

# THE LADY'S SHARPER EYE

## ESTAVAN: GUILTY OF TAX FRAUD!

By Raul, co-assistant editor emeritus

**SIGIL** - This is big news, cutters. *Spire* big. In the wake of the announcement by the Advisory Council that they were bringing taxes back, sources within the Hall of Records have reported that Councilmember Estavan - ogre mage, merchant prince, and snappy dresser - has actually *never* paid taxes. Apparently he had some kind of deal with the Fated, despite being a known Guvner. This isn't actually, in retrospect, nearly as much as a surprise as the fact that Shemeshka the Marauder apparently *always* paid hers precisely on time. I suppose she just had to work her extortion rackets a little harder during taxtime (*I'm so getting killed for writing that! If I don't show up for work tomorrow, check in the stomachs of the local mezzoloths, okay?*).

Estavan had no comment, mainly because we couldn't find him. We even hired one of those psionic ogre magi under the theory that it takes an ogre to catch an ogre, but apparently he's hiding in Yeoman or some other godsawful backwater. In lieu of comment from the ogre himself, I got a mephit impersonator to do a fake interview.

"I'm a big blue criminal, a hypocrite, and fraud," said the mephit, a smoky basher calling himself Pest-avan. "My horns are two rotten bananas, I can't dance, and I'm not really Japanese, even though I like people to think I am. My race's assortment of spell-like abilities are completely arbitrary and make no sense. My business depends on illegal dwarf labor, I want to marry a Silat, and I think Vaprak is the bee's knees. The Planar Trade Consortium

is a fake organization, too - have you ever heard of anyone other than Estavan claiming to belong to it? I mean, anyone other than me? I made it up because I thought it sounded impressive and I didn't want anyone to know I really work out of my mom's basement."



Strong words indeed. Bet you wish you'd agreed to an interview, huh Estavan?

## SONS OF MERCY + BENEFIT FROM NEW TAX PROGRAM

By the Orriloath

**SIGIL** - It was announced early this week that the Sons of Mercy, as the Cage's official law enforcement organisation, are to be paid out of the newly formed tax funds. Before they were operating on charity, volunteer work and the last of the coffers of the former Mercykiller faction.

Although several complaints have been made to the Advisory Council about this plan, not nearly as much

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Elsewhere in the community, reactions were mixed.

"I am deeply saddened to hear of these grievous charges directed at my colleague, Mr. Estavan," said Utadas Tensar, fellow councilmember (and prominent former Guvner). "No further comment." We tried to find a mephit impersonator, but apparently there weren't any that thought Tensar was particularly funny.

"I knew it!" said Tarholt Trabansonson, a merchant associated with Traban's Forge in The Lady's Ward. "I knew that ogre was trouble from the moment I smelled 'im! He'll be lucky if he can find a Hive Ward flophouse that's willing to take him in when this is over!" The dwarf rubbed his hands in glee.

*Shemeshka the Marauder refused to stay on topic. "Extortion rackets? Whatever are you talking about, you crazy little rag-picker?"*

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# MYS+ERIOUS MASS DEST+RUCTION ⊕ F GI+HYANKI CI+Y

By Katya Adelle

The ASTRAL - Following a tip-off that The Lady's Sharper Eye received in relation to the mass exoduses on the Yggdrasil and Infinite Staircase, the LSE sent the intrepid reporter Katya Adelle to the Astral Plane.

It took a number of days due to Astral storms to reach the city, whose name had been very carefully spelled out in the tip-off

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*Continued from pg 1.* controversy has taken place as was expected. People are quite fed up with the Sons' lack of coverage and authority, even prompting some to long for the days of the Harmonium patrolling the wards of the city. Crime has been fairly rampant since their departure, even though few miss being pushed around by the Hardheads.

"Of course, we are very happy to get the funds we need to uphold the law." Said Arwyl Swan's son at the press conference. "Right now, we are laying plans with the council on how exactly these funds will be spent. Gone are the days that the city's police would report to noone."

What **did** cause some controversy was the portion of the plan that regarded hiring outside help to bolster the ranks of the Sons. Namely, plans on hiring both ex- and current Harmonium officers to help in the trouble spots.

Arwyl's response downplayed this, however: "Some of the biggest complaints we get is that the Sons of Mercy are simply too few to take on the entire Cage, and that we are too lenient on crime. Hiring experienced officers from the Harmonium is aimed at addressing those concerns. Naturally, they will have to follow our modus operandi, and will not be given the same authority as full members of the Sons."

Ex-factol and Council Chairwoman Rhys characteristically had only a few words to say to the gathered crowd: "A moderate dose of harmony will be good for all."

note, and upon arrival the LSE investigative reporters team found a Githyanki city in a complete state of ruin. The psionic backlash of a massive battle had created numerous Astral storms and the team was able to discover numerous safe rooms, weapons caches and defenses that were completely untouched.

Whatever attacked the city, destroyed its defense towers, slaughtered its protectors and did so with overwhelming psionic force then made off with the remaining

inhabitants of the city. Considering the Githyanki (and Githzerai) racial intolerance to enslavement, it is rather surprising that the city's inhabitants did not fight to the end.

The investigative team did not find sufficient corpses to explain what had happened to the other residents and after leaving the city they were able to call upon the spirit of one of the city's defenders who reluctantly confirmed that thousands of Githyanki had been loaded on to ships in chains.



## MIND'S EYE CI+Y ⊕ N THE ⊕U+LANDS GR⊕WS AND PR⊕SPERS

By Kidu Rolls (*simmo*)

The OUTLANDS - The new city in the Outlands founded by the Mind's Eye is growing at an incredible rate drawing in cartloads and boat loads of raw materials in ever increasing numbers. One greybeard who visited the city and gave his name as "The Gypsy King" commented that the growth of the city appeared to: "following almost a textbook example of a city growing in perfect order that I, the Gypsy King, have only ever dreamt off. It boggles the mind".

The Planar Trade Consortium has sent numerous delegates to the city in order to secure trade deals, but so far their efforts have been tied up in a labyrinth of bureaucracy. Chant of a similar blockade to that of the city of Rigus - should trade negotiations fail - was brushed aside by most chant-brokers after news of a major auction taking place in the coming days had the burg buzzing like a Formian city with two queens.

The security arrangements around the action have been very tight and will be

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taking place to the centre of the city to which access is restricted. Several proxies of Powers of Crafting and Artifice have been spotted recently in the town adding fuel to the chant that the auction will include some items that have been described as 'perfect examples of their type'. The city also received an influx of Slaad, Modrons and Rilmani of which no one seems to be able to make any sense.

The LSE tried to secure an interview with a proxy of Tvasutri after she'd been given a sneak preview of one of the items. However, due to agreements signed between the Mind's Eye and the proxy, as well as the fact that she was so moved by her experience that she'd wept almost continuously since the viewing, the interview was declined. Any cutters with an invite to the auction are requested to contact the Lady' Sharper Eye for arranging an exclusive interview about the items to be auctioned off.

