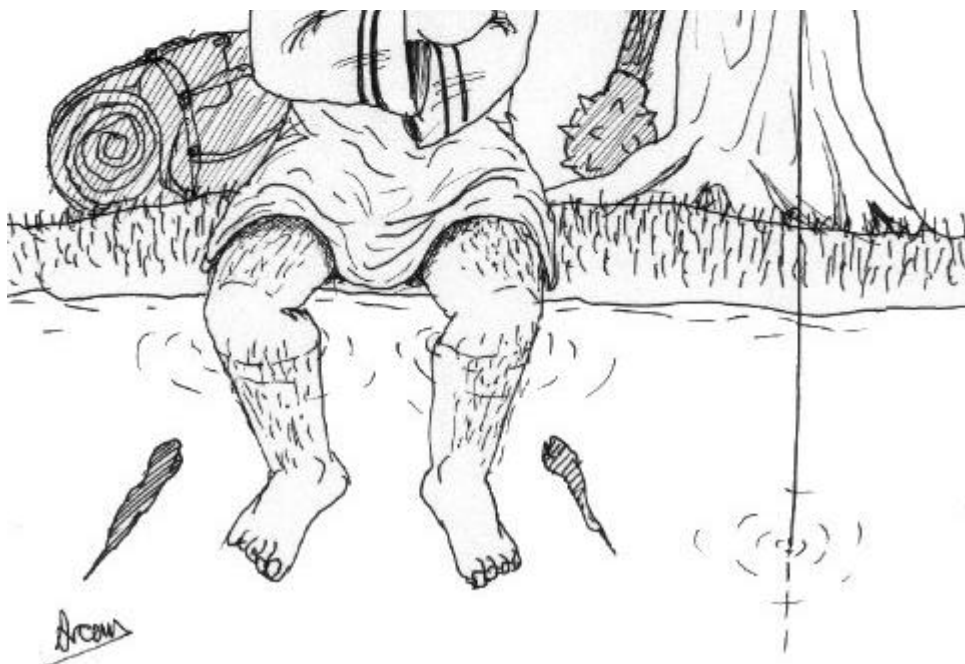
I had recently made a fishing rod with my [woodman's knives](#) (a most useful item that you can find at the most reliable place of the Outer Planes - Snail Outfitters). I rented a room in a nearby village, took off my sacred armor (not without asking Helm for the power to have it watched from the distance), donned my [waterproofed poncho](#) (another useful bit of clothing from Snail Outfitters), took my rod and went looking for a good place to enjoy myself.

I found a river beach and went into the water. After a short while, I had managed to catch two or three fish and I was having a great time. But now I must admit that it was an almost deadly error to lower my watchfulness, even a sin could be said. And, of course, I paid for my mistake.

I was in the water
with my legs
covered by the
sweet waters of
Oceanus when I
felt an acute pain
in my legs and saw
some dark shapes
around my legs, I
ran back to the
bank feeling an
intense pain
produced by
something



sharpened. When I got out the water I could see three fishes firmly attached to my legs, my blood ran around their tiny and circular mouths. When I snatched one of them, I produced an even greater wound on my leg, which bled faster. I didn't know what to do with the other two silvery-black fishes that



were still firmly attached to my legs. Luckily for me I received some help in a beautiful shape. A female shape with green skin and some tentacles for legs threw me some yellowish plants and disappeared again.

The leaves had a liquid that made the fishes drop off of my leg, it also stopped the hemorrhaging, though it burned like the very fires of Hell on my wounds. The three fishes were dying with the lack of water and my mysterious helper had disappeared under the water. I wish I had had the jink to have bought that marvelous [Pearl of the Noviere](#) I was offered in the Snail Outfitters store. Now I would be able to follow her and thank for the help and ask why she helped me.

Once I had returned to my room I was told these pests were known as [razorfish](#). The innkeeper went on to say that they're not very tasty, but she appreciated the other fishes that I gave her very much. She then prepared a delicious dinner with fish and lemon sauce. Evidently, I was quite lucky that the [molluscid](#) had appeared to help me. I could have been sucked completely dry of my blood if she hadn't appeared.

I thanked Helm in my night's prayer for sending me the help, and while I took care of my wounds I promised to not cease my vigilance the next time I went fishing. There could be razorfish awaiting.



