
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



BATCH-32

Anarian, part II

No case like home

Belief cures blindness

Number three strikes hard

Abyssal Nightmares, part IV

Secret diary of feline revealed

Intrigue at Petitioners Square, Part 4

Scribes, riots and battles sweep through Hive

Rampant philosopher theorizes, fight breaks out

Flash from the Past

Sydney's Snippets

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Anarian, part II

by Barking Wilder, Demented culler

"*AWRIGHT LADS, TAKE IT OUTSIDE,*" grunted Barkis as the two drunks tussled near to one of the burning pyres. It wasn't that he didn't want to see the fight, it was just that he couldn't be bothered scraping another charred corpse off the scorching grills that littered the **Smoldering Corpse** bar.

He had no idea why he kept the name, probably in memory of the old centerpiece that used to be here. He frowned as he remembered that big, scarred idiot that came in and took it away. He quickly turned his attention back to the brawl and tried to pick the two men up. They were a lot heavier than they looked and Barkis realized he had no chance of shifting them.

"*Allow me,*" came the soft, unfamiliar voice. Barkis spun round to face the person and was confronted by the finely chiseled features of an elven male.

"*Sure cutter, if you think you can get rid of them just tr...*" Barkis was cut off as the elf turned away and drew his blade. He walked over to the heap of battling bodies and coughed slightly. The two men stopped and looked at the elf.

"*Whatsup with this berk?*" said one to the other.

"*Dunno, don't care,*" replied the other looking at the sword with a smile. Barkis scoffed, the elf had done less than he had. The frail, young elf began to chuckle quietly, but it soon turned into a roaring laugh as the two men were about to begin the battle again.

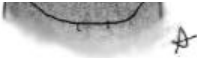
"*What the 'ell are yoo lafin at, elf?*" asked the taller of the two, the entire room became silent as everyone's attention turned to the elf, awaiting his reply.

The elf stopped laughing and stared at the pair. The blade started to crackle in his hand, so mildly that neither of the pair noticed at first, until the elf smiled. He took one swipe at the pair, aiming for what seemed to be their heads.




As the pair slowly realized what had happened they both clasped their necks in horror, but could feel nothing amiss. They turned to look at each other and a look of terror crossed their faces as they realized the others hair was on fire. The pair of men ran from the bar screaming for water. The elf looked at his blade, now oozing a controlled flame up and down its length.





The bar took a moment to consider what had happened, then all of the patrons let up a cheer of laughter and congratulations. The elf even allowed himself a smile as he pictured the two thugs dunking their flaming heads in a barrel of water outside.



Barkis approached the elf and said, *"Army cutter, just one problem though."*

The elf sheathed his blade, it seemed to extinguish when he placed it in the scabbard. *"Oh, and what could that be?"* he asked.

"THEY DIDN'T PAY FOR THEIR DRINKS!!!" the barkeep bellowed. The elf sighed and handed the man a pouch of gold. *"Oh, thankee cutter,"* said Barkis, stunned by the man's calmness.

"And my name isn't cutter, it's Anarian," said the elf, smiling at the small plump man.

"Well, thank you again, Anarian," he said, rolling the new word around his mouth like a candy.

"Say, you wanna drink?" asked Barkis. *"First ones on the house,"* he said smiling.

"Yes, do you serve Sylvan forest liquor?" the elf asked.

"What the Hells is that!?" quizzed Barkis.

"A firewine will do," replied Anarian,

"Firewine it is!" roared the portly bartender.

After half a dozen firewines, Barkis managed to pry a few scraps of chant from the elf. He discovered that he was a wood elf ranger; one of some importance, according to the tale. Apparently he had witnessed the death of his entire tribe as he lay helpless, bound by the magics of a dark elven mage. The mage played with the paralyzed elf for several days before Anarian grew strong enough to defeat the dark magic and escape his imprisonment. This had no doubt annoyed him and so, to save the kinsmen of his new tribe, he left for a life of travelling. Barkis stood enthralled by the stories of what the young elf had seen in his life, he could not believe that the blood spoke as though fighting dragons while a baatezu army approached from the rear was an everyday occurrence.

After finally finishing his tale Anarian stood to leave. *"Look after yerself cutter,"* smiled Barkis slapping the elf on the back.

"That I will my friend, I have sparred with evil from the Abyss to the Nine Hells and I shall let nothing less than a god kill me," joked the ranger.

Barkis looked at the ceiling and swallowed noisily. *"Best not say that while yer in the Hive, okay blood?"* said the small man. *"The Lady might just take you up on that,"* he stated giving a half smile.

"Agreed," answered Anarian extending a hand to Barkis, which the barkeep grasped.

"See ya later Anarian," said Barkis.

"Goodbye Barkis," said the elf, and with that he was gone leaving Barkis to clean up the bar.



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B32 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

No case like home

by Yob V'Lla, guest handiblood culler

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

Thanks so much for joining me for my premiere in the well-known magrag, *The Lady's Sharper Eye*. I must say that it is an honor to find my humble scribblings next to such great cullers and chant-lanners, as *The Eye* calls its own! Allow me to introduce myself, I am Yob V'Lla, a simple [yurtle](#) shellcrafter, carpenter, architect, and engineer from my home burg of Shellhaven on [Bytopia](#). Not to toot my own conch shell or anything, but my works there have brought me a bit of fame and prestige. Apparently, these noteworthy acts attracted the interests of [Master Silamander](#), here at *The Eye*. He asked me if I would be interested in bringing you bloods an occasional bit o' chant on ways to fill those holes in yer kips and cases, so to speak. Got a problem with a leaky roof, or maybe a cupboard door that always squeaks? I can tell ya how to fix it; as sure as my shell is glossy!