## A HAND IN THE MARKET+

*By Jack of Tears*

SIGIL - You Sparkers and Bangers may want to keep a peery eye on your wands. It seems one of our local cross-traders has developed a taste for mage-sticks; fully a score have gone to the Stix over the last tenday. Constable Harbinger Cross of the Sons of Mercy estimates the value of the pickings to be upwards of 20 thousand jink - a whole lot of jingle for some lucky Knight.

"He'd better make good use of it while he can" says Cross, "Because when we nab

this berk - and we will - he's going to spend the rest of his days stewing."

Cross goes on to remind Cagers that it is their duty as law abiding citizens to report any suspicious activity. "Only together," he says "Can we hope to uproot the villainy that eats at the heart of our city."

For their part, a number of the mages have colluded to offer a reward of 100 jink each, for information leading to the capture of this Purse Comber. At a total of 150 merts, our motivated mage skinner may want to watch his back for thorns.



## S⊕APY SURPRISE S⊕AKS SIGILAN S⊕CIE+Y

*by Jan Mobius, Lady's Ward Culler*

SIGIL - Yes, friends, it is that time of year again, Discordia in the City of Doors. The Xaositects, as always, have been doing their civic duty keeping us all on our toes. Now, I know that many lawful cutters in the Cage believe these chaos-inspired miscreants to be addle-coved berks of the worst stripe at best, and dangerous workers of entropy and destruction at worst, but I have found that I cannot help but giggle like a Bedlamite at many of their antics. So it was with their latest installment of a long-running Sigilan tradition: the Xaositect Surprise. For you clueless Primes reading this rag for the first time, the annual Surprise is the one and only time that these disciples of randomness come together in a (semi-) organized fashion to pull off a sometimes humorous, occasionally dangerous, often memorable prank, happening, parade, sit-in, construction project, or ... well, something, to let the rest of Sigil know just how barmy they are.

So it was last week when the long-awaited, sometimes dreaded Surprise came around again. This time it was a bit of fairly harmless fun, unless you were a flame Mephit. Most of Sigil was in fact tipped off weeks ago by the (surprisingly) accurate augury of a little-known Signer prognosticator from the Outlands who predicted that this year the Xaositects were going to try to give Sigil a good wash. Anyone who tried to buy Byopian soap in the last few months could have come to the same conclusion, of course, as the stuff was becoming increasingly more rare.

Certain defenders of orderliness were against the idea, though I suspect it had more to do with opposing anything Xaosy than any opposition to cleanliness. So it was that many portals to known water realms were heavily guarded (on the other side) by crack Harmonium squads direct from Ortho and Arcadia. A pair of particularly prominent portals on Palace Street in the Lady's Ward were a notable exception, however. A major trade route

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from the outer planes to the halls of the Marid, these fairly stable portals were kept under guard of Genasi who had evidently never heard of Xaositects before, or perhaps didn't care.

The first indication that, despite organized opposition to the forces of disorder, the Surprise was a go, an unusually strong thunderstorm was seen working its way around the ring from the Clerks Ward. Heavy downpours in the Clerks and Guildhall Wards caused some localized flooding, and there were scattered reports of electrocutions before some canny bystanders put a stop to the lightning shenanigans. Still, echoes of thunder served as a prelude of the fun to come. It seems every chaos-monger with access to a bucket and a portal key made heavy use of both. The Dabus were conspicuously absent throughout it all, perhaps sandbagging key areas of Undersigil against the inevitable deluge.



The citizenry tended to side with the soap-wielding hordes of chaos, and many kip-owners, myself included (though in reality I rent from Zadara) took the opportunity to take a brush to our own homes in support of one of the least damaging Surprises in memory. Although, speaking of memory, I couldn't help but notice that some bucket brigades were less than choosy about what rivers they

filled up in, and some Styx water was sloshed about with reckless abandon. Luckily, the berks who decided to fill up in the whistles usually couldn't themselves remember how to get back to fill up again, so while half of Sigil might have forgot what they had for breakfast that morning, only a few are getting new names at the Gatehouse.

The greatest amount of fun to be had was in the vicinity of the afore-mentioned portals of the Marid. Residents of the area, used to sudden releases of water from the opening of the portals, have long since seen fit to build the entrances to their kips on the second and third floors. Several hundred Xaositects, along with a great many Sensate supporters, formed a disorderly queue that entered through one portal and exited out the other. Enterprising Xaositect organizers (an oxymoron if there ever was one) handed out portal keys to all and sundry, as well as inflated tubes, wooden boards, ships carved from soap, and other floatation devices, mostly to sundry. The resulting tidal waves flooded the local kips with second-floor access and managed to put at least a foot of water in the streets as far away as the Grand Bazaar. My sympathies go out to any

sellers of paper products not in the habit of listening to the Signers.

The results of this wet and wild day in Sigil were spotty. The residents of many districts didn't even know the Surprise happened, as large areas of Sigil remained untouched by the wrinkled hands of fate. Other neighborhoods were swamped, and there will be lingering for weeks to come a fresh lemon scent. Or the smell of drowned cranium rats. Or, worst of all, the smell of cranium rats drowned in a fresh lemon scent. Flooding in the Lower Ward was limited to an overflow in the ditch which carried garbage, sewage, and worse into basements up to a few blocks away, but most of the soot from the foundries remains untouched. The Lady's Ward is substantially cleaner, due mostly to the efforts of local residents and the mysterious cooperation of the lords of the Marid, who may have thought that the Chaosmen were going to flood all of Sigil. All in all, I doubt there is any less grime in The Cage, but much of it has been redistributed, mostly into the Hive where it belongs, thanks to those barmy, smarmy, surprising berks called the Xaositects.

## SONS OF MERCY : RESPONSE REPORT

7:09 ap. Medical Assist, Clerk's Ward Units responded to Percham and Partner's law firm in reference to a client feeling dehydrated and nauseous. He was transported to his local temple for treatment of food poisoning.

10:21 ap. Suspicious Incident, Entertainer's Guildhall, A staff member reported that two subjects were living in the sensory lounge of the Entertainer's Guildhall. The subjects were identified as a guild member and non-guildmember, and the matter was turned over to the guild to resolve.

2:48 aap. Fire Alarm, Lower Ward, Units responded to the Friendly Fiend's shop in reference to a fire report. The cause of the report is unknown, though the scent of burnt almonds was prevalent.

3:21 aap. Damage to Property, Grand Bazaar, A supplier of vegetables in the bazaar reported that the back axle of her wagon was damaged by vandals.

4:25 aap. Medical Assist, Lady's Ward, Units responded to the Jester's Palace in reference to a contractor that experienced a fall. He was transported to the Gatehouse after officers reported disoriented behavior and possible danger to self or others.

