
The Lady's Sharper Eye

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



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Anarian, part III

by Barking Wilder, Demented culler

The elf kept a solemn face as he left the **Smoldering Corpse** bar. He even kept a solemn face when a member of the Harmonium stepped out of the shadows and blocked his path. The man must have been at least 8 feet tall decked out in a burnt orange color armor; playing with his glinting axe as he opened his mouth to speak.

"So...elf," he said. *"What you doin' in the Cage?"*

Anarian was not troubled by the man and answered calmly, *"That is none of your concern, sir,"* and tried to move around the man but the guard cut off his path again.

"Listen you girly piece of elven scum, I don't like you bein' here, messing up my part of the Hive," he said.

The elf scoffed and looked the man in the eyes, *"You do not scare me sir, neither do you intimidate me."* Anarian suddenly became aware of three other guards approaching him from behind.

"Girly, you gonna leave the Hive and go back to the forest and hide there forever. You gonna tell them other elfs to never to come to Sigil while im 'ere," he said, trying his best not to sound as dumb as he obviously was.

Anarian put his hand on the man's chest and spoke in a calming tone. *"Sir, I don't want trouble of any kind be it my fault or yours."*

The Hardhead stared at the elf. For a brief moment he felt a pain in his chest, the emotions the elf was feeling passed into the guard. He knew the elf's purpose here, why he was in Sigil and why he was not going to cause trouble. He seemed to suddenly seemed to understand that the elf should be allowed to continue on. Then the moment was broken when the other guards started shouting for him to do something. The guard glanced at his friends and then back at the elf. *"He doesn't mean any 'arm lads, just leave 'im be,"* he said turning to leave.

The other guards looked at their friend with a flash of disgust crossed their faces. Then, with a battle cry the tallest of the three lunged forward and drew his axe. With a single blow the silvery blade, sharp as diamond, found its mark. The elf collapsed to the ground in spasm. The elf looked to the arm that had born the blow and shook the stump of his shoulder as the crimson liquid gushed forth from the deep wound. A few lengths away sat the severed arm, still twitching as the life ebbed out of it.

Anarian staggered to his feet, with the aid of the first guard, who by this time was cursing his friend for his barbarism. *"Its okay elfy, I'll get ya fixed up good,"* he assured

Anarian.

"Get away from me human!" bellowed the frail being. *"Leave me be!"* he ordered.

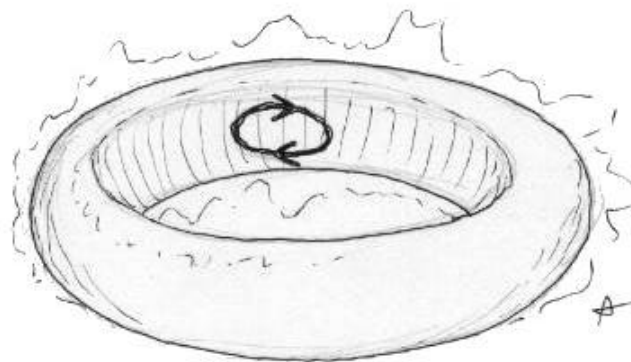
"Leave him, Nathan," said the still smiling Hardhead warrior. *"If he says he doesn't want help..."* the guard trailed off as he watched the elf begin to chant something under his breath. *"What's he sayin'?"* said the guard stepping closer, straining to hear the words.

All four of the Harmonium members stepped back as the stump of Anarian's arm began to twitch. As the elf finished the final word, fingers could clearly be seen to be poking out of the flayed skin. Anarian closed his eyes and gritted his teeth as the obvious pain consumed him. The fingers extended up to the elbow, then the forearm until finally the (somewhat bloody) arm finished its reconstruction. All stood with their mouths open, staring at the newly formed limb.

Anarian took the sleeve from the limb on the ground and put it in a pouch on his belt, he also took a bracelet and any other valuable items from the discarded arm and put them on his new arm. With remarkable calm the elf cleared his throat and asked Nathan, *"Do you know a good tailor where I can get this fixed?"* the guard, white as milk, pointed to a shop down the street. *"I thank you,"* replied Anarian.

The other Hardheads started yelling at the elf, *"What evil are you!?"* And upon finishing his sentence, the attacker took another swipe with his axe. Anarian was ready this time though, and in a flash of flame and metal, the guard's lower portion was separated from his upper body.

The elf stood over the man and looked at him with pity. *"I did not want any of this to happen, I am not evil,"* declared Anarian. *"I merely have a ring that allows me to regenerate,"* he stated, flashing the ring in the dying man's eyes. *"I am Anarian Planewalker, an elven warrior-mage who has seen too much bloodshed to cause it himself,"* he said as the flow of blood soaked his boots. *"I offer you one last chance - do you regret your actions?"* asked the elf.



