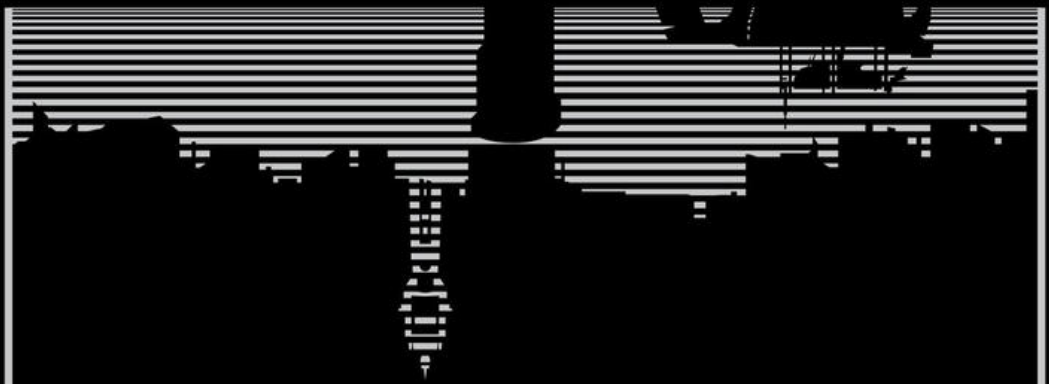


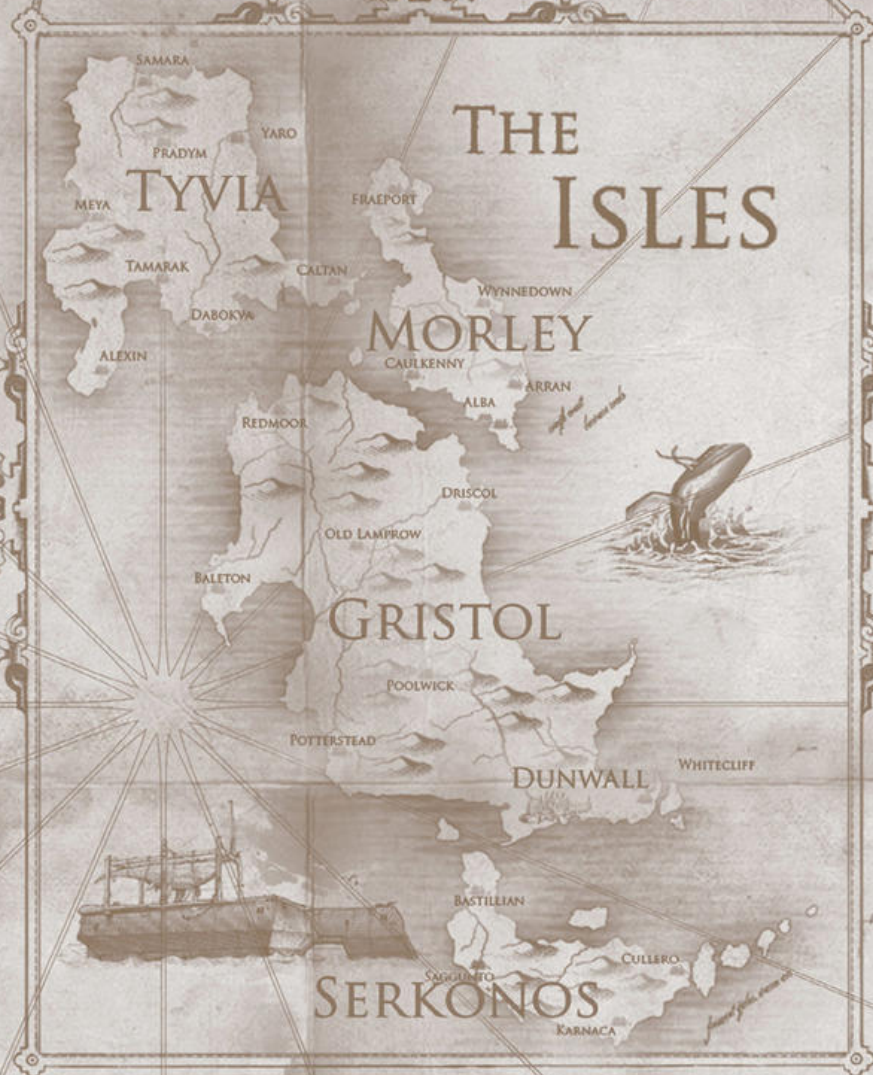


DISHONORED[®]



THE DUNWALL ARCHIVES

COMPILED BY MERRIT'S PRINTING FIRM
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The background is a sepia-toned map of the Andysian Continent, showing a large landmass with a jagged coastline, numerous rivers, and a grid of latitude and longitude lines. A decorative frame in the upper right corner contains a list of months. In the lower right, there is a compass rose and an illustration of a whale breaching the water.

THE MONTH OF EARTH

THE MONTH OF HARVEST

THE MONTH OF NETS

THE MONTH OF RAIN

THE MONTH OF WIND

THE MONTH OF DARKNESS

THE MONTH OF HIGH COLD

THE MONTH OF ICE

THE MONTH OF HEARTHES

THE MONTH OF SEEDS

THE MONTH OF TIMBER

THE MONTH OF CLANS

THE MONTH OF SONGS

ANDYSSIAN CONTINENT

South Island







DISHONORED[®]

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Bethesda

DARK HORSE BOOKS

ARKANE
STUDIOS

DISHONORED: THE DUNWALL ARCHIVES

A book about the art and fiction of Dunwall by Arkane Studios and Bethesda Softworks.

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DISHONORED: THE DUNWALL ARCHIVES

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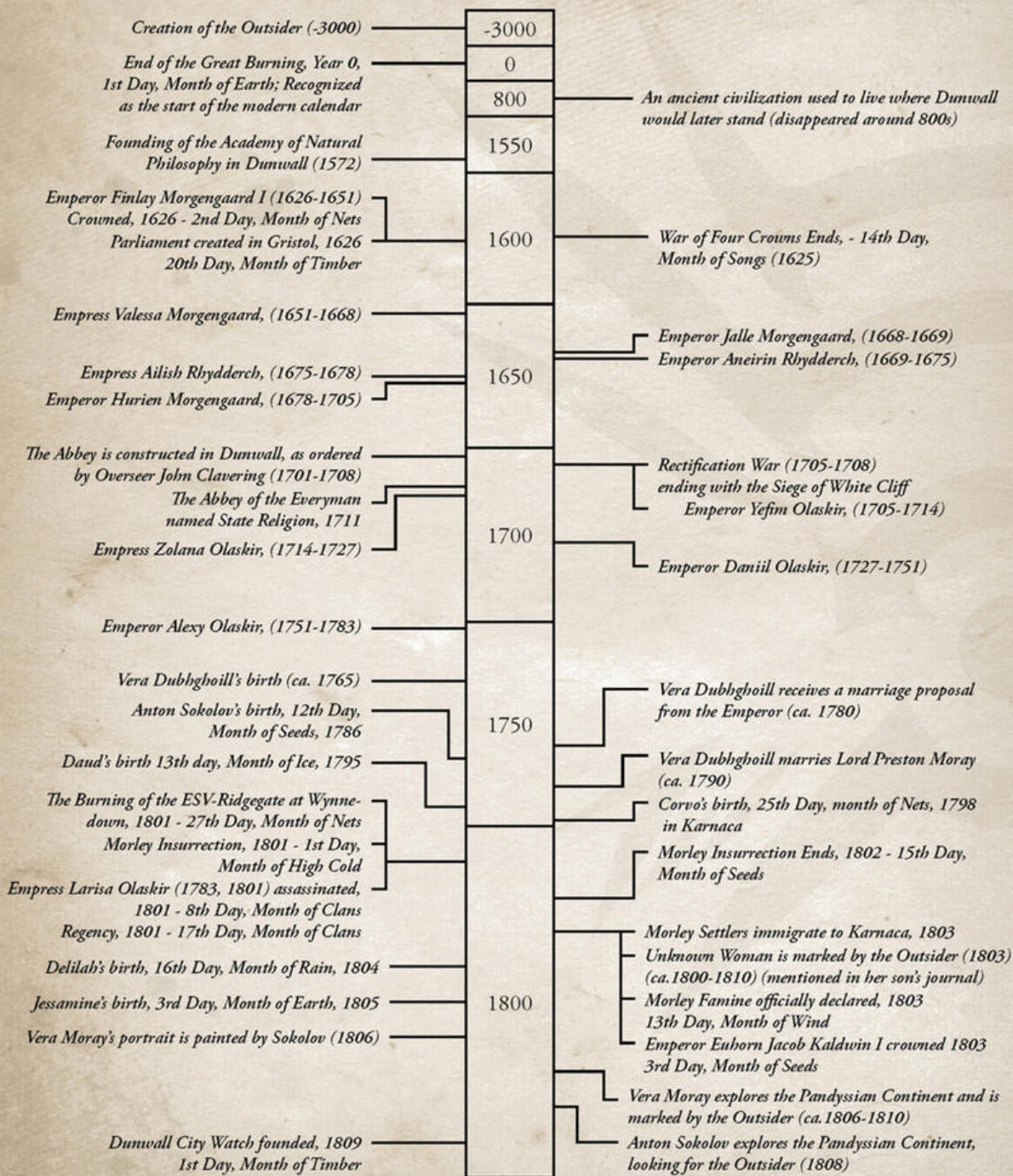
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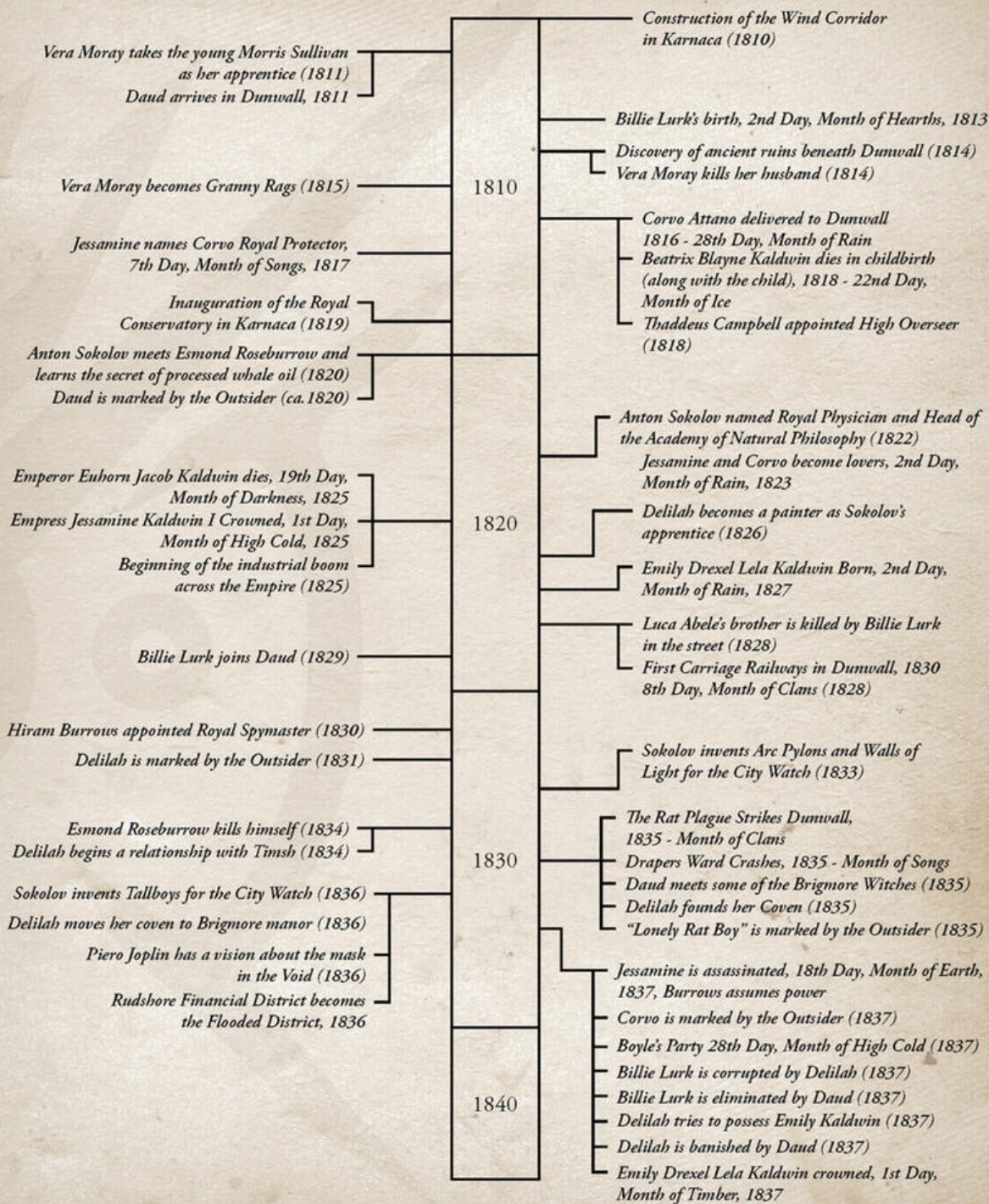
INTRODUCTION

Dishonored represented a rare opportunity, giving us the chance to work together with a mix of talented people in a genre we truly love. The game falls into territory we've always strived to reach, a magical blend of crafted storytelling and improvisational gameplay made possible through simulation. We're proud of the resulting game, but working on the project itself was also an experience that marked our lives forever in the best possible ways. *Dishonored* was a special undertaking, influenced by our favorite stealth games, first-person shooters, and role-playing games. In addition to the combat, stealth, and mobility mechanics, the collaborative design of the world will always remain a moving creative milestone for the people involved. We are deeply grateful to the team that made *Dishonored* and all those who supported our efforts, including our families and friends. Lastly, we'd like to thank the players, who transported themselves to Dunwall and who continue to enrich the place through their participation.

—*Raphael Colantonio and Harvey Smith*
February 2014

THE DISHONORED TIMELINE





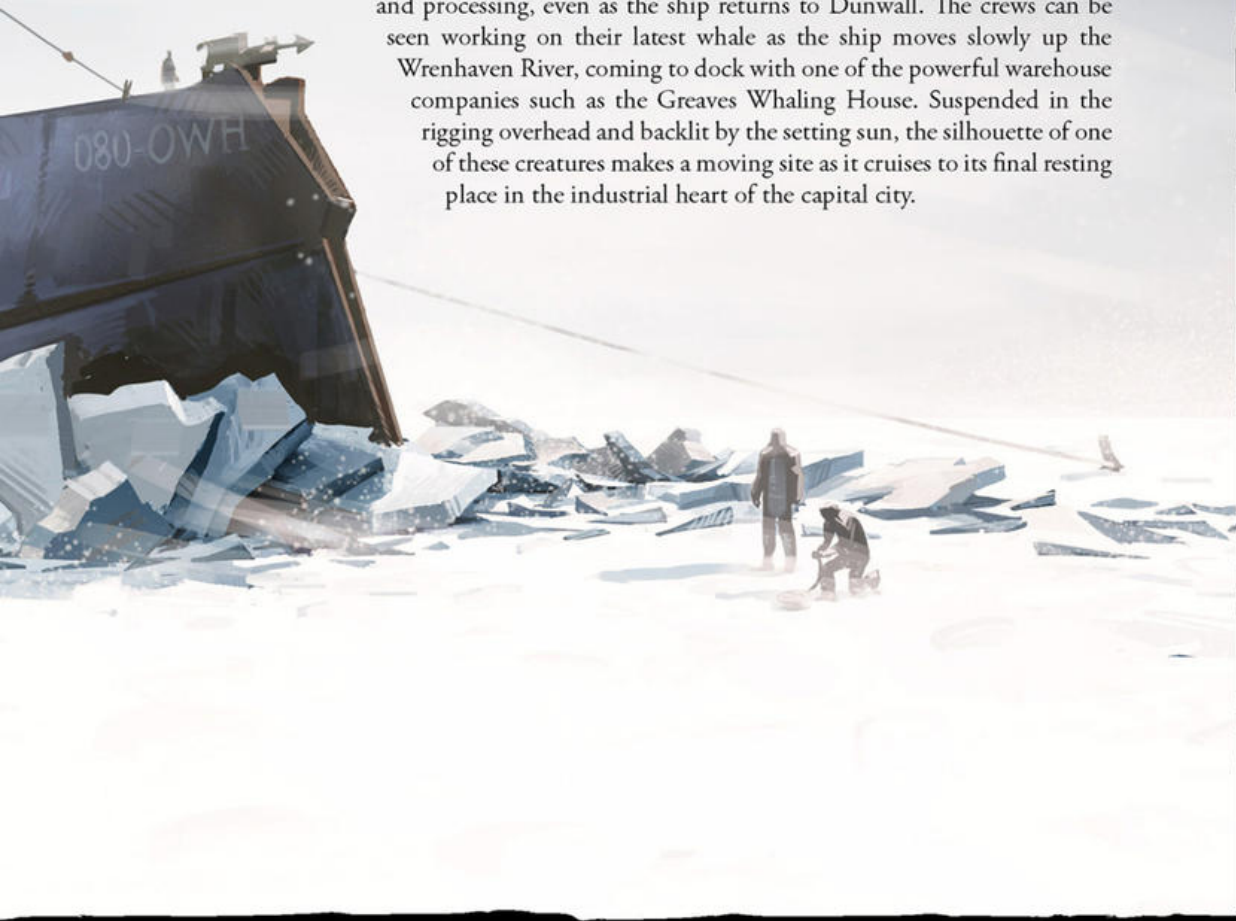


ADMIRALTY AND THE FLEET

Excerpt from a book on naval history

While each of the Isles has some form of naval fleet, none is more envied than that of Gristol, with its long, proud history of great ships and the admirals who command them. Boys come of age in the cities of Gristol hoping to someday captain such a ship, and family dynasties are made by those captains who track down infamous pirates or crush seditious uprisings, as during the Morley Insurrection.

In times of war and peace, Gristol continues to innovate at sea. The ship designs of Anton Sokolov himself now represent the highest standard in the whaling trade, allowing crews to haul their kill up over the deck and begin their butchery and processing, even as the ship returns to Dunwall. The crews can be seen working on their latest whale as the ship moves slowly up the Wrenhaven River, coming to dock with one of the powerful warehouse companies such as the Greaves Whaling House. Suspended in the rigging overhead and backlit by the setting sun, the silhouette of one of these creatures makes a moving site as it cruises to its final resting place in the industrial heart of the capital city.



