

# THE LADY'S SHARPER EYE

## War is Over?

by Gloria Dae, Hopeless Culler

In an incredibly unforeseen series of events uncovered by those fearless cullers who travel the whistles and bells, it seems the Blood War, that unending genocidal conflict between Tanar'ri and Baatezu, has come to an end! Incredible as it sounds, the Tanar'ri have largely stopped full-scale operations in both Gehenna and the Grey Waste, and are no longer trying to invade Avernus. Similarly, Baatezu legions have ceased all incursions into the Waste and the Abyss. Consequently, inter-demonic conflicts have increased to a level unseen in millennia. With the common goal of fighting the Baatezu diminished, Tanar'ri Lords and Princes have thrown their forces against each other with relish, and conditions in the Abyss have become even more dangerous for mortal beings.

"Dangerous? Lucrative, more like." Sh'chaad the Black, a fiendish kaasta trader fresh from Pazunia said, "Fortunes follow the bold, my friend. Every Tanar'ri is looking for a little edge, and I happen to sell shivs."

"I'd bet my last coin the 'loths are behind it." added 'Square-deal' Sisivis, a neogi merchant bartering with the khaasta.

The Grey Waste is as empty as any cutter has ever seen it, without the massive ongoing battles sweeping across its surface. It is unknown whether the Yugoloths really have anything to do with the new truce, or what their own forces are doing now that they are not being hired out to one side or the other. Small squads continue to patrol the Waste, and all travel within easy sight of Khin-Oin is being turned back. There has therefore been no word from the Wasting Tower. Nor have any statements been made on behalf of the General of Gehenna, whose mobile fortress cannot be located anywhere on the mounts.

Strangely, there have been no official statements issued by the Baatorian embassy. One would at least expect the lawful Baatezu to issue some sort of official memorandum about a development this large, but thus far none are forthcoming. "What Blood War?" was the closest statement, made by an Abashai I met at The Crossed Daggers Tavern, who was subsequently re-assigned for talking to a culler.

Despite the cessation of large-scale violence, small to moderate-sized groups of fiends can still be found throughout the planes, and except in places of enforced peace like Sigil, oftentimes the underlying hatred between Tanar'ri and Baatezu flares into bloodshed. Though they cannot be said to involve true armies, clashes between fiends continue in the Astral, the Elemental Planes, most of the Lower Planes, the Outlands, and various Prime spheres.

Tanar'ri travelers on the planes are not bound by the enforced silence that Baatezu and Yugoloths seem to be under. "I hate everybody and everything." Said 'Slayderaz' a Nalfeshnee currently residing in the Lower Ward, "But I hate those *[phrase deleted by the editors for decency's sake]* Baatezu the worst of all! I just wanna grab 'em by their necks and choke the *[again, deleted by the editors]*. Lords willing, we'll be at war again soon."

"Actually, the Blood War has been over for centuries now," Said 'Serpentia', a Marilith, "What you berks kept calling the Blood War was really just a few die-hards refusing to give up the fight. The *real* Blood War was much more violent, on a scale of magnitude you can't imagine."

*[We don't buy it for a minute. The fiends are up to something. -ed]*

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# Local Gnome Works to Create New Gate-Town

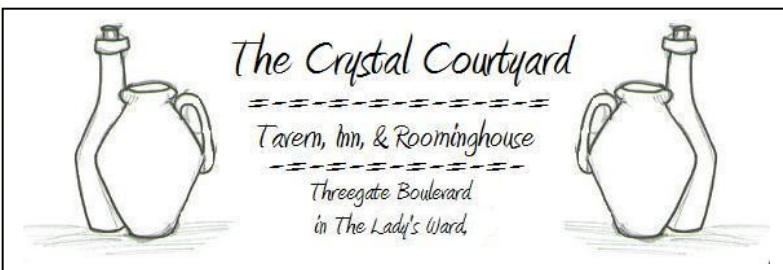
by Salivol Amalkiir, Outlands Culler

Gip Fonp, Sigilian Guvner, is conducting research to create a permanent portal to the Pseudo-Plane of Shadow. Fonp plans to use this research to provide a link to the alternate reality on the Outlands, and believes a burg, which he plans to name "Shady," will eventually build itself around it. "The Gate-towns are one of the multiverse's effective means of transport and some of the most populated areas," says Fonp. "If the Outlands had another portal, bodies will eventually start setting up shop to trade, and regrettably cross-trade. Soon cutters will begin to make kip, and Shady will rival the Cage. Shadow is much bigger than any singular Outer Plane."

While this seems like a lofty goal, Fonp believes his "shadow double" is working hard to help him further this plan. "Everyone has an alternate version of themselves on Shadow, which is the always the same, but different," he claims. "I believe Shanfs, that's what I nicknamed mine, is also working on a portal."

Fellow Guvner, Turon Gruff, however, does not approve of the gnome's research. "That addle-coved namer is an insult to the Fraternity of Order!" he exclaims. "Gate-towns cannot be intentionally created, and they lead to the sodding Outer Planes! That barmy berk does not represent us!" Fonp had no comment on Gruff's screams.

*[The lil' Guvner's theories may be addled, but then again, if he's successful he'll sure show us all, won't he? Guess we'll just have to wait and see. -ed]*



# Mysterious "Pumpkin-Head" Spotted in The Cage

by Nan Shallow, Culler

Witnesses all over town have reported sighting a mysterious figure that has come to be known variously as "Pumpkin-Head", "The Great Pumpkin", "Lantern Jack", and "Some Barmy Wearing a Gourd". Despite vigorous investigation by several cullers, little has been uncovered concerning the being's origins and reasons for coming to Sigil.

Sightings started a few weeks ago when a citizen called for the Minders about a mysterious figure perched just outside the upper story window of her Lower Ward residence. By the time the authorities responded, the figure had gone, but over the next several nights, more residents reporting seeing a similar figure in various places throughout Sigil. Few sightings were initially reported in the Hive Ward, but this was likely due to the fact that Hivers are quite used to odd happenings, and rarely call for the authorities. Subsequent interviews with Hive Ward residents have revealed that the mysterious Pumpkin-Head has been sighted there as well on several occasions.

The nature of this mysterious being continues to be a matter of conjecture. Theories among the culler crowd range from some type of inexpensive golem to some poor sod under a curse. "Prolly just some barmy Xaositect wearing a big vegetable disguise," said Mick Mac Mulroy, a Guildhall Ward resident who claims to have seen the Pumpkin-Head on two separate occasions, "If I catch 'im peepin in me windows at the wife, y'better believe I'll test that stupid gourd-helmet's ability to deflect a war hammer!"