It may have been spasm, but the man seemed to nod in answer. *"Then I give you a gift,"* he said, removing the ring from his finger and placing it on the man's hand. He spoke the command word and watched as the man's body regenerated itself.

The guard stood back up and looked at the ring. He took it off his finger and handed it back to the elf. *"You're gonna need this,"* he said quietly.

"Why is that?" asked Anarian.

"Cos I'm gonna murder ya for tryin' to kill me!" he roared.

The assault was short lived however. In [Sigil](#), The Lady watches over the actions of all in the Hive and she alone knew the reason Anarian was here. She knew it to be honorable, a deed that had to be carried out and not cut short by the short sighted actions of some idiot who declared himself a bully of the Hive.

The Harmonium soldier could feel himself being dragged away by an ethereal hand, he heard a portal open up behind him and felt a cold dread creep into his soul. The Lady was displeased and as is the fate of all who go against her will the guard was **mazed**. The fiends already in the maze would chase the man around his own personal hell, for all eternity. Anarian shook his head solemnly and began walking to the tailor's shop.



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Mysterious Sleep

by [Skragx](#), Upper Planes culler



Olympus, Arborea-- The chant I come to you with this time is something I can't easily describe. I don't know if I should name it a disease, a curse of the Seldarin or something that just can't be explained. I'd heard of a place where the friendliness of the inhabitants was legendary and the taste of the meals they prepared could only be compared to ambrosia. Thus, I let the sweet winds of Arborea lead my flight towards Aldeia.

The sight was really quite nice, near a river that flows into Oceanus, surrounded by forests and with the greenest and most fertile grounds. I felt something strange when I failed to see anyone working in the green fields (it was time for harvesting, so there should be many people at that). I flew slowly and tried to notice anything when I saw some men and oxen that were lying on the ground, hidden by the green grass.

Thinking that they could have been attacked and might be hurt, I flew faster. When I arrived there I noticed that they were alive and they didn't seem to be hurt. They were simply asleep. Even the big oxen were sleeping. I tried to wake up the oldest man to see if there was a problem. At first, he was confused, confused to see me and for being asleep there in the fields. He said they had been working all morning and then had something to eat before returning to work.

But, that was impossible, I had arrived very early in the morning, practically when the day began. He couldn't believe it; he touched his face and realized that his beard was not perfectly shaven although he said he had shaven himself that very morning. It became clear that they had been sleeping for more than a day. He quickly woke his fellows and they asked me to fly to the village. They were concerned that they could have "overslept" too.

I flew as quickly as Syranita allowed me. In the village I found a most astonishing image: women, men, chicken, pigs, horses, even a little beetle I noticed were all absolutely still until I touched them. All of them were in a strange deep sleep. I began waking some of the men and women and they quickly went into the houses of the villages and woke more people. I saw a building that appeared to be a temple. I entered it and found two clerics: a mature man and a young woman with priestly robes. Near the shrine there was a statue of a young woman with a silver disk visible over it.

Later I learned that they worshipped the goddess Tymora, a goddess of good luck. It seemed that she had protected them because no one had been hurt and nothing had been damaged (and it could have been quite dangerous if the campfires had not extinguished). Nothing of value seemed to be missing, so a possible theft had to be discarded as the reason for the event. The most likely origin for the extraordinary sleep, magic, was quickly dismissed by the cleric of the village. His clerical magic didn't

detect magic of any kind, neither in the village nor in their water sources or the land near them.

I was invited to stay in the village and able to learn firsthand why this village was known for its food and hospitality. Truth be told, I was a little worried about the possibility of being affected by the mysterious sleep. However, this didn't happen and neither the near villages nor the spells of the cleric discovered anything of the disease. The villagers are really worried about this and some greybeards have come from the Realm of Tymora to study the area and try to find answers. If something is discovered, rest assure that *The Eye* will lann the chant to you.



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The Beautiful Evil

by The Guardian Widow, planar exterminator and guest culler

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

The Outlands-- Danger for us has many different faces and sometimes we can't see it because it's disguised in a beautiful shape. Perhaps you're one of those that think that elves are nice, loving and good creatures. Perhaps you think that a beautiful face can't mean a real danger, that Evil is ugly. If you are one of these, let me tell you that you've been very lucky to survive so much. Let's see if you still think the same after hearing my tale.