A GAFFER'S TALE

VOLUME 1

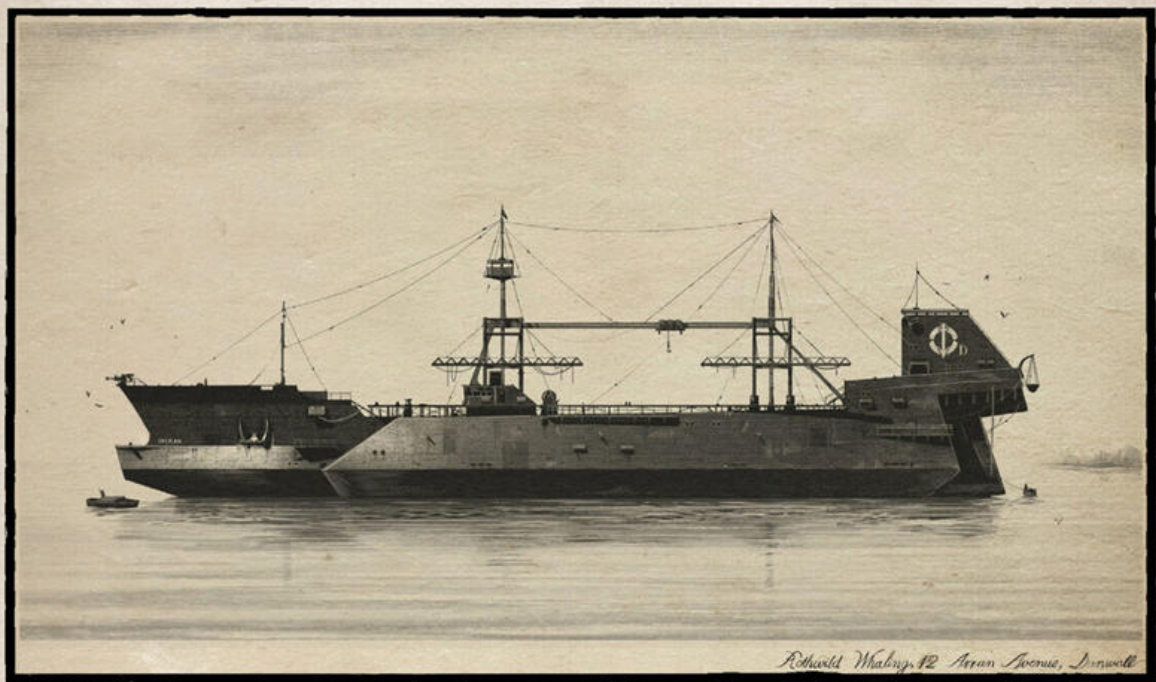
Excerpt from the travel journal of a young whaler

My sister Nina and I left Tyvia together, saying good-bye to our aunt, the woman who had raised us since childhood. Leaving behind our home city of Yaro and the cold, but beautiful, white landscapes we had always known, we boarded a ship for Dunwall. Our parents had left us with a sizable inheritance, and we spent half of this getting to the capital city and establishing a small import shop dedicated to Tyvian furs.

Once I'd helped Nina with the foundation of the business, I was free to pursue my dream. Signing on with a whaling ship was the most exciting thing I'd ever done, and I saw it as a means to an end; someday I would captain my own crew, and eventually own a fleet of similar vessels. With tears in her eyes, Nina kissed me farewell and I did not see her again for many months.

As an apprentice to the gaffer, I got to see the tracking and killing of the great beasts up close. Nothing had ever fired my spirit so, as the wind and pounding waves; racing after a wounded whale, being pulled by a skein of cables embedded in its thick flesh.

I changed more in those first seven months than I had in the previous seven years. Whaling was beginning to put its mark on me so that Nina barely recognized me when I returned, tanned and sinewy with muscle, weather creases already wrinkling the corners of my eyes. But she could see that I was filled with joy, having found my purpose.



Rothchild Whaling, 12 Arvan Tonnage, Dorwell

A SECOND SOLUTION

*Excerpt from a series of newspaper articles
from prominent natural philosophers by Piero Joplin*

It is through no fault of my own that the average citizen has expressed a preference for Sokolov's Elixir over my own formula, sold as Piero's Remedy, a name I did not choose if you must know the truth. The public has spoken its usual message of idiocy, spending their coin as a means of selecting Sokolov's formula over mine, which I believe to be equal if not superior.

Much has been made over the popularity of these concoctions as a means of resisting this remarkable new plague. I say remarkable because this strain works with an efficiency we have not seen in the history of the Empire. This plague, now making its way through the City of Dunwall, is unrivaled in its effectiveness. I have studied it within the blood of those so afflicted and it is nearly perfect. Elegant, in fact.

And while it is true that Piero's Remedy and Sokolov's Elixir are known to protect the body against the plague equally, my own has properties, not fully understood, which relate to the mind itself, and the spirit. And it is in this way that my formula wins out. Here is where one should pay attention to this contest. For you see, Sokolov's Elixir, with its emphasis on the brute, animal body, is a crass goo better suited for livestock. The subtle and secret variance in the key ingredients making up Piero's Remedy ensure that it works on the higher functions that separate humankind from the mindless blue-jawed hagfish swimming in the Wrenhaven River.





Guaranteed to lift your spirit!

Piero's Remedy

KNOWN TO STOP SICKNESS AND TO
IMPROVE THE EMOTIONAL ENERGY OF WOMEN.
CURES TORPID LIVER AND CHEST COLDS.

AVOIDING THE RAT PLAGUE

Excerpt from a government protocol on disease practices

Much of the public still harbors false beliefs related to the plague. It is NOT true that the bile from river krusts will protect against contraction of the disease. Nor is it true that crushed Morley orchids act as a remedy, though it is speculated that both of these ingredients are used in both Sokolov's Elixir and Piero's Remedy. Consumption of these products, before exposure to the plague, constitutes the only known means of resisting the disease.

Further, the Abbey of the Everyman warns against superstitious practices. Not only is it ineffective to burn two hagfish and a cat together, inhaling the vapors while chanting the names of the plague-dead, but it is also considered heresy by the Overseers and will be met with the full measure of the Abbey's laws.

Tell your neighbors and practice these things yourself: Avoid contact with the infected. Consume your ration of elixir daily, preferably in the morning. And report anyone suspected of carrying the plague. Everyone must work together to stop the spread of the dreaded contagion.



"THE MOST POPULAR FORMULA IN THE CITY!"

SOKOLOV'S ELIXIR

**PROMOTES ROBUST
HEALTH & FITNESS**



**SURE TO PROTECT YOUR FAMILY FROM
THE RAVAGES OF THE RAT PLAGUE!**

-1219-

BONE CHARMS

Excerpt from a book on sailing traditions and scrimshaw

Bone charms, a sailor's blessing, they say.

The carving itself is a practice from long back, passed from father to son, old-man salt to greenhorn still getting his sea legs beneath him. In the old times, men cut into the tusks of ice seals and into the arm-long fangs of bears that roamed the isles north of Tyvia.

Once the whale trade began, the practitioners went to engraving the bones of those great beasts, rendering charms that sing in the night and grant some small boon to a man's vigor or defense against pregnancy.





CUSTOMS AND FOOD OF MORLEY

Excerpt from a traveler's journal

Born and raised in Gristol, I spent my formative years in our smaller cities before settling in magnificent Dunwall. There, in the capital city, I learned to appreciate the finer things. When the opportunity arose to document my travels to Serkonos, Tyvia, and finally Morley, I left my position as a clerk for the late Lord Estermont.

Perhaps, like so many in Dunwall, I suffer from being excessively cultured, but I found Morley disappointing.

Over the course of this journal, I will explain why I found the Festival of Churners to be tiresome, despite the high banners, bare feet, and red robes. And why their renowned jellied ox tongue is something I will be struggling to forget for many years to come.



SLACKJAW'S BOTTLE STREET GANG

Excerpt from a report on thuggish gang activities

Clavering Boulevard, leading to the Office of the High Overseer, is still under tight control. The City Watch is stretched thin, but they have dedicated checkpoints on Clavering, with associated patrols. Additionally, there's been talk of erecting some of the new Sokolov security systems to protect the street, which is home to several persons of note, in addition to leading to several vital businesses.

The adjacent streets are another matter. Bottle Street, in particular, and the Old Dunwall Whiskey distillery are currently controlled by Slackjaw and his Bottle Street Gang. Not much is known about Slackjaw, except that he has been particularly active during the plague crisis. As part of his illegal business revolves around the distribution of anti-plague elixir, the Watch has been slow in cracking down on the operation.



DAUGHTER OF TYVIA

Excerpt from a theatre play

–Young Lady Amelia, in the back garden
Duchess, I do not know of the world beyond these garden walls, but do not mistake my lack of experience for fear. Or for an absence of desire. If I've avoided you it is because of the warning your name carries.

–Duchess Kalli, bending a rose to her face, inhaling the scent
And what warning is that, my dear Amelia?

–Young Lady Amelia, turning her back on the Duchess
I believe you know my meaning. Your father's tales are still the subject of parlor gossip.

–Duchess Kalli, stepping up close
And do those stories excite you? Tell me, girl, I am a friend.

–Young Lady Amelia, hesitating
Duchess Kalli, I . . . Yes, I confess they do. In my youth I hid a copy of the tales of Prince Kallisarr. I read them late into the night.

–Duchess Kalli, speaking into her ear
As did I.

–Young Lady Amelia, leaning back into her embrace
But, he was your father?!

–Duchess Kalli, stroking her neck
They're just stories, Amelia. Fire for the imagination.

–Young Lady Amelia, breathing deeply
Duchess, will you teach me to kiss?



–Duchess Kalli, cooing softly
I will, but have you never kissed another?

–Abirri, a rose gardener, emerging from the hedges,
stammering
My ladies! I swear to you, I did not intend to spy. Forgive
me, but I was pruning the hedge and could not find a way
to interrupt.

–Duchess Kalli, extending a hand
We forgive you. But as punishment, I command you to
stay, and to come closer.

–Young Lady Amelia, shocked, brows furrowed in irritation
But he is a servant, Duchess!

–Duchess Kalli, pulling at each of them, drawing them
close to her
And serve us, he will, young Amelia.

DEAD COUNTER RESPONSIBILITIES

Excerpt from a manual on new City Watch procedures

Commissioned by the Lord Regent in the face of the growing plague crisis, the Dead Counter is a position that will only be given to officers, usually of junior or middle grades. In most matters of edict or curfew enforcement, these officers will defer to the acting officer on duty. However, any Dead Counter will have command in situations related to the plague and the handling of the dead, including those with late-stage plague symptoms (called “weepers” in common parlance). Starting in the Month of Rain, interested officers may apply for the test and, if accepted, for the two-week training tour. Pay will be administered in coin and rations of elixir, at one and one-half normal pay grade.





THE JOURNAL OF GRANNY RAGS

Excerpt from the ramblings of a street denizen

Of course I'll tell you, dearie. I won't keep any secrets from you in the end.

All the dreary days of my life are like the windows of a house. From the kitchen, I can see out into the garden where the leaves and stalks are brown and bug-eaten. You can see a little lump of dirt where something was wrapped in a blanket and laid to rest along the rows of twisting vines.

The front room looks out into the street, where the neighbors are all setting fire to their homes, barricading themselves inside. Warm and snug, dearie.

Don't forget about the bedroom, either. It sees into a dreary alley, where hooligans are playing a game with an old man. The first two are hitting him with sticks and the girl with them is kicking at his dry, old ribs. Oh, to have those bones, to boil them in a pot.

No one lives in my house any more, dearie. No one you'd want to meet.

When I lived there with my husband, we were fine, fine people. Vera Moray, everyone would say, your house is as grand as Boyle Manor. Better even. Your dinners are lavish and your parties are the best.

When that young Sokolov came to paint my portrait I was nearly still in my prime. Radiant, he said, and he was just barely a man, so young, painting all the best people across the land. Everyone wanted a portrait by his hand, all my friends. I was the only one, dearie, wet with his paint, glistening on the canvas for a pretty coin.

But it wasn't all parties and paintings. My husband and I weren't always at home, no. We traveled together, he and I, to the far ends of the Isles. Beyond even, all the way to the red cliffs of Pandyssia, to dig in the



rock and crawl through the caves, holding up candles and squinting at the walls. Many precious things we came upon, but none so precious as the boy with the black eyes, dearie. All those marks and bones, carved so deep and polished so bright.

I brought the old bones home. Hid them from my dear husband. Then I learned to boil them and carve them myself. They made such good presents, dearie. The little mute boy took them home. He loved them so. All the time he came back with new bones for me, holding them up so I could see it in his eyes, even though his tongue was still. Granny, his eyes would say to me, carve these bones for me. Make me another present. And he went so far, so far, all the way to Dunwall Tower, the Royal Headsman himself now. My little mute boy and his shiny, shiny sword.

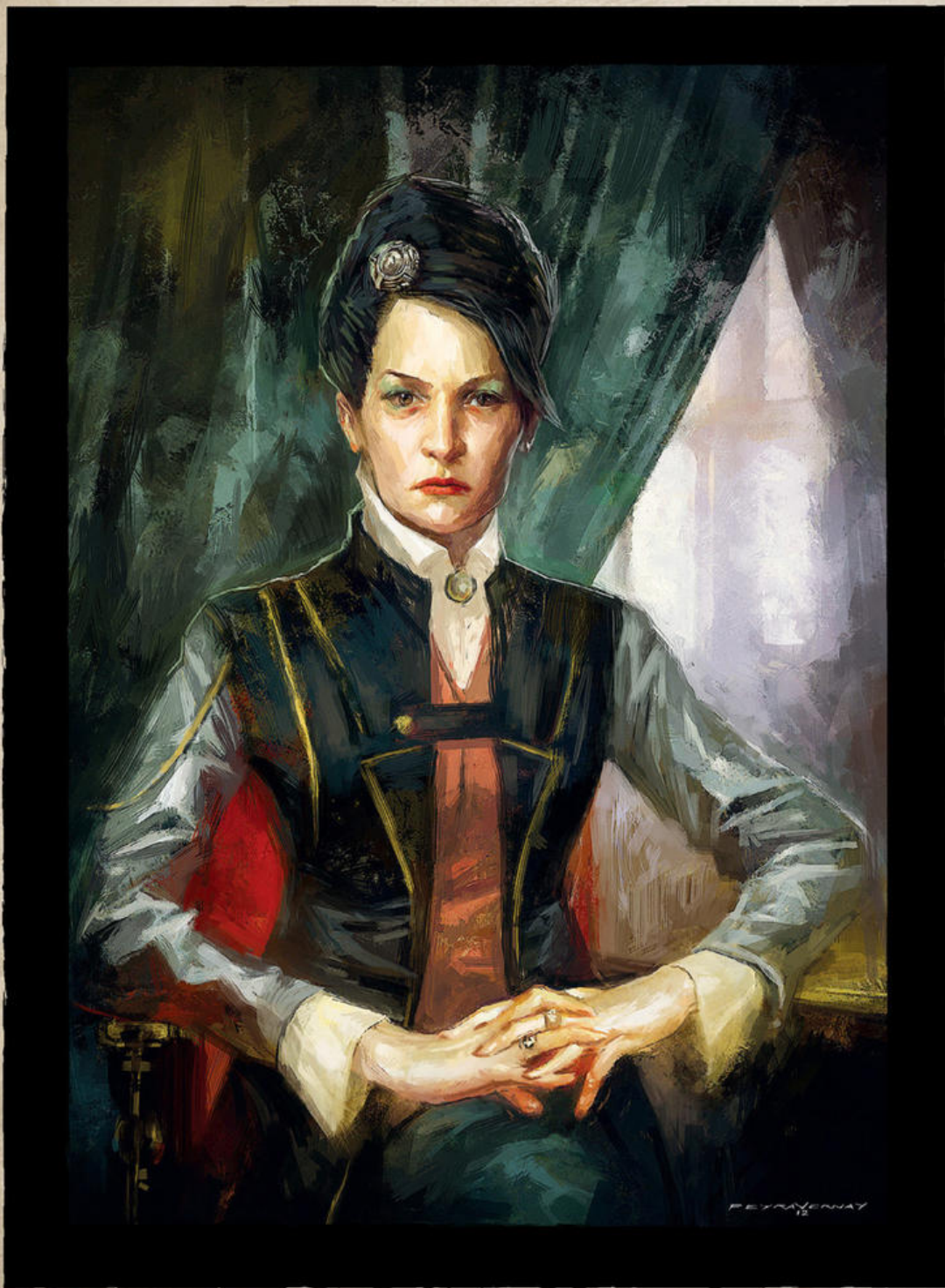
Better bones were what I needed, you see. Better bones to carve and polish, scrape and gleam. My dear old husband was always tired. I made him soup and then he was sick. Better bones, was all. For my little mute boy, carved in the name of the one with black eyes. And after my husband was gone, given away as birthday gifts, I didn't want to live there any more.

So now I'm old and don't have many to give my presents to. It's sifting through the garbage for Granny Rags, and feeding the little birdies that gather at my feet. No one wants to have tea, dearie. Especially those rude louts on Bottle Street. Slackjaw and his boys, always meddling with an old woman just trying to make her way.

In the end we'll be together with him. You and me in the dreary night with stars above and below. And always the one with the black eyes, dearie.



Granny Rags



Vera Moray



Lady Boyle

RUMORS AND SIGHTINGS: DAUD

Excerpt from an Overseer's covert field report

For over a year now, I have lived away from the Abbey, without the company of my Overseer brethren or the guidance of the blind sisters of the Oracular Order. Days have passed with me sleeping in the dens of cutpurses, murderers, and worse, and the nights have seen me prowling through the worst alleys and wretched corners of Dunwall. I have taken my meals with killers. At times I have ventured beyond the city walls, meeting in forgotten graveyards and the outlying ruins frequented by those of ill means.

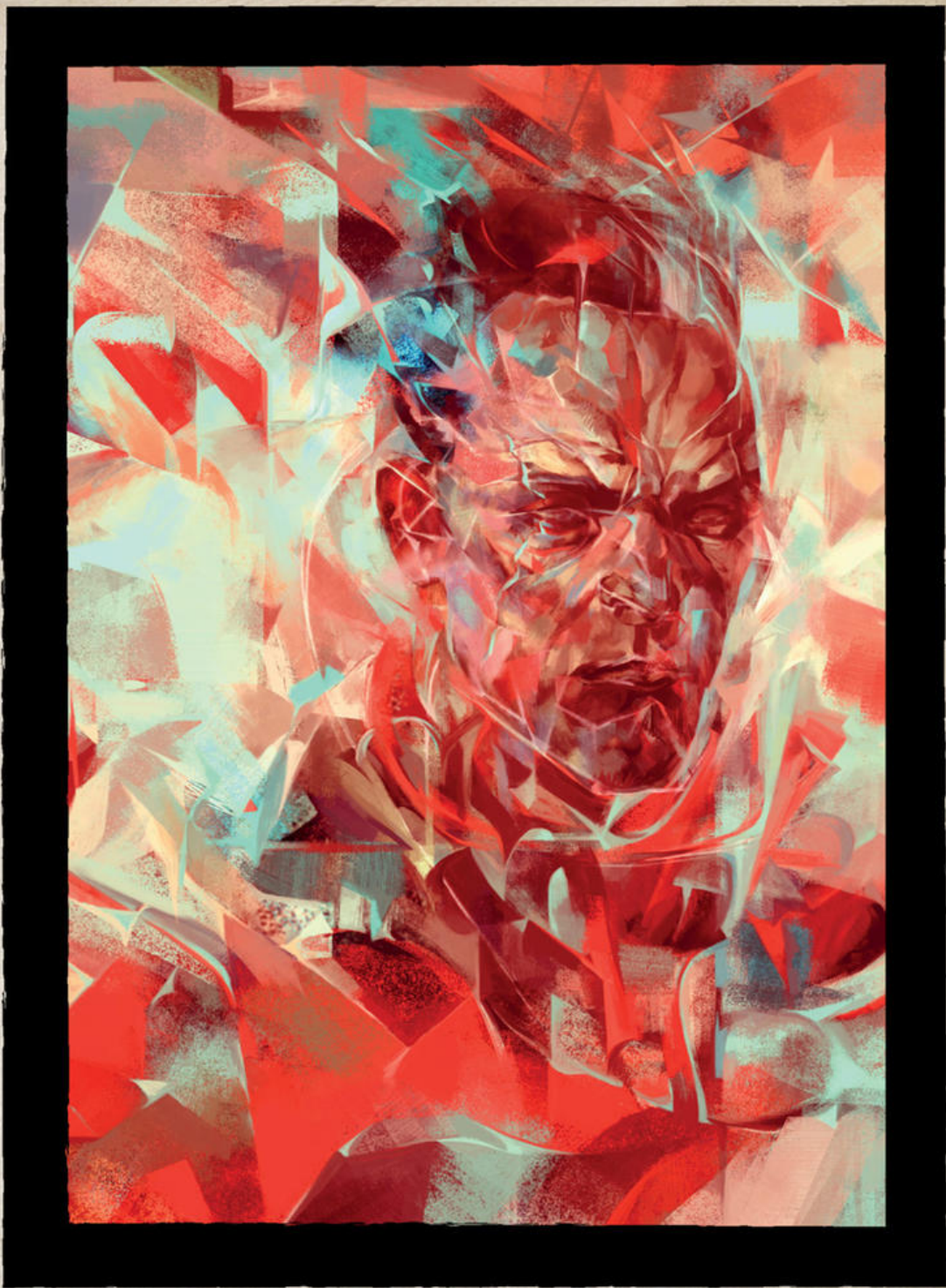
My beard has grown long and I wear the weathered clothing and bits of boiled leather favored by the Bottle Street and Hatter gangs, and by those rough men and women who make their trade knifing others in return for coin. My hands have run red with blood, it's true, but I have selected my targets with care, choosing among those criminals and heretics who were not fit to live, executing them justly and using their deaths as a means of building my reputation. So far this trick has allowed me to make my name among my murderous colleagues, without taking the lives of the innocent.