Detractors of the 'thrifty golem' theory point out that if true, it must surely be the swiftest, most agile golem in all of existence. Many reports have the Pumpkin-Head perching on the ubiquitous iron spikes designed to keep fliers off of Sigilan buildings. While nobody has seen him fly, many have included extraordinary leaping and climbing abilities in their reports. On those few occasions where someone has tried to attack or apprehend the Pumpkin-Head, they have found themselves outpaced and outmaneuvered in short order.

*Continued on page 3*

# Murder in Meat Market Square

by

Doris Peacock (deceased), Manny Green (d), Jessie Bowyer (d)  
 Dru C. Naan (missing), Daniel Hardy (d), Nathan Hardy(d)  
 Laine Lewis (d), Jim O. Sun (m), James Jonas Jr. (d),  
 Kent Klarr, and Parks Peterson, Cullers

Several brutal murders occurred recently at a place of business in the Meat Market. The business, officially on the tax rolls as *Butler Bros. Meat Packing & Warehouse*, it is known locally as The Packing House. The victims were an undisclosed number of Mind Flayers, all outcasts from their own race, residing in Sigil. Unsurprisingly, the assailants were described by eyewitnesses to be armored githyanki warriors. The scene was sealed off by Sons of Mercy investigators, and no further information was forthcoming.

***Good riddance! Those stinking beef-eaters were all exiles and criminals anyway!*** Illithid Notary Fomb'chu of the Fated beamed into the mind of one culler, ***Of course, the thrall-race scum who did this will be found and punished, regardless.*** Other attempts to interview illithid residing in Sigil have resulted in four fatalities.

Attempts to obtain interviews with githyanki in the district of Git'riban have resulted in two fatalities and one disappearance. No such interviews have been obtained as a result.

"Githyanki and illithid? Let 'em dead-book each other, I say!" Said Xaan'zk, a githzerai resident of the Darkwell Court district of the Hive, "In my opinion, the illithid are marginally worse, but I could see quite a bit of debate about that." Other attempts to interview githzerai in the Hive have resulted in one confirmed death and one disappearance.

Additional information about the murders is being withheld by investigators. Repeated inquiries to the Sons of Mercy have resulted in the arrest of one culler. His court case is still pending as of this writing.

*[This article is dedicated to all the Cullers out there who put their lives into their art. -ed]*

For the  
 Sharpest Shirs in Sigil  
 Silver Void Steelworks

*Pumpkin-Head, continued from page 2*

While the origins of the mysterious figure remain ... well ... mysterious, a description of the Pumpkin-Head has become clearer as sightings pile up. The most distinguishing feature, of course, is that the being has a large, carved pumpkin for a head. Reported facial features have varied, so it can be surmised that the carven face may change depending on the creature's whims or emotions. While there seems to be some sort of light source inside the pumpkin, it too seems to vary, both in intensity and hue. The size of the pumpkin is made more dramatic by the overall thinness of the rest of the creature's body. Some have even suggested that Lantern Jack is in fact some form of skeletal undead underneath. He wears a dark suit and jacket with coat-tails. Originally reported to be rather dapper, as time has gone on, life on the streets of Sigil must have been working its magic on Jack's outfit, as more recent reports indicate that his raiment is now soiled and torn.

So far, Lantern Jack has only been sighted in the darkest hours around Anti-Peak. Though his origins and motives remain unknown, Jack does appear to be searching for something, or someone. He is often seen following folks down the street or peering into windows, though he has yet to enter into any residence or business in his enigmatic quest. Proponents of the 'cursed berk' theory believe Jack to be looking for a way to undo his strange transformation, or perhaps looking to avenge himself on whoever transformed him.

Though it is known that both the Minders Guild and the Sons of Mercy have unsuccessfully tried to apprehend Lantern Jack, neither group would comment on the mysterious Pumpkin-Head.

*[[Life in Sigil sure can be strange sometimes. That's why we love it. -ed]*

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## Drunken Brawl Breaks Out in the Hive Market

by Force-of-Disorder, Hive Ward Culler

A large-scale brawl broke out in the Hive Market involving rival Hive gangs, vendors, and several dozen drunken berks. An infamous band of stags called the Vagabonds of Change opened a portal to Olympus and jacked a brace of Bacchae, plying them with wine and assorted liquors through a portal back to the Hive. By the time the raucous band had reached the square where the Hive Market sets up, their numbers had grown to over four dozen drunk and rowdy partiers.

Several booths were overturned by drunken stumbling and tomfoolery. The poor-mannered behavior did not sit well with vendors who saw their wares end up in the mud, nor with certain of their customers. Some cutters were too strong-willed to fall under the Bacchae influence, and took exception to their actions.

"I was buying a hangover remedy from an apothecary, when some addle-cove jostled me and spilled it on the ground." Said Force-of-Disorder, a handsome grey slaad who claimed to have witnessed the whole incident, "I shoved him back, and the drunken fool spun around and smashed a bottle across my face! Of course, then it was on."

*Continued on page 5*

## Displacer Beast Rescued from Tree

by Weyn DeDaegre, Cager

**Lady's Ward, Sigil** – Today, Lady's Ward resident and retired adventurer Vayne Gloryus reported the presence of a displacer beast in a tree on his property to Sons of Mercy officials. The tree was a unique specimen specially bred by Gloryus to be able to flourish in Sigil, and was severely damaged by the beast's claws. Gloryus claims that the monstrous feline was chased up the tree by a blink dog off its leash. While he managed to get rid of the blink dog, he could not coax the displacer beast out of the tree himself.

"It would not stop yowling and carrying on," said the disgruntled aasimar, "Quite distressing, really. I even tried luring it with raw meat. After that I knew it was time for the experts."

The Sons of Mercy arrived on the scene at about 2:45 AP, equipped with tree-climbing gear and padded armor. They earnestly set at the task of getting the displacer beast's six paws back aground.

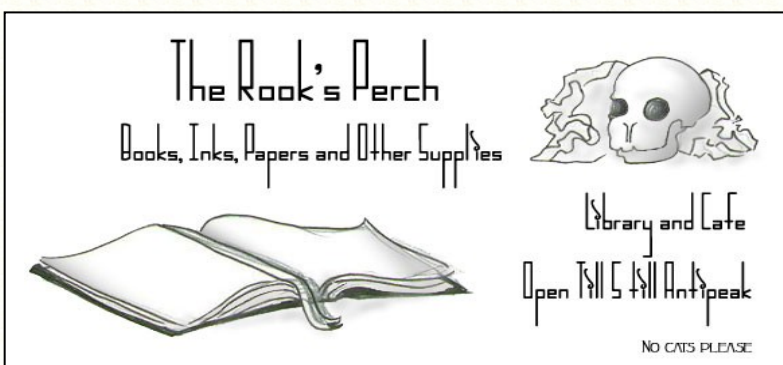
"They started out counting portals," said Kib Itser, a witness at the scene. "I mean, it was a complete waste of time! Any berk knows that a displacer beast ain't where it seems to be, but the sodding Martyrs went to the top of the tree anyway. It took 'em a while to tumble to it, too."