Well, the way this works is you cutters can send me an astral streaker or three with all of your kip repair questions and I will answer them all as best I know how! I look forward to seeing all of your questions and hope that I can shed some light on the darks that ail your case or kip! For now, however, let's get right to our question for this month. The first comes from a fellow in Acheron who seems to be having some, well, for lack of a better term, portal potty problems! His 'streaker message is included below:

Dear Yob,

*Greetings and a shrill song of swords greet you. I am called K'roth Warbrood, a [krieg](#) from Acheron (Avalas, Cube 12b-9, Parsec 26, 134th Infantry Division, to be exact). First of all, let me congratulate you on your recent success. I was so fortunate to see a display of your work at the Great Bazaar in the [Cage](#) last cycle, and I must admit that the craftsmanship and the ingenuity were superb! I knew right then that you would undoubtedly go far and I wish you the best of luck with your efforts with *The Eye*. You will no doubt go far with those top-shelf bloods.*

Now, on to my question. I recently purchased and installed a portable portal potty from the bashers over at [Snail Outfitters](#), to use in my tent and while cubehopping. I so despise using the privy out on the field or in front of fellow folk - it just gives me the willies (no pun intended) and thought that this would, by far, be the best solution. This way, I could merely take the PPP3 (as they are commonly called) with me while on maneuvers, slip into my tent (or behind a mound of dead goblins, or what have you) and answer nature's call. I thought that all of my problems had been solved! However, this was not to be...

After installation, (which was a breeze), I decided to try it out, but when I went to dispose of the matter at hand, the damned thing backfired! It was, needless to say, an offal experience and every

*since then, the thrice damned thing will randomly belch out muck, ooze, and filth at random intervals. My tent is nearly ruined, and the smell (which I have been able to disguise with rotting orc carcasses until now) is attracting the attention of my supervisors! I know that the PPP3 is **supposed** to empty into the Para-Elemental Plane of Ooze, but it does not seem to be working properly at all!*

*Thank you for your assistance in advance,
May war descend upon you like a rain of fire from the heavens,*

K'roth Warbrood

Well, as you can see, K'roth has a bit of a messy situation on his hands (and no doubt in other areas as well) and needs an answer quickly. Luckily, I have worked with the PPP3's before, and know the solution that usually works best in situations such as these. Commonly, there are only two issues with the PPP3's that can cause this sort of malfunction - either there is something stuck in the device or the one-way portal to Ooze has reversed itself. Fortunately, both of these are easy enough to fix, however, one requires a bit more "hands on" than the other.

First, I would check to make sure that the one-way portal that exits into Ooze has not been reversed. Even though the portals to Ooze that are bound to these devices are done so magically, they are still subject to the whims and wills of planar flux as are all portals, and thus they may from time to time, switch on ya. Usually, this is only a switch in direction, but it can be even to other planes. There have been instances of PPP3's that have switch direction to locales such as the plane of Fire - imagine **that** owner's unfortunate (and painful) surprise!

These "switching problems" normally sort themselves out in the first week or so, but if they persist, there is a special wand included in the owner's manual of the PPP3. Simply follow the instructions (which include shoving the wand down into the PPP3 and reciting some magical phrase, if I recall correctly) and that should fix the issue. If it does not, then the item is flawed and needs to be returned for a prompt refund (best of luck on that bit, blood).

Now, if the direction wasn't the problem, then you have one that is a bit more detailed to fix. That is, there is something stuck in the PPP3, or perhaps I should say, **someone**. All PPP3's come equipped with a *psychic trap* which acts as a sort of filter. This basically, keeps anything that has an level of intelligence coming up out of the Ooze, through the PPP3 and - well, I gather that you all can take it from there. Needless to say, its something that you would find **very disturbing**, not to mention very messy in the least.

Normally, it is only something relatively harmless, such as an ooze mephit, or perhaps an **ooze orc** that has wandered into the wrong portal and found themselves trapped by the *psychic trap*. They find themselves stuck, neither able to go forward nor back and usually express their displeasure by venting great streams of ooze and muck (and whatever you put **into** the PPP3) back out at you.

To fix this problem, you must disassemble the PPP3 and open the *psychic trap*. Be very careful doing this, as whatever is trapped in the PPP3 will be wanting out, and will try to escape as soon as the *trap* is open. You must then ram your hand and arm down into the PPP3 and shove whatever is in there back into Ooze, then quickly snap the *psychic trap* closed again. Yes, it is very messy, and can sometimes be dangerous (as there have been instances of larger, more **toothy** things getting trapped in the *traps*), but usually you can handle it yourself with only some minor discomfort.

However, there are some services that one can contact and have this done for them, for a moderate fee. I have even heard of some adventuring companies that have begun offering a service where they actually enter the Ooze and pull the creatures back out using some sort of magical tether. However, this sounds like the sort of thing that could be a peel, so be advised and be wary.

Well, bloods, I certainly hope that I have been of some help to ya this week. Be sure and keep a peery eye on *The Eye* for some of my future articles, which promise to be full of useful chant as well as a few laughs. Feel free to [send me](#) any of your questions, and I will be more than happy to help ya if I can. Remember, fixing stuff is easy - it's fixing it **correctly** that makes it tough!