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B31 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Abyssal Nightmares, part III

by Barking Wilder, Demented culler

Such frail beings the tanar'ri are, they're nothing like the beasts that had held him for all those cycles. They were nothing like the ones who had tortured him day in and day out with weapons that seemed to hurt so much. Barking scoffed as the demons tried to subdue him, their claws ripping into his flesh. The **'Wild One'** whispered to Barking, thus allowing him to ignore the deep wounds that the attacks caused.

"Barking Wilder! You will triumph over these beings, they are nothing compared to the two of us!" was just one of the vast array of things Barking could hear inside his head.

Barking approached a heavy, glistening door. As he squashed the last guard under his painless foot, he reflected on the fact that the baatezu was serving him well, but in the back of his mind his conscience was screaming at him, telling him that this was a devil and devils never do anything without a price. Barking ignored this conflict and ripped open the door, with one final look of disdain he walked towards the next flight of stairs.

Inside his body Barking could feel the devil using its power to renew his vigor. Barking smiled as he felt the bone in his left arm realign and heal in mere moments. Another host of tanar'ri came running at him as he took his last steps off the stairs. The fiends must have been getting worried; these were larger than the last lot. The demons moved with surprising speed for their size, but Barking Wilder was faster than anything the fiends could throw at him and a short battle ensued.

The largest of the three demons grabbed Barking in his monstrous claws and tried to snap the man in two. *'what a fool'* Barking thought to himself. With one quick swish of energy, Barking was out of the claw and gripping the throat of the creature. He squeezed on the windpipe of the demon and choked off whatever the damn thing breathed. The corpse went limp in his hand and he dropped it with an evil chuckle. Barking ran at the remaining two and threw his fist into the closest one. There was a sickening crunch as both the demon's chest and Barking's hand caved-in under the pressure of the blow.

"OW!!!" yelled Barking, dropping to the floor in pain. *"I can't believe it!"* he wailed. From the back of his mind the **'Wild One'** sounded worried, *"What... what's wrong? Barking, speak to me!"* it stammered.

"WHY DO I ALWAYS MANAGE TO BREAK THE SAME BUGGERING ARM!?" he bellowed in despair as he looked at his left arm which was, yet again, broken in the same place. He heard the **'Wild One'** snicker.

"You find this funny?" he shouted. *"You think me being hurt is funny? Huh? Come on then! I'll take you now!"*

He must have looked a spectacle, with his bleeding wrist, talking to himself and arguing with something that only he could hear. In fact, the remaining fiend was looking quite scared, as it was the only one of the three left and, despite its fearsome appearance, the man did not even acknowledge its presence, worse still he was arguing with himself!

"Barking, you really do amuse me sometimes!" said the **'Wild One'** in between each laugh, *"but we have a job to do!"* he ordered.

Barking smiled and lowered his head to its normal position, he then looked at the demon and snarled, *"I hope you are more of a challenge than your friends,"* he said, and with that he lunged at the demon.

"NOPE," said Barking, sounding quite upset as he wiped the black ooze off his good hand. He looked at the bloody mass that was once his left hand and said, *"Ahem! If you don't mind..."*

"I'm not sure I want to heal it," stated the **'Wild One'**. *"If you're only going to break it again then why should I?"* the fiend said, still struggling to control its laughter.

Barking grinned in his mind and said. *"Well, if you don't heal it, 'A'-I won't kill any more tanar'ri and hrm..."* Barking looked confused.

"'B' is next Barking..." said the devil in a tired tone.

"Yes, 'B'-I will be forced to indulge in a holy water drinking competition with an entire monastery of clerics and I may not know my alphabet, but I know that devils do not like the 'Ale of the Gods.'" Barking stated. He heard the **'Wild One'** growl with displeasure just before he felt his arm click back into place and the bone heal.

"Thank you," said Barking calmly.

"You know Barking, you can be a big baby sometimes," whispered the baatezu, *"I'm often ashamed to admit to being your possessor."* With that, Barking kicked the corpses aside and prepared himself for what was behind the door - the way out!