Derryn Brightbones, leader of the mission, refused to comment.

"Poor Embel got swiped good on the face," disclosed Mali Gleamshoes, Son of Mercy. "And Lasos doesn't have a pinky finger anymore. But other than that, I'd say it was a success."

The displacer beast was brought back to the ground at around 6:00 AP. It was immediately collared and taken to the Sons of Mercy headquarters where it is currently being held until someone claims it.

*[We hear that Seamusxanthusxenus runs a free spay and neuter program (of sorts). -ed]*



*Drunken Brawl, continued from page 4*

The brawl did not draw the attention of Her Serenity, probably due to the fact that it involved mostly fisticuffs, with a few bottles and bricks mixed in, but very few shivs. Nonetheless, there were several injuries, some of which were quite serious. Most of these were dealt out by a thin slaad of unimposing size, but great strength nevertheless.

"The imbeciles didn't know who they were messing with," said Force-of-Disorder, a Hiver who took part in the brawl, "But when I started breaking limbs with my bare hands, they sobered up quick. Then they tried to rush me. Bad idea."

Sons of Mercy on patrol near the market responded to the sounds of fighting, and tangled with various participants. The brawl eventually died out, and it is surmised that the Sons dragged some berks back to the clink. Whether any of the Xaositects responsible for jacking the Bacchae were put in clamps is unknown at this time.

"The Dabus have to clean up this mess, and does anyone ever think to thank 'em?" Force-of-Disorder, a Hive Ward resident on the scene, ranted at the dispersing crowd, "You're all lazy, spoiled, good-for-nothing slackers! Pick up a broom sometime!"

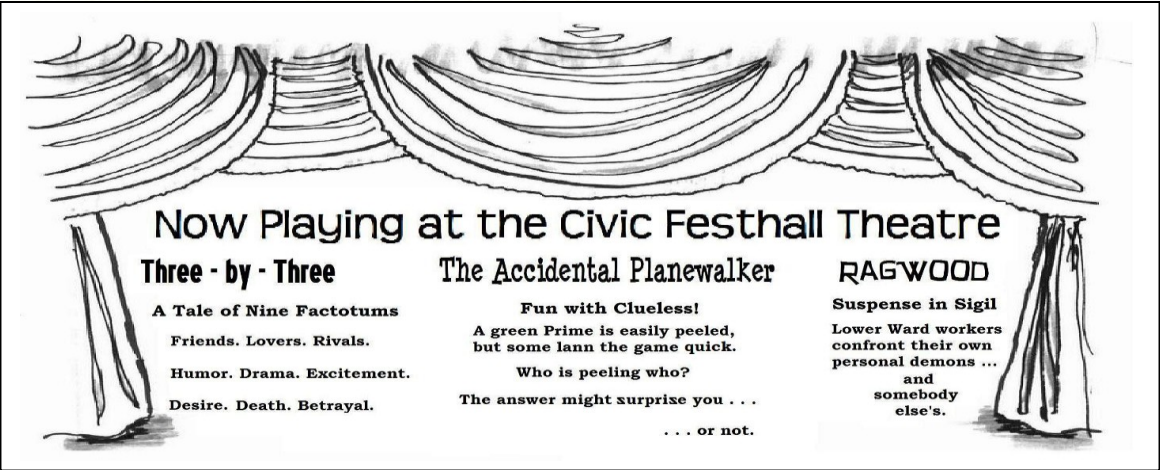
*[Thanks for the contribution FoD, you're the model of objective journalism. -ed]*

## Coup D'état in the Potato King's Court

by Nib Deez, Hive Ward Culler

The Potato King, that barmy beggar whose ill-worded wish has kept half of Sigil fed for more than a turn, was briefly usurped a few days ago by one of the hangers-on who normally help him distribute root vegetables to the masses. The underling, another addle-cove called "Fry Guy" who usually follows him around armed with a skillet and a wand of *heat metal*, turned stag by thwinking the King on the back of the skull with his fry-pan and stealing his famous ever-full sack of spuds. Loudly proclaiming himself the new ruler of all potatoes, the lout turned out to be a far less benevolent monarch. He refused to share his bounty with his subjects in Sigil, running off with all the mash instead. His reign proved to be short, as the former King managed to acquire the help of some bloods in tracking down the tyrant of starch. Eventually, they caught up to him, and after a short popular uprising, the magic potato sack was returned to its rightful royal by a grateful citizenry.

*[Potato stew, anyone? -ed]*



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## Vile Hunt Active in Arborea & Ysgard

by Twilight, Svartalfen Scout

A secret society of assassins and murderers hath plagued the planes for many years. Calling themselves the Vile Hunt, they seek to violently separate the humanoid from the bestial by killing those of mixed blood, races with animalistic features, shape shifters, lycanthropes, yea even mages' familiars too smart for them to tolerate. Lest ye think them mere thugs who waylay satyrs, know that those I encountered have proven to be canny, skilled, intelligent, and utterly brutal adversaries. They have waged their own private war with the intelligent animals of The Beastlands. They are suspected in the targeted assassinations of several prominent individuals in the gate-towns of The Outlands, and in Sigil. They are behind countless wars of hatred and genocide on the Prime Planes. Beyond their bloody deeds, which they revel in leaving for all others to witness, agape in horror and disbelief, little is known of the Vile Hunt. Do they commit these acts in veneration to some demon or Power of murder and death? What be their true numbers, and where lie their redoubts? Where and how do they hone their skills to such astuteness? Nay, answers to these I hath none, and many more questions besides.

It is mine unhappy task to attempt to inform some of the planar community what a grave danger the Vile Hunt presents to their intended quarry. I can only hope that this missive reaches someone who can pass its warnings on hundred-fold, for it was paid for in blood and misery.

*Continued on page 7*

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## Flash Flood on The River Oceanus

by Sol Mio, Sixes Skiff - Man

A major event on the Oceanus has re-routed many of its waterways. From Celestia to Elysium, boatmen are now undertaking the painstaking work of re-mapping the water routes between the realms and towns on the upper planes. It is unknown how many lives may have been lost when the river over-ran its banks, as whole towns have yet to be found again. Several river boats are also still missing as of this writing, and it remains unclear whether they were lost in the flood, or have merely lost themselves in the changed channels.

The Oceanus has been known to have localized flooding before, but nothing of this magnitude. Some planes-trawlers believe this event is related to the Paradigm Shift predicted for the Great Ring.