My goal is singular: I must impress the assassin named Daud in order to get close to him.

Of all of the practitioners of black magic we have tracked, none concern the Abbey as much as Daud. It is said that his mother was a witch from one of the archipelagos off the Pandysian coast, taken captive by pirates venturing far from the Isles. According to the legend, by the time the ship returned, the captain was dead and the witch controlled the crew, with Daud still a shadow in her belly.

The earliest stories tell of a gang-killer without mercy, moving among the shopkeepers and City Watch officers of Dunwall like a reaper through wheat. Then a period of silence followed; years we now believe he spent traveling the Isles, studying anatomy and the occult in the great halls of learning and in hidden basements frequented by fellow dabblers in the forbidden arts. Daud is even purported to have spent a winter in the Academy of Natural Philosophy itself. And for a time, before a schism developed, he counted the Brigmore Witches among his allies. All the while, he honed his craft, and it is during this time that we believe he began to consort with the Outsider.

New reports emerged of a dusky-skinned assassin, paid by the elite to eliminate their rivals in Dunwall and in the other major cities across the Isles. Those who saw him and lived numbered in the handful, but all of them reported something strange. He appeared and vanished like smoke. From a nearby rooftop, he gestured and a noble



Daud

woman stumbled from her balcony, falling to her doom on the cobblestones below. Most recently, as this new threat of plague has risen in Dunwall, Daud has been seen leading a gang of men in dark leather, dressed as factory whalers in their vapor masks. They seem loyal beyond comprehension for one so unworthy, leading me to wonder if some of his magic is dedicated to lulling their minds, enslaving them.

Only a month ago, one young girl claims to have come upon a strange scene. Carrying a bottle of milk home to her crippled brother, she was taking a shortcut through the Tailors' District. In a narrow street, she passed beneath a window and heard unusual sounds from within. Pushing aside the ratty curtain, the girl saw into an abandoned apartment, used by miscreants for gambling and trading habber weed. An occult shrine had been erected against the far wall, which she recognized from the teachings given by her local Overseer. A man she described as resembling Daud was kneeling before the shrine muttering to an unseen spirit as if in argument. He took a carving, made of pale bone, from the altar before him and the lights all went out in a gush of unclean wind. Quiet as a field mouse, she slipped away, running until she reached her home.

There can be no doubt. Daud is an agent of the Outsider and must die, for there is no limit to the evil this man might do. This is my solemn oath and the great purpose of my life. Until Daud is dead and his corruption has been purged from the world, I will continue to move among the depraved, winding my way toward him. I will not drop my guise or don my Overseer's mask again until Daud breathes no more.



WANTED

FOR THE MURDERS

Of various Individuals of Note



DAUD

Enemy of the City of Dunwall



REWARD OF 5,000 Coins
For Capture or Death

The offenses of this man are high crimes under the Strictures of the High Overseer, The municipal laws of the City Watch of Dunwall, and the edicts of our brave Lord Regent in these times of peril.



FIELD SURVEY NOTES: THE ROYAL SPY

Excerpt from the personal memoirs of Hiram Burrows, dated several years earlier

This is the Fourth Day, Month of High Cold.

Progress continues on the suppression of gang activity in the Distillery District, but more slowly than I'd expected. The ruffians operating there have been cunning, I'll grant them that, but it's only a matter of time. I'll see their leaders flogged in public and sent beneath the Royal Executioner's blade. If I had my way, that mute bastard would be working night and day, removing the heads that need removing.

Internally, the Empress does not seem pleased with my investigations. It seems that it is beyond her thinking—against her very nature as a trusting person—to believe that traitors move among us, but I know they do. They must.

No, Jessamine would rather spend her time with the Royal Protector. At least he's likely to stop any immediate threat to her safety, but a strong arm is not what's needed against those who would undermine us. How will Corvo's sword stop a poisoned wineglass or an explosive delivered by courier? It will not. There are many threats around us. Threats requiring meticulous efforts to police.

Young Lady Emily is undisciplined, I'm afraid. Here within Dunwall Tower, she receives instruction from the finest tutors known in the Isles, yet her mother spoils her and she spends most of her time lost in imagination, wasting her time drawing, or asking Corvo to teach her to fight with wooden sticks. The girl might rule the Empire someday; every moment spent at play is a moment wasted.

Shoring up security for the main gate leading into Dunwall Tower has been another pet project of late. To think that back in his day Emperor Kaldwin left it open to the public during the day, allowing anyone to come and go as they pleased. If it were up to me, I'd seal off access to the streets entirely, but the Empress won't hear of it. The water lock is much easier to protect and if it were the only way in to the Tower, traffic in and out would be greatly reduced. Someday the wrong person is going to slip in and we'll suffer for it, mark my words. No amount of security is excessive when it comes to protecting heads of state.



Lady Emily Drexel Lela Kaldwin

The Empress also disapproves of my plans for the Sokolov devices. Sokolov himself has no interest in security, of course, but he's vain and therefore keen to see his inventions deployed in any fashion. This "wall of light" he's been tinkering with has promise. In any case, at least I was able to convince the Empress to upgrade the pistols carried by the officers of the Watch.

Why do I worry so, when no one else seems to care? If I ever fall asleep, will it all sink into the ocean? Will the rough things clamber over the walls and fill themselves on our flesh? This is what I see in the same dream several times each month. If only I had more say in things, more authority, I could protect us all.

Perhaps I have been working too hard. Dinner and an evening of conversation with a certain lady of refinement might be in order, perhaps somewhere nice in the Estate District.

Hiram Burrows, Royal Spymaster



The Golden Cat

*"The finest ladies
in all the Isles"*

**SKILLED IN THE
SENSUAL ARTS!**

**AGED WHISKEY
OF RENOWN!** 







EARLY LIFE AND CRIMINAL RECORD: SLACKJAW

Excerpt from a series of letters sent by a member of the Bottle Street Gang

You want the chinwag on Slackjaw? What he was like when we was young, before he got his name? Oh, he's got a cool head now, but it weren't always like that in the days before he was boss of the Bottle Street Gang. Time was, young Slackjaw wasn't such a reasonable man.

Like most of us, he grew up on the streets, running with a pack of ragamuffins and avoiding the law, pinchin' whatever he needed. Dark haired and dark eyed, smokin' a pipe by the age o' ten. For them born into the brothels or coming from the orphanages, it was either the gangs or workin' with the mud larks and no one wants that. Some got pressed into the Navy or put down in the mines run by the Pendleton or Boyle families. As hard as it was on the streets, as hungry as we all got, at least we was free.

By the time we weren't little 'uns any more, Slackjaw was one to watch, usually callin' the shots when we took down a farmer's cart or sidewalk street vendor. He'd come up with the plan, give everyone some part to play, and decide on the split. Most of us just went along, 'cause we learned fast that we made out better like that. More food, more coin. Plus, none of us wanted to deal with Slackjaw when he was in a rage.

He worked on a couple of big jobs with Black Sally across town, and that was enough to get the attention of the other bosses. He wasn't just a street kid any more. Now he was an up-and-comer, which meant trouble.

Another guy who fancied himself as such was Mike the Fish, who was workin' his way up running the protection racket among the factory women. One fine evening we're all taking in a bawdy show in the theatre house. Mike the Fish and his lot are there in the cheap seats too, just down the aisle from us. Mike gets a wild idea—he wasn't big on planning—and throws a heavy ceramic spittoon at Slackjaw. Hits him square in the face and breaks his jaw. We look to see if there's gonna be a blood brawl, but Slackjaw just points at the door and we all leave, with Mike laughing at our backs.

Waking up the next day, without telling us why, Slackjaw motions for us all to follow. He still can't say a word, so we just come along. We stop at the docks and Slackjaw buys—actually pays coin for it—a heavy chain covered in hooks. It's for fishing in the deep, something you'd attach to a long line off the side of a ship. It's about four feet, made

of thick links, and there are shark hooks comin' off it at different angles. Slackjaw's got that thing wrapped around his left arm, danglin' at his side.

Not sure how he knew where Mike the Fish was stayin', but when we reach his girl's house, Slackjaw throws a bottle through the window just like that. It's almost noon. There's a bunch of screamin' inside and Mike pokes his head out, looking wide-eyed and baffled. When he sees Slackjaw out in the street, a look comes over his face that still gives me the willies. Pure murder.

Mike comes out the side door bellowin' like a blood ox, holding a cleaver, heading straight for Slackjaw. When they come together in the street, Slackjaw spins and the shark hooks bite deep into Mike's arm and shoulder. He screams, but Slackjaw holds onto the chain. He's standin' there with his jaw broken, clenched tight, with the chain wrapped around his left arm, hooks sunk into Mike the Fish, just knifing him as fast as he can. Mike couldn't fight very well, hooked like that and using his left hand, but he was a big guy and it took a lot of stabbin' before he went to his knees. Everyone was cheerin' at first, but then we all went quiet. It just kept goin' and goin', until finally it was just Mike the Fish blubberin', cryin' like a baby, and the sound of Slackjaw's knife.

When it was over—and here's the brilliant part—Slackjaw took out a note and stuck it to Mike's face with a nail. It just said, "If you want a job, come to Bottle Street."

Slackjaw didn't talk right for a couple of months, but word spread fast.

By the end of the year, once we had a sizable gang goin', he sent out letters to the other bosses, tellin' them that he was running a brand new crew over on Bottle Street. Most of them laughed or beat up the guys who delivered the letters. Green-Eye Trish even came back missing a thumb.



But apparently Slackjaw was expecting that kind of reaction and had a backup plan.

A week later, four of the bosses were dead. Seemed like a series of unfortunate events, but everyone knew better. One shot dead by the Watch while standing in the middle of a meat market. Another slipping and falling into the water, out cold. One of the older bosses found in bed with his belly opened wide and a Tyvian pear stuffed into his mouth. Still not sure what that meant. And Sheila Barnsworth was found bubblin' in a cauldron o' hot wax.

Slackjaw sent out another set of letters. Offers to the underbosses, telling 'em they'd be treated fair as peers. He even sent Green-Eye Trish with one of the letters. All of the underbosses accepted.

After spilling the guts of his main competition, Slackjaw went in for stabilizin' his business, real neat like. Calling in favors, smoothing things over, giving everyone a little bit of coin or drink as a bonus. Showin' what he could be like as boss. So everything got quiet, which always makes the boys of the City Watch nervous, of course.

Word went out among the Royal Spymaster's snitches, the Responsible Citizens Group they called themselves, telling everyone working in a shop or sweeping off the front steps of their homes to keep watchful eyes for Slackjaw and his men. Tryin' to suss out what they were up to and what had just happened. But Slackjaw ain't stupid. He greased a few palms among the shopkeepers and the Watch too, telling them that he was in town to stay and that things would be run properly from now on, without so much blood. He was finally a real boss, ready to settle into the business of moving whiskey, running the hound fights, and offering up the ladies and gentlemen of the night if you take my meaning.

Then the plague came.

At first it seemed like a good thing. A few people got sick and everyone wanted to buy those potions, from Sokolov or Piero. Health elixir or spiritual remedy they call 'em. Slackjaw told me he saw an opportunity. We already had an old whiskey factory with a still, where we could water the stuff down and sell it discounted. Doing the same with Sokolov's elixir was a smart plan. Pretty soon everybody in the slums was sick and

WANTED

FOR
VARIOUS **CRIMES**

Including Larceny, Assault, Mendacity, Disobedience of Public Ordinance, Unlawful Management of Prostitutes, and Public Urination.



The unworthy individual known as
"SLACKJAW"
Enemy of the City of Dunwall



REWARD OF 2,000 Coins
For Capture or Death

Reward will be paid in coin by the City Watch in addition to rewards offered by Private Citizens or outstanding organizations.



business was good. But after a while there were so many people down with plague that everyone got scared. Everybody started actin' real nasty and everything fell apart. When people can't work, they don't have the coin for elixir, watered down or pure.

When the Empress died, it seemed like Dunwall would slide into the Void. Spymaster Burrows took over and the Watch started using all that new Sokolov technology. Watchtowers, Tallboys, and them Arc Pylons. They put up a wall of light across Clavering Boulevard and cracked down hard.

But Slackjaw surprised us again. Instead of leaving town on a boat bound for Morley or one of the other Isles, he stayed and kept it all together. We get as much elixir to fight off the plague as the City Watch, with their taxes and rations. And that's kept us alive, so far.

Crowley, Bottle Street Gang



EMINENT DOMAIN

Excerpt from a pamphlet on new government-sanctioned practices

by Barrister Arnold Timsh

It is an unfortunate reality that the plague has spread, unchecked, across the city of Dunwall. Of those who are afflicted, very few survive. Many times, when the plague strikes a family, it leaves none in its wake, ending husband, wife, child, and elder alike. When this occurs, the homes and businesses of the deceased are left abandoned, a breeding ground for rats, or for illicit trade such as gambling, prostitution, or gang activity. The City of Dunwall, with the full blessing of the Lord Regent himself, had no choice but to institute its current policy of seizure. Any property owned by those unlucky citizens brought down by the plague immediately becomes property of the state. The officers of the City Watch, led by the Dead Counters, ensure that these laws are enforced fairly and without corruption.



FAILED EXPERIMENTS

Excerpt from a series of lectures on natural philosophy by Piero Joplin

Of course I have attempted to improve upon Sokolov's designs. Of course! And why not? After all, it is likely that his thinking was influenced in some small way by our time together at the Academy. We are all part of a community, striving to unknot the mysteries of the Cosmos. Even those among us who possess the greatest minds are often led to a fruitful line of consideration by, how does one say it, our intellectual subordinates. Sokolov is no exception to this, despite the glamour of genius he has cast over the aristocracy.

And further it is true that many of my experiments have failed. No need to gossip about it behind my back in your social clubs and in the very chambers of the Academy itself. Great ambition requires risks. You may laugh now at my Door to Nowhere, but someday you will not. Your children will likely see it as commonly as you see the electric lamps lighting our streets at night. But a few short years ago, you would have laughed at Sokolov's Arc Pylon or Wall of Light. Your laughter, your condescending smiles, they are nothing but evidence of your own limited imagination!



THE GREAT TRIALS

Excerpt from an Overseer's findings by High Overseer Tynan Wallace

Spending two years in the company of heretics, the insane, and those rare, black-hearted villains who were truly practitioners of magic, I can say with truth that I have seen such things as to break the minds of most. While the trials and burnings weigh heavily upon my heart, I must chronicle what has been a unique opportunity to witness the multifarious perversions that the Outsider bestows upon those who seek his black council.

Many of those we faced were accused of bewitching their neighbors or family, controlling them from afar, or even walking around in their skins. And I have seen this with my own eyes, as one woman slid into the form of another, prowling unseen until a vigilant Overseer struck down both the witch and her host.

Others, detailed herein, were found to stand in two places seemingly at once, or to vanish from one place and appear in another.

Our work was dire, we knew, for if the followers of the Outsider can truly inhabit the skin of another, or move from place to place like the wind, then how can we hope to erect walls to keep him out? It was these trials that first led us to investigate barriers beyond the physical.





THE ISLE OF GRISTOL

Excerpt from a volume on the geography and culture of Gristol

Known for its rolling green hills and foggy meadows, Gristol is the largest of the Isles and is home to half the population of the known world. While most are simple people living in rural areas where sheep, blood ox, and gazelle are raised for their hides and meat, there are also five major cities spread out across the nation. Notably, the capital city of Dunwall is located at the southern end of Gristol.

In general, the people of Gristol are a merry, hard-working lot, fond of fish dishes, sheep pies, and beer. The Abbey of the Everyman has a strong presence in Gristol, with the faithful congregating weekly and for all significant religious holidays. The Imperial Navy, while made up of men from across the Isles, is well regarded in Gristol, where some families hold to the tradition of enlisting at least one boy from each generation, back for long years.

In addition to farming, shipping, and the whaling trade, there are several large mines scattered across Gristol, each controlled by one of the more established aristocratic families, such as the Boyles, Pendletons, or Brimsleys.













THE BOLDEST
MEASURES
ARE THE SAFEST

SENT
NOT

THE LIGHTHOUSE

Excerpt from a recent historical work on Kingsparrow Island

Kingsparrow Island sits in the middle of the Wrenhaven River, and up through the previous century, it was only used by fishermen and for occasional religious ceremonies.

During the time of the Morley Insurrection, a fort and naval dock were added to the island, as a means of protecting the city from attacks by sea.

In the time of the Rat Plague Crisis, shortly after the tragic death of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin, Dunwall's Acting Regent Hiram Burrows commissioned the construction of a modernized military installation and lighthouse on the island.

Burrows Lighthouse, only recently completed, is widely considered to be one of the marvels of the modern age, humming with Sokolov's technologies, powered by processed whale oil.



LOOTING IN RECENT MONTHS

*Excerpt from a letter found in an empty house at the edge
of the Rudshove Financial District*

The looting started in the warehouses. Once enough men took sick with the plague, the companies had to suspend operations.

My husband, Malkus, was with the Meierson Tobacco Leaf Company, which closed last year during the Month of Clans. He ran the fire boxes at the main curing barn. Malkus always said flue curing made the sweetest leaf. Sickness hits the tobacco men hardest because of all the smoking.

They ran with a small crew for a while, but around the time my husband got sick the fires were put out and the tobacco sat rotting.

Somehow the thieves knew and started stripping the place. Later, they moved on to houses, the bastards.