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

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

A different view in *Last Liar Lives*

by Skelterbet, Culler of the Stage

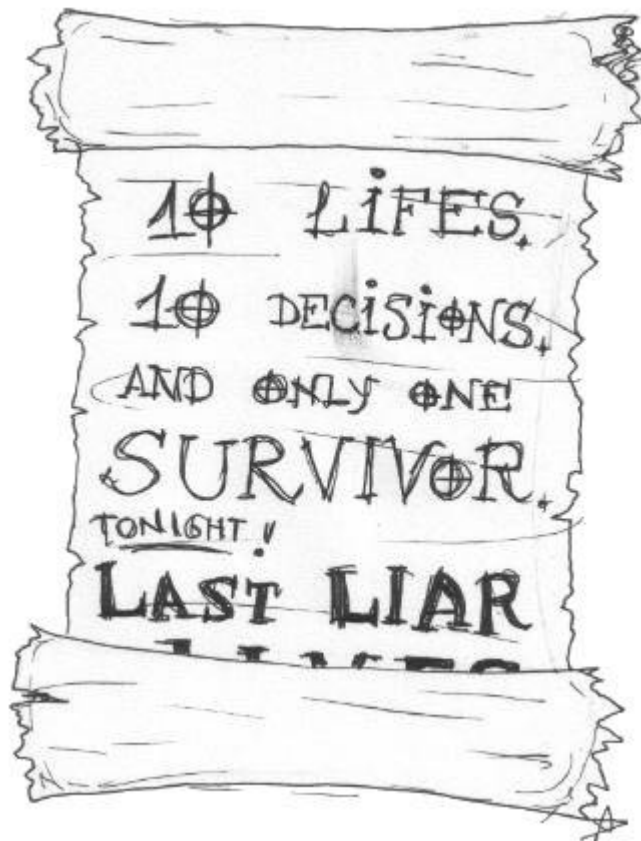
Market Ward-- From time to time a patron of the arts has the opportunity to have an experience that lies outside of what one considers part of their daily life. Most beings that tend towards lawfulness, for instance, associate primarily with other beings that have the same tendency. They live in places that reflect their feelings towards order, talk with others about law, and their day to day lives are filled with variations on the same theme. The same could be said of those with good, evil, and possibly even chaotic tendencies (though the last is probably the most varied, as is the nature of chaos after all).

Thus, it is always a treat to those who appreciate the arts when they get to experience something outside of their own realm of experience. Many plays and operas tend to be good in nature and also tend to lean closer to the lawful side of the spectrum than towards chaos, though this is not as defined as the good versus evil focus. It is interesting to note that most patrons of theater tend towards true neutrality, presumably because those that lean towards the various extremes are not as open to arts that express viewpoints different from their own. Experiencing the different is, to me, the greatest benefit of art.

At the '*Thumb in yer Eye!*' tavern and playhouse located in the Market Ward is a new play called *Last Liar Lives*. It was written and directed by an arcanoloth named Marle'Crucias, who some of you may remember from *A Deal's a Deal* which was also performed at the '*Thumb in Yer Eye!*' some time ago.

The story deals with the experiences of ten humans who are held prisoner in a single room. They are instructed by their captors that in a few moments time one will be set free and the rest shall be put to death. They are each given a ballot and instructed that they must mark the name of the one who should be freed on it, but they may not mark their own name or else they shall themselves be killed.

The resulting arguing, badgering, crying, fighting, pleading, and yelling is



astonishing in both its truthfulness and the manner in which the fear and intensity builds as each moment passes. The performances by all ten actors were remarkable. The actors are Julia Landshown, Marcus Bretonius, Antonine Drager, Sven Allsgrith, Tevyar Murkinbragh, Mary Dral, Robert Glantron, Alvarious Jeers, Sage Hovenous, and Mia Terra. All of these names should be familiar to Sigil theater patrons, and they are all in top form for this show.

Marle'Crucias' script is very crisp and the direction is very fast-paced. Indeed, the pace was so fast that several members of the audience found themselves sitting on the edge of their seats holding their breath. The intensity was equally relentless. Marle'Crucias seems to be pointing out that ideals and concepts of things like honor, integrity and goodness go by the wayside as one is faced with the stress and desperation of campaigning for your life to others, who are so wrapped up in their own fear that they don't listen to you and instead campaign for themselves. It was an argument that I found quite engaging in the way it was presented, though I also believe that the play is one-sided and that many can rise above the circumstances and not give in to the fear.

It was surmised by several audience members that this play gives an interesting glimpse into the mind of a yugoloth and provides a good idea of what life is like for them. I would have to agree with the first and disagree with the later. Marle'Crucias is an arcanoloth who has a taste for the arts and has shown a remarkable talent for acting and now for writing and directing. However, he is still an arcanoloth, and it has been my experience that most arcanoloths would never let you see the truth; only a carefully planned scheme to deceive you into believing that you are seeing the truth.