I was coming from Ysgard where I had gone to deliver something for a good friend of mine. I had entered the Outlands when it started snowing. Of course, I had no fear because I wore my [waterproofed poncho](#), but I saw the village and decided to find a kip until the weather was better. I couldn't see many people wandering, of course it was snowing and it was cold, but usually people are taking care of their animals or going to the store. What I missed the most were the kids. Children like snow and they like to play with the snow. However, there were no children playing outside.

I saw a building with the doors opened and light was pouring out onto the street. Thinking that it could be an inn or a communal house, I walked in. Inside there was what seemed to be a ceremony. As soon as I realized it I turned around to go outside again. Then, I noticed that the people were very sad and at the end of the room there was a wooden box, a coffin, but it was too small, too small for an adult. I remembered my own son, his coffin, his funeral, and his burial. I stayed there a few moments and then went out.

When the people ended with their ceremony I went over to a tavern. The people there looked at me as if I were their enemy. However, I decided I had to know what had happened and to test the last thing I'd bought at Snail Outfitters, an [amulet of friendly behavior](#). It seemed that the amulet worked because just short time later I learned that a monster called [Erlkonig](#) had killed the little girl. It seems that this creature wanted to feed and it had killed her with a blow to the head. Luckily, a few men were near and heard something. They recovered the corpse of the girl.

I tried to learn more things of the Erlkonig when the leader of the village entered the tavern. A mature man with a great white beard looked at me and my bar partners disappeared. I introduced myself and offered my help to kill the monster. He then told me that I had better be skilled. I learnt that this creature hates the light and iron (all of the town's doors had an iron bar or something like that to make the creature flee), the creature could disappear at will and normal weapons didn't affect it. They cast magic and had a poisonous bite as well. My brain-box was working fast to find the best way to hunt and kill the child-killer. It would not kill another child. I drank some beer and

got my crossbow, I'd need it if normal weapons were ineffective. When he wished me good luck he told me that Idunn, a Norse goddess, would be with me. I left him speechless when I asked him where Idunn had been when the girl was killed.

The Erlkonig won't be very far, if there were children, and it liked them, it would be waiting for an opportunity. I had to be more intelligent if I wanted to catch it. I was hiding and waiting for the monster to come when at last I saw it, though I didn't recognize it at first. A very handsome elf-like man was walking between the bushes without making any noise. His feet didn't mark the snow and he was singing a song that buzzed into my head. He somehow charmed me when I saw him directing his fingers to a house, a light glow covered his arm and in moments a little boy was jumping from his room. That was when I realized he was the Erlkonig.



I prepared my crossbow and fired. The bolt dug into his back and he screamed without making a noise. He turned to see me and then disappeared. I was worried I couldn't see him and he likely could see me. I needed some help and as always, Snail came to the rescue. I remembered the rosen globe I was carrying with me. I got it from my pack and ordered it to glow with a bright light. The sudden light disturbed the Erlkonig and I could hear him in my mind, though I couldn't see him. I closed my eyes hearing his quiet sounds and fired the crossbow. This time, the bolt buried into his neck and exploded there, the Erlkonig fell and I heard him die. As I observed him I noticed the child was looking me. "*Return to your parents,*" I ordered him and he ran back home. It was a dark night but the children there would be safe from this beast. The snow had stopped and I continued on my way leaving the village at my back.



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The Flogging of Fire

by Abranathin, Dimensional culler

On my recent journeys I found I could not stay away long from my home of Kittryia. I was amazed to find that my humble village had become quite popular due to my travels, and I was flattered at the fame I was producing for her population. Many letters and city representatives have been sent to me telling me of the strangest, most unexplainable mysteries in hopes I may decipher them. The strangest of them all, however, was one sent not from human hand or child's imagination. It was a letter written in hobgoblin, sent to me as a peace treaty and a hope for a resolution. The creatures we had called enemies were now asking for help, for an understanding of what they were dealing with. After translating it, I was shocked to see what raven had landed inside the hawk's nest.

A Soldier's View of Fiendish Torture

- Written by sub-chief Grogrin Bloodtusk

I really didn't like him. I could tell right away that there was something different about him, something different and dangerous. I didn't have the care, or maybe the courage, to tell my superiors about this nagging doubt. When you're a hobgoblin, and a sub-chief leading over one hundred warriors at that, superstition is seen not only as useless, but also madness. We are a practical race, believing what we see, and have no reason to delve into the mysteries of magic or otherworldly creatures or any other futile search that scholars and priests study. So why would I have a reason to suspect, even fear, the newest member of this regiment? That's simple: because, although I don't look for mysteries where there are none, I still trust my instincts.