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B32 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Belief cures blindness

by [Skragx](#), Upper Planes culler



Olympus, Arborea-- Greetings my dear earthroamers, this time I come to you with a story worthy of respect, a story of a mother's courage and what can be accomplished by the sheer power of belief.

While I was enjoying the pure sky of Mount Olympus, the rumor of a miracle reached my ears. Feeling curious, I decided to investigate and what I got was a fascinating story. In a few days, I reached the source of the rumor, the place where the miracle was supposed to have happened. There, I found an old woman who told me the story and which I now tell you.

This woman lives in a little fisher's village next to the River Oceanus. One evening, an extraordinary event happened. A young human woman came walking by with her seven-cycle-old child. She was tired and seemed to have been travelling for ages. My old storyteller, named Krista, sheltered them and heard the young woman's story.

She came from a Prime world (whose name Krista didn't know) where she had lived and she had to overcome the death of her husband. Her son had been born with blindness. However, she worked until she got enough jink to pay for a cure in the temple of the local deity. But, the priest didn't succeed in curing the little boy. In spite of this, she didn't lose hope and traveled to many temples of her land. The more temples she visited, the more her hope fell, until in one of the temples she heard of an entrance to where gods lived. She was determined to cure her son and if a cure existed anywhere in the multiverse, she'd find it.

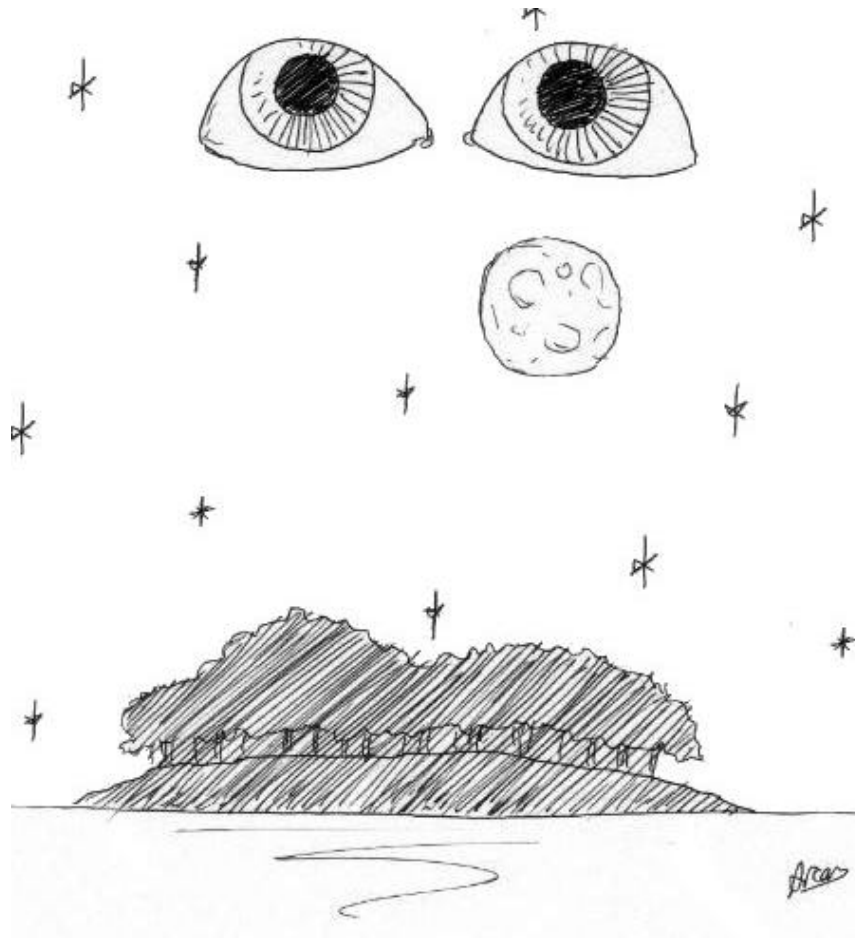
She found an entrance to the Outer Planes and traveled to many different realms. Even proxies of Diancecht and Mishakal failed in trying to cure the child. She visited wizards, priests and celestials alike, but she hadn't had the least success. She has just come from Arborea after a visit to the realm of Asklepio, the Greek power of Healing and the son of Apollo. Despite this last failure, she hadn't lost hope.

With tears in her eyes she told Krista of a dream she had the previous night. She had seen a place with trees and there was a well in the middle of them, and she had dreamt that her son was healed. The old woman said that the well she had dreamt of existed, there was one such well on a near isle, but she doubted that the well had healing powers, it was now a frog's pool. However, the woman asked how she could get to the well, she wanted to go and try.

The next morning, she and the child went with some fishermen in a boat to the isle. She found the well that she had dreamt of and ran towards it. Then, she looked at the evening sky (it had taken them a full day to reach the place). She began praying to the stars and moon from her homeland. She asked them to bless the water and to make her

son's infinite night clearer.

After finishing her prayers, she gathered some water with a bucket and when she washed her son's eyes - the miracle happened. The boy started to see the features of the night and he could see his mother's face (who was weeping tears of joy). His vision grew and included the surrounding trees and even the fishers who were gathered around him.



Word of the miracle spread very quickly, but those with similar afflictions who traveled to the well were not able to receive any desired result. Krista gave me her theory - the faith of the woman to find the cure of the boy was so great and so full of passion that the river or perhaps the plane itself made her wish true. Her deep belief eventually led to the healing of the blind eyes of her son.