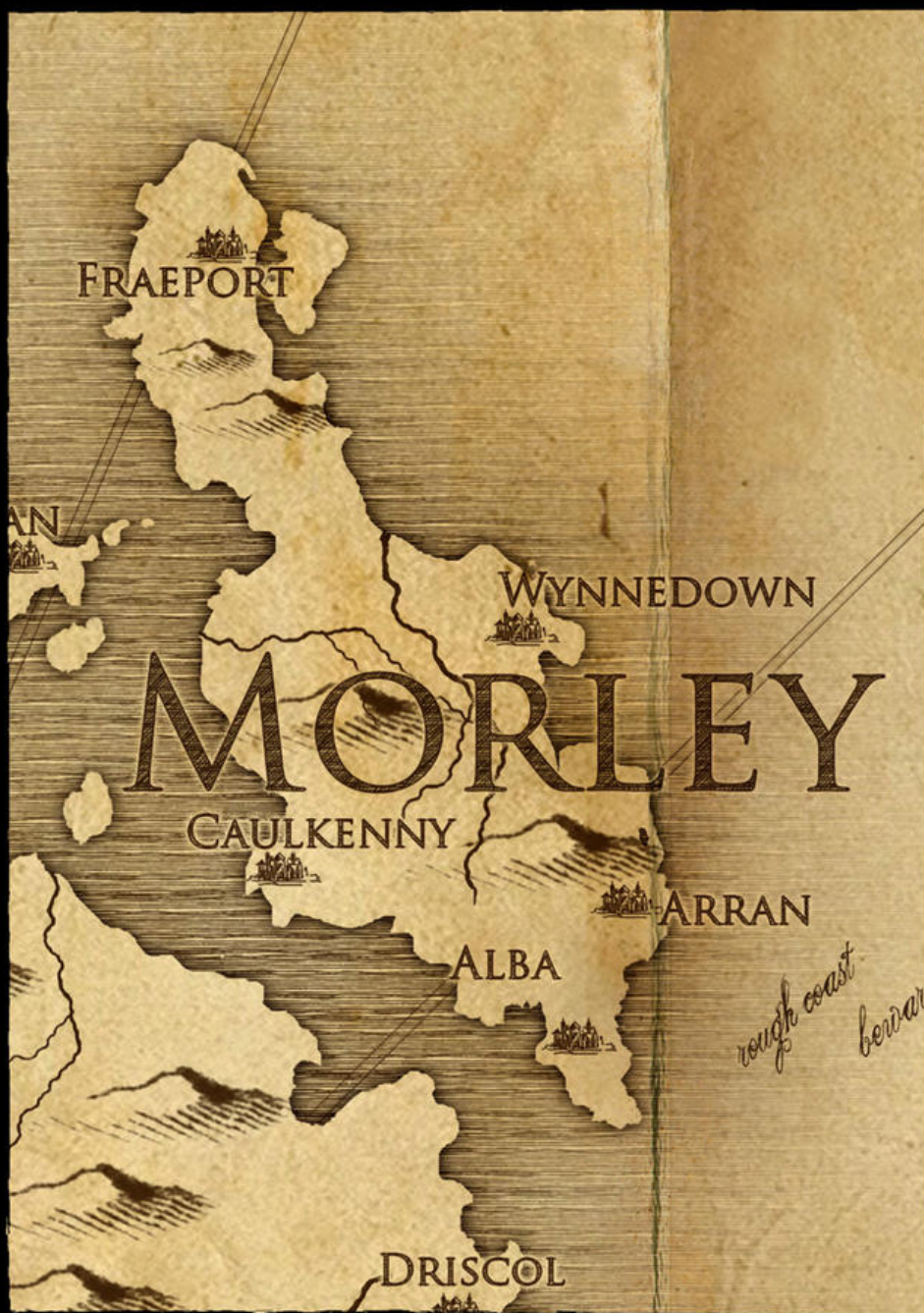
THE ISLE OF MORLEY

Excerpt from a volume on Morley geography and culture

It's said that the history of Morley is as colorful as a quilt made from all the flags ever flown and all the clothes ever worn. The land itself hides from the sun under a layer of clouds, and thick gray moss hangs from the trees, but the spirit of the people who live in Morley dances like the firelight.

Among the people, the love of good food and drink is legendary, with stews and roasted meat dishes most often used to fight off the cold and the dreariness. The nation has a rich tradition of poets, musicians, and philosophers, even among the poorest folk. Intellectual tomes and bar songs alike were often penned in Morley.

A late entry into the Empire, the Morley Insurrection is still a sore point for many natives, and independence is a proud character trait among the people.



MYSTERIES OF PANDYSSIA

Excerpt from a book on the Far Continent, Pandyssia

At the Academy of Natural Philosophy they speak of the Pandysian Continent as a place of wonder, where all of life has entwined and blossomed across aeons, producing a vibrant ecology unrivaled in the civilized world. The Overseers from the Abbey of the Everyman, by contrast, talk of horror and heresies. Of cults of sub-men engaged in brutal, perverse rituals.

The few who have traveled to the Far Continent and come back to the Isles, those who have actually touched the soil there, have returned with notes that describe vast deserts, deep jungles, and outlandish creatures that defy belief.

Once in a generation, a great effort is mounted to build a colony there, in hopes of this someday growing into a port city to rival Dunwall itself. But to date, these attempts have all ended in madness and failure.



WEEPER IDENTIFICATION AND HANDLING

*Excerpt from notes by Dr. Galvani on proper procedure
for handling those infected with plague*

Once a victim bleeds from the eyes, you cannot help them. Death is inevitable, given our current understanding of the plague. However, by following protocol we can limit its spread.

All personnel handling “weepers,” or those in the final stages, must consume liberal amounts of one of the available protective potions. Any of the variants will serve this purpose: Sokolov’s Elixir or Piero’s Remedy, for instance. A dose per day for the enlisted men. A dose twice daily for officers.

Distance must be maintained, either through the use of pole arms or incendiary ranged weapons, in order to avoid the parasitic stinging insects that colonize an infected host.

After use, strict procedures must be followed with regard to washing the metal kennels, containment paddocks, and carriages used to transport the infected to one of the deportation zones, such as the Flooded District.





ON HUNTING WHALES

Except from a forward-gaffer's journal by Old Grum

These new ships made by that Sokolov fellow make life easier than it was in my youth, I'll tell you what. 'Ere was, we were at the mercy of the winds. Nowaday, the engines git up at first whale-sign and there ain't time enow to roust the boys from their bunks afore you're on the herd.

We cull out the biggest bastard we can lay eyes on and the pilots drag us out from the circlin' brutes. Them things groan and bellow across the water, like they're callin' to each other. Men below say you can feel it in the hull.

But when the harpoons go in, the beast cannot make for deep water no more. Once it weaks from lost blood, we launch the hook-boat and put chains into the tail. Then the winches drag the bastard backward up the chute and into the rigging overhead.


DABOKVA
BRAND

PRODUCT OF TYVIA

WHALE MEAT
IN TOMATO SAUCE

PACKED BY
DABOKVA PACKING CO. INC
SV 8462

NET WEIGHT 10 OZ



WHELPING AND TRAINING HOUNDS

Excerpt from a hound trainer's guide

From each litter, there's usually somewhere shy of four good pups, but we always drown the runt.

Them that remain spend three or so months sucklin' from their mothers before we start 'em up with the training. It's simple at first, returning sticks and sitting still on command. Only pissin' outside and the like. But by the eighth month, we got 'em hunting for scented sack-dolls hidden in a scrub forest, killin' wild pigs on command, and taking a man in padded armor down by hangin' onto his forearm.

At the end of the first year, we graduate the ones that've learned and shoot the ones that haven't. The Overseers take them after that and we never see them again.

Except once. Walking down Clavering Boulevard, an Overseer passed me, preachin' about the Litany on the White Cliff and the evils of witchery, and sure enough his hound started whimpering and waggin' its tail. That's how I knew it was one of mine, whelped up from a pup.

★ THE HOUND PITS ★

SCUTTER

VERSUS

BLACKY

"WAGER ON THE MOST VICIOUS HOUNDS
IN THE CITY AS THEY REND ONE
ANOTHER BY JAW AND FANG"



Ranking

Scutter	78
Blacky	21
Roxy	89
Tempest	12
Bill	48
Rex	54
Voltaire	K
Hurricane	KC
Grizzly	10

COME TO THE PUB KNOWN FOR THE BEST ALES AND THE FRESHEST BLOOD OX STEW!

PANDYSSIAN BULL RAT STUDY

Excerpt from lab notes by Anton Sokolov

The bulk of the rodent is hardly the most interesting detail, though it is the one first remarked upon by visiting colleagues who come to study my prize from Pandyssia. Upon further observation, it becomes obvious that the specimen exhibits greater cunning than its cousins native to temperate Gristol. Twice in the night I have awoken to find it loose in my apartments, so a new cage had to be devised. An entertaining diversion, but a waste of my precious time. The dietary tests I have conducted have also provided some surprise. The Pandysian bull rat, I can say with confidence, is not a finicky eater. With equal gusto, I have seen my little guest dine upon other, smaller rats, living felines, and even the corpse flesh of a plague-dead woman found in the Wrenhaven River. Further study is required.



RAT BEHAVIOR AND EXTERMINATION

Excerpt from a series of interviews with street workers by Rat Catcher Lena



Used to be, you'd go out with a bag, a stick with a nail on the end, and catch as many rats as you could in a night. The City Watch paid by weight. My husband, Benjamin, and I mostly worked alone, and we got by. If we found a place where the rats were real bad, sometimes we'd hire a crew of street brats to work with us, the younger ones who didn't make trouble. We'd pay them with bread and apple cider.

Once the plague came, the rats were different. Meaner, bigger, and a little quicker. You had to watch yourself. If you got cornered, they'd turn and the swarm would come back at you. I barely got away with my skin a few times, down in the sewers. The bites hurt afterward, but it was the sounds they made that stayed in your dreams at night.

It got more dangerous, and the City Watch started paying better. But that didn't last long because after a while too many people had been stripped clean, trying to fill up a bag. One slip and they'd be all over you, gnawing and trying to chew down to the bone. That's how I lost my poor Benji.

THE ISLE OF SERKONOS

Excerpt from a volume on Serkonian geography and culture

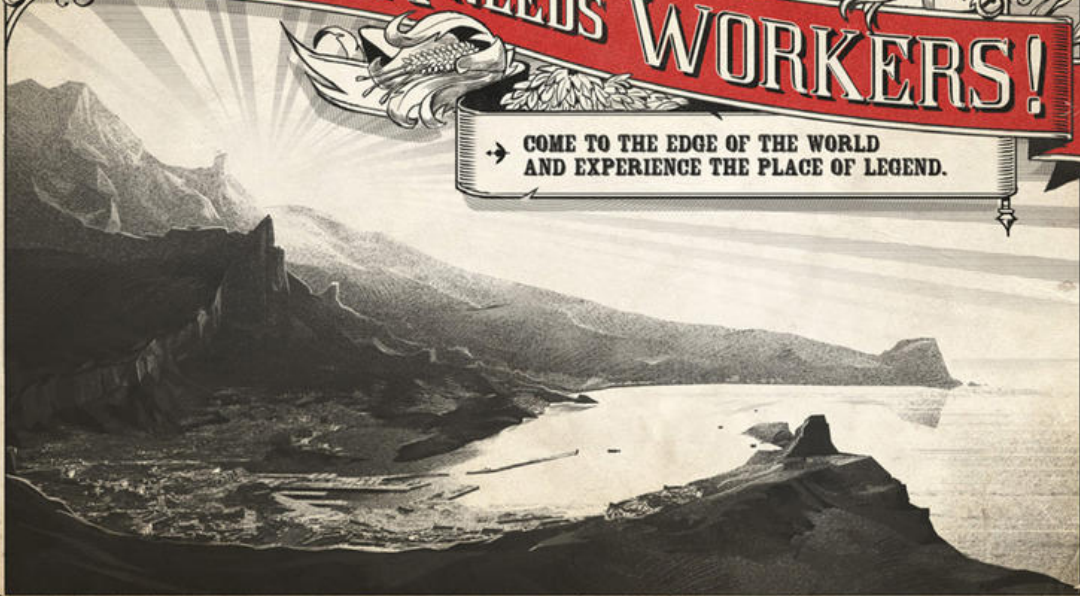
Serkonos, the jewel of the South, is best known for its warm winds, spiced foods, and endless beaches. While the city of Cullero sees the heaviest flow of travelers from across the Isles, Karnaca, on the southernmost edge of the known world, is preferred among the elite of the Empire. It is said that a month spent resting beneath the sun on the beaches of Serkonos, or within one of the rural villages, can cure most maladies. Travelers bring back recipes and styles from the South, and the dances that all Serkonians learn in their youth are favored in Gristol for their sensuality, copied by the fashionable aristocracy in the capital city of Dunwall.

The only persistent trouble in Serkonos originates along the string of tiny islands stretching away from the mainland to the east. For generations, pirates have hidden among this archipelago, raiding traders passing between the Isles and, more recently, attacking whaling ships returning with rich stores of oil.

KARNACA, CAPITAL OF SERKONOS!

KARNACA NEEDS WORKERS!

→ **COME TO THE EDGE OF THE WORLD
AND EXPERIENCE THE PLACE OF LEGEND.**



SEWER CAPACITY IN THE MONTH OF NETS

Excerpted interview attached to a formal report by City Works Crew 17A

I been asked to tell the problem, so here it is.

It's been every year that we work like men gone mad during the Month of Nets. I don't hardly see my family. It's bad enough that the works is clogged with trash from the catch, pieces of crates, and nets, but the water smells of hagfish guts too. We got to get it done before the Month of Rain, or you know what.

And it ain't like we get help from those pricks in Civil Engineering, either. Been at this job for nigh on twenty-eight years and I ne'er seen one of 'em come below, except to measure will it hold when they go puttin' up one of their fancy new bridges.

So these last three years been the worst and here's why. It's the river krusts, moved into the works. We hear a man ahead yell and scream, like he's burnin' up, and we all climb up fast. No other choice.

THE ABBEY OF THE EVERYMAN

Excerpt from a larger work on the history of the Overseers

The Abbey of the Everyman is the seat of religious power and inspiration for all Overseers across the Empire. The order arose over the years to protect the common people from the ravages of the Outsider, until the need for a central bastion of authority was deemed necessary. This imposing structure is a destination for pilgrims seeking refuge or guidance.

Many mistakenly attribute the Abbey's construction to High Overseer Benjamin Holger, when it was in actuality Holger's successor John Clavering who laid the foundation. Shortly after the Abbey was completed, every Overseer in the land gathered there and began a trek to White Cliff.

There, a great siege commenced, as the Overseers purged the region. The battle raged against heretics, witches, and thralls of the Outsider. Though Holger was killed in the struggle, White Cliff was cleansed and the ceremonial rites that followed lasted for a month, giving birth to many invocations and speeches which were inscribed in tomes and carried back to the Abbey, where they are still revered today.



SOKOLOV TECHNOLOGY AND THE NEW AGE

Excerpt from a recent book detailing Sokolov's machines

One of the advantages of Sokolov's technologies is that they share the same magnetic socket for the tanks of processed whale oil they use as fuel. When a tank is exhausted, another can be plugged into place with ease, and the process is simple enough that any common workman or even the lower guardsmen of the Dunwall City Watch can handle the task. This applies to the Arc Pylon and Wall of Light security systems, as well as the powered carriages used for transport by those few who are wealthy enough to afford them. The only obvious downside of Sokolov's designs is the volatility of the tanks themselves. A few incidents have occurred, resulting in damage to property or bodily harm whenever one of the tanks has exploded.



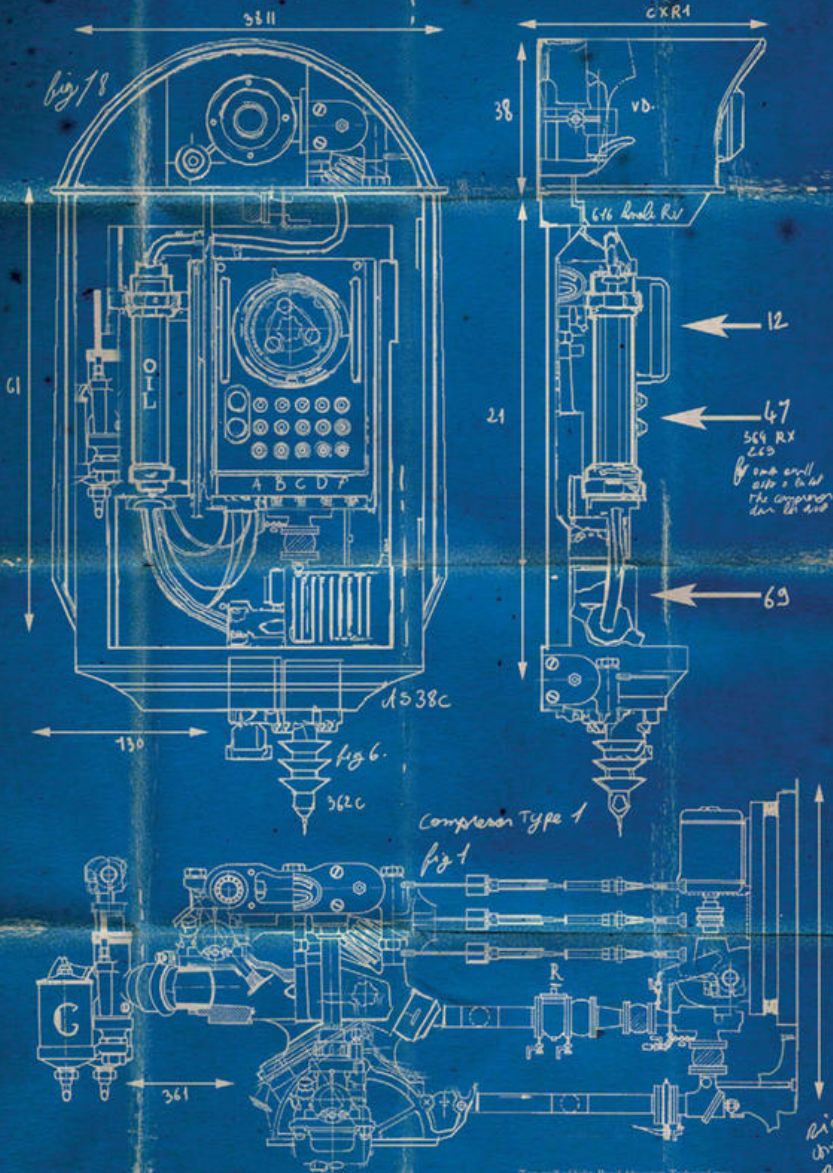
WALL OF LIGHT PANEL

TYPE 1

Trade, wall of light Panel, always
used, blueprint, Technical type

CR4567

Rev. 1 released type - 1



Trade, wall of light Panel, blueprint, Technical type

Trade, wall of light Panel, blueprint, Technical type

PANEL 689

Trade, wall of light Panel, blueprint, Technical type

HARPOONER SONGS

Excerpt from a book of sea shanties sung by sailors

What will we do with the drunken whaler
What will we do with the drunken whaler
What will we do with the drunken whaler
Early in the morning

Feed him to the hungry rats for dinner
Feed him to the hungry rats for dinner
Feed him to the hungry rats for dinner
Early in the morning