Perhaps I should start at an earlier point in time. Our goblin scouts had reported a human outpost five clicks north of our position. The outpost was an easy kill, since scarcely thirty men were watching the large tower. The humans were as fierce and as stubborn as rats, but they were no match for our superior tactics and numbers. The outpost had been a toll collector for one of the trading routes that led to the city of Millsend, so its treasure was considerable for its small size. This was a find indeed. Reports back to our commanders led them to send a company of reinforcements. It was in this regiment that they also sent him.

He was a large and paler skinned hobgoblin, signifying his position. Those with red and orange fur like myself and my troops are surface dwellers. Those with pale, white-laced fur born from lack of sunlight came from deep beneath the surface. They shared a home with mountain dwarves and orcs and other subterranean races, hence living with as much hardships and combat as we did. They were from a different clan and a different kind of home. An uneasy silence came over the camp when the white-skinned one name Flaire entered my tent. He said our chieftain had sent him to interrogate the prisoners into revealing chant about Millsend defenses. If it were up to me I would

have given the city a passing glance, then moved on. Our wars with the dwarves and elves had proven debilitating to our forces and resources. I hate to admit it, but those buggers fought like wounded badgers in defense of the homelands.

It was a dangerous and foolish decision by the chieftain and his advisors to attack a major human city whose defenses could probably wipe out half our soldiers before we broke through. Those who wished to attempt a siege would find the city full of resources and food while our own supplies slowly dwindled. The nearest hobgoblin camp was over three months travel to the southwest, after all. If we didn't die from the swords of the human defenders than we would starve long before our supplies could arrive. We were skirmishers after all, a force of soldiers meant to attack elf supply lines and their human allies. Our forces were cut off from the living world as far as the rest of our clan was concerned.

Yet there he was. An arrogant and questionable hobgoblin from the farthest depths of the earth, telling me the orders our clan chieftain had given him. *"The prisoners are to be interrogated, and once we have all the information we need, we will be off to Millsend to conquer it."*

"Those are the orders of his Excellency, our high lord chieftain?" I asked doubtfully.

"Yes." The one named Flaire said.

"Where are the papers with these orders, Interrogator Flaire?" I asked

"Sub-chief Flaire." He corrected as he handed me a rolled scroll marked with his Excellency's seal.

So I discovered he was a sub-chief, and one from another clan as well. My violent nature took over my reason, but with some unknown will I forced it back down. No sub-chief from a different clan ever-stepped foot within the regiment controlled by another. It simply wasn't done! Such an act could lead to at the very least verbal abuse, while at the very most bloodshed. There was no room for two leaders in the same camp.

I snatched the scroll from his hand and broke the chieftain's seal. Inside was a royal decree to provide Flaire with every comfort and service possible in his attempt to interrogate the prisoners. There were also new orders from the ones given to me when my regiment left camp. These orders were to leave this sight immediately after the prisoners had revealed all they could, leaving no trace of our conquest. We would travel northwest to the Zevfroth Bridge. After taking the outpost our forces would wait for reinforcements who would then join us in our march to the great human city. Coming from the east, we would cross their wheat fields and burn them to the ground, slaughtering any resistance we met and cutting down the food supply to Millsend's troops. Flaire's clan members would march northeast while we marched west, catching the weakened city between us.

The orders were specific, especially the line stating "*provide Flaire with every comfort and service possible.*" This I sneered at. His Excellency had given me great honors over my nine years of service, and to just give up my leadership and my leisure to someone who was not even my better made my blood boil. The anger in my eyes just brought a smile to Flaire's lips. The dirty mountain dog was enjoying this!

I handed the scroll back to Flaire in disgust. "*The prisoners are in the tent marked with a red and yellow banner. Interrogate them at your leisure. Should you need anything...*"

"*I'll know who to ask.*" The white-skinned hobgoblin stated before exiting.

When he was out of sight, I cursed him and drew a knife to examine it. Soon Flaire would also inspect the weapon, though not as gently as I was.

To be continued...



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My Excursion to the Mists: An excerpt from the journal of Mindmaster Gholan

by Orroloth, Esteemed chantmonger and visiting yugoloth

The following is an excerpt from the early journals of Gholan, psionic planewalker and author of "Mind your Mind - an exercise in control".

Regulus 23, year 120 of the reign of Haskar:

...We entered the Ethereal from the Citadel of Ice and Steel on the Elemental Plane of Air. My good friend Aliss, half-elven priest of Osiris and our spiritual advisor, barely managed to bring us through the Ethereal barrier, which apparently separates the Border Ethereal from the adjacent plane. I am concerned as the most veteran planewalker in our little group is so far away from her divine ally. Too often, we have had to rely on her abilities for survival. Still, this trip is merely a quick exploration of the Prime curtain, so that we might find a convenient shortcut to our home world (the world where most of us come from). Tyrian, our plane-touched companion, feels nothing but contempt for 'lemon trees', as he calls them. We aren't expecting any trouble....