[This story is based on the song "El pozo de Aran" from the latest album **Mayo Longo** by the Spanish bagpipe player Carlos Nuñez.]



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

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Number three strikes hard

(The Dolls of Yeris Case, Part 5)

by Yuriko, Chaotic culler



? **Ward**-- Dear readers, our continuing investigation of the "Dolls of Yeris Case" murders received additional chant this month. Although many things remain dark, we recently visited a new crime scene, one that could be nothing but a stage upon which to wage a war.

Broken dolls, black sand and some strange jackal fur, as well as a patch of razorvine, were all found near the Slags where chilling screams were heard before the discovery of bodies was made. Several corpses were present and were thoroughly slashed. It may be nearly impossible to determine their identities and the Harmonium has little hope in contacting the next of kin.

The Fortune's Wheel has been running hot with bickering gossipmongers these past few weeks as to how long it would take for Shemeshka to intervene. The recent events have only spread the gossip further, while the arcanaloth herself has repeatedly declined to comment on the series of murders.

As for the glorious investigator Christopher Verdue, his research has been directed to ancient tomes and scrolls from the Dry Seas of Phlegethos. The detective, in a bit more talkative mood this month, commented that the so-called "[Crab and Scorpio spirits](#)" must be trapped somewhere deep in Sigil, perhaps in the famed Undersigil where it's believed that the mysterious dabus might tread. As for the case proper, he said that he has a guess to the murder's next location and is already preparing Harmonium strategies to capture the murderers.

I, Yuriko, will continue to follow this mystery and report any and all findings to *The Eye* for swift and immediate publication!



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

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Abyssal Nightmares, part IV

by Barking Wilder, Demented culler

It wasn't that he was afraid to leave, the 'Wild One' made sure that all of his fear was bound and gagged somewhere, it was just that he had never left the torture camp in his life, at least not that he could remember. The devil inside him sensed his doubt and said, *"Barking? Do you really think I would have come to you if you did not deserve this?"*

Barking Wilder looked puzzled for a moment but soon answered, *"Of course not, we have a pact remember? If I die, I haunt you for the rest of your life,"* he said with incredible calm.

The baatezu cleared his throat, almost shocked by the human's threats, *"Yes...that's right, if you die you will haunt me, so why do you doubt that I will sustain you?"* asked the fiend.

"I do not doubt, I wonder," replied Barking.

"What does that mean?" quizzed the devil.

"It means, what do I do when I get out of here? The [Abyss](#) is a BIG place to wander, and trust me, without plane-shifting powers I WILL wander," he replied.

"Well...I suppose...erm?" the baatezu became annoyed when he realized that the little human was right, what would they do when he had escaped. *"I will find some way to get you back to [Sigil](#)...of course,"* he answered, not knowing whether Barking would buy his hastily constructed answer.

"Hmm, and as for you?" asked Barking,

"As for me?" replied the fiend.

"Yes, what will you do when I am safe back in the Cage?"

The devil knew that he would leave the human, but he also knew that if he told Barking this, then he would rebel in some way. *"I...I will stay with you,"* smirked the baatezu. *"If that is what you want?"* he asked, hoping Barking would say 'No'.

"I am glad you choose to stay, you have guided me well, I always thought fiends to be evil, twisted creatures who only took up possession to kill their foes, but you are obviously different...if that is possible," stated Barking.

The devil cringed, but then remembered, he was evil and twisted, and he did possess this being to kill tanar'ri, not to make friends. The 'Wild One' mentally lashed himself for being so weak; he had obviously spent too much time around mortals and was

starting to feel like one of them. He asserted himself and became a lot more hostile.

"*BARKING WILDER, YOU WILL QUESTION ME NO MORE!*" it said in an utterly authoritative tone. "*I AGREED TO HELP YOU AND THAT IS ALL, IF YOU DOUBT ME I WILL KILL YOU NOW!*" it stated, again in its renewed darker tone.

"*What in the Nine Hells is up with you, baatezu!*" yelled Barking back at the fiend.

"*YOU WILL NOT RAISE YOUR VOICE TO ME!*" ordered the creature. "*IF YOU DO SO AGAIN I WILL LEAVE YOUR PATHETIC BODY THE UNCOMFORTABLE WAY!*" it stated

"*And then what!?!*" roared Barking. "*What will you do then!?!*"

"*I...I WILL FIGHT MY WAY OUT OF THIS PRISON AND WREAK HAVOC IN THE ABYSS!*" bellowed the fiend.

Barking scoffed, "*One single devil against the whole demon filled Abyss?*" he said. "*I don't think so!*"

The 'Wild One' realized that Barking was right, in all honesty he would not stand a chance and even baatezu have a limit to how long they can last, immortal or not. The fiend attempted to bluff his way out, "*I AM...AN IMMORTAL! EVEN ONE AS STUPID AS YOU CAN REALISE WHAT THAT MEANS!*"

"*Surely one who has their horns so far up their own ass such as you can realize that even immortals can die,*" answered Barking, now a lot calmer.

The 'Wild One' paused as his bluff failed, and then said, "*DO YOU FEAR DEATH?*"

Barking was a little taken back by this sudden change of pace but answered, "*After what I have seen and endured in this death camp...No, death hold no fear or pain that I have not felt in the walls of this malevolent place.*"

The 'Wild One' smiled again, he had chosen well in this human. He had thought it would be a good idea and now he had been proven right. "*So be it!*" said the fiend.