6:17 aap. Assault, Hive Ward officers responded to the Gatehouse in reference to an assault on an ex-Bleaker within the soup kitchen. An investigation revealed that she was assaulted by her ex-boyfriend. The ex-boyfriend was arrested, and charged are being pressed on her behalf as she succumbed to the Grim Retreat shortly after the assault.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

### Every little bit of good news helps

Dear Sir / Madam,

I'd like to thank you for the help that you gave one of our inmates recently via the correspondence that he had with the editor of your news rag. The patient Churt Dimmons was discharged from the Gatehouse earlier on today after being under observation for a number of weeks. Since receiving the latest issue of your news rag and reading the editor's response Mr. Dimmons saw fit to look within himself for meaning and found it. Upon leaving the Gatehouse he stated that he would spend all his time and effort in helping the displaced men, women and children that have recently arrived on the Infinite Staircase.

Nik Grya, sub-warden at the Gatehouse

*You are most welcome. Should Mr. Dimmons be interested we would be glad to send one of our reporters along with him to continue reporting on the incidents in the Astral and upon the Infinite Staircase. Should he be interested, just send him to our offices and we will make arrangements from there.*

### Smut?!

Letter to the Editor,

Let me say that in her letter in the previous issue, Mrs. Enson of the Lady's Ward was more correct than not in her proclamation that the Lady's Sharper Eye published smut. Now her specific statements might have been off-kilter, and as for the particular Blood War recruitment poster she took umbrage to, I found it to be rather tasteful as such things are, but her generalities were certainly spot on. The LSE publishes smut.

Let me explain for the dense little sods in your layout department: Circumstance that finds an advertisement for the Friendly Fiend printed next to something I write is lamentable, and in bad taste, but I'm willing to laugh it off. When it happens a second time, after I voice my objections, it ceases to hold any humor.

Such things only ruin an otherwise perfectly good issue and suggest that the staff of your magazine has intent to offend me out of their own misguided, antisocial proclivities or biases, or that they have problems with accepting graft from certain personages in either the Noble's district or the Lower Ward. If the former, you need to correct their behavior in the future, perhaps offering them a vacation or a trip to the Gatehouse for counseling, and if it's the latter than cheap political stunts are just that, cheap, and they undermine the LSE's attempts to be a reputable paper.

But rather than write too much and perhaps say any unkind words, I'd like to invite the editor in chief and the layout designer both to speak with me in person regarding this manner in depth. We'll discuss an amiable solution to this repeated incident in a tenday's time at five past peak at the Fortune's Wheel. You know the room and I'd be happy to have one or both of you over for dinner.

Additionally, regardless of the outcome of that, I'll be sending over a number of advertisements that would look better adjacent to my next review piece. They'll be better than advertisements for a junk shop.

Gracing your pages,

*Shemeska the Marauder*

*We await your business with baited breath.*

**The Dark of Sigil or 'That's Right, Berk, I Know Everything'**

To be honest, I ain't much at writing. Maybe I took one-too-many blows to the head from the Hardheads for ill-timed smart-arse remarks. Hells, I've taken more beatings than a Baatorian petitioner. I've even been dangled over the side of a building by a Glabrezu for giving him directions to a celestial enclave when he asked for directions to Raggpicker's Square. Point is, I don't know when to keep my bone-box shut. But, I suppose that makes me ideal for writing about the dark of things now that I think about it.

So, I'm writing this article to give you the dark of Sigil. Or, at least the dark as far as I know it, and today we're going to talk about touts.

Ain't no secret that I'm a tout (best damned tout in the Cage) and I - wait... Before I go on, let me give any Clueless that might have picked up this paper the gist of what a tout is. A tout's a bloke that'll be your best friend if the jink's right. We're the 'tour guides' of Sigil. We'll give you directions to pretty much anywhere in the Cage and tell you what places are good for a bit of relaxing and what places are sure to put you in the dead-book. We can also give you the dark on certain folk around the city, and you'd be surprised how handy it is knowing that you don't go up to a cornugon and say 'oy, ugly, you got the time?'. That's a tout.

Now, where was I? Oh, aye, I'm a tout. We're a good, solid lot. Most Cagers think we're doing this because we ain't skilled at anything else. Truth is we do this because we're smart. We know a good deal when we see it. Fact is this job's a damned good one. No manual labor like them poor sods working down in the Lower Wards and little danger because we touts have been known to be pikin' dangerous when provoked. Let me explain.

One of the perks of the job is that we hold sway over others. Let's say a Clueless comes up and asks for

directions. If we don't like the way they look or act, we can give them directions to the Mercykillers and have 'em call one of those bashers a 'knight of the post'. Then we got a good execution show for the next day at Petitioner's Square. Doesn't matter one shite to us because the coin the poor Clueless paid for that 'valuable information' is just as good whether the berk's alive or if he's hanging from a leafless tree.

Truth is, we got power. Folk rely on us for information, so one well-placed word and we can make a berk's reputation go to shite, or make a local pub go under. Of course, with another well-placed word we can get a shop enough business that the owner'll be moving to the Lady's Ward and be rolling in the jink.

You want to know the dark about the touts, cutter? I'll tell you. We're in control. We're what's saving your sorry arse from the dead-book. We own you, berk.

Zath, Hive Tout, The Free League

*In light of the obvious propaganda nature of this particular piece, the editorial staff felt is best to release as a Letter than a proper article in light of our inability to contact the author. If Zath is reading this, perhaps you would like to speak to us about further articles of a less obvious bias?*

### **Taxes? Look a gift horse in the mouth why don't you?**

Dear Editors and all readers in Sigil and beyond,

It was with great trepidation that I read the news that taxation is coming back to Sigil. As corrupt and inefficient as the old system under the Takers was, I fear that this new round of taxation will be much, much worse. How, praytell, can the city seek to tax individuals who have gone untaxed for half a turn? Doesn't the Council realize that the citizens of this city have gotten used to keeping

hold of our own jink? Are they barmy enough to believe that these taxes will be welcomed?

Every sod in Sigil will try to avoid, confound, confuse, obscure, cook the books, sweep the waif, and any- and other-wise try to get one over on any adle-coved taxman who has the temerity to come-a-calling.

Now, I remember the games we used to play with takers, and I know no taxman ever went more than a couple of blocks into the Hive, but us kip-owners in the other Wards are just getting back on our feet, repairing the damage done by those blamin' factions (yes, I'm an Indep, so I blame you) and now the council wants to spring this on us?

Why, oh why in all the Abyss didn't they take the Natterer's offer? Just what downside did they see in that one? Oh, right, they wouldn't be able to show their power, and snatch the food from their citizens' mouths. Well, they better hire some really scary tax collectors, because if some sniveling clerk shows up here, well, lets just say the shiv over the mantle still works fine.