While I think the play is shockingly original and the fear and torture the characters experience is very truthfully performed, I highly doubt that it even scratches the surface of what life is like for a yugoloth. On the other hand, for those of us who are not yugoloths, perhaps this is the closest thing we can experience and understand regarding this mysterious race - and for that it is worth the experience.



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B31 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Most excellent murder in Arkenfort

by Juriel the Unseen, Hitman culler

Avernus, Baator-- *Arkenfort* - now that's a place I'd call good luck, cutters! I was afraid I'd have to keep my astral streaker this time, instead of sending it off to *The Eye*, but then I found what I needed! Seems fate is on my side, ain't it?

Look, I was in that barmy town in Baator, because of some contractual trouble I had. Let's just say I had to get a new assignment. Anyway, that whole town is based on a very strict hierarchy, but naturally for a place in Baator, it's got its loopholes. Right below the ruler of the town, a genasi of some sort called Ashheart, there's the rank of nobles, those who actually do the things that Ashheart plans. Below them, there are the merchants, and below them, there are the slaves. To rise in rank, a cutter has to challenge his superior, actually taking over that sod's rank. There's another ranking, that of lifeslaves, but those poor sods can't rise the least bit anymore.

Well, as I said, there's always a loophole. See, during my stay in Arkenfort, I took a deeper look at the political and social situation in town, and I discovered this blood, a half-bugbear lifeslave called Tragantunar. He had this look in his eyes. You know, that spark which shows his potential, his hidden power, and the fact that it'll burst out one day. So, I studied him closely.

He worked for a merchant, a barmy called Jeroshtra. For him, Tragantunar had to craft weapons, and I tell you, that bugbear dude was a fine smithy, indeed! Now, Jeroshtra had made a deal with a noble, a political enemy of Jeroshtra's noble superior. The barmy merchant should provide the noble with a wagonload of weapons for his personal militia, instead of handing it over to his superiors. Then, the traitorous noble would initiate a full-fledged attack against his foe, his soldiers fighting with brand new weapons, while the Jeroshtra's fellows would still fight with their old ones. After defeating the noble, and taking all of his possessions, the victor would also become Jeroshtra's new superior, and give him more power and freedom than Jeroshtra's current noble.

Now, the traitorous noble might have been cunning, but he was also quite a fool. He never showed his face to anyone except his bodyguards, always keeping his identity a secret. Only his most trusted servants knew his true identity. The blood Tragantunar knew this, and being a quite a clever cutter himself, found out about the plans in motion. And he decided this would be his chance to rise.

He manipulated all of the weapons, so that they looked fine, but would break easily. These weapons were then shipped to the traitorous noble, and as Jeroshtra's noble superior found out, the battle began. The soldiers serving the two nobles slaughtered each other, but with the fragile weapons, those of Jeroshtra's ally had next to no chance. None of the sods survived, and Jeroshtra's dreams of freedom and power were

shattered. Actually, his superior had proof that Jeroshtra was responsible for the whole thing, and it was considered a challenge to his station. But, if such a challenge fails, that means that the foolish merchant drops to slave status. Bad luck for that barmy merchant, ain't it?

So, what happened to Tragantunar during this time? He fled from Jeroshtra, who was too busy to notice. As the battle began, the half-bugbear invaded the home of Jeroshtra's noble ally, which wasn't exactly hard, as the noble's militia was gone to battle. Of course, the personal bodyguards were still there, but Tragantunar was well prepared. He had crafted a wonderful suit of armor for himself, inspired by some berserker dwarfs that had been in town some cycles ago. It was full of spikes and thorns, and covered his whole body. So, with that armor, and two superb self-crafted swords, he managed to overcome the bodyguards, though he himself was wounded badly, as well. But, hey, he killed the traitorous noble, and with no one left who knew how he looked, he simply took his clothes, and took his position for himself.



Sure, Tragantunar doesn't have the power the noble had before; after all, all of his soldiers are gone. But, the merchants and lifeslaves now served him, and he also got his vengeance against Jeroshtra. After all, being a weak noble is still better than being a soddin' lifeslave, isn't it??