Regulus 24:

...I have never experienced anything like this. At first, the lack of gravity and perspective made me sick to my stomach (this amused Tyrian to no end). It is strange that even after experiencing the gut-wrenching falls of the Boundless Blue, a place of misty nothingness, I can display the contents of my breakfast like that.

Actually, Dar has told me that what we see is not nothingness, but proto-everything. He called it a soup of elemental matter, waiting to become a new world. Dar is such a Godsmen.

This afternoon, we found the curtain, and tomorrow we will explore it. It is a beautiful, massive thing, this curtain. It's mass of swirling colours is a stark contradiction to the bleakness of this plane. I wish I were a poet, so I could describe it properly....

Regulus 25:

...The worst possible thing that could have happened has happened. All my friends are dead. I cannot begin to realize why this had to happen. I only hope that my memory doesn't fail me as I relay the events of the last half-day to paper.

Our exploration of the curtain went well at first. We passed by entrances to the border of numerous Primes, each more exotic than the next. Then Aliss saw the rift...the curtain

had been ruptured. This seemed to make her extremely peery (and wisely so, in retrospect), and her words on the matter were untypical of her.

"The curtain can't be ruptured...it's impossible." she said.

*"Now **you** sound like the Prime, Aliss." Tyrian said as a quick retort.*

We quickly decided to find out what was happening, if only to have an interesting story to tell when we got home. Dar, especially, was interested in the ruptured curtain, as he believes that all the Primes come from the Ethereal originally. He told us we might be witnessing the birth of a world, the opening of the Prime curtain, as a new world enters from the mists. From what I saw, Dar was almost right. In fact, I think the opposite was happening.

The rift was huge, and the curtain itself seemed to twist and contort around it, even more than usually. We found ourselves staring at a ravaged planet, breaking apart before our eyes, seemingly pulled into it's own border. In turn, its border was becoming denser, slowly turning into a part of the Deep Ethereal. Then we saw the people. No, correction, we saw monsters.

At first, we thought they were ordinary men and women. At that point, Aliss wanted us to leave. I suppose Aliss' warning should have made us peery, but we were overconfident. We all know what happens to overconfident planewalkers. We decided to wait for them.

When they cleared the mists, and we could get a good look at them, we realized our mistake. They had no eyes, only dark lenses that made me sick to the stomach to look at. It was like staring into infinity, except infinity was malignant and staring back. Some of them were deformed, with blemishes on their face and hands. It was a horrifying sight. Yet there was one, a dark robed priest, who was not deformed and had his eyes intact. He was the one to speak.

"Take the humans alive. Kill the others."

I was unable to act. Looking at my friends, I could only see potential slaves for the strangers, and looking at the surroundings, I could only see unconquered land. At that moment, I saw myself as nothing important, merely a tool in the hands of my new master.

It took me several moments to realize that this



wasn't myself that was thinking, but some malignant outside force, inflicting its view upon me. My friends weren't so lucky. Tyrian froze, unable to bring his weapons up to defend himself, and was cut down mercilessly. Aliss, poor dear Aliss fought back. She could have escaped easily, but tried to help the rest of us. Dar struck her down from behind, breaking her neck with his staff. He must have been under the same influence I was.

I called upon all my limited training to try and break this hold on my mind. It wasn't easy, but somehow I managed to regain my perception of the multiverse. As soon as I was able to, I fled, using my mental powers to relocate myself deeper into the Ethereal using a dimensional door. There was nothing I could have done for my friends. I let myself get lost in the mists, to avoid being captured again by these inhuman monsters. Tomorrow I will try to find my way back to the Citadel of Glass and Steel and from there to Sigil. I do not know if I can make it alone.

Gholan did make it, and managed, with no small help from new companions, to have a splendid planewalking career, in spite of a shaky start. He currently resides in the Lady's Ward and now runs a school for the mentally gifted.



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Source of Milk Discovered

by [Skragx](#), Upper Planes culler



Olympus, Arborea-- The planes are full of surprise and mystery. Nearly every day a new enigma is found and more often than not they are kept unsolved. A week ago, the dwarf adventurer and experienced miner called Dragan Rockborer decided to visit the Plane of Passions to look for valuable metals and gems. He got his tools and came to a zone near Mount Olympus. Wild goats inhabited the area and there was no village or town nearby. When the dwarf found a place he liked, he began to dig and after a period of good digging one of his blow's released something that surprised and amazed him. A stream of a white liquid suddenly hit him in the face.