Respectfully submitted,  
Libby Terran

*It is certainly something to question. The next Council meeting is in a ten-day. We would like to see further debate on this subject from responsible land owners such as yourself in the city. We'll be there, will you?*

### **Don't wait to be deprived of news to stand up and fight for it**

To the editors of the Lady's Sharper Eye,

On some planes and in some cities, a reporter can be thrown in prison for years for a single offending word or image. It is my belief that jailing or killing a report removes a vital witness to events and threatens the right of all beings to be informed.

The reporter is no grand warrior or high wizard respected by those in power based on their ability to end those who oppose them. The reporter is no clever lawyer or well greased heir to the throne able to simply make all of his troubles vanish.

He serves a vital purpose for the community, at great risk, for little or even no pay. He enjoys even less protection from those in power that he critiques or those in power under the table that he exposes to the light.

In light of this, and in light of the Lady's Sharper Eye's recent resurgence after the troublesome times of late, I have made personal arrangements with the vaults of the Temple of Tyr, calling in a few favors owed. It is time I shared what life has deemed to grant me with others.

You will find with this letter the ownership papers for the contents of Vault 32, of the Temple. I give the contents of this vault freely, in the hopes that the current editorial staff holds to many of the same beliefs as I do in regards to a functional press within Sigil. The contents are yours, do as you wish with them; it is my gift to you.

In order to maintain the higher purpose of your paper and your bevy of fine reporters, I sign myself simply,

- Anonymous

*There are few things that can bring a veteran editor and reporter such as myself to speechlessness. Your gift has done so. On behalf of the entire staff we thank you, for the deeds as well as the funding.*

*In honor of this gift, this issue of the Eye was produced sans advertisement. We felt the need to prove that we no longer need to sugar coat our words to pay our bills.*

*Expect future issues to take a close, if not downright uncomfortable, look upon the doings of our public figures.*

## SNI+CH'S SNIPPI+S

By Azure

### The Outlands, Bedlam, Keystone St., Outside the Asylum

Travel across the outlands can be a harrowing ordeal. What weary traveler hasn't wished for all the comforts of home, trying to start a campfire while shivering under the open sky? Well, you'll find both the comforts of home and that special feeling that can only be had by using a mossy rock for a pillow at Outside the Asylum.



Beniculous "Batty Beni" Bornehoof, a bariaur, runs this unique establishment in the Gate-Town of Bedlam. You can't miss it, just go up the hill about a third of the way up Keystone Street, and look for the building that's turned inside-out. Shelves, pictures, drapes, everything including a kitchen sink, are on the outside, while inside, Beni (either a druid or a really good gardener) has created a camper's paradise. Tents can be rented by the night, and Beni supplies a meager amount of grass and twigs for a fire (just like crossing the outlands!)

The place has no roof or second floor, I suspect Beni got it cheap after a fire, so you won't be missing out on the fun when it rains, either. Still, Beni has created an unique oasis of greenery so lush that patrons need only pluck fresh fruit for their meals, and drink from a (remarkably pure) spring-fed koi pond in the back.

Beni treats everyone he meets as if they just stepped out of Pandemonium, and

though some might have a problem being treated like a raving barmy, I found Beni's slow, calm, non-threatening demeanor to be rather soothing.

**-Rated Four out of Five Roots Under Your Bedroll-**

### Sigil, Clerk's Ward, Garn

Orcish Bar. 'Nuff said? If you think all Humanoid bars are the same, stay away from Garn, because you can't handle the truth! Garn is an open bar in every sense of the word.

Anybody, of any race, walking in the street, can approach the crowd of well-lubricated humanoids milling about outside Garn, walk up to the bar, and get a mug of Orcish ale for a suitably epic story of battle. You'd better be prepared to back it up, though, so take note if you're a bad bluffer. Trophies are accepted, and elf ears are two-for-one every Manglubyetsday, whenever that is.

The bar is actually an open porch with a bunch of really big casks of ale, while entrance into the tavern proper is provided by a side-door in the alleyway. Fans of orc and goblin cuisine will find

fare prepared in the traditional manor (roasted on spits or served raw) as well as dishes with a more Sigilan influence (like the Potato stew.)



A wide range of Fungus brews and Orcish liquors are available as well, if you know what to ask for. The only real negative is the place's location. It lies perilously close to The Slags, so don't go wandering off drunk in the wrong direction, berk. I guess it adds to the bravado level of the place, as if it needed it. So, if you're a Dwarf with something to prove, c'mon down to Garn.

**-Rated Four out of Five Drunken Brawls-**

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## CULTURE IN REVIEW

By Richard DúBoir

SIGIL - I received many poison pen letters over my review of 'Ode to Chaos'. Let it be known that poisons will not work on me and the later back alley encounter with the offended Slaadi went poorly and, if anything, improved the entertainment multiverse as a whole when all was said and done (mostly done).

Readers of my column are by all means free to disagree with my perspectives but, my views are intended for the majority of our readership. It is for the majority that I base my scores and gauge what will be enjoyable. If you think that an entertainment venue may still be something you wish to view, by all means go and see if my measure is to yours.

I openly encourage our readers to try and prove the invalidity of my scores, for the majority, to be incorrect.

Remember, nothing convinces like proof.

### Raise Baator (Concert)

SIGIL - Recruitment Offices for the Baatezu Battalions of Baator put together a

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concert event to raise funds for their new headquarters and boost enlistment. There is a very modest entry fee with no outside food or drink allowed inside. The 'grub and bub' offered on site is of average quality and a touch on the expensive side but, given that it is a fund raising and awareness event, it is to be expected.

The music is of varied quality, averaging on excellent, with performers covering a wide range of musical styles. Personal favorites are counted among Lightning Bolt's "Baator ain't a bad place to be" and "Pathway to Hells", Engine-Box's "Born to raise Hells", and William McNeil's "On the Great Road, again".

Dancing and brawling to the music is encouraged and the male mercenary will find no shortage of partners for either.

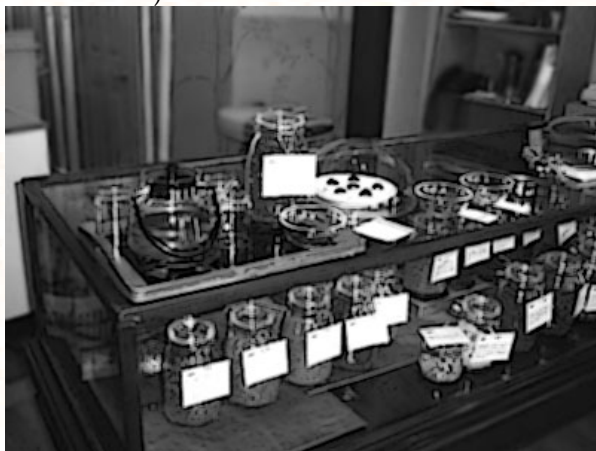
Desks to enlist are available on site and those who violate the rules (be very careful with the wording on the rules flyer, remember you are signing your receipt and understanding of the rules) will be heavily 'encouraged' to enlist.