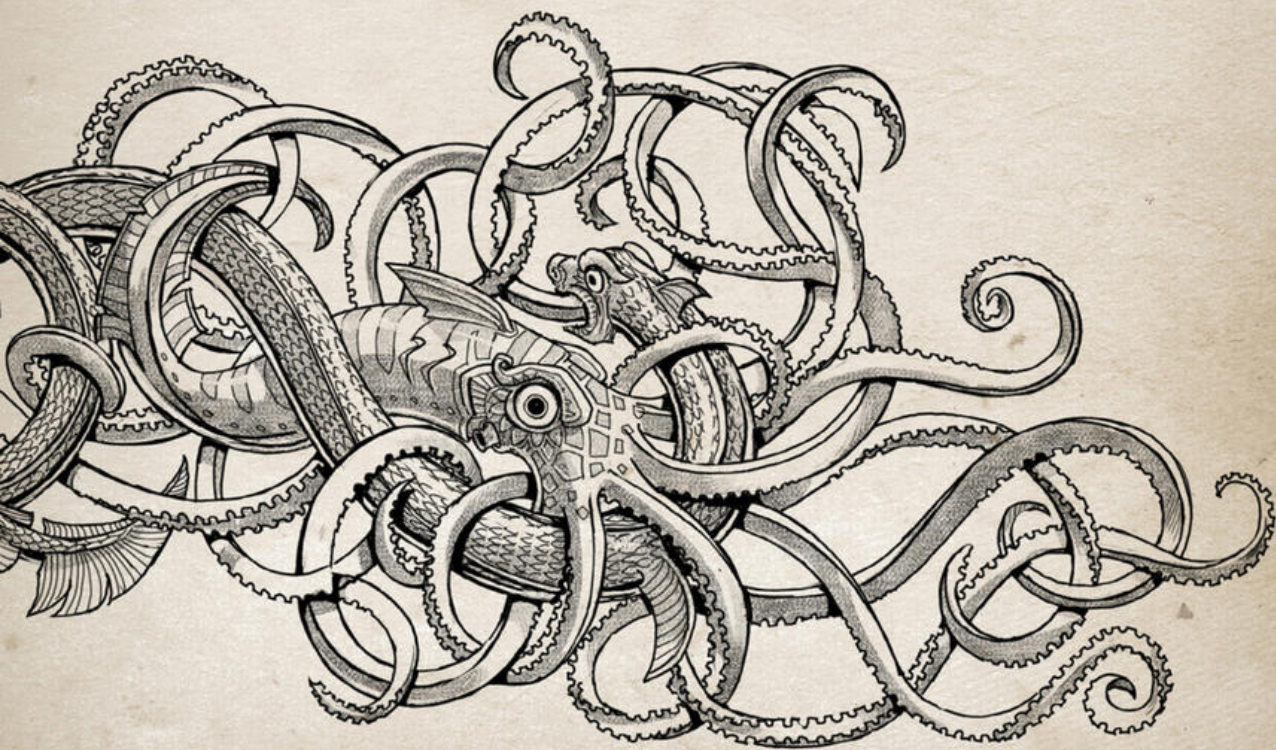
Way, hey, and up she rises
Way, hey, and up she rises
Way, hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning

Slice his throat with a rusty cleaver
Slice his throat with a rusty cleaver
Slice his throat with a rusty cleaver
Early in the morning

Stuff him in a sack and throw him over
Stuff him in a sack and throw him over
Stuff him in a sack and throw him over
Early in the morning

Way, hey, and up she rises
Way, hey, and up she rises
Way, hey, and up she rises
Early in the morning





A GAFFER'S TALE

VOLUME 2

Excerpt from the travel journal of a whaler in his final years

After more than a quarter of a century, I am done with whaling, too broken to continue. I've seen all the corners of the Isles and made more coin than most men see in a lifetime. But it's all gone. I've lived through an Emperor and watched his daughter take the throne, fair young Empress she was, but slain so young. Everything beautiful comes to die. I've eaten in every port of the known world and sailed in the loneliest waters you could imagine. I've seen the cliffs around Pandyssia. Even the best of it doesn't give me an ounce of joy. The years come back across my dreams as a line of butchered bodies; long, sleek, and singing among the waves under the moonlight, only to be speared by ugly, weather-scarred men who'd knife each other for a good pair of boots.

Each year I had less time to come home. My tongue forgot the language of small chatter and those who lived in the cities thought me odd. My sister, Nina, hardly knew what to say to me during our visits. When she lost her business to the Lord Regent's crooked barrister I was a hundred miles east of Morley, gaff-hand frozen from the sleet as we tracked the first bull whale we'd seen in months. I helped her as much as I could, but Nina died in the early days of the plague. None of it mattered. If I'm jaded and bitter, it's because this industry has taken away my dreams. The world has beaten me.

MODERN INCARCERATION TECHNOLOGY

Excerpt from a presentation at the onset of the Plague

Once again I have been asked to solve the problems of the dismal past. And once again I have delivered the solutions required by our present situation. As with all my work, it is simply that a mind capable of understanding their potential is required.

For the benefit of the Lord Regent, and to the detriment of those incarcerated in Coldridge Prison with an aptitude for escape, I have recently adapted one of my inventions for deployment in that dank and depressing place.

The potential function of these devices at the prison should now be clear to all, following the latest round of testing. With the associated power complications resolved, I have therefore recommended a two stage implementation, starting at once.

The first stage involves a recent device, simple to deploy, designed to stun the escaping prisoner. The second is a more powerful deterrent, the lethal and increasingly popular Arc Pylon. In combination, properly applied, these devices will make Coldridge Prison inescapable.

SPIRIT OF THE DEEP

Excerpt from a longer work of fiction

“Spirit of the Deep, Siren of Dreams”

I walked for hours along the coast, leaving Dunwall behind me until the lament of the waves drowned all other feeling. I wept, knowing you would not come to me, my love.

You rule my dreams, where I behold with senses I do not possess in waking life the dark splendor of your home in the deep. There the ocean rests on your back like a sleeping child on his father's shoulders.

In these sleepless nights of despair, you appear to me not as the mighty leviathan, but as a young man, with eyes as black as the Void.





The Outsider

THE SEVEN STRICTURES

Excerpt from a commonly distributed overview of the Seven Strictures

Surround your innermost being with these Strictures, and you will be safe.

The Seven Strictures are our core principles, taught and reinforced by Overseers across the Isles. From these principles stem all manner of rules, social codes, and beliefs about the Cosmos.

The Seven Strictures

1. Wandering Gaze
2. Lying Tongue
3. Restless Hands
4. Roving Feet
5. Rampant Hunger
6. Wanton Flesh
7. Errant Mind

All these behaviors must be restricted in order to keep one's heart free from malevolent influences. They are the inroads of the Outsider.

Excerpts from a work detailing the Seven Strictures

WANDERING GAZE

Restrict the Wandering Gaze that looks hither and yonder for some flashing thing that easily catches a man's fancy in one moment, but brings calamity in the next. For the eyes are never tired of seeing, nor are they quick to spot illusion. A man whose gaze is corrupted is like a warped mirror that has traded beauty for ugliness and ugliness for beauty. Instead, fix your eyes to what is edifying and to what is pure, and then you will be able to recognize the profane monuments of the Outsider.

LYING TONGUE

Restrict the Lying Tongue that is like a spark in the heathen's mouth. It is such a little thing, yet from one spark an entire city may burn to the ground. Better to live a life of silence than unleash a stream of untruth. The echoes of lies come back as the voice of the Outsider.

RESTLESS HANDS

Restrict the Restless Hands, which quickly become the workmates of the Outsider. Unfettered by honest labor, they rush to sordid gain, vain pursuits, and deeds of violence. Of what value are the hands that steal and kill and destroy? Instead, put your hands to the plow, the fork, and the spade. For even the lowliest labor that is rigorous squeezes the muscles as a sponge, rinsing impurities from the mind and body.

ROVING FEET

Restrict the Roving Feet that love to trespass. They pay no heed to the boundary stones of a neighbor's fields. They wander into foreign lands, only to return with their soles blackened by iniquity. Where have you strayed that destruction now comes behind you? Would you walk across burning coals or broken glass? Then why do you prowl into the homes of the honest, or into the dens of hidden things, for the result is the same. You will fall into the Void! Instead, rest your feet on a firm foundation so that when the winds of the Outsider shriek against you, you will stand firm and not be overthrown.

RAMPANT HUNGER

Restrict the Rampant Hunger or the intemperate will rise up among you like a virulent swarm, devouring everything wherever they go, even filth. For what goes into your body poisons you, and if you eat filth then filth is what you will vomit up. Surely the glutton will sell away birthright, family, and friends for a morsel of meat.

WANTON FLESH

Restrict the Wanton Flesh. Truly, there is no quicker means by which a life can be upheaved and sifted than by the depredations of uncontrolled desire. What avail is the concourse of a prostitute? The attention of a loose companion? Nothing. And what of the fruit of such unions? Only sorrow is born, only misery is multiplied; within these things, the Outsider dwells.

ERRANT MIND

Restrict the Errant Mind before it becomes fractious and divided. Can two enemies occupy the same body? No, for the first will direct it one way, and the second another, until the body stumbles into a ditch and its neck is broken. Likewise, two contrary thoughts cannot long abide in the mind, or it will grow weak-willed and subject to any heresy.

THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY

Excerpt from an overview of the Academy

Squatting at the edge of Dunwall, the Academy of Natural Philosophy is an ancient educational institute, bustling with young students and old philosophers, alchemists, cosmologists, and vivisectionists. The best minds from across the Isles gather there to study all of nature, including the human corpus, the celestial heavens, and the physical universe.

No one is allowed inside except esteemed members and the few students accepted each year, after a long and arduous application process. Those living nearby can only puzzle at the exotic shipments seen coming from the river and passing through the back doors, or wrinkle their noses at the odd smells that emerge from the smokestacks atop.

Royal Physician Anton Sokolov is currently head of the Academy.



Anton Sokolov

THE ANCIENT MUSIC

Excerpt from a longer work

Throughout the natural world there are ripples that we can barely perceive with our senses, an Ancient Music permeating everything as a fundamental structural rule. Through it, you can work wonders without violating the natural world or begging favors from unfriendly spirits.

Throughout my studies I have found a seventeen-note scale derived from this phenomenon, and with the right equipment those notes allow for astonishing effects. Not the least of these is the ability to calm the turbulence originating in the Void, which we attribute to the Outsider.



THE BONE CHARM SITUATION

Excerpt from a report to the Office of the High Overseer by High Overseer Gerard

I was asked, should we not tolerate the possession of simple bone charms among the populace? Surely this is a trivial matter, merely a cultural practice seen across the Isles? Not as terrible as the creation and coveting of more complex occult runes?

Such an insidious question.

This foolish distinction weakens our mission while the stench of the Outsider grows thick around us.

Perhaps, as some claim, our ancestors tolerated these cursed practices during the times before our modern Empire arose, to ease the lives of the lowliest serfs as they paved the roads to civilization. But there is no excuse for witchery in this brighter industrial age.

Having adjudicated the trials of many heretics myself, I swear that their eyes, as the clarity of pain took their lives, were grateful to be liberated.





KALDWIN'S BRIDGE

Excerpt from a larger work on Dunwall's architecture

Though an earlier, smaller bridge existed on the same spot in Dunwall for generations, it was the renowned Emperor Kaldwin himself who commissioned a public works project dedicated to creating the monumental version of the bridge we know today. And since it was Emperor Kaldwin, the father of our late Empress, who initiated this great construction, it bears his name.

Kaldwin's Bridge spans the Wrenhaven River at one of its widest points, and is home to a number of the city's luminaries from the worlds of commerce and art. Popular with poets and lovers, the bridge is featured prominently in bar songs and paintings. Until recent times, travelers from other cities across Gristol, and even from the other Isles, journeyed for vast distances, all to spend an evening strolling along the bridge.

It wasn't until the plague crisis and the murder of the Empress that the curfew was instituted on Kaldwin's Bridge. Under the guidance of the Lord Regent, recent security modifications were added out of fear that an ocean-based attacking force might someday assault Dunwall.





EMPRESS JESSAMINE KALDWIN

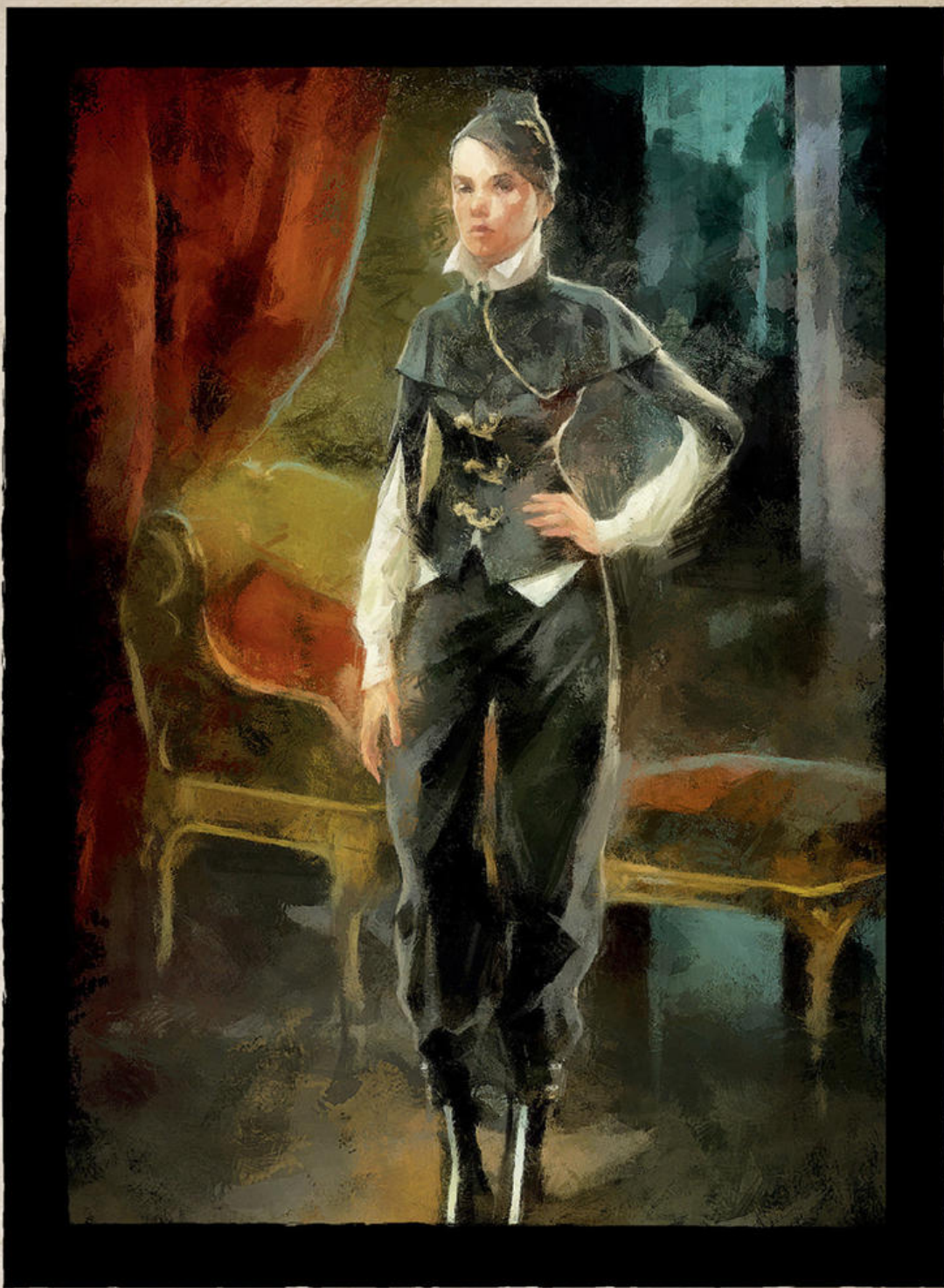
Excerpt from a book on the late Empress

Many of those who lived through her reign will weep until the ends of their lives over the pale beauty with the piercing eyes, and the foul end she met at the hands of her own twisted servant and protector.

In her father's day, the Kaldwins were thrust into the limelight despite their distance to the throne, when the former dynasty provided no heirs. A prosperous age followed the Emperor, but his daughter would have different luck. During her short life, political intrigue and minor conflicts created cracks in the Empire, undermining unity across the Isles.

The Rat Plague, however, was a terror for which neither Empress Kaldwin nor any other living being was prepared.





Empress Jessamine Kaldwin

THE DISTILLERY DISTRICT

Excerpt from a pre-plague promotional book on products made in Dunwall

Across the Empire, Old Dunwall Whiskey is not only the finest libation of its kind, but it's also an important cultural tradition among discerning folk, sophisticated and common alike.

Captains moving their ships across the Great Ocean always have a bottle in their quarters for occasions, fine restaurants and bars keep it in stock, and farmers across Gristol exchange Old Dunwall Whiskey when healthy children are born.

Some might disagree, preferring "highbrow" drinks such as King Street Brandy or one of the other brands from Morley, but sales of Old Dunwall have been brisk through the early years of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin's reign, a trend that is expected to continue.

Aged and bottled in Dunwall's Distillery District, Old Dunwall Whiskey is what you want!





THE ELIXIR BLACK MARKET

Excerpt from a letter

We've seen widespread looting since the Month of Clans.

It wasn't prevalent at first, but it's a pattern now: There's an outbreak in one of the districts and the Watch moves in. We quarantine buildings, put down weepers, and deport anyone showing early signs. Afterward, the Dead Counters come through and the lawyers write up the paperwork to transfer ownership of businesses and homes at Parliament's discretion. Soon after, like clockwork, the gangs begin tearing the place apart.

There's a fairly robust black market now, because everyone wants elixir and most can't afford it. Even Sokolov's brand won't help you if you've already got the plague, but getting a regular dose is your best chance if you want to avoid contracting it.

Some of the gangs have taken to buying small amounts and watering it down before selling it. And I have to admit, if I didn't have an officer's ration, I'd be buying from them.

Gerard Corey
City Watch, Third Regiment
Estate District



THE ERADICATION OF BLACK SALLY

Excerpt from a popular story of crime and daring

by Jules Roebin and the City Watch

Before Slackjaw ran the streets in the Distillery District, there was no boss more ruthless, violent, or dedicated to squeezing the average citizens for coin than Black Sally.

Like so many from Morley, she was pale-skinned and green-eyed, with hair as black as the Void. They say that she started young, and as a girl she'd stun a man with her looks, coming upon him in an alley, then smile a one-sided smile and suddenly run him through with a knife. She'd have his money and be on her way before he breathed his final breath.

As a boss, she was worse, ruling over the meanest street gang Dunwall had seen up to that time. Her operation touched everything from shipping to prostitution. She even had a racket going with the Bakers Guild. A finger in every pie, indeed.

One man, Watch Captain Jules Roebin, made it his mission to stop her, and kept the case going for half a decade. Black Sally met her end when Roebin had his men light smoke fires in barrels, near the warehouse where she hid out during the day. As she and her gang rushed into the streets, terrified the building was burning, Captain Roebin and his top officers threw nets over them and ran them all through with blade and pistol shot.

THE ESTATE DISTRICT

Excerpt from a historical overview of the Estate District

Home to some of the most powerful families in Dunwall, the Estate District has been a jewel in the city's crown for generations. No district enjoys finer restaurants or cultural events, and no families inspire more admiration, or more gossip, than the lords and ladies of the Estate District.

The late Lord Boyle and his lovely wife perhaps best epitomize this privileged class of citizens. Their annual costume ball is the talk of high society, creating ripples throughout Dunwall when one family or another is excluded from the guest list. But it's not all play that drives the Boyles; on several occasions, they've generously brought in poor laborers from elsewhere in the city for a week or two to work on their garden or home, providing vital employment for those who need it most.

With so much history, the Estate District has also seen its share of trouble as fortunes are made and lost. The great Lord Preston Moray, and his eccentric wife Vera, were once the toast of Dunwall, before tragedy struck and they fell into ruin.