He thought he had hit a plant or something similar and that it was the sap, which was now staining him. He dug a bit more to discover that he had not hit a plant, but actually a subterranean source of a liquid. First, he thought it was water mixed with some mineral salt dissolved in it, but it smelt sweet. Perhaps Dragan is a bit reckless or he just behaved naively, but he decided to taste the white liquid. His surprise was even greater when he determined that the white liquid was very sweet milk. Then, he realized that what he had found could easily make him rich. He re-covered the hole and went to the closest village to buy a cart and some barrels, and the next day he returned to sell his mineral milk.



Notice spread quickly all over the region and once it reached me I decided to learn a bit more on the subject. I found Dragan where he was selling his last barrel of milk and managed to talk to him. I asked him for the characteristics of the milk, the quantity of it he could get daily and similar things, here is some of what he answered me:

"Yeah, you're right my winged fiend, the location of the milk mine is a secret, I can't tell it to your magrag because yer readers would try to steal it from me. The amount of milk is nice and I

can sell up to eight barrels a day. There are people from numerous planes who have come to buy it, especially Sensates. Of course, it is more expensive than the normal milk. Ya can't find mineral milk in many places, now can ya?!"

With a price of 5 stingers for a jar of milk, it's clear that he's going to bring in a good bunch of jink if he continues to be so successful. However, he ran into a bit of bad luck just recently before I had left the area. While bringing in his latest daily cargo he was assaulted by two shiere eladrin who broke his barrels and let the milk splash to the ground. Dragan's reaction to the assault was very energetic,

"Those soddin' pointed ears just started telling lies of the earth and its wealth and wanted me to give them MY milk. Of course I was very keen to give it to them if they paid the price, but they just went ahead and broke my barrels. This is not going to stay like this. I discovered the milk and I'm going to keep it!"

Dragan is now looking for honest warriors to escort him on his daily milk activities. Unfortunately, I've not been able to find an eladrin to explain the attack or give me an opinion on the discovery of the milk.



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Abyssal Nightmares, part V

by Barking Wilder, Demented culler

Barking had never seen so many tanar'ri in one place at one time. He quickly shook off his residual fear and realized he had yet to be noticed. He slipped into the shadows of the room and surveyed the area. It was a large, rectangular room of what may have been red stone, although being in the Abyss it could have been anything. Barking stood on a balcony about 20 feet above the ground with a staircase, of the same material as the walls, leading down to the main Command room.

Various tables of obsidian littered the room and Barking noticed the dreaded marilith tacticians; the brains behind the tanar'ri actions, at every other table, coordinating the rest of the lesser demons, basically bossing them around. Some glabrezu were commanding the guards for the room, their towering frames ruling by fear over the smaller fiends.

Amongst the demons Barking's nose picked up a scent, he scanned the room, trying to locate it. He reeled back in fear as he saw a creature he had not seen since...since his mother's murder! The balor stood at least six feet taller than any other fiend in the room, but his stooped position meant that only his huge wings defined him from the rest of the scum in the room. It knelt in front of one of the larger tables and watched as one of the mariliths tried to explain its plan to him. The smaller demon must have said something to insult him because the balor suddenly stood upright. It pulled itself up until it reached its full height of nearly fifteen feet and grabbed the marilith by the waist. The snake tail of the marilith whipped frantically as the balor put increasing pressure on the creature's torso. Barking watched with sickening delight as the creature began to ooze black blood onto the floor. The balor finally let go of the reptilian being and allowed the corpse to fall twelve feet before landing in a heap of black ichor and crushed bones.

The 'Wild One' whispered to Barking, *"Do you still feel confident?"*

Barking began to snarl, both at the balor and in answer to the baatezu's question. The 'Wild One' let out a psychic roar of energy and spurred Barking forward. *"BALOR!"* snarled Barking at the titanic beast. *"YOU ARE THE EPITOMY OF EVIL IN THIS UNIVERSE!"* he growled.

"WHO IN THE NINE HELLS ARE YOU!?" bellowed the balor in answer.

"DO YOU NOT KNOW ME?" asked Barking.

"I DO NOT!" growled the balor.

"I...WE ARE BARKING WILDER!" he howled at the immense monster.

The balor looked slightly amused at the small being. *"AND WHAT IS IT YOU WANT? IT MUST BE IMPORTANT BECAUSE I'M GOING TO KILL YOU IF IT IS NOT,"* it said in a mocking tone.