I caution those who attend to be sure to have plenty of jink on hand as the exit fee is thrice the admission price. Those unable to pay are recruited to the baator army to 'cover the costs' of their share of the entertainment. I encourage all to attend and watch the show, and your purse.

**Final Score: 5 out of 5**

#### **Black Kettles (Restaurant)**

**SIGIL** - Even if you dislike tea, this place might still be worth investigating. Black Kettles is one of the little known places and possibly Sigil's best kept secret (in terms of dining pleasure of course).

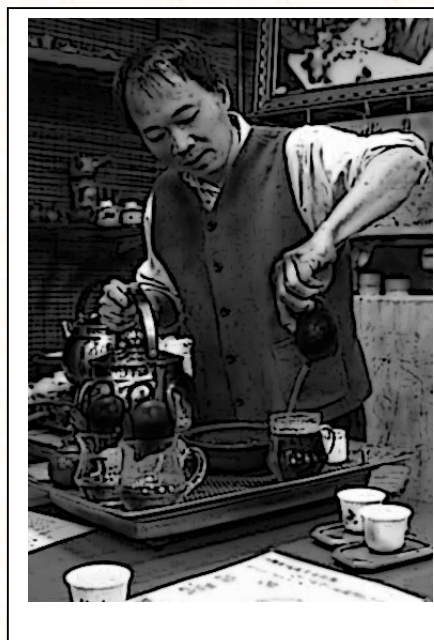


A human family with a fondness for the pantheon calling their collective selves the Celestial Bureaucracy established this little out of the way shop on Tradeway Way (near the Great Bazaar) for the trading of teas imported and exported through the planes. It is rumored that Estevan, of the Planar Trade Consortium, stepped into the shop but, not knowing anything of the various beverages, would not make a

purchase without a sample. Xiao Ling (proprietor) brewed a small sample in a black iron kettle to serve the ogre-magi. The brew satisfied Estevan into purchasing some leaves for trade and personal use.

The tradition of providing a sample of new teas continued for a time until they began to see more and more clients. The owner eventually expanded the small storefront to hold about five tables and ten chairs along with a lunch style menu of sandwiches and salads. Along with this food menu is the ability to select from any of Xiao Ling's current stock of teas to wash down those meals. Teas can be brewed by the cup, half pot, or full pot and is always brewed and served in a black kettle. Any tea that you fancy is always available for sale. All teas are brought in daily from various portals about the cage and sold by the ounce or by the pound.

Recently, the modest restaurant has added a patio and doubled its occupancy. It is always standing room only during the peak lunchtime hours and you had best arrive early if you desire to sit.



Orders are processed quickly so you will never wait in line long or hunger for service. Despite how crowded it can become it has that slow and quiet pace during early or late lunchtime hours. Perfect for the mage or busy on the scene culler. One word of caution, however; Xiao Ling will have no arguments or violence at his establishment.

The man feels that such actions are bad for the soul and will remove such offending personages (and

Slaadi) with an unusually potent, strong, and non-lethal martial prowess.

If you happen to need a break from the hustle of the Bazaar, stop in for a quick meal.

**Final Score; 4 out of 5**

#### **Curst Earth (Play)**

The OUTLANDS, Excelsior - This is a morality play that, in the nature of the neighboring Mount Celestia, portrays the vile and villainous nature of the lower planes as blight upon the outer planes. With the nature of evil and the lower planes aside, the play is very one sided and there is little to no real conflict as a result. For the most part the play is nothing more than a series of soliloquies espousing the horrible nature of evil and the 'pestilence that is the lower planes spreading out to corrupt all that is good and proper'. Often the same, or nearly the same, speech is delivered five times during a single act.

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## DOTHION VEGETABLE MARKET ENDS ON HIGH NOTE

By Jenny Nails

BYTOPIA, DOTHION - The Amusing Vegetable Competition in Dothion this year was slightly livelier than previous years as reported recently. When a nearby river broke its banks and washed away part of the faire the greybeards were heard to say that The Rule of Three dictated that another major event would take place before the faire reached its conclusion.

Sure enough during the final part of the award ceremony the guest speaker found that she'd lost the attention of her audience who were all pointing and staring upwards. Floating several hundred yards above the crowd was a veritable war fleet of spelljamming ships of unknown design and configuration. Panic set in to the crowd and the remainder of the faire was destroyed in the panicked chaos that followed.



A wing of asuras arrived on the scene shortly after the faire attendees had fled and approached the flotilla of ships. The creatures swarming over the ships were reptilian in nature with a wide range of skin pigmentations and tattoos. They carried weapons with an organic look to them and their armour appeared to have been grown rather than forged from metal. The asura wing proceeded to the largest of the ships where after a quiet stand-off between the celestials and the

I enjoy a morality play as much as the next planar but, without a main character being conflicted by both sides of the moral issue, it is not a play so much as it is a sermon disguised (rarely cleverly) as entertainment. The sole saving grace is that the set pieces are pleasing to the eye and every line of dialogue is given with heartfelt compassion by the actors in their characters dialogue. If you are into the plot summary go, otherwise I suggest skipping the play until it becomes mandatory by law to attend.

reptilian invaders occurred. The humanoid reptile that appeared to be in charge of the fleet lowered his shield as a symbol of non-violent intent.

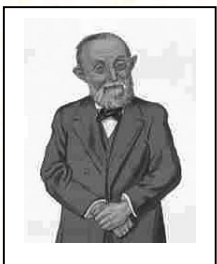
Although communication between the newcomers and the celestials began with numerous starts and stops due to the alien thought processes of the humanoid reptiles, the asuras who descended after the confrontation, commented that these people who call themselves the "Droplets Within the Wave" came to Dothion having fled a genocidal conflict that had almost driven their species to the brink of extinction.

The gnomes living in the villages and towns close to the faire spared no time in welcoming the new arrivals to Dothion and helped them to get settled in a more permanent manner. The influx of Wave People, as the locals are calling them, has boosted the economy quite significantly. A local green grocer stated that: "those Wave cutters sure know their way around crops, it's like they don't only have green fingers but are entirely green. Well some of them are, in any case they're real bloods when it comes to making things grow".

Reports have come in of other flotillas of Wave people arriving on other of the Upper planes with some incidences of violence. The integration of the Wave people in to the local populace appears to have been most successful in Bytopia while the community that attempted to settle in Arborea was forcibly ejected from the plane by a small army of eladrins.