Now, that's one of the most wonderful assassinations I've seen so far. I'm actually tempted to say that this blood is almost as good as I am myself. Well, nearly, at least. He just needs to make sure no one finds out about his secret, or the blood could get some real trouble, right? But, hey, I'm convinced a basher like him can handle that!

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Intrigue at Petitioners Square

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

[Part 1](#) - [Part 2](#) - [Part 3](#) - [Part 4](#)

(On Petitioners Square a small riot is breaking out.)

"So, sir, you thought by causing a riot you would serve the Law. I'm sorry to say but you are wrong. True, you helped us a bit by making those Anarchists reveal themselves. We'll certainly use that point on your behalf when you are in court."

"He's a fiend!"

(One of the bystanders who observed the transformation yells out. This declaration echoes across the square. The Anarchists who hear it try to get away. They spread out and every one of them tries to flee through a different street.)

NOW!

(The Harmonium patrols that secretly surround the square block the way of the retreating Anarchists. All of them get scragged.)

We got them all sir.

(The captain of the guard informs the elf.)

Great job, thank you all!

(The elf tells all the Harmonium officers with whom he had telepathic contact.)

"Now, for you. I think I'll hand you over to the Red Death to babysit you until your trial is due."

(As the elf leads the believed yugoloth through the crowd, an arcanoloth and a beautiful lady block his path.)

"Excuse me sir."

"Officer..."

(The arcanoloth says with a little bow as he steps aside. As they pass each other no one sees the look of friendship between the arcanoloth and the elf. That is, for as much friendship two fiends can have. The little cat-fiend begins to chuckle.)

"Yerself can call me Orroloth."

The master's brilliance is stunning...things are turning out just like he foretold...

"Nice day for it officer."

(He turns around, still grinning like anything.)

"I'm so glad you keep your eyes on what's important."

(As they near the end of the square, the little demon stumbles...)

NOW!

(His form changes again. As arms shrink back and become wings, the manacles slip off him, and suddenly, an astral streaker rushes off from the scene.)

(Crowley looks to his female companion. A furred brow arches slightly, and his toothy grin says it all. It seems that his thoughts are interrupted for a moment, and the loth looks from his beautiful companion to the alley for a moment, where a brief flash of silver marks an "associates" passing. Crowley then looks to the officer before him, and the loth dips his head slightly, but he never takes his golden, glinting orbs from the elf. Crowley smiles a toothy grin that speaks volumes, but says nothing. Meanwhile, on the rooftop, the lead mezzoloth extends a taloned hand. In it is a tattered piece of parchment.)

(As Daeh nears the alley, the new Mover and the cathead figure emerge. The slippery culler dives back into the crowd to avoid being spotted.)

Blekkin' soddin' blek! This is a royal blekkin' mess, what else can go wrong!

(As Daeh re-enters the crowd bitching to himself, he fails to notice a large baldheaded warrior wearing field plate mail. The Godsmen warrior moves into the culler's path and drops a forearm under his chin. The unaware thief takes the blow and is knocked out clean, falling onto the ground and hidden within the rowdy crowd.)

I never liked that berk-culler anyway. Pity, he had such potential, tsk, tsk. Perhaps he'll realize the error of his ways when he awakes, albeit with a broken bone or two.

(The one known as JaCluth moves through the rebellious crowd and quickly returns to his weaponsmith shop, *The Severed Hand*, greeting his co-worker Hiss as he enters.)

(Meanwhile among the rooftops, the assassin Crossblade has outmaneuvered the mezzoloths to reach a small perch above the alley. She carefully readies her crossbow. Just as she fires the poisoned bolt, Daeh suddenly jumps back into the execution crowd. The bolt misses the culler and hits a berk yelling, "He's a fiend!" in the throat. No one

notices his limp body fall to the ground, the poison already stealing his petty life.)

Damn that culler! I should scrag the little sod and let Rayl have some fun with him. She's been dying to try out that drow whip she just got. Better pull back and wait out the loths.

(Elsewhere amidst the crowd, Marlina continues to enjoy the warm fur of the arcanoloth. The approaching Hardhead and prisoner spark her interest.)

"That's the new Mover, Bar...something. Hmph...he's probably just like the rest. The Harmonium are just SOOO boring. They always do things the same way over and over again. I hope you've something in mind to spice up the night! Hrmmm...why Crowley it seemed like you knew that fellow?"