Barking stared the creature's eyes; he heard the 'Wild One' whisper to him, *"Do you have enough time?"*

Barking smiled to himself. *"Let's see, if you'll just wait patiently,"* he said to the balor. *"I'm going to kill you..."* The manic grin left the balor's face, Barking continued, *"I think I'll decapitate you..."* The balor began to glow with anger, Barking took a breath and finally added, *"Then I'll just stand and laugh at your corpse!"*

The balor sent up a wave of heat into the room. *"YOU DARE TO THREATEN ME, THEN YOU WILL KNOW PAIN!"* it roared.

Barking calmly replied, *"When you killed my mother I felt the ultimate pain, when you tortured me for twenty-five years I knew pain, now I am sick of pain, now I will show YOU pain!"*

The balor drew his vorpal blade and swung it at the human. Barking was so fast that he even had time to mock the demons blow before moving, this only served to enrage the balor more *"YOU WILL FIND IT IMPOSSIBLE TO MOCK ME WHEN I REMOVE YOUR THROAT!"* it roared. Barking had to stop himself from laughing as the cumbersome creature tried its hardest to land a blow on him.

After about several moments of frantic dodging and ducking, Barking started to get bored. He wondered how he could kill this fiend and still make it look impressive. *"BARKING?"* he heard the 'Wild One' say inside his head. *"BARKING, ARE YOU GETTING AS BORED AS I AM WITH THIS FOOL?"* it asked.

"Yes, how would you like me to kill it?" he answered to himself

"DO IT THE OLD FASHIONED WAY," replied the devil inside.

Barking Wilder laughed to himself as he felt the fiend inside him forcing the nails on his right hand to grow. They lengthened at an alarming rate, rapidly becoming long, black talons. Barking stopped dodging and looked into the tanar'ri's deep black eyes. *"You killed my mother, no doubt my entire family as well, you tortured me for many years and now you will pay the price for your crimes,"* stated Barking calmly.

The balor scoffed, leveled his blade and swung it at Barking. Barking grabbed hold of the blade and watched as the vorpal material cut deep into his skin. Barking forced the blade away, he pulled it from the balor's hands and felt the blast of energy go through his body, but it did not bother him, he was rage given form, at last the planes would know of him and his struggles in this camp. He jumped forward and without a second

thought he plunged his claws deep into the beast's neck. There was time only for the balor to roar in pain before his head was separated from the rest of his body.

Barking picked up the head and watched as the life drained from it. Both he and the baatezu inside him reveled in the glory of its final death. He studied the head for a moment; it was now that he took his first trophy. He forced his hand into the beast's mouth, grabbed one of the slippery fangs and pulled it out with a crunch. The rest of the tanar'ri in the room were looking slightly scared as they watched their master's corpse twitch on the floor. Barking turned to the rest of the room and began barking. It was not the bark that made them run; it was the human's shadow that scared them. It was no human shadow, it had wings and horns, and if they had not of known any better they would have sworn it was an immense devil.



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Flash from the Past

In response to overwhelming requests, *The Eye* is now 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: *Brutal murders terrorize the Cage* by [Daeh K. Carc](#), [Sigil](#) culler

Lady's Ward--A recent rash of bizarre, barmy and gruesome murders have left investigators in the Harmonium and in the Fraternity of Order scratching their grizzled brain-boxes. For the past several days, Hardhead enforcers and investigative teams coupled with aides from the Guvners have been tracking the winding and warped trail of a ruthless murderer, or murderers. Other than tallying an ever growing list of victims, they have had little results resulting from their investigation. Chant has it that the Guvners will soon be offering a substantial reward for any darks to the murders.

The current chant on the horrific case, which has sods all across the City of Doors wigwagging about a creature that rips sods to shreds and leaves their bloodless bodies behind, is still totally dark. When asked to shed some light on the subject, Harmonium high-up, Narcovi, told *Eye* cullers the following: *"All we have so far is three poor sods that're in the Dead-book. They were apparently put there by some sod (or sods) using a long, sharp chiv, more than likely a long sword."* To hear the bubbers and chantmongers tell it, however, it is a very different tale altogether. A seemingly endless stream of scree ranging from the victims having The Lady's symbol carved into their foreheads to the chant that all of the victims were members of Lawful factions has spread out from the Lower Ward and threatens to engulf the entire Cage in its madness.