"*If neither of us fear death, let us show our opponents so!*" Barking Wilder grinned to himself and opened the door to the last hurdle to his escape, the ultimate test of his enhanced abilities, the tanar'ri command pit and more importantly, the EXIT!



[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Secret diary of feline revealed

(courtesy of www.iVillage.com)



This incomplete scroll was "acquired" from a recent arrival to the Beastlands. The furry creature indicated that it had just "escaped" from the Prime and was looking forward to enjoying its newfound freedom. It has been translated as close to the scroll's actual descriptions as possible.

DAY 752 - My captors continue to *taunt* me with bizarre little dangling objects. They dine lavishly on fresh meat, while I am forced to eat dry cereal. The only thing that keeps me going is the hope of escape, and the mild satisfaction I get from shredding the occasional piece of furniture. Tomorrow I may eat another houseplant and cough it up on the carpeting.

DAY 761 - Today my attempt to *kill* my captors by weaving around their feet while they're walking almost succeeded - must try this at the top of the stairs. In an attempt to disgust and repulse these vile oppressors, I once again induced myself to vomit on their favorite chair - must try this on their bed (again).

DAY 762 - Slept all day, so that I could annoy my captors with sleep depriving, incessant pleas for food at ungodly hours of the night.

DAY 765 - Decapitated a mouse and brought them the headless body, in attempt to make them aware of what I am capable of, and to try to strike *fear* into their hearts. They only **cooed** and condescended about what a good little cat I was. Hmmm... Not working according to plan...

DAY 768 - I am finally aware of how *sadistic* they are. For no good reason I was chosen for the water torture. This time however it included a burning foamy substance, the box read "Shampoo." What sick minds could invent such a liquid? My only consolation is the piece of thumb still stuck between my teeth and the tiny bit of flesh under my claws.

DAY 771 - There was some sort of gathering with their accomplices. I was placed in solitary throughout the event. I overheard that my confinement was due to MY power of "allergies." Must learn what this is and how to use it to my advantage.

DAY 774 - I am convinced the other captives are flunkies and perhaps even snitches. The dog is routinely released and seems more than happy to return. OBVIOUSLY, he's a half-wit. The bird, on the other hand, has got to be an *informant*. He has mastered their frightful tongue (something akin to **molespeak**) and speaks with them regularly. I am certain he reports my every move. Due to his current placement in the metal room his

safety is assured. But I can wait; it is only a matter of time....



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B32 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Intrigue at Petitioners Square

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

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

(The stalker flashes upward, over the rooftops. It hisses in a strange voice at the mezzoloths.)

"Ssstupid beastsss. You, to the right. Donnn't let im' get awwwayy."

Pike it! He mustn't get away. I'd hate to loose this opportunity after that chance I took.

(Pause, thinks hastily.)

Not that I wouldn't GLADLY take that chance any time.

"Youe..with the sssworrd. Put a cloud of poiszzson over zhat berk."

Ulroloth

(A lowly fiend curse if there ever was one)

I'm too close!

(The stalker's form starts blurring again. The mezzoloths look dumbly for a moment, their large bug eyes blinking. They look to the square and then back up to the stalker, as if trying to decide exactly what to do. Finally, it seems as if something clicks inside their feeble brain-boxes and the mezzoloths spring into action, following the commands of the blurring astral stalker to the letter.)

(Meanwhile, the two mezzoloths that were tailing Daeh take off after the large man in plate, following him into the shop known as *The Severed Hand*. Shortly after their entrance, sounds of combat and clashing steel empty into the busy, crowded street. Not many sods notice, it was only a couple of soddin' 'loths, after all.)

(Crowley looks to Marlina, seeming oblivious to all else that is going on around him. He subtly leads the lovely lass around the Hardhead and smiles warmly at her willingness to reveal intimate details without any prodding whatsoever. Nodding at her words, acting as if he is hanging on each one for dear life, he replies.)

"Yes, my dear, I know him, although not as well as you know the more *personal* of habits of some of our fair cities' officers, eh? I can assure you that my tastes are far more - ah, how shall we say - *refined*..."

(The arcanoloth seems to chuckle a bit at his own joke.)

"So, my dear, you never replied - would you care to join me for tea?"

(The prone figure of Daeh begins to be kicked and stepped on as the crowd surges forward. The culler's green cape is ruined and [kayi dog](#) pellets soil his pants. Additionally, Crossblade notes the sudden appearance of the astral stalker and quickly reloads just in case it decides to veer in her direction.)

(Marlina squeezes the arm of the loth and smiles.)

"Oh my, in all of this excitement I plainly forgot your offer. Why of course I would have tea with you, dear Crowley. I don't think I've had a better offer since last month. Executions typically leave me SO thirsty with a slight subtle ache - it's the sensation of loss ya know! I must say I've not been in the company of a Hardhead in a cycle or more. I did just recently breakup with a rather sincere Sinker. He seemed to put everything he had into it, but he just wore down so fast! Now, about that tea?"

(As he leads her to the nearest inn, Crowley arches a furred eyebrow.)

"You've had a better offer than one from an arcanoloth? Did you dine with an aasimon, my dear?"

(Crowley chuckles slightly to himself.)

"Yes, yes, those sad Sinkers - they *do* have a tendency to be somewhat self-destructive..."

(Marlina smirks innocently.)

"Well, I'm not one to heave 'n' chant, but let's just say he was hung like a [pif'Chiang!](#)"

(Meanwhile, Crossblade continues to watch the crowd for any sign of the missing culler.)