"I knew it! That sodding culler, Fischer, jinxed us all in the last issue of The Lady's Sharper Eye, talking about the Oceanus!" Said riverboat captain Max Blax, "I ever see him again, he's goin' overboard!"

"Relax, Max. He didn't bring about the Shift or the flood." replied Capt. Tyler, a much more go-with-the-flow type, "These things just happen. We'll make the best of it."

Making the best of it is on everybody's mind now. Some burgs are finding their economies suddenly disrupted, as they are no longer able to ship products as easily to other burgs. Places which had been liked by a short boat ride of a few days are now having difficulty even finding each other. Some towns, and even whole realms, are still missing, while others remain linked by other means.

Capt. Bob, owner of a fishing trawler out of Kask in Shurrock, hasn't been able to get home at all since the flood. He regaled the patrons at The Floating Palace, a barge/tavern that also weathered the deluge, with tales of his travails in the flood.

*Continued on page 7*

*Vile Hunt, continued from page 6*

I began tracking Vile Hunters after the assassination, nay butchery, of a High Druid in Alfheim able to assume the form of a mighty doe of purest white. The woodcraft of these hunters proved exceptional, and those bright-elf rangers in pursuit were foiled. By purest luck, I myself picked up the hunters' trail as they fled nigh the borders of mine own homeland in their egress. It led to Storm's Passing, a tiny border-burg twixt Vanaheim in Ysgard and Arvandor in Arboria, and thence to a nearby homestead which had harbored their evil. The locals had been plagued by a werewolf, which the Vile Hunters gladly slew for them, along with the werewolf's entire family unto the babes, might I add, for the offense of hiding their sire's condition.

Here they found succor, and from hence they struck out at the lands of the fey and the Olympians more than once. A rash of previously unexplained but horrifically brutal deaths hath claimed grigs, selkies, centaurs, and other such victims in both Arvandor and Olympus. True to the Vile Hunt's modus operandi, many of these were chieftains or other prominent individuals among their respective peoples.

Helio Noctus, a satyr bard and rising star in the Society of Sensation, murdered in the very gardens of the Golden Hall. Ivrin Seer, an elvin were-raven and keeper of The Pools of Memory in Freya's realm, kidnapped and tortured unto death. Kikki Goldenplume, a princess of the aarocokra, beheaded in her own aerie. Thadicus Strongbones, one of the strongest and fiercest chieftains of the minotaurs of Olympus, cut into a thousand pieces, with several specific slabs of flesh conspicuously absent. There are more, and doubtless many of whom I know not. In most cases the communities assaulted have no knowledge that they are among several so targeted, and the brutal swiftness of the killings leaves them baffled.

I wish to impress on any being of bestial features, or any who count such as friends, that these murderers are not to be underestimated! Especially at risk are any considered unique or prominent in their communities. Those with skills, talents, or powers not typically possessed by their brethren are the Vile Hunters' favored quarry. Even more so, should these talents benefit others of their own kind, or far worse in the hunters' eyes, an integrated planar society.

On a more positive note, let it be known that as skilled as the Vile Hunters are, they remain mere mortal beings. In more than one case hath the intended prey turned the tables on the attackers and triumphed. I have not yet counted this as happening in any of the attacks in Arborea, however. It seems those hunting there are possessed of an even higher caliber of skill than typical.

Hopefully, this message will find its way to one or more of the major planar publications in the Outlands or Sigil. If so, many races and individuals of the planar community at large should consider themselves forewarned, and able defenders of peace now hear my plea for aid in defeating these villains.

The Vile Hunt hath come. Beware.

*[Well, you gotta figure that any bunch of bashers who see fit to call **themselves** "Vile" should definitely be watched out for. -ed]*

*Flood, continued from page 6*

"Splintered the keel on a snag. Had t' beach 'er. We get back underway, an' the tides are all changed. Cascades where there were eddies. Never did find home port. Heard a bridge got washed out, but a couple other land-roads back t' Kask didn't see a puddle. Well, guess I'll be a lubber to see Ma ag'n."

Many others had harrowing tales of survival and loss as well. Still, it would have been far more, if not for the timely warning from the Weather Guild of Sigil.

Said Guildmaster Doppler, "We felt we needed to re-establish our reputation since the slow response to a planequake in Torch some time ago. This time, we not only warned subscribers to our services, but helped coordinate the generous donations of some of our customers to help potential victims of the event."

Recovery, and in some cases salvage, work continues.

*[Additional donations are welcome in the Upper Planes affected by the flood. Materials, and men willing to re-map dangerous waterways, are in demand -ed]*

## Slave Revolt in the City of Brass

by Cib Scarlet, Elemental Culler

Aided by a canny group of planewalking primes, upwards of a thousand slaves of a major efreet merchant escaped the Plane of Fire for parts unrevealed. Amazingly, there were no actual fatalities, though several efreet and salamander guards were injured to the point of incapacitation.

"This is a disaster!" cried Salah al-Jibr Bin Shah, the stricken slave trader, "Escapes and revolts are an unfortunate risk of the business, true, but this incident is going to ruin me! Well, not really ruin me, I suppose, but between losing a whole shipment and paying for healing my employees, I took a heavy hit to be sure. Then there's the embarrassment to my reputation! If I find those sons-of-whores who did this to me ... well, revenge is a dish served piping hot where I come from."

Threats aside, the escape was so well executed that it seems likely that some of the bloods being freed had foreknowledge of the timetable used by their rescuers. Supposedly, the entire incident was over so quickly the guards barely had time to react. Once the former captives were out of clasps, the escape broke up into several smaller groups doing the bolt. At least one group made it to a portal to Sigil, followed by the put-out efreet merchant hot on their heels.

"He was very upset, but we had to inform him that a crime of property committed in another burg is out of our legal jurisdiction," Said Nathaniel Brightwing, a Sons of Mercy patrol leader who encountered Bin Shah leading a brace of healthy minions on the chase, "Of course we will try to bring what justice we may to any alleged criminals taking refuge in the Cage." His smile and wink revealed just how hard the Sons will be looking for *these* transgressors.

It is speculated that the cutters responsible were in fact after only a few former companions, but freed all the rest for altruistic reasons or to sow greater confusion during the breakout, perhaps both. Shortly after the revolt, several planar travelers and traders visiting the City of Brass were picked up by a then-alert city guard and held under suspicion of iron-breaking. Most were subsequently freed when they provided proof that they were not in on the emancipation, but a few without any good local connections were scapegoated and given the rope.