When asked about the gruesome and repetitive natures of the murders, Narcovi replied, *"We're not releasing any details. We also don't want a mass panic on our hands, and would like to formally state that the only unusual aspect of the murders is their wide range of occurrence."* Cullers from *The Lady's Sharper Eye* lanned from an unconfirmed source that the murders have been committed in both the Lady's and the Lower Wards, and that all of the victims were killed in a gruesome, almost ritualistic manner. When asked to provide further details, the contact reluctantly agreed, *"The poor sods were sliced to ribbons, startin' with their brain-boxes, all th' way down to their soddin' feet. All of 'em had this 'orrible, blank look of pure, ultimate terror frozen on their faces - ya know like they'd seen their worse fear just before they were put in the Dead-book. And then there was th' writin'... Awful, 'orrible stuff, smeared all across th' scene - all written in th' poor sod's blood."*

Further, *The Eye* has learned that an unusual and somewhat large group of Prime bashers that just recently arrived in Sigil are under observation in regards to the murders. Apparently, these sods have been spotted in the general areas of each murder prior to their occurrence. Finally, there is a bit o' chant on the streets about the unusual

and tenacious involvement of the Believers of the Source in an independent, but related investigation of these murders.

Follow-up: The gruesome murders were never actually solved. They stopped as abruptly as they began and the Harmonium found all of its leads turn as cold as Ocanthus. Chant has it that the Believers of the Source may have known who was conducting the murders, but the large amount of screed regarding the murders has made it impossible to tell fact from fiction. Cullers were able to confirm that the murders were ritualistic, but what kind of ritual could not be ascertained and the Hardheads refused to say. One of the main investigators, Narcovi, told cullers, "*The case is closed, ya hear me, closed. If any o' you keep askin' bout this, yer gonna be in deep blek. Ya better shut yer traps berks.*"

In a possible related note (or perhaps not), there were strange occurrences surrounding Harbinger House the following month after the abrupt end of the ritual murders. A Godsmen spokesperson would not comment on the Harbinger House tie-in and the faction never released any chant on the event. Strangely, an odd symbol of the Lady of Pain was delivered to *The Eye* by a Dabus after attempting to speak with Factol Ambar about the situation. Summarily, a decision was made by the magrag's editorial staff to end the reportive investigation at once.



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Sydney's Snippets

Here's 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.



Godsmen brothers aim for godhood

The Ondonti Godsmen Feiv and Fharun are known for great inventions - chant has it they were born in the Great Foundry and infused with the essence of creativity there. Word about their latest project, which has just started, is spreading like wildfire. They intend to create a "Divinity Lens" with which they hope to channel the divine energies hidden within the planes themselves. These energies shall then be stored in the lens, until enough energy has been gathered to turn one of the two Ondonti (they seem to have discussed this already, but don't tell who'll be the one) into a demipower. The Athar are trying hard to stop this project, while the Godsmen factol Ambar is personally sponsoring the project - after all, if they succeed, the Godsmen philosophy will be proved true.



Barmy asuras kills 43 in the Hive

An asuras seems to have freaked out in the Hive. The passionate celestial went through [Sigil](#)'s worst for two full weeks, slaughtering dozens of bashers in the time. The Harmonium is currently hunting him, though they stated that all victims have been known criminals the Hardheads were not yet able to catch. Still, they say, the asuras did not have the right to slay them, for even such scum should get an honest trial.



Baatezu quarrel over Paracs' head

The amnizu Shaddaradd seems to have been wigwagged by Lord Paracs of Ribcage. The fiend has stated that whomever brings him the tiefling's head will be given 250,000 Cager gold. The pit fiend Jarumaar, a known amnizu hater, has produced a counter-offer. Whoever brings her the heads of people who tried to kill Lord Paracs - and a proof they're such headhunters - will be given 100,000 Cager gold per corpse head.



Lower Ward lizard pens declared health hazard

Several previously unknown giant lizard pens in Sigil's Lower Ward have been declared a health hazard due to extreme crowding and poor sanitation conditions. The khaasta keepers have denounced the ruling as biased due to their race and are attempting to appeal with the help of Sly Nye. What the lizard pens were doing in Sigil in the first place is a mystery, although Lissandra the Gatekeeper has said that a random portal to the [Outlands](#) (near Ironhearth) is located in the same building as the pens.

**Subversive solar strives for power status**

It seems a solar who served a power in [Bytopia](#) decided to try and become a power in its own right. No one's sure what will happen next, but everyone involved is reported to be working very hard. Several rumors are running loose concerning the solar's identity and fiendish activity seems to be increasing in Tradegate. Many petitioners are missing from their respective realms though.

**Tiefling "tribe" found languishing in zoo on Prime**

The Prime natives were surprised to learn that the tieflings being caged are intelligent. Evidently they couldn't understand a word the tiefers said. The tieflings were too embarrassed to return to the Outer Planes and have decided instead to operate a traveling roadshow on several crystal spheres.



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