Riddled with canals and large homes that enjoy historical preservation tax breaks, the Estate District is a place to which we can all aspire.





THE EXQUISITE TALLBOY

Excerpt from a letter of public concern by anonymous authors

What you've read here is the truth, regardless of what you will hear from the "authorities" who rule over us. It is not a matter of coincidence that the former "Royal Spymaster" is the one who stepped in when the late Empress fell. We, who will remain nameless, believe that these events are interconnected.

The signs of oppression are all around us. The Sokolov designs, originally intended to provide light and warmth in our homes, have been turned against us as a means of inspiring fear and controlling our movements through the city. And where did this plague originate? Some say it was imported. A wild theory? Perhaps.

One of our members risked her life to obtain an internal report from the government, which we will be printing and sharing soon, called "The Exquisite Tallboy," extolling the virtues of this newest member of the City Watch.

To those in the streets below, these "virtues" are horrors, spread by stilted thugs who rain down fire on the sick and the poor. To these eyes, the tallboy is another government bully, armed with incendiary devices, thickly armored and standing high overhead, looking down at the common people of the city. We now know that the tallboys are heavily drugged, imbibing a substance that renders them resistant to pain, but also dulls whatever empathy they might normally possess. Exquisite? We think not.

Copy these words and share them with your neighbors. And remember, when the tides are lowest, the truth will be revealed.













THE FLOODED DISTRICT

Excerpt from a report on Dunwall by Abe Breen, City Watch

Before the plague turned everything to shit, Rudshore was filled with barristers and money men, rushing around taxing each other and whatnot. Every guard in the Watch wanted that post, and there were classy women everywhere.

The whole place started flooding years ago, but it wasn't serious until the plague got real bad. People were sick and nobody was working, so the city let the dams go to rot. When the big one broke, I've heard tell, the river put it all under water. The swanky Chamber of Commerce was there and so was the bloody Greaves Whale House.

Now, there's nothing but rats and gangs and who knows what. Last I heard, the Captains had been using it as a quarantine for weepers. You show one sign of the plague and it's "your citizenship has been revoked." Over the wall you go, into the water.

THE FUGUE FEAST

Excerpt from a book on the celebrations and holidays

At the end of every year, after the last day of the Month of Songs, we begin the Fugue Feast.

The new year has not started and thus the time that follows is “outside” the calendar. A period of celebration and feasting begins, during which the people abandon the very practices that keep them whole and healthy over the year.

Many leave their homes, euphoric with spirits or potent herbs. Some paint their faces or wear masks to conceal themselves as they pursue their passions without reservation.

When the right cosmological signs are observed and it is time for the calendar to begin anew, the sitting High Overseer calls for the hymn of atonement and the Fugue Feast ends.

Families return to their homes, wives to their husbands. Enemies put down their weapons and fires are extinguished. No complaint is given for those who have wronged others, deviated from ancient codes, or discarded oaths; for this time during the astrological alignment does not exist, and is not recorded.

The following day starts the new year, marked on the first day of the Month of Earth, as it has always been.











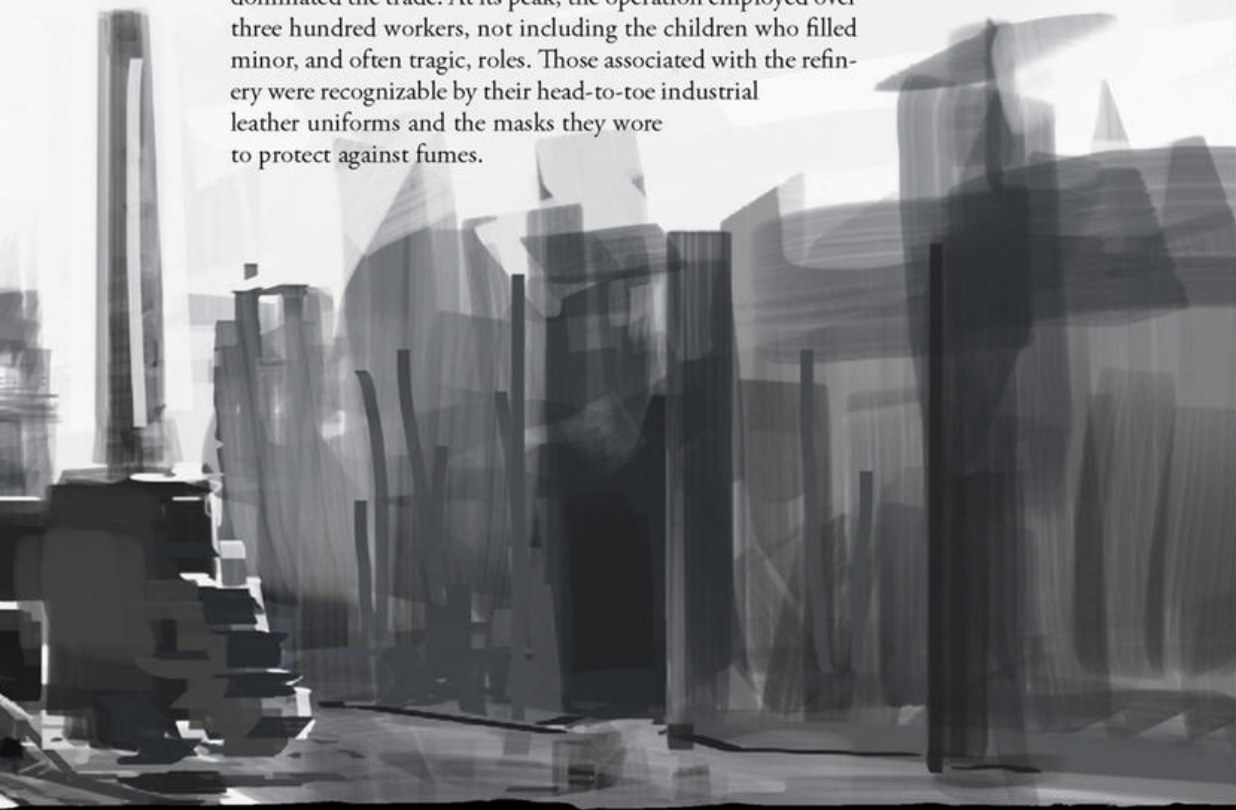
THE GREAVES WHALE HOUSE

Excerpt from a book on well-established companies in Dunwall

In the early days, when the ships brought in the great, dead whales, men would slaughter them and reduce their blubber to oil in massive vats on the banks of the Wrenhaven. Small crews maintained their own vats, with workers specializing as fire tenders, slicers, gut-men, haulers, or strainers.

Inevitably, once the demand went up, the businessmen moved in, wooing the best crews with promises of better pay and safer conditions. The warehouses went up at the edges of the Rudshore Financial District almost overnight. None was more organized, or as some would say more ruthless, than the Greaves Whale House, opened by Ebenezer Greaves himself.

The Greaves Whale House grew rapidly, absorbing rivals until it dominated the trade. At its peak, the operation employed over three hundred workers, not including the children who filled minor, and often tragic, roles. Those associated with the refinery were recognizable by their head-to-toe industrial leather uniforms and the masks they wore to protect against fumes.



THE HUNGRY COSMOS

Excerpt from a larger work on the movement of the spheres

by Anton Sokolov

Once the curtain has been lifted, it becomes inescapable that we inhabit a world adrift in a sea of howling chaos, a terrible maelstrom in which all heavenly bodies orbit a devouring core. Though the trip could take many thousands of lifetimes, all cosmic objects are eventually dragged into this hungry nexus and forever cease to be.

Though they are moved by eddies in the celestial medium, stars offer guide points in the otherwise perilous blackness. Our own sun holds its planets close in our inexorable course toward oblivion, giving us life and warmth until the end.

THE THIRTEEN MONTHS

Excerpt from a book on the calendar and proper duration of the year

As was laid down long ago, there are thirteen months, each twenty-eight days in length. In the last hours of the year, the High Overseer will sound the Fugue Feast.

The Month of Earth
The Month of Harvest
The Month of Nets
The Month of Rain
The Month of Wind
The Month of Darkness
The Month of High Cold
The Month of Ice
The Month of Hearths
The Month of Seeds
The Month of Timber
The Month of Clans
The Month of Songs

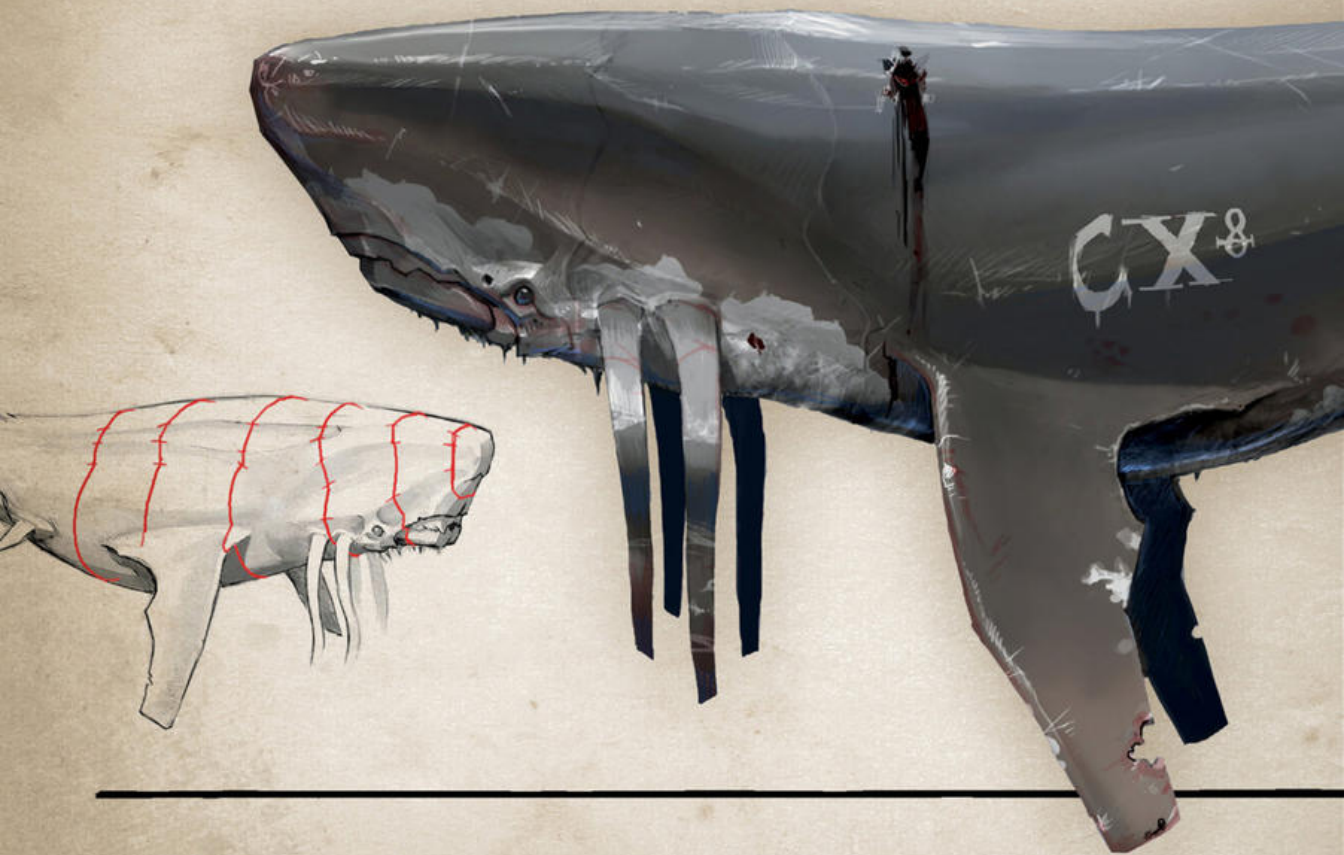
THE LEVIATHAN'S SORROW

Excerpt from a report on a treatise banned by the Rudshore Trade Council

Little is known of Pacotti, credited with this series of pamphlets arguing against the whaling trade. While he is gifted, his views are nonsense and threaten the economic underpinnings of the Empire.

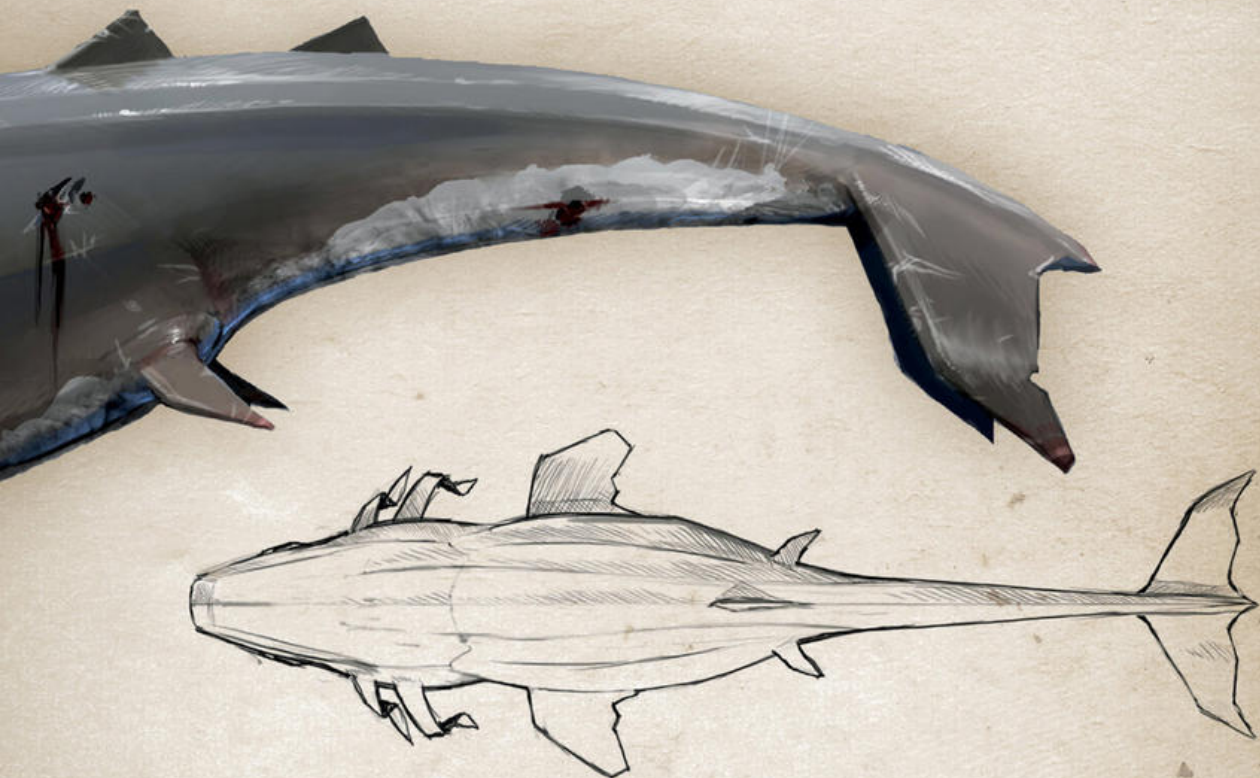
01 Enslavement: On the breeding and husbanding of whales, versus hunting the beasts in the wild after “a natural and free life cycle.” Pacotti offers no solutions for where these massive, malevolent creatures might be “pastured.”

02 Dissolution: Laments on the destruction of “social” bonds between herd members. Pacotti actually uses the term “families.”



03 Harmony: Drivel on the “aesthetic wonder” of what is, in reality, the great and terrible ocean that ever-threatens to swallow us. Includes arguments on the “gentle nature” of the brutes, a notion refuted by seamen who return to shore, wide-eyed with tales of the whales’ savagery.

04 Disruption: Here Pacotti is on his weakest footing, issuing up feverish warnings against the displacement or transference of natural beasts from their native environments.



LITANY ON THE WHITE CLIFF

Excerpt from a series of Overseer invocations by High Overseer Abram Templeton

And I say to you, brothers, it is here that we make our stand as a righteous force against the growing darkness. It is here that we unite against the spirits of the unknown that would drag us screaming into the night, never to return to our homes, to our families! Together we will serve as a rod to those who would stray from the herd, for the foggy gray wastes of the Outsider. We will burn a bright fire with our virtuous actions so that others will not lose their way. And to those who choose to wander, beyond the walls of our homes, in far places, we will strike at them swiftly before they whisper to their neighbors, filling their hearts with strangeness and doubt.



THE HIGH OVERSEER

Excerpt from a series on Overseer roles and rituals

Over the centuries, the Abbey of the Everyman has held its place as the dominant religion across the Isles. Not only do its adherents call it the only meaningful faith, but aside from a few tolerated variants, they castigate the followers of other religions as heretics, actively resulting in harm rather than harmony.

A key component to the Abbey's health is the High Overseer, venerated by all other Overseers, the women in the Oracular Order, and the congregations from each town and city across the Empire. The High Overseer is called upon to interpret the Seven Strictures and to initiate important ceremonies such as the Fugue Feast at the end of each calendar year.

Above all, the High Overseer must embody the Strictures, serving as a living example of their perfection.

Upon the death of the acting High Overseer, it falls upon a council made up of elder Overseers to call for the Feast of Painted Kettles, the first step in the arduous process of choosing a new leader for the Abbey.





The High Overseer

THE ROYAL SPYMASTER

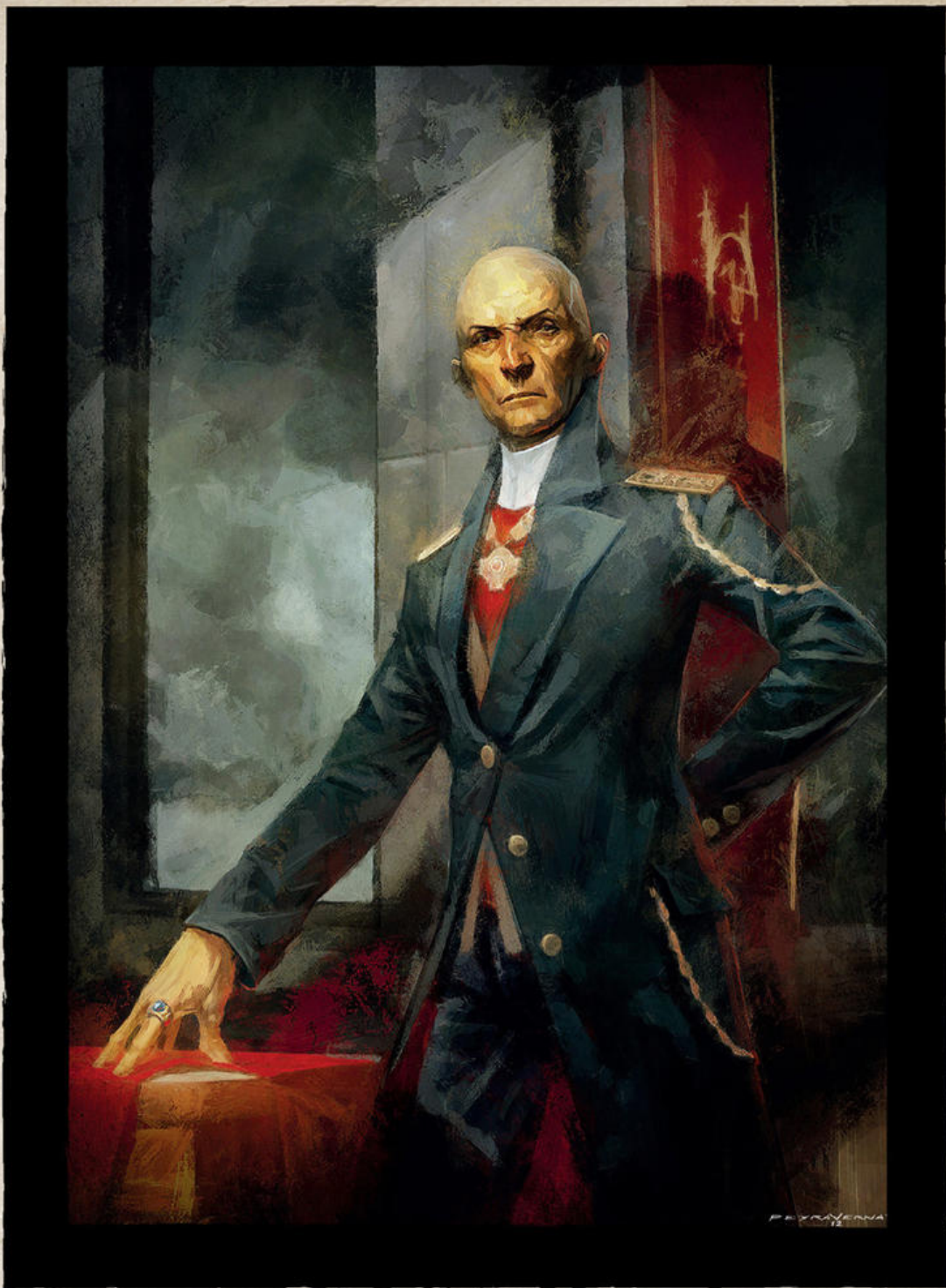
Excerpt from a historical record of government positions and ranks

It is said that the Office of the Royal Spymaster has existed for as long as there have been Emperors and Empresses. However, in the earliest days of the Empire, this position existed in secrecy. Only after the Morley Insurrection was the position publicly acknowledged, due to the tremendous role that the acting Spymaster played in quelling the rebellion.