*[Sounds like just another bunch of Clueless, enflaming tempers wherever they go. -ed]*

## Rainbow under Attack

by Jacob Strong, Para-Planes Culler

The little anthill of Rainbow, located on the Quasielemental Plane of Radiance, has recently been conquered by a travelling group of warriors that goes by the name of the Frown Brigade. Led by King Mean, the Frown Brigade has kidnapped Queen Giggle and outlawed fun. Former resident Rosie and her pet, Bunny, have gone on a quest to find the Good Wizard and ask for some magical means of fighting the Frown Brigade. He has informed her that the magic she needed was inside her all along. Rosie plans to return to Rainbow and overthrow the harsh rulers. Greybeards indicate that the sods of Rainbow will elect her to be a princess or possibly a new queen.

*[Wait a minute, you don't elect queens. -ed]*

**CAPERING  
MARE  
BEER**



**GOOD FOR WHAT  
'ALES' YOU**



# Ninth-Greatest Hero Seeks to Save Lemon

by Stephanie Stephanopolis, Court Stenographer

Another clueless berk came through the lower courts recently. A typical occurrence, and not normally of note, but this particular berk's story (and physique, yum) impressed this Guvner namer enough to try my hand at being a culler.

The half-naked warrior, who goes by the name 'Hunts-Deer-by-Starlight', was picked up by the Sons of Mercy for vagrancy and loitering, charges often faced by newly arrived Clueless. Too baffled by their sudden arrival in Sigil to find a proper inn, some decide to sleep in the street, only to find that you can get pinched for that just about anywhere but the Hive (where napping on the street is commonplace). This particular prime was found bivouacked in a little rawhide tent a block and a half from the Prison. The stories he told in court marked him a Clueless if there ever was one.

Evidently, his world, a fairly remote but verdant lemon known to plane walkers as Hisham, is undergoing some sort of planar phenomenon, but the natives, lacking any real understanding of alternate realities, are thoroughly baffled by it. The hero was sent by his peoples' council of elder shamans through the only planar portal they knew of, to find a way of undoing the problem. Evidently, eight times before they had charged the "Greatest Hero in the Land" with the exact same quest. When each one subsequently failed to return, they were forced to hold another set of tournaments and contests to determine the greatest hero from among those still remaining.

Aided by Hunts' descriptions of the previous heroes, I did some research into court records, and uncovered the fates of most;

- #1 - Posthumously charged with assault on a Pit Fiend.
- #2 - Arrested for vagrancy and loitering by Sons of Mercy, unable to pay fine and charged with contempt, now serving time in the Prison.
- #3 - Resisted arrest by Sodkillers for vagrancy and loitering, cut down.
- #4 - Taken to the Gatehouse in a hysterical state.
- #5 - Fate unknown.
- #6 - Found shived and stripped of valuables in the Hive Ward.
- #7 - Fate unknown.
- #8 - Found shived, stripped of valuables, and set aflame in the Lower Ward near the ditch.

Given the manner of misfortunes, and the likely personalities of those determined by their leaders to be the "greatest heroes of the land", it seems that Hunts was saved by his own lack of hubris. Being a hunter by profession, he was more used to quietly observing his surroundings, rather than doing battle with them, as his more warrior-minded predecessors were wont to do.

A few court employees and sympathetic bystanders took pity on clueless hero number nine, and passed around a hat to pay the poor berk's fine. They were even able to point him in the direction of a number of sages lanned in planar phenomena.

"He kept calling the areas of his home plane affected as 'tears in reality', but his descriptions didn't really match up." said Snarti Blartfest, a greybeard of the Planar Cartographers' Guild. "In fact they didn't sound like true planar rifts at all, but rather, wild magic zones spontaneously forming for reasons unknown. These are likely causing mutations in the local flora and fauna, given his descriptions of the (chortle) 'Demons' plaguing his homeland. Honestly, I didn't know what else to tell him, and I'm not sure he understood what I did say, but I was able to give him the names of some folks who might be able to provide more help."

The last I spoke to Hunts, he was headed to *The Friendly Fiend* in order to talk to A'kin. I would have gone with him, but frankly that always-pleasant yugoloth just creeps me the heck out.

*[Nah, A'kin is O.K. We trust him completely. Well, somewhere just short of completely, anyway. -ed]*



# All Slaad's Day

by Natch Hatch, Cager

That's right, it's that time of the year again kiddies, errm and kitties too, eh?...You want the history of this little celebration? Well, let me lann ya...

Back in the days before the Great Upheaval there were a lot more Factions as you all know- if not, well tough. And every one of those factions fought, sometimes openly, for control of the city. Well after the Lady made the Decree that limited the number of Factions that were allowed in the city, most others that hadn't melded with other Factions took off.

Well, not everyone who wanted the city was a Faction, there was a cabal of spellslingers, no one knows what their name was, who had an idea to rip a whole piece of Sigil, part of the Hive, out of The Cage and to sink it in the Ethereal. Doubtlessly you know that would be a bad thing, as the Lady would not be too happy about it! Fortunately the whole scheme was foiled by a great hero, and a Slaad one at that! This great rogue Slaad lead a troop of other Slaadi into the chantry of the leader of this wizardly cabal and they proceeded to devour the high magus and every one of his henchmen.

Where did that famous phrase come from you ask? Well, as the Slaad busted through the front door (they were Slaadi, what did you expect, stealth?) the leader was heard to exclaim 'Kick or Treat!' as he kned the door guard in the groin and bit his head off.

And that's why to this day little cutters all over the Cage get into large groups, dress like Slaadi, beat on some poor sod's door, and mercilessly bruise his shins unless he bribes them with a treat or some jink.

*[We love holidays, and this one is a lot of fun. We're stocking up on sweets and greaves to get ready for the little imps, are you? -ed]*

# Shifting Shadows

by Ron & Nora Blackwell, Gleaners

The plane of Shadow has defied easy categorization ever since its discovery. It was originally defined by the Planar Cartographers Guild as being a demiplane caused by a combination of energies from the Positive Energy, Negative Energy, and Prime Material planes. It almost seems to have grown over time, as more and more prime worlds and other planes were found to have conjunctions with the Shadow. What was originally considered a demiplane, or at best a quasi-elemental plane, which touched multiple primes was eventually reclassified by some scholars as a full-blown transitive plane after conjunctions with the Great Wheel were discovered. A few scholars even thought it was the long-theorized Ordial Plane, but their analysis was not widely accepted by the planar cartographic community.

Recently, a more solid world has been discovered, like an island within the larger sea of shadowstuff. This world, called Shadowfell by its residents, seems to have recently moved into conjunction with several Primes. As both hende and clueless plane walkers explore its chill darkness, more and more is becoming apparent about the Great Shadow and the firmer ground within it.

A great number of beings and beasts inhabit the Shadow, and they are as diverse as anywhere else. Gloamings, shades, dark ones, and shadar-kai have long been known to inhabit communities which can be up to city-sized in some instances. Undead of all types are also extraordinarily common.