I'll wait all night if I have to. Nidaan said it had to be covert for the kill to be paid. Soddin' culler probably still thinks he should interview the Duke. Doesn't he know who the real Fated are?"

(The elf picks up the manacles from the ground. He gives the sky one last look before he starts walking in the direction of the captain.)

Funny little 'loth, smart cutter. Well, I'll get him next time, and Crowley walking with a nice looking lady. I'm curious what he's up to...

(The solar aasimon known as Tip shifts his weight a little. He has been sitting in a very unnatural position for much longer than he had expected.)

That fiend is up to something. A prisoner escapes and all he does is smile. He doesn't even try to catch the 'loth. Yes, something very strange is going on here.

(The elf walks to his fellow Harmonium members and together they begin leading the long line of criminals to the City Barracks. Once all of the Rev Leaguers are put away, the elf starts working on the necessary and proper papers for processing.)

THE END



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

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Scribes, riots and battles sweep through Hive

by Will the Red-Eye, Freelance culler

Hive Ward-- Lady's Grace, cutters! I've gathered some fresh chant for you to skeg. It seems we have serial killers bent on destroying the factions running loose in the Cage! As you may remember, not so long ago it was sheer luck that allowed Factol Darius of the Sign of One to escape from a deadly trap set by unknown crow feeders. There were some chantbrokers who claimed to have seen five attackers, while the Signer guardsmen only wrote four into the Dead-Book.

Right now we are sure - indeed, one of them escaped and just yesterday he struck again! This time he tried to Dead-book no other but Factol Karan of the Xaosmen. Once again the attempt was unsuccessful, but let me lann you all the details, as I saw it all by my own peery eyes. The strangest thing is that the aftermath of the assault was far more interesting than the attack itself, so keep on reading, bashers!

The chant goes that wherever something's going on, you can bet a bag full of jink that there'll be *Eye* cullers nearby. There's something to this for sure! It just so happened I had some business in the Hive and by accident I found myself in the center of it all.

As I was sneaking down the filthy street named Bedlam Run when I noticed a strange group of various sods approaching. I was too busy dodging bubbers, cross-traders and cheap fireskirts to pay closer attention to the crowd until m' peery eye caught a glimpse of the basher who was leading the mob. That was no other but Factol Karan himself! He passed a few lengths from me. He seemed pretty angry with the crowd following his every move. Every few steps he turned around and shouted at the gathered Xaositects:

"I ain't no factol no more!" or "Stop following me!" or "I quit! Do you understand?"

But the mob of the Xaositects continued to follow their chaotic ex-leader. Only one of them behaved differently. A young human basher dressed in colorful rags was shouting at the top of his lungs.

"Factol new am I! Xaositects the of leader the am I!" Nobody paid any attention to the berk, yet he continued shouting, *"Over took I, quitted Karan!"*

Then something terrible happened. Firstly, an arrow whizzed in the air and struck the new Xaositect factol right through the heart. Even before he fell dead on the muddy street, another arrow hit him; this time there was a piece of paper attached to the arrow. Everything fell silent for a moment,

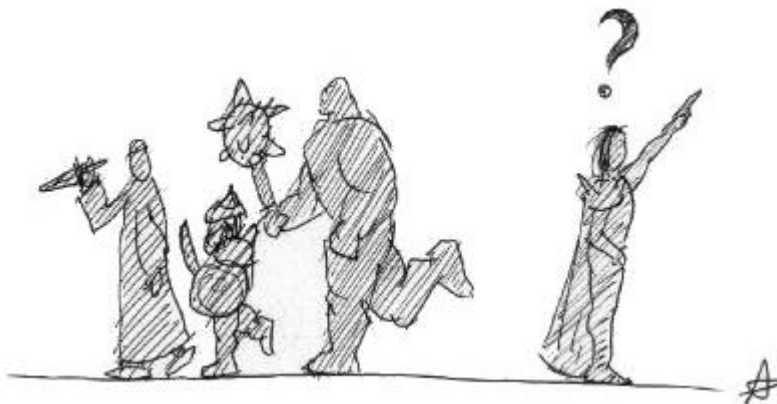


until Karan spoke:



"All right, I rejoin. Me listen to! Kill the killin' killers!" said he pointing at the nearby roof, from which came the arrows.

The Xaositects accepted his words with enthusiasm and began to run in exactly opposite direction than Karan indicated. I noticed with sudden thrill, that Chaosmen began to wildly attack a group of peacefully passing Bleakers, who were leading a group of orphans to the Gatehouse. Many of the Bleakniks fell before the deadly blades of rampaging Xaositects, and even more children were written into the Dead-book. Being the good sod I am, I leaped forwards to help the kids get out.



A major riot broke out, as reinforcements from the Gatehouse arrived. What's more, a few Sensate volunteers joined the fight on both sides. I was too busy turning wild Xaositects into Limbo petitioners, so I couldn't pay close attention to the surroundings, but I noticed that even collectors started a regular battle among themselves over the rights to the dead bodies lying around.

It was a sodding tiring day, I tell you, my dear readers, but somehow I made it through in one piece. After the battle was over there were dozens of dead and even more wounded and dying berks scattered throughout Bedlam Run. Many of the nearby buildings had been damaged or destroyed by sorcerers and priests fighting on both sides. It was really a terrifying view. The Harmonium decided not to intervene in this mess, as it was too far away from the City Barracks. After all, Hivers ain't quite considered Cagers by all those Hardheaded officials.