Originally, members of the military or officers of the City Watch were advocated for the role, chosen by the Admiralty. In recent years, the outgoing Spymaster has made recommendations on his replacement from the small cadre of espionage agents serving him. In this way continuity is preserved, since many of the covert projects undertaken by the government are not committed to writing, only communicated in whispers, behind secure doors.

This leads to the most common critique of the Office of the Royal Spymaster, that actions are taken and deeds committed that even the Emperor or Empress is not aware of. This lack of oversight or accountability is a commonly debated topic during Parliamentary sessions, but those who hold the position of Royal Spymaster insist that in order to function the role must reside outside existing bureaucracy or law.





The Royal Spymaster

THE OUTSIDER

Excerpt from the diary of a known heretic, seized before his execution

For most, the Outsider is nothing but a child's tale meant to instill fear of that beyond the family, the community.

When I was young, my mother and I were on the run, moving from one village or sea town to the next. Camping in the woods for weeks, always with the cursed Overseers at our backs.

At night she told me of her dreams. Of the empty place where the Outsider whispered to her. With each visit, her craft grew, until she could see through the eyes of moths, and unlock a door or window latch from outside a house.

I will find this empty place. Somehow the key to open the Void will fall into my hands. In time, I will learn the secret and he will call to me as he called to her.

Call me a heretic for my studies. Drag me to your cold stone cell, whip my flesh, and put me on trial as an apostate. Burn my body to ash.

But I will continue to seek the realm of which my mother spoke. It is my life's meaning.









THE RAT PLAGUE

Excerpt from a natural philosopher's notes

For over a year, I've studied this cursed plague, collecting and dissecting rats by the thousands. Given their rapid gestation and maturation cycle, it's been possible to breed them for numerous generations.

The rodents themselves seem immune to the plague, but they pass it readily between members of their own species, perhaps through mites.

The blood of the rats tells its own story, allowing me to gauge the number of generations that a given group of rats have lived with the plague. As such, a nagging question remains. The rats collected in the poorest parts of town, in the slums, exhibit the oldest strains of the plague. While those found near the docks—where the foreign, plague-bearing rats would presumably have entered our city—exhibit a younger strain of plague.

Could this mean that the rats were transported to the slums in some way that is not obvious?

I will continue my research. If nothing else, I am living proof that Sokolov's Elixir and Piero's Remedy are very effective at protecting against the plague, if one consumes enough of the stuff.



THE ROYAL PROTECTOR

Excerpt from a historical record of government positions and ranks

Throughout the ages, rulers have always faced attempts on their lives. Once in a generation the Empire is rocked by the death of a powerful political or religious figure. As such, city-states across the Isles have devised varying strategies for protecting their leaders.

In the capital city of Dunwall, each new Emperor is allowed to appoint a Royal Protector. This is far more than a trusted bodyguard. Much more revered than the hand-chosen guards defending Dunwall Tower or the food tasters, the Royal Protector is a court figure, given enormous latitude, who keeps constant company with the highest ruler in the known world. At the age of twelve, the young monarch participates in the selection process, making the final decision about who will safeguard his or her life. While most of those chosen as Royal Protector have been men, several times throughout history, a woman has served well in the role.

For the first time in Dunwall's history, a monarch has been slain by her own bodyguard. At the time of this writing, with Dunwall in the grip of the worst plague ever recorded, our fair Empress Jessamine Kaldwin has just been murdered. The deed was done by her former Royal Protector-turned-assassin, Corvo Attano, who is still sitting in Coldridge Prison awaiting his deserved execution. Some argue that it is worth noting that Corvo Attano is the first Royal Protector in the history of the Empire born outside of the Isle of Gristol.

WANTED

FOR THE MOST
HEINOUS

MURDER

Of our fair Empress Jessamine Kaldwin



CORVO ATTANO

Still at large



REWARD OF 30,000 Coins
For Capture and Death.

The offenses of this man are high crimes under the laws of the City Watch of Dunwall and the edicts of our brave Lord Regent in these times of peril. Reward will be paid in coin by the City Watch in addition to rewards offered by Private Citizens or outstanding organizations.







THE RUDSHORE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

Excerpt from a book covering the various districts across Dunwall and their histories

Once the financial heart of the Empire, the Rudshore Financial District was a hive of trade activity. No district employed more barristers, accountants, or indeed more security. And no part of Dunwall saw a greater flow of coin.

When the flood barriers broke and the waters rolled in, the looting that followed was accompanied by an epic period of chaos and butchery. Those who could withdraw and move their assets did what they could. Others, with their wealth tied up in grand mansions and artwork, lost it all.

When the last of the high society set had withdrawn and the lights went dark, Rudshore was a gloomy, crumbling shell of what it had been, inhabited by thieves, wild dogs, and rats. Once-great palaces of commerce sat empty and haunted, or came to house killers and mercenaries, as well as anyone else looking to hide from the City Watch.

In mere months, “the Flooded District” was settled upon as the most proper name for the place.

THE SEWERS BENEATH DUNWALL

Excerpt from a light historical overview of the architecture of Dunwall

Across the generations, the aqueducts and tunnels beneath the City of Dunwall have served a variety of purposes.

In the earliest days of the city's history, several primary canals were used to channel river overflow during times of flooding. And for a time it was fashionable for wealthy aristocrats to commission underground water passages, giving them access to their estates from the Wrenhaven River and its minor tributaries. Over the years, these tunnels began to interconnect, sometimes by design and sometimes by accident.

The history of the tunnel system is rich. As every school child is taught, rebels used the sewers extensively during the Morley Insurrection. As discussed in popular bar songs, lovers often find privacy in some of the cleaner entry points, with fresh air brought in on the winds from the river itself. On a darker note, in addition to seeing traffic from gangs and smugglers, it is rumored that the current Royal Spymaster himself, Hiram Burrows, has a network of informants who know the twists and turns of the sewer system by heart.

Until recent times, the older tunnels suffered from repeated collapse, creating sinkholes that occasionally consumed entire street corners. The current system rarely suffers from such calamity, since the sewers were reinforced and expanded by the City Planning Department during the rule of Emperor Euhorn Kaldwin the First.

THE TOWER OF DUNWALL

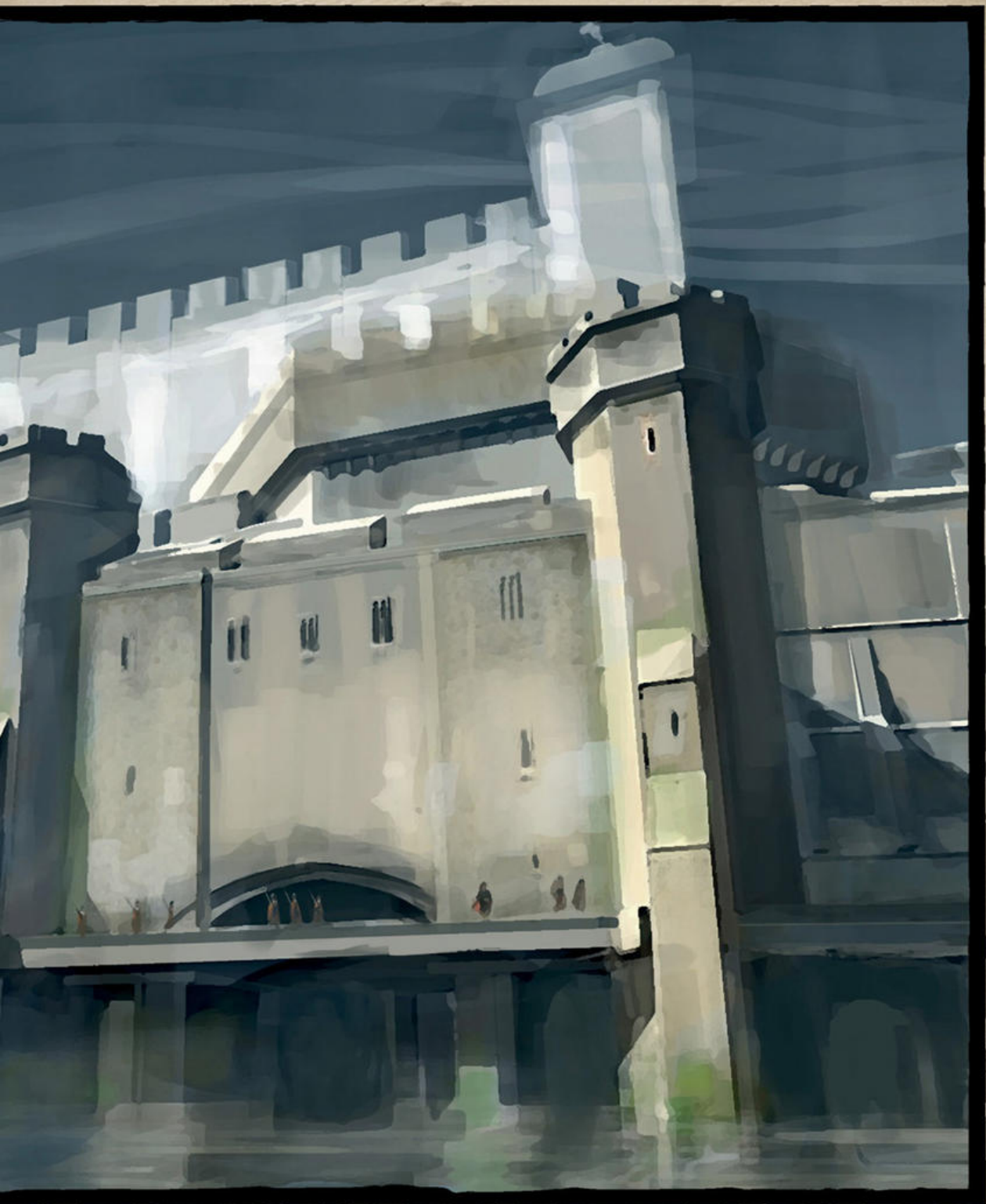
Excerpt on a historical examination of Dunwall Tower

For over a century, Dunwall Tower has been the capitol of the Isle of Gristol, and the seat of power across all the Isles of the Empire.

Rulers have come and gone, each adding something to the structure. Gardens, observatories, new walls, pools, and specialized interior chambers to suit their needs and whims. Dunwall Tower has withstood numerous wars, several large-scale fires, and the collapse and rebuilding of the northern wing.

With Tyvia and Serkonos joining the Empire first, it was Morley that resisted longest. Some of the conflicts that arose also necessitated the further fortification of the tower. Repeated assassination attempts, near the end of the conflict with Morley, resulted in the creation of the Royal Protector position, with each ruler choosing his or her own Royal Protector after careful consideration.





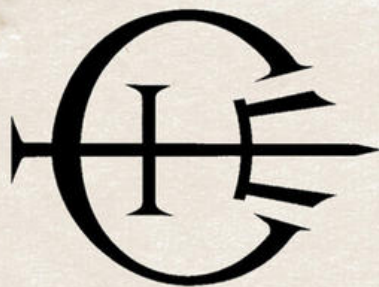
THE TRIALS OF APTITUDE

Excerpt from a book on the esoteric practices of the Abbey

Once a child shows the proper inclination, he is marked. Overseers are assigned to study the subject, surreptitiously, in order to determine whether this inclination is supported by cosmological conditions and other signs, ongoing throughout the year.

At the end of the cycle, those befitting further testing are removed from their homes some hours before dawn, and must begin the march to an outpost outside the city.

There, the children undergo ritual preparation and evaluation until the last night of the Month of Rain, when they make a pilgrimage to Whitecliff. During an elaborate ceremony, it is determined which of the children will become Overseers and which must be put down.



HIGH ON THE LAMPHOUSE

Lyrics to a song sung in Morley

In my thick woolen night coat,
Your scarf draped over my throat,
I stand watch at the rail.
Watching the whale boats,
Rapt as your words float,
Your lovely palaver.

The happiest hermits,
Alone with our moments,
At the edge of town.
So warm in our quarters,
Half-lit by the portholes,
Midway up from ground.

And oh, how we worried,
When the wind rose and flurried,
And shut the lamps down.
So fierce and wet,
It threatened to drown,
All the men on the decks,
Fighting to find firm ground.
We tried to lead them all the way
round.
Back intoo the harbor.

The gulls down below us,
Crying up to scold us,
With bread on the warm bricks.
We slept through the mornings,
Until bells sounded warning,
Then we rose and lit the wicks.

We laughed and chattered,
Our hearts all a'scatter,

Running spiral stairs.
You walking to Wynnedown,
Heading for downtown,
Returning for all we needed.

And oh, how we worried,
When the wind rose and flurried,
And shut the lamps down.
So fierce and wet,
It threatened to drown,
All the men on the decks,
Fighting to find firm ground.
We tried to lead them all the way
round.
Back into the harbor.

But there in our high room,
We clutched each other's shoulders,
Your scarf rots and molders,
Made so long, long, long ago.
But I won't let you slip away,
I stand alone at the railing.
And imagine you sailing.
Using my light to come home to
me.

And then we're both high on the
lamphouse.
We're high,
On the lamphouse.
We're high,
On the lamphouse.
We're high,
On the lamphouse.

THE WHALERS

Excerpt from a journalist's report on organized criminal activity

One gentleman of advanced age swore that his brother had been taken by "the Whalers," a notorious gang associated with the man called Daud.

According to Pieter Mansfeld, his brother Radof was proud of working with the Royal Spymaster's Responsible Citizens Group, feeling no shame in reporting on what he perceived as shady dealings by his rivals at the fish markets. But this might have been the source of his trouble.

On the sixth evening of the Month of Hearths, Radof came storming into Pieter's home, white-faced and panic-stricken, claiming to have been chased by a group of ruffians wearing the leather suits and vapor masks used by the men working in the whale oil factories. Pieter gave him supper and drink, sending him on his way later in the night. After which, Radof was never again seen.



THE YOUNG PRINCE OF TYVIA

Excerpt from a theatre play

—Lord Nathan Bayle, shaking with outrage

How dare you, sir, clothed so in my very home?! I should hand you over to the Watch, depraved Tyvian!

—Prince Kallisarr, moving closer

That's a harsh welcome for royalty, m'lord. Your daughter treated me with much more hospitality. Alas, she has gone out for the evening, leaving me all alone.

—Lord Nathan Bayle, stammering, studying the younger man before him

What are you doing? Leave this house! Go back to your frozen wasteland, pale rascal!

—Prince Kallisarr, smiling coyly, reaching out

No need for anger between us, Lord Bayle. Is it so wrong for me to be here? As I've proven, I've developed an affinity for you and your family.

—Lord Nathan Bayle, gasping

Oh, my. Kallisarr, your skin is so warm, it burns.





TRAVEL TO PANDYSSIA

Excerpt from a travel chronicle by Anton Sokolov

No doubt many of the men I set out with cut their teeth on the rascally pirate ships spawned in the Serkonan Archipelago, but they are good sailors. Or they were, I should say. Half of them died before we sighted the broken red cliffs welcoming those who would visit the Far Continent as it is called. Sickness; infighting; and poison, delivered by a school (or would one say a flock) of small fish that fly over the waves like birds, landing in the hundreds across the deck, pricking any they touch with toxic quills. Two thrown overboard by gusting demon winds. The quiet Tyvian navigator simply dead in his bunk, wrapped in his white furs, eyes wide with terror. Few have crossed the ocean and the distance to Pandyssia is greater than most would imagine. More died climbing the cliffs. And now with but a handful I stand looking across the greatest expanse of land that exists. My allies are frightened, for this is beyond them, and now their captain is dead too, stung by something that resembled a prairie mole but reacted with great apoplectic outrage when handled. So it falls on me to lead them.





THE ISLE OF TYVIA

Excerpt from a volume on Tyvian geography and culture

Northernmost among the Isles, Tyvia is dominated by snarling mountain ranges that rise up from frozen plains. Travel between cities involves arduous treks through territory thickly infested with terrible bears and packs of hounds adapted to the climate. Despite these conditions, Tyvian art, architecture, food, and fashion are ornate and complex, marked by an intricate refinement that perhaps arose as a counterpoint to the cold, harsh land itself.

While people in the lower city of Caltan share much with their nearest neighbors in Morley, most Tyvians are a breed apart, shaped by generations of life in the inhospitable cold. Austere and regal, Tyvians are proud of their customs, food, and history, and have little concern for the Isles to the south.



WHALE OIL PROCESSING

Excerpt from the founder of the Greaves Whale House by Ebenezer Greaves

Out at sea, they secure the beast with hooks, with lines cast from the main ship and from several smaller boats. Buoys keep the whale from diving deep. Once it's caught, a larger hook is driven through the tail, which is used to hoist the creature up through the chute. They moan and bellow for some time as the men get them onto the deck, then lift them into the scaffolding overhead. The ship adjusts its prow and returns to port in Dunwall, where the crew works on the great creature, slicing off the fattiest parts while it still lives.