Classification of the plane of Shadow remains as elusive as its namesake material. Sages and lanned folk from the Planar Cartographers' Guild, Darkseekers, Planewalkers' Guild, and others, subscribe to several competing theories. Some still consider it a single demiplane, though an overly-large one, seemingly. Some believe Shadowfell to be a parallel Prime, one the planes of Shadow and Negative Energy heavily influence. Some theorize that Shadowfell constitutes an elemental evolution of shadowstuff, a solidification of the base material of the plane. Our own postulate is that the Shadow is actually a whole set of conjoined demiplanes, which include the world of Shadowfell, as well as the little-known Demiplanes of Dread.

*[This article is a summary of a much longer thesis in the Darkseeker Sect's own publication, Darks. -ed]*

# Districts of Sigil

by Nick Keen, Tout & Scribbler

## Astoria Row

The Painter's Mural on the wall of The Great Gymnasium is one of the wonders of the planes. Viewing it is in fact one of the requirements for any Sensate namer to achieve factotum status. The majority of beings who see it for the first time find themselves awestruck, losing all sense of the passing minutes and even hours. Others may see it every day for months and years, and yet still find new images and nuances within it every time. It runs the entire length of the side of the Gymnasium along Cadence-of-the-Planes Boulevard, which is even more amazing for it was supposedly painted in a single night without any witnesses.


It takes several viewings before the average being actually notices the activity just around the corner. A permanent linear faire of artists, entertainers, and craftsmen has sprung up along Astoria Road, for the Mural serves as a muse and inspiration for artistic types throughout the planes, which may have been one of the Painter's intentions all along. Not wanting to disturb the awestruck Clueless standing agape in the middle of Cadence-of-the-Planes, the artists have taken over Astoria and the surrounding neighborhood.

In typical Sigilan fashion, 'Astoria Row' is an ever-changing mosaic of styles and artistic traditions from throughout the planes. Elvin jewelry makers from Arboria set up next to chitine spinning pottery from hardened webs, aasimar painters, orcish tattoo and branding artists, gnomish watchmakers, elemental sculptors, colorful Xaositect harlequins, and musicians of a thousand styles and traditions.


The row actually extends down cross-streets and alleyways for several doors, and fills the squares at either ends where Cipher Lane and Cadence-of-the-Planes Boulevard meet Astoria, respectively. It is an unwritten rule that unlike other markets in the city, the pace here is decidedly un-hurried. The artists don't shout out their wares like in the Grand Bazaar. Still, there is plenty of activity, and plenty to see and do. Art is king here, whether it be made with the hands or performed. The squares at either end will have street theatre on all but the most dismal of days, sometimes well after Anti-Peak. The square at Cadence-of-the-Planes is more open of a space, but actors, jugglers, and musicians there must compete with the Mural, so they often lose their audiences unless they are particularly riveting.

The facades of the buildings along Astoria Row, and the wall of the Gymnasium, are plastered with artwork and fliers advertising services, craftsmen, entertainments, and taverns from throughout the city. There is heavy competition for space, and the posters are usually several layers thick as fliers are plastered over one another. Eventually, the whole affair is torn down and given to the poor to burn. Many starving artists are kept warm by their peers' work.

*[This is the first in what we hope will be an ongoing series. We expect it will not only clue in some Clueless, but also catch the interest of anyone in The Cage who hasn't been down every alley in town yet. -ed]*

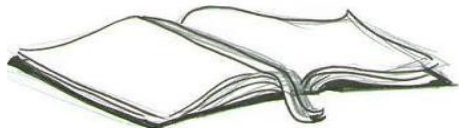


*Borris and Borris  
Bardic Music Emporium*




*Singers Row  
in The Festhall District*

**Powers' Words**



**RELIGIOUS & ARCANES TEXTS  
ARTIFACTS ANTIQUES  
TEMPLE DECOR**  
Endless Avenue,  
in the Temple District

THE  
FORTUNE'S  
WHEEL



FOOD. DRINK,  
GAMBLING,  
&  
BEAR DAITING

LADY'S WARD, SIGIL

# Snitch's Snippits

by Snitch, Fated Namer

## Nittman's Aerial Tours, Guildhall Ward, Sigil.

The service was polite and helpful. The fare rate seemed quite reasonable for service provided. The ride was gratis in payment for review written, as per our agreement. I can't write a bad review or give an unfavorable rating. But maezel was not meant to fly, and I was petrified the entire time I would be swept out of Sigil into the great beyond. Therefore I will deduct one point in recognition to all who prefer Undersigil, and wish anyone without acrophobia the best of luck.

-Rated four out of five iron spikes on a Sigilan roof.

## Famous Abe's Steaks and Sausage, Lower Ward, Sigil

They say if you like sausage, you shouldn't see it being made. Well, this place near Meat Market Square (that's right, I consider it in the Lower Ward, not The Lady's Ward, so go ahead and argue with me) is so good even the most squeamish won't mind ... too much. Every cut of meat is of the highest quality, and there are a wide variety of spiced links available. I'm no herbivore, so take my word for it; this is one of the best butcher shops in Sigil. They do process on site though, and I'm not a fan of tripe, liver, haggis, kidney pie, or other organ meats, and they have lots. Also, I saw a cranium rat. Send someone else to pick up your order and just concentrate on how good it tastes.

-Rated three out of five unrecognizable ungulates.

## Reanimation Services Ltd., The Lady's Ward, Sigil.

This time I tried a different format, and brought a mimir. Never really trusted the little skull-thingies, and I never carry one, but my appointment requested it. So here is my interview with Nextor; Dustman, Necromancer, Lich, and Proprietor of the largest animated labor force in Sigil. Their main offices are located in an alleyway off of the Circle of Reincarnation, on the edge of the Greytowers District of The Lady's Ward.

**Nextor:** Welcome, friend. I trust you found us alright?

**Snitch:** Sure. The guards out front were scary, but no problems. Not that I have anything against undead, mind you, but those particular ones were pretty big.

**N:** Oh yes, we reanimate anything from small mammals to giants.

**S:** And giant animals too, I see.

**N:** Of course, there are few limits on what can be reanimated, given the proper preparation.

**S:** So, giant critters. Can you animate monsters too? What about something the size of a dragon?

**N:** Well, yes, but we have a new policy not to reanimate actual dragons anymore. There have been certain ... objections to draconic zombification, and more complex processes sometimes have ... complications.

**S:** So, all that brick work being done 'round the side ...

**N:** They are tangentially related, yes.

*Continued on page 13*

*Snitch's Snippets, continued from page 12*

**S:** I noticed some of the bricklayers were much more ... well, alive, than the rest of the labor around here.

**N:** Yes, well, I admit that is the unfortunate drawback to using animated labor. Most higher-order skills tend to be too complex for our cheaper models to handle. They do quite well if they have an experienced foreman to direct their efforts, but if left alone they'd just keep going. In this case, laying bricks until the wall fell under its own weight. However, for simple repetitive tasks, the economy of animated labor cannot be beat. A typical zombie or skeleton can pay for itself twenty times in the first year ... in wages alone!