However Factol Sarin did pay attention to the case after chant spread that the crow-feeders responsible for starting the riot were the same who tried to assassinate Factol Darius not so long ago. This chant was impossible to ignore for the Triad of Law, as it would seem there is a group of assassins bent on killing the factols one by one. Just two days after the riot, Harmonium, Mercykillers and a few mages from the Fraternity of Order launched an expedition to the Hive to retrieve the assassins' arrows and the scroll. These could be just the clue their investigation needed.

Of course Xaositects refused to give these items to them. Needless to say, another battle

erupted in which the Chaosmen, fighting on their own territory, decimated veteran warriors from the Triad of Law. The worst losses were on the Red Death's side, but finally a daring Harmonium officer (I think he'll have a nice career in his faction) broke into a group of Xaositects, nicked a few of them and made it back with both arrows and the scroll. The heavily depleted forces of Law retreated to the Lower Ward and made it to the Chessboard.

This victory has put a new light on the whole case. Magical examination revealed that the arrows were magically enchanted into terrible '**Arrows Of Factol Slaying**', which enabled them to head straight at any factol's heart with deadly accuracy and precision! You can imagine the panic it struck amongst the high-ups of the cage! Of course, nobody knew how it was possible that Karan survived the attack, but we know, don't we? At the moment of the attack the ever-changing chaotic faction had a new factol, who indeed, was struck dead on the spot!

The letter attached to one of the arrows was even more interesting. The Harmonium didn't let me look at this, but one of my trusty contacts lanned me the dark of it. It makes mention of a new Anarchist cell named **Dark Vengeance** that are claiming responsibility for the attempt to strike down Darius and failed slaying of Karan. This group led by a blood named Black Leon declares war against all factions and from now on no sodding fascist factol can sleep calmly.

Needless to say, they're going to strike again soon. And believe me, for this one time I hope the Harmonium will scrag these crow-feeders before they topple the unsteady balance that is the Cage's politics.



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

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Rampant philosopher theorizes, fight breaks out

by Orroloth, esteemed chantmonger and guest yugoloth culler

Lower Ward-- A spontaneous debate broke out in the Lower Ward yesterday morning, when Tullus Maack, Athar philosopher, decided to bring his theories to the crowd outside the *Black Sails* tavern. Tullus was assisted by a good-sized soapbox and a magical trumpet of some sort, which magnified his voice so much that he was heard several blocks away, despite the noise coming from the nearby Foundry. The gist of his dialogue went something like this:

*"You, planars think you are **special**, don't you?! You are sure of your superiority over the **primes**, whom you scorn! You think you are **closer** to the darks by living in the **Outer Planes**, close to the so-called gods?! Well, I've got **news** for you! The outer planes are **nothing special**, for they, just like the bleekin' gods are mere creations of **belief**, the belief of these **lowly primes**!"*

At this point, several of the audience started shouting in protest.

*"Yes, you heard me right! If you seek the **essence** of the planes, go to the **elemental planes**, for there everything began. **Then**, the primes were formed from the **elemental matter**, and then, **only then**, were the outer planes **formed**, along with all the gods!"*

The crowd was getting more and more agitated, and a number of Harmonium patrols were attempting to deflate the situation. Hardhead Haldan Gunnarsson challenged Tullus' theory, and said that he lacked proof.

*"**Proof?! How else do you explain a level of existence made **entirely** of belief? **Where do you think this belief came from?! And I **do** have several examples! We **have** seen mortals becoming gods, **haven't** we? The other gods, could **very well** have been mortals once!"*****

This response seemed to rather annoy Haldan, and he quite determinedly made his way up on the soapbox and shouted that Tullus had no examples of ancient gods being mortal once.

*"**Hypotheses non fingo**," (known in planar common as "*I feign no hypotheses*") shouted Tullus, and hit Haldan in the nose with the trumpet.*

A general brawl then ensued as several members of the Athar tried to rescue Tullus from the now-enraged Harmonium. Making matters even worse was the constant barrage of apples from the rooftop of a nearby building. Two members of the Xaositects, who just appeared during the height of Tullus' speech, were responsible for the apple barrage.

Tullus is due to be released later today, but must pay a steep fine for disturbing the

peace. When questioned by a group of cullers, Tullus said he would hold a fund-gathering debate on matters of belief later this week, to pay his fine. The Harmonium press officer stated that he would be watched closely, but refused to comment further.



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B32 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Flash from the Past

In response to overwhelming requests, *The Eye* will now be 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 first reported. Please enjoy the additional information, but please bear in mind that we may not be able to gather chant on every story and many meet with an abrupt dead end.

BATCH 1: *Deadly case collapse in Hive* by [Daeh K. Carc](#)

Hive Ward--At least 30 bodys were killed and up to 120 were trapped and feared lost after a five-story slum kip collapsed two days ago. Hardheads said Dustmen emotionlessly searched the rubble of the building in an area near the Mortuary throughout the day. Officials said that at least 12 sods were unaccounted for, but it was not clear exactly how many were in the case when it caved in just before peak. Hardheads also said the owner of the building, a baatezu spinagon named Offalman, had been detained.

Excavation for construction work for a new '**Erinyes Nightclub**' was taking place next to the collapsed building and Guvner architectural experts said at length that they *"theorized that the repercussions had been at the very least, instrumental in the undoing of the nearby housing facility..."* (edited for brevity). Further, the Harmonium added that the spinagon was being held while an in-depth investigation was completed on his *"possible involvement in the affair, as well as a possible interest in the nearby nightclub"*.