## MUSINGS ON THE MULTIVERSE: ON THE NATURE OF CHAOS

By: Duckluck the Steadfast



*Editor's Note: We're sick of hearing complaints about this paper's "Chaos bias," so we are now carrying Musings on the Multiverse the most popular syndicated column on Arcadia. We await the screed about our new "Law bias."*

ARCADIA - In honor of the month of Capricious, I have decided to inject a much needed sense of reality into the way we see Law and Chaos. Some of my theories may

sound strange, but don't worry, they have the weight of axioms behind them, and will be among the truest things in the Multiverse, provided you believe in them.

Have you ever noticed how Lawful cutters like the Fraternity of Order tend to do things for logical, rational reasons, while Chaotic bashers like the Xaositects tend to be random and unpredictable in their actions? If you are like most

bashers I've met, you probably just thought to yourself: "of course, that's what Lawful and Chaotic mean!"

Unfortunately for you, you're wrong.

Most people fail to correctly define "Lawful" and "Chaotic" because they look at the practitioners of the philosophy rather than the philosophy itself. I've got news for you cutters, Law and Chaos have nothing to do with how organized, rational, sane, or predictable you are. Yes the Xaositects and Slaadi tend to act wildly and unpredictably while the Fraternity of Order and Modrons tend to always

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think before acting (trust me, on this though, there've been plenty of us "Guvners" who weren't so rational), but those are side-effects of the way the two philosophies force us to think (or sometimes not think) about our actions.

I'll tell you the same thing I tell my Introductory Alignment Studies class on the second day: Lawful people follow the rules and conventions of their society, Chaotic people break them. Always and forever, that's what the two words mean. "Is it really that simple?" you ask. Every class on Alignment Theory I have ever taught has asked me that same question, and, every time, I give the same answer. Yes, it really is that simple. "But Duckluck," you say, "if that's true, then why do Lawful people sometimes break the law, and Chaotic people follow it?" Again, I'll tell you what I tell my students. Nobody's perfect.

To become a petitioner of Mechanus, all you have to do is fill your brain-box with the belief that following the law is the right thing to do. Always. To get into Limbo, all you have to do is believe that following the Law is the wrong thing to do. Always. That said, I've never met a Guvner who hasn't violated a zoning

ordinance because he was in a hurry or worn shorts when it wasn't "Casual Clerk's day." Likewise, I've never met a Chaosman who hasn't bought a sausage or paid his rent like a normal person. Partly this is fear. Even the barmiest Chaosman knows not to go around setting fire to buildings when there's a Sodkiller anti-arson squad ten feet away. Likewise, even the most steadfast Guvner will commit a misdemeanor if it means that someone doesn't commit a felony on his person.

Beyond just fear though, this is because of other commitments. Most berks, for instance, believe, deep down that it is wrong to kill people without a good reason. Even a lifelong Guvner or a cowed Hardhead will disobey a direct order when asked to do something that is so against a body's morals that following the order simply isn't seen as an option. When this happens, a basher looks his or her commander in the eyes and solemnly says, "No." It happens more often than you might think. I theorize that it is the same crisis of morals versus ethics that causes Modrons to go rogue. Things are no different on the other side of the ethical expanse. Why do some Xaositects deteriorate into roving bands of killers

while others become noble and upright (if oddly behaved) citizens? Because no one, except possibly the Slaadi, is so chaotic, so willing to break the rules, that he entirely forgets his own needs and desires.

What matters most isn't unwavering commitment to a certain path, but a belief that that path is the correct one. No matter how poorly a body walks his path, if he believes in it and understands its rightness, he has a chance of following that path to the end. That's not to say that all paths are the right one or that all paths are right for the same people. I'd rather go to Mechanus than Limbo, and I'd rather go to Bytopia than Mechanus, but I'd settle for Limbo if the only other option was Gehenna. As my late friend Factol Hashkar once said, "It doesn't matter who you are, but what you believe."

*Duckluck the Steadfast is a Prime Gnome and a former Factor of the Fraternity of Order. He currently teaches Planar Studies and Alignment Theory at the University of Automata. His syndicated column Musings on the Multiverse appears in more than a hundred newspapers across the planes.*

## ⊕ DEATH: YOU'VE BEEN HAD

By the Orriloath



SIGIL - Life, death...sometimes I think this is all mortals ever talk about. One can hardly have a quiet drink at a nice pub without some barmy mortal wanting to chat you up on the inside story of how this whole business of dying and being

born really works. I generally tend to tell them that I have no need of knowing these things, being a minor (but stylish) yugoloth, and that they should go ask that nice tanar'ri over there, but I think I'll spill the darks once and for all, so you never need bother with the question again.

So, what follows is pretty much the definitive truth on the matter. Well, \*a\* definitive truth, at least. It's not all lies.

You'll notice that there is no interview in this issue's article. This is because I am so well-versed in the subject

matter that I can easily be considered an expert myself. And the small fact that my mimir, generously lent to me by the Eye, has been stolen and I am without a replacement. (*Editor's note: There's a very, very similar mimir for sale in this very issue. Replacement is pending on an investigation of this.*)

I'll start with the basics. Mortals get born. Some powers maintain that they acquire 'souls' at this point, or possibly 'spirits' (the difference is mostly in the flavor, as any fiend will tell you...some like vanilla, others chocolate). This is not true.

"What?! How can this be?" I hear you cry! Don't worry your little heads unduly - it's not **completely untrue**, just misleading. Souls (or spirits) actually accumulate over time. A newborn has a tiny little soul, for instance. An old warlock has a juicy, scrumptious soul (I highly recommend "Cooking with souls" by my colleague Tarris for a good recipe). With me so far?

So, events take place between birth and the demise of a mortal (this period is generously called 'life'), and there is a transformation. You've all heard of it, unless you are completely clueless: The soul is 'reborn' as a petitioner in a power's realm, or a suitable replacement location if there is no appropriate power to take the poor sod in. This, apparently, is a great comfort to many to know, and a lot of people look forward to

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this time.

Now for the peel: the soul resumes its blank state, becoming pretty much worthless, especially to the owner. Yes, you heard me. I'm not privy to the exact details, but it seems to me that the good stuff gets sucked right out and either ends up at the bottom of the Styx, or in some power's mind. Namely: The memory and personality of the owner.

Ever wonder why there is no market for petitioner's souls on the lower planes? Ever stop to think why they are only worth whatever form they can be forced into (such as larvae, etc)? This is why certain, uncouth fiends like the tanar'ri and the baatezu (*Editor's note: And the yugoloths, I believe.*) go out of their way to get a mark on the soul

before it becomes a petitioner.

After all, what is a mortal without memories or a personality? Isn't losing those things a fate worse than death? Well, I guess the joke is on you - death is exactly that, on the planes.

So go ahead and trade your soul for something worthwhile. Any measly torment you may be subject to by the now-rightful owner after the demise of your physical form really sort of pales in comparison to the 'reward' you'd otherwise be subjected to.

I can just **hear** the mail pouring in about this article (*Editor's note: So do I...which reminds me, you haven't picked up the mail we got from the last issue...*). I can even hear the counter-argument: "Ooh, he's a fiend; of course he'd say that." And: "But not all afterlives are like that, etc."