**S:** The lack of complaints would be a big bonus as well.

**N:** I suppose so. I would also like to point out that they have no problem working under conditions which would kill regular laborers. Poison gas in your mine? Undead miners don't care, and don't need lights, either. Extreme cold or desert conditions on that plane you're headed to? Bring undead porters to carry your gear. Very high heat environments can be problematic without magical protection, but one would have similar issues using most living labor in such places anyway.

**S:** Interesting. Now, a little while ago you said "our cheaper models." How low cost? And do you mean to say you have the masterwork models as well?

**N:** I'm talking about a basic, medium-sized humanoid zombie or skeleton "walking dead". These start at one-hundred-fifty jinx each. We charge more for specialty orders, or odd sizes. More ... ambitious ... reanimations are available, but only for willing participants. We also have many sentient undead here on staff. We often contract out their skills, and others moonlight at various things. We are not limited to zombies and skeletons.

**S:** One thing everyone will want to know is; where do the bodies come from?

**N:** We have contacts with the Morticians' Guild. You'd be surprised how many unclaimed bodies come out of the Hive on a nightly basis. Violence in Sigil tends to be with shivs, mostly daggers and short swords, which kill by piercing vital organs. Occasionally, some dwarf comes to town swinging a battle-axe, but shivs don't generally do much damage to bones and joints. We have other sources outside of Sigil, but even so, very large orders may need to bring their own bodies for reanimation. Specialty orders are generally b.y.o.b. as well, but we often contract with various parties of monster hunters.

**S:** Do you deal with Seamu ...

**N:** Do NOT mention that idiotic little mephit's name around me! That rotten meat peddler is an insult to true professionals in the arts of anatomy!

**S:** Oooh ... sorry ... um, so I'm dying to know ... uh, do you prefer zombies or skeletons?

**N:** Well, I'm partial to the skull motif myself ...

**S:** I can see that.

**N:** But each has its advantages. Zombies are stronger. Their length of use is shorter, but that's compared to skeletons which can endure for centuries. We treat our zombies alchemically to combat decay. I tell people the zombie butler won't shed on the carpets for decades. Skeletons are even easier to make. We have vats of flesh-eating beetles ...

**S:** Yes, I remember those from the tour. Well, it's time for me to go now. Lady's Grace, cutter.

**-Rated five out of five, because I got out of there alive.**

*[Snitch's lantern boy is probably looking for work now, since zombies don't complain about poor tips. -ed]*

I noticed the "new" editors of this rag declined to publish my contribution last issue; an attempt to add a perspective of taste and egalitarianism that has been noticeably lacking. In its stead was vile slander; followed by uncouth pandering; concluded with a public admission of corruption. That an advertisement for the benefit of that ... individual ... who has so obviously perverted the content of a once-proud paper, would appear on the exact same page, amounts to no less than a blatant insult to all of Sigil. The editors of the LSE, though they lack the minimal level of professionalism to be fairly called such, should rest well assured that I do already know who they are, where they sleep, where their children go to school, and their grandmothers' maiden names, despite their feeble attempts at anonymity.

~Shemeska the Marauder

Sick & tired of you-know-who.

Can we please have an issue that doesn't involve Estavan? He has been in the last three issues, which is saying something for the short amount of time this rag has been around. There is more going on than the personal life of some sodding cutter, who has no effect on my life. Honestly, no one cares. I don't care how much junk or influence he has. He keeps getting free publicity from this rag, and it only makes him more powerful. I realize that I am helping him out here too, but it needed to be said.

-A concerned cager, who thinks Estavan can pike it.

Yea, we don't buy it either.

Newsrags in the lower gate-towns are reporting that the blood war is over, but don't you believe a word of it, berk! The 'loths run the blamin' thing anyway. I've no idea why they wanted it off their front yard all of a sudden, but it's just more spread out now. Demons are running around in the elemental planes, the primes, everywhere! Don't think the recruiters of Baator are slacking off, either. I'm telling you, cutters, the Blood War is still going on, and it just got a whole lot more dangerous for everybody.

Dann Mann, Paladin

I need stress management.

You stupid berks! What kind of rag you running? Or should I say ruining? I want you all to die horrible, brutal deaths!

Renn Khoah

So the planes are all messed up, so what?

You all think this Paradigm Shift means something? Go on down to the Gatehouse, then, they've got plenty of room. I've heard addle-coves rattling their boneboxes about how the planes are put together a hundred different ways. Nobody has the Dark, berk, and it doesn't even matter, see? What matters is who you are, and what you decide to do with your time. Now if you'll excuse me, I need to go meet a few friends in order to save you all from unspeakable horrors ... again.

Karla the Bleal

.... what?

I'm I you'd you my know there like opinion gonna so to well not tall bet.

Gabbi of Soxa

Strange how we haven't heard from Zath in awhile...

To My Dear Friends at The Lady's Sharper Eye,

I was immensely offended by Zath the Tout's last article. This prejudice against fiends has to stop. I realize that fiends have caused a lot of problems in the past, myself included, but we are not all bad, and people make mistakes. When will my kind be fully embraced by society? Not soon enough.

-A weeping 'loth

P.S. If this "tout" does not issue a swift apology, he will find all his friends and family tortured, raped, killed, and serving in the Blood War for eternity.

Classified ads may be placed with the front desk at the Lady's Sharper Eye. 2192 Inkstain Street, The SIGIS Complex, Clerk's Ward, Sigil

For Rent: Full building, four upper floors, multi-level basement. Known connection to Undersigil in the lowest drain on sub-level four. Endless Ave near The Street of Small Gods.

For Rent: Fully Frunished Apartments in all wards. Zadara the Titan has offices in your area!

For Rent: Former factory, still hooked up with steam power but otherwise empty of equipment, at the corner of Gear Run & Bellows St. Contact Brain-in-a-box for more details.

For Rent or Lease: Storefront at ideal location, on the corner of Park Lane and Paladin Way in The Lady's Ward. Former Business, an alchemist's, left in a hurry due to a chemical spill. Health inspectors affirm the building is safe once again.

Lost: Wand of Magic Missiles, in the Grand Bazaar. It didn't have many charges left, and is not particularly valuable, but my deceased mentor gave it to me. For sentimental reasons, I am willing to pay 3x black market value, so whoever picked my pocket please just return my wand to 559 Bellwhistle Lane. I won't fireball you in the face, I promise.