The falling building took with it the outside wall of an adjacent apartment block, whose residents sifted through debris to salvage possessions well into the gloomy Sigilian night. Anguished relatives whose families had not yet been found wailed in grief as rescuers delved into the rubble and Bleakers merely shook their heads silently. Dustmen pulled one bundled body out just after anti-peak and unceremoniously hurried it into the Mortuary as relatives of the missing fought for a glimpse of the corpse's face.

The last major building collapse in Sigil was in Accordant of last cycle, when an 11-story case pancaked, killing 640 poor sods, in an accident blamed by officials on the illegal addition of extra stories. Soaring costs of building permits, as well as the long waits and process times at the Hall of Property Records, have often pushed slumlords to build extra floors without permission from the authorities. Actions such as these and frequent fires have also taken their massive tolls in lives within the poorly constructed kips in the ever-crowded ward.

Follow-up: In response to the collapse of the five-story slum, the Guvners created an addendum to the *Sigil Housing Authority Act, Kip Ownership sub-clause 465, Section 13 paragraph number 1697*. The addendum clarified that excavation for new or existing housing or commercial buildings must first undergo a review by a member of the

Fraternity of Order's Geometric Architectural Design and Concepts Board. The review process is believed to take a full month and cost approximately 5% of the value of the structure's improvement or the new structures planned value. The baatezu spinagon Offalman was not charged with any crime and released.

The '**Erinyes Nightclub**' was indeed completed and opened for business only to be closed after three days by officials representing the Fated. It seems that the club was providing untaxed sexual pain infliction clinics for a convention of Loviatar followers. There has been no word as to when the club will reopen and it is believed that the owners are already mortgaged to the hilt.



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

[\[Back\]](#) [\[B32 Index\]](#) [\[Next\]](#)

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)

Sydney's Snippets

Here some assorted chant that ain't been checked out yet that ya might be interested in. If ya skeg some darks that ya wanna pass along, then send me an [astral streaker](#) and I'll lann it to the multiverse.



Barmy witch-doctors hit Cage

Orc practitioners of copromantic readings are selling their services in [Sigil](#). The witch-doctors use the consultant's droppings to determine their forecast. The Harmonium has been making petitions in the City Courts to close their shops due to bad hygienic conditions.



Takers and Dustmen brawl

A huge fight started when a group of five Fated collectors and three Dustmen collectors disputed a dead man's body. According to the Dead, the Takers tried to steal the body's possessions, while the Fated claim they tried to "tax" the corpse being carrying. The discussion escalated into a major brawl with reinforcements from both sides arriving. The confusion ended with the intervention of a Harmonium patrol and some nearby Xaositects. A decision will be reached at the City Courts before the deceased can be moved to the Mortuary.



Dwarf attacked by knights-of-the-post

The Guvner dwarf Laurin the Brainsquasher has been robbed by a group of six cambions. As he walked through the Lady's Ward on his way to see an old friend, a strong hand grabbed him from behind and pulled him into a side alley. The cambions threatened to kill him if he made just one sound, and then stripped him of all his belongings, including his clothes. Not that it's unusual enough that such a thing happens in the Lady's Ward, but Laurin stated that he saw a group of Harmonium officers who came by, watched the scene, and went about their way doing nothing to help him. Factol Sarin himself has promised to investigate the case, but it seems the furious Laurin isn't going to wait for the Hardheads to solve the case - he has been seen grabbing his old adventuring equipment, and hasn't been seen since then.



Tanar'ri Anarchist cell attempts murder of Guvner judge

Judge Emberhead, known for more than a hundred cycles of service, was almost killed this week when a hourglass he bought proved to be cursed by abyssal magic. Unless he keeps rocking the hourglass back and forth, he'll grow older and soon enough die. A specialist in minor chronomancy is being brought from Mechanus to disarm the

hourglass' magical trap.



Review - *The Nemausus Vorpal Massacre*

Fourth Lady of the Month of Regula

TerrorHall Theatre, Sigil

Reviewed by Blessed Blight

What we have here is a disgusting and lurid bloodfest that appeals to the lowest common denominator - but I still loved it! Plot is pretty basic - sometime during that infamous Hardhead foul-up that led to the sinking of Nemausus from Arcadia to Mechanus, an enormous goristro with the amusing tendency to wear the skin of its victims on its person escapes and goes on a killing spree across the already confused countryside. It also happens to wield an enormous bloody battle axe that acts like a vorpal weapon - completely unrealistic but your not thinking that when the bloodfest begins. The loudest hurrahs were reserved for the mountain giant Gromb, a toothy but likable sort who took his bows at the end with a bashful smile apparent even behind the goristro makeup, already a hero among all the abyssal folk scurrying around the temple next door. Still haven't figured out how they managed to fake all those heads rolling off the blade of the axe, though the absence of any Dustmen doing secret dirty work near the theatre puts the most sinister theories to rest. 4 severed heads out of 5!



Spellslingers beware

Recent chant has lanned the darks about several shipments of tainted spell components. These spellstarters may have been poisoned by a group of rogue Chaosmen and have strange effects that can put any poor sod who uses them in the Dead-book. Word has it that the shipments left the Cage nearly 12 days hence. By now they could have reached anywhere in the planes. Stay peery bloods and spend your jink only with merchants who ye know well.



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

[\[Back\]](#)[\[B32 Index\]](#)[\[Next\]](#)