Fine. Then go talk to a petitioner and find out for yourself what they are like. Fancy becoming like that? I didn't think so.

## SPIRE CLIMBERS: AN INTERVIEW

By Will Redeye

The OUTLANDS, The SPIRE - A few days ago a group of rilmani discovered the remains of yet another unsuccessful Spire expedition. The bodies were mutilated beyond belief because of the damage sustained from the fall from a great height. Even though bodies couldn't be identified, the faction Mind's Eye gave the names of the dead berks. In a speech in the city of Tradegate, former Signer factor Sarazh officially confirmed the chant that the spire-climbing addle-coves were the members of the Mind's Eye. The Lady's Sharper Eye managed to get an exclusive mimir-recorded interview with the elderly tiefling blood. Here it is right before your peery eyes.

**Will Redeye (Red):** Gimme a moment, good lady, I has ta check if'n this bleedin' grinner is workin'.

**Sarazh:** Don't hush yourself, young man, we've got time aplenty.

**Red:** I gots it. Alright, m'lady, I be wantin' ta ask ye 'bout those sods who tried ta climb their way up th' Spire.

**Sarazh:** They were a group of young primes, newly arrived to the planes a month ago. Since 3 weeks they were members of the Mind's Eye. Their

names were Alkina, Forni, Martin and Castor.

**Red:** Good. But wot was they doin' on th' bleedin' Spire?

**Sarazh:** Patience. Patience, my young friend, all will be told in time. They were too ambitious. They overestimated their own might, as it often happens to enthusiastic, newly joined members. Are you familiar with the Sign Of One's beliefs, one of the founding aspects of the Mind's Eye, Will Redeye?



**Red:** Aye, sure. E'erysod knows wot th'

Signers think. That they imagine e'ery bleedin' thing into existance an' all that.

**Sarazh** (laughing): Well, that is SOME simplification if I ever saw one. I imagined one day some CIPHER will put all blacks and whites of my beliefs in one short sentence. Nevertheless, it was still somewhat interesting.

**Red:** Did'n'a want to sound rude, m'lady. Please accept me apologies.

**Sarazh:** No offence was intended and thus none was taken. Let's get back to our little discussion. Everybody has a great power in their minds, they only have to know how to focus it, how to make their beliefs become real, how to shape the multiverse with their mind. Those new to the faction tend to forget that it requires training to successfully shape the reality. It takes years of practice. It is common among the new recruits to test their limits by giving themselves an impossible task, one which may even sound insane.

**Red:** Like climbin' th' Spire...

**Sarazh:** Exactly. This was not the first expedition to the Spire our members undertook. Many tried to climb the indefinitely tall Spire. Some look up and realize their minds are not yet ready for such a feat. The rest, overconfident and arrogant, go further. They climb so high that it is no longer possible to return. That's when they start to hesitate.

**Red:** Hesitate?

**Sarazh:** Yes. You must know, that the

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Mind's Eye is built upon the very concept of Power Of Belief. The absolutely worst thing that can happen to is to doubt oneself. To lose belief in your own power. That is how Spire expeditions end. When doubts start poisoning their minds, it's just a matter of time before they fall.

**Red:** Ain't there any way ta save 'em?

**Sarazh:** One can't save another if she refuse to be saved. It's their own choosing. We can't stop them. Just this cycle we have already lost 14 members.

**Red:** Swob me bob!

**Sarazh:** There's nothing we can do. A new term has been forged based on the deeds of arrogant Mind's Eye recruits.

**Red:** Aye! Spireclimber - a sod who tries ta accomplish a soddin' impossible task. Like them barmy paladins who think e'en th' fiends can be redeemed.

**Sarazh:** Exactly. I'm glad I could help you on your path to enlightenment.

**Red:** Thanks. But yer aware, as a Cipher I ain't gonna think it all over or anything.

**Sarazh:** Just like I imagined you wouldn't...

instructions with the steward of the bats and with my son and with my other attendants and servants, I set off into the raw depths of the dreamtime.

The waves of fantasy flow in all directions and all times. Even as lord of the rainbow sea, where all of reality bends to my will, the trip was difficult and strange horrors awaited me. I met myself a number of times and each time learned a bit more about myself and lost a bit of identity, but I was no closer to finding what it was that irked me so. I almost gave up, my energy was taxed to

the limit and the return trip would be far more treacherous than the one which I had already taken. And then I came across it.

I do not know how it would appear to one such as yourself, your eyes and mine see the world in far different ways. But to me it was a pearl, a tiny imperfection in the fabric of the dream-sea which had been coated over and over in an effort by my universe to protect itself from the irritant. This was what bothered me so, the itch that had been scratching at me - a foreign element within the great dream. I examined the shimmering pearl, stared deep inside it and, to my horror, found something staring back out at me.

They were primal, ancient, the dreams of creatures that had never been seen in this existence. They swarmed me with claws and eyes and wings and tentacles, thinking to use my disorientation to strike a deadly blow. But they did not know with whom they dealt. Their tenacity was unmatched. Despite my obvious advantages I found myself edging back from this battle. As the monstrosities sprung forth from the shell into which they had been locked so too did an entire universe. What's worse, as the alien dream-land touched the dreams of others they grew twisted and gnarled. It began to spread like an infection across the dreaming.

I scattered them and lashed out with all of my power, yet as more of their world imposed itself upon mine they grew stronger. I was forced to take drastic action, shedding all form, all thought, all power to push these beasts from me. The resulting cataclysm was wrenching, as infected dreamscapes were torn from me and hurled deep into the depths of the misty sea. The monsters' screams of rage could be heard all throughout the ether as their avenue to the world of dreamers was blocked. I lapsed into darkness and only barely managed to strand myself here in this dreamscape.

I fear that more activity will destroy me, but I must leave before this bubble collapses or I will be gone. I have dictated this to you in the event that I fall before arriving in my lair once more, as a warning to all who dare to dream.

The quori have come. Guard your minds.

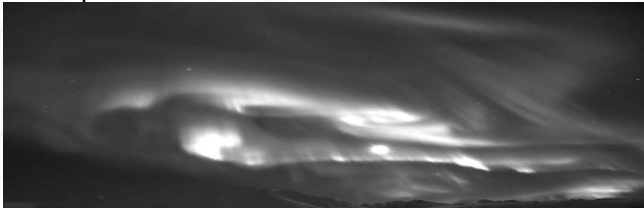
Signed, *The Lord of the Shifting Realm*

## DREAMING: A MESSAGE FROM THE LORD OF THE SHIFTING REALM

By Moik Jnana

*SIGIL - I came across this one morning, stacked on top of a pile of my notes and interviews. I almost discarded it, before noticing that, while it was in my own hand-writing, I had absolutely no recollection of writing it. I have spoken with dream wizards who have, chillingly, confirmed enough of this missive that I feel confident in publishing it. -- Moik Jnana, Reporter for the Lady's Sharper Eye*

One of the dream bats did not return. This in and of itself was not strange, a few invariably went missing every few centuries. Accidents, adventurers, the predators of the ethers, while the oneiroi can usually handle themselves out there in the bubbles and foams of the dreamtime it is not unexpected for one not to return to roost. But I fretted.