To Mange the Stroat, the grocer's on Scaf Street has the exact kind you were looking for - Noddy

Ongoing auctions at 229 Whisper Way. Various properties seized for non-payment of debts.

Guides available to Elemental Planes of Water and Air. Friendly, reliable, and experienced. Contact either Sidney Port or Oobliblish Sh'shomsh at *The Triton's Tail*.

For Sale: Sturdy cages for keeping dangerous animals. Sizes range from "wolverine" to "fiendish triceratops". *Irons & Clasps*, 50 Prison Place.

For Sale: Chest full of voodoo dolls, shrunken heads, idols, and other shamanic items. Everything checks positive for magic, but my senile uncle can't remember where he got them. Contact Thadius Livingston III of Lords Row in The Lady's Ward with best offer.

Wanted: Several weapons proven to work against fiends. Contact Sir Piffany Hue at *The Crystal Courtyard*.

**A reminder; The Lady's Sharper Eye is not responsible for advertised items or services, nor is in any way liable for any consequences arising from ads, articles, published letters, or any other published whole or part.**

For Sale: Large sailing ship. Come to 88 Hull Road and ask for Eddie Teach.

Foe Sale. That's right, your own personal nemesis at bargain prices! Hilarious birthday or anniversary gift! *Baba Bo Bing's Fortunes and Things* in the Grand Bazaar.

Looking for reliable, friendly, and even-tempered plane walkers for merchant caravan guards. Hirelings must be skilled in arms but slow to start trouble or commit any faux pas that would interfere with business. Large lifting & carrying capacity would also be very useful. Come to *Minnie Maxx's Merchandise* in the Grand Bazaar.

Wanted: Reliable information about portals and keys in the Guildhall Ward near Turtle Lane. Jink paid depends on reliability of verified portals. Come to *Kerby's Keys*, ask for Kerby Jr. or Sally.

Wanted: Lots of fish. LOTS! Contact Niki at 3 Peak Lane.

Bodyguards needed for frail individual. Travel outside of Sigil possible, but not expected. Experience with undead, especially non-corporeal types, may prove helpful. Contact Allen Darkmantle at *Dark Secrets* key shop on Newt Street.

Stuff random of lots! Warehouse selection big items with huge of. Chaos District the in *Stibby's Shop of Stoopid Shait*.

Experienced sailors and spelljammer crewmen wanted. Good money, professionals only. Come to *Port Wine* on Hull Road and ask for Squidly Joe.

Musician tryouts at *Studio Nine*, 9 Singers' Row in the Festhall District. Looking for skilled performers willing to travel and play the Gate-towns. Come between the hours of Peak to Third-Descending any day and show us what you've got.

Help me get rid of this tea! I recently acquired the entire tea output of a major prime world empire for one year by winning a wager. Worst bet I ever made, since now I don't know what to do with it all! If you want lots of tea CHEAP, contact Ken at 52c Pride Street in the Clerks Ward.

Single reptilian female, seeking same. Meet me at *The Shining Scales Salon* on Duskgate Road in the Market Ward.

Formerly promiscuous alu-fiend looking to settle down. I am not picky about plane of origin, race, or gender. If interested in meeting me, wander street corners in the Hive and look for Trixxxxy

Wealthy gnomish gentleman seeks short ladies with big noses. Meet me at *Goodburrow Tavern* in the Clerks Ward. I'll be the one with the white beard and lots of gold.

Experienced exorcist(s) wanted. Extended travel to Prime required. Also interested in magic or items capable of expelling multiple fiendish spirits at once. Leave a message for "Sid" at *Two Magi Keyshop* in The Lady's Ward.

Third stage is complete. Gather the boys and meet at the drainpipe. -M

Seeking gnomish gentleman. I am recently divorced, since I caught my wealthy husband sowing oats. My lawyer assures me I'm getting half of everything, so I can pay for a few dates (and my tastes are very expensive!) I prefer discretion, so leave a letter with one of the doorman at the Stonecarvers Guildhall. Whatever you do, don't tell any of the older stonecarvers why you're there.

Workshop run by half-a-dozen or so dwarves needs maid. Human or other tall person who can reach the cobwebs with a broom preferred. Come to *Seven Smiths* on Foundry Lane.

FOR SALE: Toxic glowing green rock. It slowly kills mortals and quickly kills "super" mortals. Best offer accepted.

Bored sorcerer looking for minor distraction. Willing to perform magic for people who need a little favor, for a seemingly reasonable price. I'm not a fiend.

Experienced caravan guards, roadies, stage-hands, and porters wanted. Brace of Tanar'ri bards touring lower gate-towns, with a few scheduled gigs in the sixes. Lugging assorted heavy metal objects required. Sign up for the RAGING DAMNATION TOUR !!! with 'Red' at the Civic Festhall.

Illiterate? Put some lann in your brainpan. Brand new 'potion' from *Pfonix Labs* in Torch will have you reading this and translating it into Draconic in no time. Ask your side-street apothecary for some today!

WANTED: Werewolf and vampire gladiators to settle a debate. Only the winner gets paid. Interested parties should register at *The Bloody Knuckle*.

WANTED: Exterminator to get a talking raven off a bust above my chamber door. Gently rap at my chamber door for more information. #14 Starling Street.

Wanted: 40 years of my life back. Last week I purchased an engagement ring from a street tout in the Clerk's for a reasonable price. Last night I give it to my girlfriend and everything changes - I wake up an old man with 4 mewling brats, a rundown kip in the Lower, a pile of bills on my counter - all addressed to me - and a hag in the living room who claims she's my wife! Now, I don't know how you did it, but I want my life back ... not to mention my sanity, my beautiful girlfriend, and even the moment I did something so stupid as an engagement ring. I will be waiting every day this week, the hour and place you made the sale ... JRK

LATINAM PRO  
VICTO AUT  
PECUNIAE  
DOCEBO

WANTED: A werewolf willing to share the gift of lycanthropy. Just give me a quick bite and you will be handsomely paid.

I need my happy pills! Special ingredients available only in Gehenna, but I'm too sick to travel. Help a brother out and go for me, I'll make you rich. Contact Freddie Faust at 96 Pit Street in the Lower Ward.

For Sale: Barding designed for a dragon or other large reptile. In good repair, comes with leather saddle, shield, and lance. Shield slightly battered. Ask for Erin Gone in the Grand Bazaar.

Wanted: Research assistants. Literacy required. Ability to read magic or obscure languages is preferred, but we have enough work for mundanes, too. Bring your reading glasses to *Hapinstage's Law Library* on Rook St.

Finest hand-crafted Halfling furniture. We can do commissions scaled appropriate to big folks up to ogre size/weight too! *Sandy's Woods* in Freedom Plaza, Market Ward.