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

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Flash from the Past

In response to overwhelming requests, *The Eye* will begin publishing a "Flash from the Past" to highlight a story from our archives along with a follow-up to see what happened after the story was reported. Please enjoy the additional information, but bear in mind that we may not be able to gather chant on every story and many meet with a dead end.

BATCH 1: *Psychic peels spice dealer* by [Daeh K. Carc](#)

Lady's Ward--Earlier this week a reputed jarra spice trader and convicted planar hibiscus dealer rejected a plea bargain due to the prediction of a 'psychic' in the Hive Ward. Apparently, the mindbending cross-trader predicted that he'd never be convicted and would not face the nasty future, at least 20 cycles in the Prison, promised by a conviction. Guvner prosecutors had offered Illandro 'the Shadow' A'oyo a deal that would have resulted in a reduced five-cycle sentence. A'oyo would have then been required to testify as a witness in a future case against a reputed illegal spice cartel that includes top-shelf 'loths and some Lady's Ward high-ups.

The Prime-turned Cager has been on the run of late after being convicted last month on Bytopia of "intention to distribute planar hibiscus", as well as a separate charge of possession of the "mind weed". A'oyo flippantly rejected the deal offered by the Fraternity of Order after a fortune-teller assured the sod that he would never spend a day behind bars. A'oyo then waived his right to a Guvner trial and placed his fate in the hands of High Justice Gabberslug. As chant runs in the Hive, for an extra 8000 Cager gold, the psychic apparently also offered to put a curse on the prosecuting Guvner and the Harmonium officers who arrested A'oyo. The Clueless human apparently didn't want to dump the extra jink (or either didn't have it) and declined. He is scheduled for sentencing next week at the City Courts.

Follow-up: After declining the psychic's offer, Illandro 'the Shadow' A'oyo was indeed sentenced to 20 cycles hard labor by High Justice Gabberslug. It seems the Guvners didn't take to kindly to him refusing to spill the beans on his spice cartel associates and they were able to get the Mercykillers to place Illandro in the Grotto area of the Prison. This would insure that his stay was most "uncomfortable".

However, Illandro never made it to the Grotto. Seems that some of his "mind weed" friends were afraid that Illandro might just have a change of heart on staying quiet and decided to make his silence permanent. While a guard went to use the "facilities", Illandro was locked to a large metal pipe in a dirty storeroom and told to wait quietly. When the guard returned he found a horrendously bloody scene. Illandro's head had been cut open and peeled back from just above his eyebrows to nearly his third vertebrae. It was unknown who or what the assassin was, but a note was found near the front gate of the Prison indicating, "*The Light finds all Shadows.*"

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B31 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Fiend vs. Fiend

Watch carefully as **Torstanar'ri** and **Bartezu** go head-to-head, ugly face-ta-ugly face in a no holds barred planar throwdown! In this episode the two fiends began discussing Bartezu's new affinity for Phlegistol fumes, they quickly digressed from there...

T: Bartezu, you really need to quit sniffing that Carcerian fuel, it's ruining your sinuses.

B: Hah! You've now been warned, don't light one of yer blekkin' [jarra spice](#) rolls within a 20-yard radius of me. I can and will explode!

T: Then stop threatening me! Only balors and gas spores (those things that look like beholders) explode. No baatezu explodes, no matter how close the lit match is! Hmm... Bartezu, you keep sounding more and more like a balor to me.

B: Why do you insult me? First of all, I am the one and **only** Bartezu. Second, if I was another type of fiend I would be a pit fiend or another form of baatezu. I know Torstanar'ri wants me to be on his side, but as I always say "*once a baatezu, always a baatezu*".

T: Hmm... I thought you would make a good Bartcubus, but then again I always liked the idea of a Barchon myself.

B: Nope, if I was female I would be a Bartiynes!

T: What about an alu-Bart with cute little wings? Since you have this gas problem, would you have alu-farts?!?

B: Silly fiend, you mock our ability. Nearly all fiends have some type of offensive gas, but unlike our tanar'ric counterparts we don't see the need to use this ability since we have the best battle tactics. I'm definitely not a Barchon, you toy of a lemure!!!

T: "*Toy of a lemure?*" Your father was a slaadi and your mother smelt of razorvineberries!

B: And your mother was a monodrone and your sister is a Clueless prime! Oh, and Torstanar'ri do you have to dislocate the upper part of your head to get such BIG words out?

T: No, but I dislocate my lower jaw when I swallow baatezu whole. Want a *demonstration*?

THE END