Perhaps it was the general shifting of the realm - the dreamscapes that I could see were becoming darker and darker, the balance of nightmare over dream was shifting. This is also not uncommon, the wall of color is always in a state of flux as events both the material and the spiritual alter the balance of the minds of all mortals everywhere. I respun the lost oneiroi from threads of spare fate and sent the little beast (Icelos was its name) fluttering back to its perch in the heart of my castle.

I personally attended the dreams of kings and emperors, of heroes and of children destined for greatness, and of a few mere mortals whom the deities highly favored. And still, my mind was ill at ease.

It is of no surprise to you, then, that I finally came of a certain mind to quell my annoyance. Leaving careful

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**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**

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Well used array of swords and other misc. weapons for sale. Sold as lot - for scrap or restoration. Blood War suppliers need not apply. This means you angel-boy. Ask for 'Mer' at The Hospitalar, Lady's Ward, the innkeeper will direct you.

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Lost: white ferret, answers to 'Timothy', intelligent, ex-mage's familiar. May be temperamental. Very important that he be found. **Chronic liar.** 300gp finder's fee. Hive Ward, 23 by the Ditch. We'll see you coming, hold the ferret overhead.

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Slightly used mimir for sale. Contains three research interviews and a few addresses. Contact "the O" at 207 Pert St, Grand Bazaar, for details.

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House Seven Stars seeks bloods versed both in planewalking and in traversing the crystal spheres of the Prime. Additional experience as etherfarers highly desirable. Above average payment and share of profits, funeral expenses if necessary. Seek an audience with Lord Finn, Stray Manor, Lady's Ward, Sigil

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Top dollar paid for cold iron shivs. Must be 100% authentic cold

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iron, and yes, we can tell the difference. Bring sharp objects to Redcap's Weaponry, Journeyer's Way, Guildhall Ward.

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For all your zombification needs, Call on Nextor the Necromancer. We start with the freshest corpses and add our secret blend of 47 achemical potions to produce a zombie that outlasts the competition every time.

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That's Nextor, Dead End Alley, just off the Circle of Reincarnation, Lady's Ward, Sigil.

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A band of high-powered swordsmen has recently raided the tower of an associate of Nextor the Necromancer. His loss is your gain because for a limited time we're slashing prices. That's right! Half-off zombies!

---

Reward for information pertaining to recent raid on the tower of Rotxen, evoker arcane. Informants will be rewarded based on accuracy of information in revealing the employer of raiders. Contact Rotxen at his walking tower, Outlands, 10 miles east of Ribcage.

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Ring of three wishes, sans wishes. Useful as a portal key. Information on portal available for additional fee. Finder's fee of 5% of loot located on other side of portal. Preliminary research indicated high return on investment. Details are available on request - look for Harold at the Tout's Guild HQ.

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Bake sale, cookie recipes available on request or donation. Benefits go to the Gatehouse Orphan's Wing. Contact 'whoever is at the front desk' at the Gatehouse or Akin in the Lower Ward for details. Sale will be at the Gatehouse, 15<sup>th</sup>. From 8 in the morning, till we run out of cookies.

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To hire - encryption expert position with the Sons of Mercy crime investigation wing. Ex-Guvners welcome. Contact Sgt. Murray at Headquarters in the clerk's Ward with resume. Be prepared to prove abilities. This is a real job with real crimes and value to the community. Researchers interested in only pet theories need not apply.

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For Sale: Bones and desiccated remains of 12 fey creatures, as found in the Hinterlands. Original buyer unable to complete transaction due to untimely death. Wife not amused by redecoration of house. Please take these off my hands, I want to sleep in my own bed again. Details of finding and history available after purchase. 5gp, or best offer. Clerk's Ward, 234 Cursed Ave.

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Escort service required for gala event on the Prime. Escort must be fluent in elven and able to compose himself in high nobility. Bodyguard skills required. Additional 'services' will not be required. May have to find your own way home if things go well. Contact 'Sylvie' at 94B Finder's Lane, Guildhall Ward. Party occurs in a ten-day.

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Full collection of rare books for sale, partially damaged, will require restoration work. Found in my dead uncle's attic underneath his armor and 'memorabilia' of youth. Possibly covered in dragon hide. Ask for Lucy at 76 Vendor Ave, Clerk's Ward.

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Want to buy, human corpse, fresh. Must have died of natural causes. Contact Seer Flith at The Shining Light Inn, Lower Ward.

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To the man who keeps standing outside my window staring at me at night. The answer is still: **NO.** Sincerely, the tiefer who just bought a crossbow. You know who you are. I know what you are. Go away.

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Three sensory stones containing the last words and experiences of adventuring party in Gehenna. 3000gp plus cost of reconstruction of wall. Barry's Bar and Bubbley, Lower Ward, ask for Barry.

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Is she angry at you? Have you lost more plates in three days than you bought in three years? Are you sleeping on the couch? Is the couch in the ditch outside your - her - kip? Was you had some way to rekindle the romance? Despair no longer! This month only, a discount on Maddy's Madly in Love potions, available at Maddy's Alchemy, Grand Bazaar. Look for us behind Maddy's Butchershop and beside Maddy's Pawn and Gift Shoppe.

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Temporary services, one teenage daughter. Available for

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housecleaning, light construction work, waitress or stable hand work. Will be escorted by mother, brother, or Sodkiller at all times, but we'll stay out of your way. Cheap as free labor! Disciplinary actions will be handled by escort. No you may not sleep with my daughter. Contact Frederick at 59 Tenders Lane, Clerk's Ward.

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For sale, land rights to mining find in Mineral. Price available upon inquiry, expect high value return. Find will require some effort to open veins, and secure claim - but well worth your time. Contact Rewtrim at Entertainer's Guildhall, anytime during business hours.

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Looking for capable adventurers for trip to Water. Escort and bodyguard skills required. Will need to arrange for own water breathing apparatus or ability. Expect trip to take upwards of a month, searching for particular lost ship to retrieve cargo. Prices negotiable. Contact Ser Klomore at The Lady's Lock, Lady's Ward.

---

For Sale: Ysgardian hammer of magical origin. Not sure what it does, but it glows. Comes with obsessive talking squirrel man - we're tired of him sneaking into the shop to stare at it and not buy anything. Maybe you can make him a serving boy or lackey or something. For sale at cost, 75gp or best offer. Contact Plimy at The Bariaur's Braided Mane Shoppe, Grand Bazaar.

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