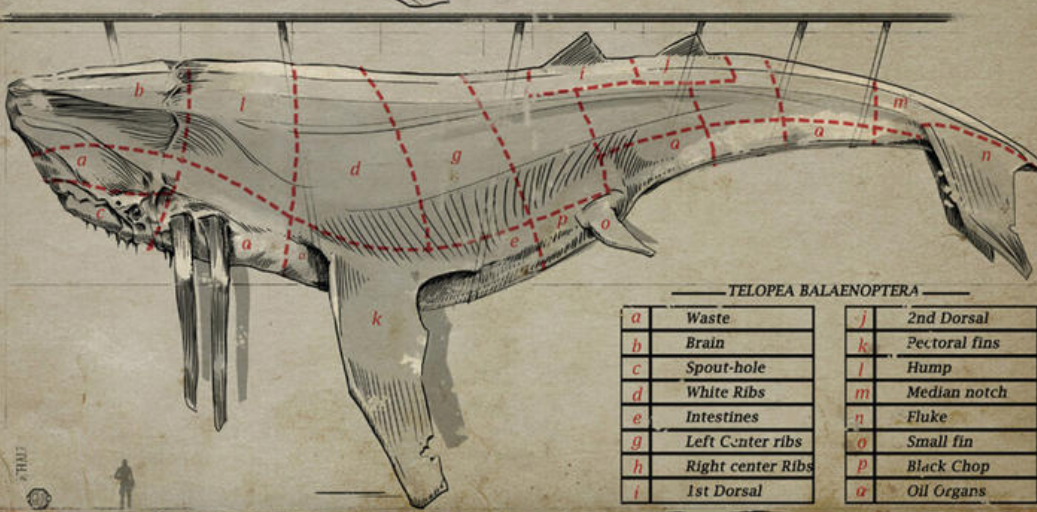
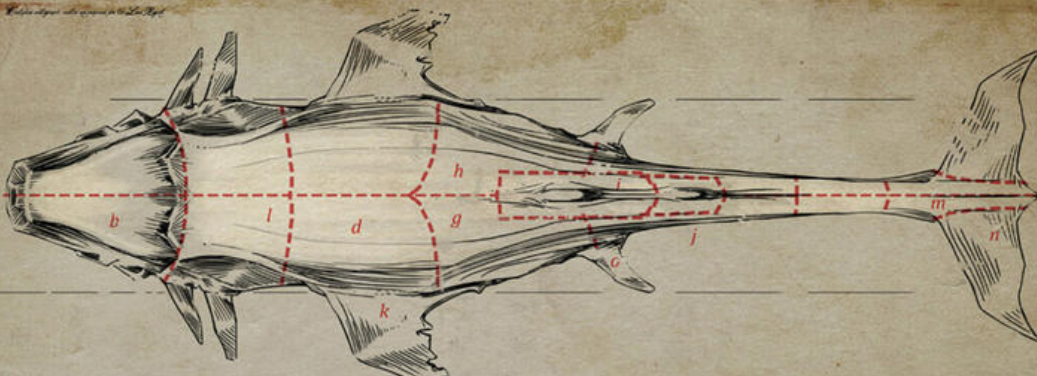
WHALE VIVESECTION

Excerpt from the notes of a natural philosopher aboard a whaling ship

Remarkably, each specimen I had the pleasure of studying during the voyage possessed some minor variance in physiology. On the second leg of the trip, east of Tyvia, the crew hauled aboard a female, some 42' in length. I estimate she weighed 35 tons and the ship sat low, rocking side to side through the night with her thrashing.

By candlelight, I took her apart, sketching and taking notes. Against her bellowing, I cut into the mass of tentacles around her mouth. Within I found row upon row of teeth and a baleen running along the upper jaw. Through this broom-like structure, I assume she filtered food from the water that was too small to be chewed.

Capitulum et pectus ad speciem in 1820. H. G. G.



TELOPEA BALAENOPTERA

a	Waste	j	2nd Dorsal
b	Brain	k	Pectoral fins
c	Spout-hole	l	Hump
d	White Ribs	m	Median notch
e	Intestines	n	Fluke
g	Left Center ribs	o	Small fin
h	Right center Ribs	p	Black Chop
i	1st Dorsal	α	Oil Organs

BOAT CHECKS ON THE WRENHAVEN

*A letter excerpted from a book on members of the City Watch
assigned to the Wrenhaven River*



Dearest Rutherford,

Your latest writing brought me a mix of sadness and delight.

I was sorry to hear of the passing of your friend Corkran, from Morley. He was undoubtedly a good man and a worthy ally in your work with the City Watch in Dunwall. I know that the River Patrol is a difficult assignment, especially during these times, but it is important work. So given all that you've told me, I can only assume Corkran was as brave as you are, my younger brother.

It saddens me that such a vile organization as the Dead Eels even exists outside the realm of those lurid gothic novels we read as schoolchildren. That you and your men should have to face them out on the waters of the Wrenhaven is just terrifying. Boats must be checked, I know, I know. But if you should be harmed while ensuring some Tyvian fur trader is carrying the correct tax papers, I will never forgive this new Lord Regent and his flurry of laws.

You talked of adventure when you signed on and danger seems to excite you, but you'll forgive me if I hope to see your patrol transferred further west, nearer to Kaldwin's Bridge where the military presence is stronger and the smuggling gangs fear to ply their

wicked trade. I've gathered this much from the newspapers, but perhaps there's nowhere safe in Dunwall right now, certainly along the river.

It pains me to imagine the customs crew at the checkpoints near your patrol being so shorthanded. My mind reels at the thought of how anything else can take priority over my brother's life. I tell you, what I wouldn't give to be in charge of allocating the security details. You'd have a hundred men at your call. But I know that is impractical.

Please write again when you can. All of us look forward to your words, and I often share them after dinner with our friends and those visiting us here in Driscoll. May your next letter bring news of the eradication or imprisonment of Lizzy Stride and her cursed Dead Eels.

Stay safe and remember us always.

Your sister, Pearl



Dead Eel

DAUD'S JOURNAL: BILLIE LURK

Excerpt from Daud's personal journal

Billie Lurk watches me closely, studying my decisions, each move I make. That's nothing new. Even as a kid, there was a quiet curiosity there, though curiosity is not quite the right word. But lately it seems more intense. I'll feel the hairs on my neck standing up, only realizing a moment later that Lurk is on a roof or balcony nearby. Some mornings, some of my papers seem to be moved, maybe pored over. When we're alone and Billie's comfortable with the mask off, questions come from odd angles, unrelated to our mission or to a specific target. Questions about what I'm thinking. About my attitude toward the target. It's odd. Something to watch. Another puzzle.

Every one of my whalers is good, though my gifts seem stronger in some than in others; the Outsider's Mark is a mystery in this way. Not something I can control. Those who remain with me either gain in the use of my extraordinary abilities or they don't. Those who don't I just push toward the blade, the crossbow, or the study of poisons. Everyone among them serves in some way, and together we've spilled a sea of blood.

Lurk is a quicker study than most, but stays aloof from the others. It's no matter to me, as long as orders get carried out.



Billie Lurk

DAUD'S JOURNAL: DELILAH COPPERSPOON

Excerpt from Daud's personal journal

Delilah Copperspoon. Who is she and why is everyone afraid of her? Strange that a painter should have so much influence, or that she should have any connection to my life and what I've done. My fate is my own. Always has been.

The problem is I don't know enough. There are missing pieces. I can't imagine how or why Delilah is linked to the death of the Empress, but the Outsider wouldn't bother saying it unless it contained some grain of truth. Now it's driving me mad, like a puzzle I can't get out of my head. A riddle in pigment and blood. No doubt that black-eyed bastard takes delight in watching me twist into knots. He knows I can't abide a mystery.

Billie has little insight to offer. None of the usual vitriol when I bring up the name Delilah. Just a shrug. "Just tell me how you want this handled." It's odd behavior for Lurk.

If I find this Delilah and cut her throat maybe I can dodge what's coming; the consequences the Outsider spoke of. Or maybe ending her life will bring the entire city down on my head. When I face her, will I see the eyes of the Empress? Can I go through with it, even if it's the only way to save my own skin?

Somehow I suspect there's more to Delilah than portraits and sculptures. I'll find out more when I talk to the Timsh family.



Delilah Copperspoon

FACTORY MANAGEMENT IN OUR TIMES

Excerpt from a book covering the approaches and personalities behind Dunwall's dominant whaling houses

Seemingly willing to risk any industrial secrets he possesses, Bundry Rothwild has granted none other than the infamous Anton Sokolov liberal access to the Rothwild Slaughterhouse.

Sokolov is, of course, well known on several fronts. As Royal Physician, he served the late Empress Jessamine Kaldwin. The man—originally Tyvian—is a fixture in the art world as well, and his portraits are all the rage among the aristocracy. But Sokolov is of interest to Rothwild because of his work as an inventor and because of his associated role as Head of the Academy of Natural Philosophy.

No doubt, Bundry Rothwild believes that if Sokolov spends enough time in the guts of his factories, the brilliant man will continually make invaluable adjustments to the machinery there. Who knows what industrial improvements Rothwild has enjoyed since Sokolov began haunting his slaughterhouse? And since the Rothwild process involves keeping the whales alive for sometimes days as a means of extracting more oil from the beasts, Sokolov is keenly interested in visiting so that he may perform his obscure vivisection experiments. In very few places would this be possible, so the benefit to both men is obvious.

For those who have had the pleasure of touring Rothwild's facilities, a number of lessons can be taken away. The man runs a tight ship as it were, with the lowliest workers scantily ever complaining about their role in the scheme of things. The men and women given the most menial labor are issued special cards, keyed to the mechanical locks granting access to the slaughterhouse. There is no other way in or out, and to lose the time card is to lose one's job.



Collected from the terrible deep of the Ocean and tinned at various canneries associated with the well-respected Rothwild Slaughterhouse.

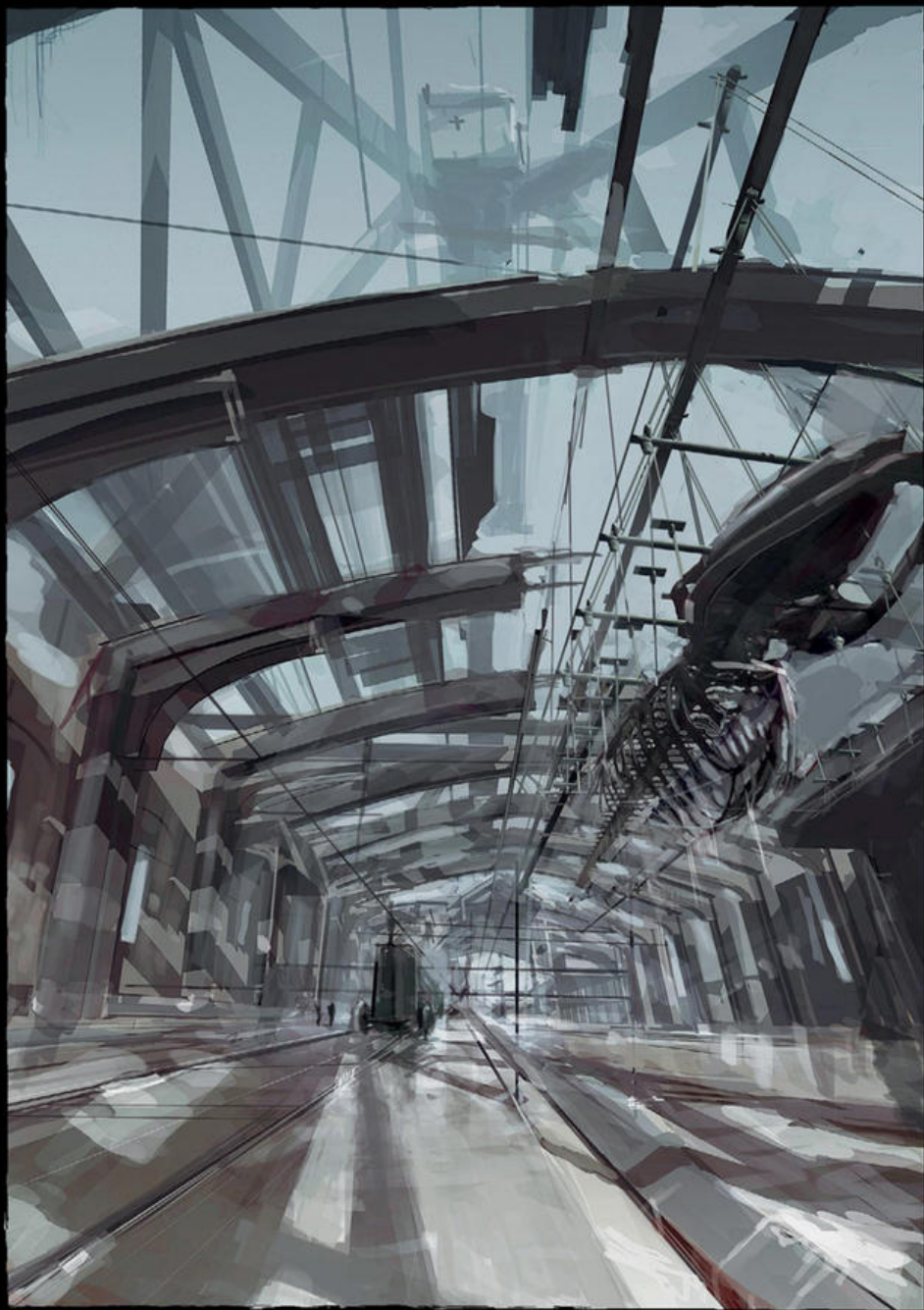
PARTS	PRICES	REFERENCE
White Ribes	35.20	WR S01
Ice Crystal	64	FD L065
Pectoral Fins	123.50	PF L002
Brain	332.80	B 201

Lording their position over the others at the top of the hierarchy are the Butchers. These men wield advanced cutting saws developed by Rothwild's top mechanists, working out the plans after hearing mere utterances made by Sokolov as he commented sourly on the lesser devices used in previous years. The Butchers enjoy a special relationship with Mister Rothwild because, according to the company gossip, many of them were with him in years past, when he ran a whaling crew that was notorious across the Empire.

The pressure valves leading directly from the slaughterhouse to the Greaves Refinery are a marvel of engineering, allowing the raw oil to travel in record time straight to the plant, where it is processed.

As a note of interest or dare I say even humor, the local fishermen claim that the waters outside the Rothwild Slaughterhouse produce the largest and tastiest hagfish. This is most likely due to the gut sewer leading from beneath the whales inside and delivering their organs and offal to the dark waters of the Wrenhaven beyond the slaughterhouse.





HARVESTING WHALE OIL

Excerpt from a manual on draining whales and refining the oil

In earlier years, the methods used to reclaim whale oil from blubber were both inefficient and dangerous. The original technique required the raw blubber to be sealed in pressurized cookers, which forced the volatile fluid out of the tissues and into collection tanks. The refined oil was then cooled rapidly while the pressure was reduced, and if the synchronization of these processes was not perfect, it was possible for the oil to release all of its energy in a devastating explosion. This is believed to be the cause of the historic Fullerton Whalehouse explosion that cost over 150 lives.

Modern industrial trends have reduced the dangers of collection while increasing the output from each creature. Greaves Refinery made the first steps in live collection, aided by research from the Academy of Natural Philosophy. In the wake of the plague, Greaves has suspended operations, and this process is now applied at the Rothwild Slaughterhouse. No longer is the whale blubber removed and harvested, but instead the very mechanism that creates the oil inside the whale is stimulated, and the resulting oil is drained away and stored. This results in a more stable raw oil that is easier to refine, with more tanks harvested from a single whale.





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NEW PRICE

Since August



Half tank

TAX NAME	System Type	PRICE	VTU
Premium tank <i>RG Oil quality</i>	Heavy Incubator	850 t	77 tr
Half tank <i>RG Oil quality</i>	Incubator S2	550 t	75 tr
Big barrel <i>RG Oil quality</i>	R8 Tank	420 t	42 tr
Half Barrel (For lighting only) <i>FTD Oil quality</i>	} S2 R8 Tank	382 t	20 tr
Small Barrel <i>FTD Oil quality</i>		R45 Tank	145 t

These are the lowest prices ever offered in the history of the Whale Oil Company. They create a new standard of value for lighting. The highest grad lamps in material, workman and style. Duplex Headlight now available.

and the receiving station

LIZZY STRIDE AND THE DEAD EELS

Excerpt from a City Watch river patrol report

William Cotter, captain of the merchant vessel, the *Windover*, reports that on the 23rd day of the Month of Nets his vessel was waylaid by the Dead Eels, a gang of notorious criminals known for acts of river piracy, wanton destruction, and smuggling. Prior to the blockade, the *Windover* was bound for Dunwall bearing medicinal supplies, food, and material goods from the city of Driscoll, in northeast Gristol.

The captain claims that at a quarter past midnight he heard the aft bell sound the alarm. As the weather was foggy, the captain's first thought was that of an imminent collision. But when he exited his quarters, he found a grisly scene: half his men already gutted on the boards, and the rest locked in a vicious struggle.

Captain Cotter surmised that the Dead Eels had swum up to the boat and scaled the side of the ship with climbing hooks, but how they'd caught the ship or where they'd come from he couldn't fathom.

Realizing he had no chance and knowing that the Dead Eels take no prisoners, Captain Cotter immediately hid in the hollow of a false-bottomed shipping crate.

I asked the captain why a legitimate trader should need secret compartments, but he couldn't remember where he'd gotten it and assured me that it had been empty.

Safely hidden from view while his crew were butchered, Cotter also witnessed the appearance of the Dead Eels leader, a violent woman by the name of Lizzy Stride. He reports that her teeth were filed to sharp points and that she went about the deck of the ship barefoot. Cotter—clearly out of his mind with fear—even claims her toes were webbed. Adding to my suspicion, I'll note that Captain Cotter still had the stench of brandy on his breath when the River Patrol fished him out of the water.

Lizzy Stride proceeded to question the first mate for several minutes before biting the man's tongue out of his own mouth and tossing him into the river.

Eventually the Dead Eels discovered the Captain's stash of King Street Brandy. Captain Cotter used this discovery and the ensuing celebration as an opportunity to slip overboard undetected.

I'm recommending a detailed patrol of the area in case the Dead Eels left any clues. They sank the ship, but some useful wreckage might be recovered. Also, I recommend that William Cotter's status as captain and his trading license be stripped at once. Further, the man should be investigated for charges of smuggling along the Wrenhaven.

Officer Manly Hotchkins,
Wrenhaven River Patrol



Lizzy Stride

MEAT, DEATH, BONES, AND SONG

Excerpt from a Butcher's journal

Leona looks worried when I come home at night. She's looking for that spark; our love, the life we had just two years ago. All our ambitions.

But the more she pulls at me, the more I resent her. The more I bury all that.

When her father was killed at the carriage station, I gave up my studies at the Academy of Natural Philosophy. So mismanaged were their finances, with so many debts in arrears, that her mother and younger brothers would have been ruined had I not. My work feeds us all and keeps the rent paid to that shriveled old leech Wainwright.

I hate this work, but in the time of plague, it takes all one's efforts to stay afloat of the desperation; the blood and the rats. There are bribes that must be paid to the Lord Regent's City Watch and Barrister Arnold Timsh's Dead Counters. Offend the wrong bureaucrat and your home is seized and you're off to the Flooded District. So it falls to me.

Every day, I drive my screaming saw into the beasts, eyes wide open. I studied them for years at the Academy and on my trips into the field. Now, working in the Slaughterhouse, the wrongness is like a wound in my head. The first months I worked in a numb state. Then my predominant mood was anger. Now the wound is scabbing over and on some days I feel a kind of power. My entire existence is meat. All there is in my mind is meat, death, bones, and song. The terrifying songs, they come to me in my sleep now.

I look into the great eye as I take away life slowly. There's a kind of deep connection, with the beast knowing I'll be coming back again and again, removing pieces for hours, sometimes days.

They sing for us, a funeral lament that causes me to tremble.

Leona and I still share a bed, but the more she tries to make me feel something, the more I recede. The person I was is dead now.



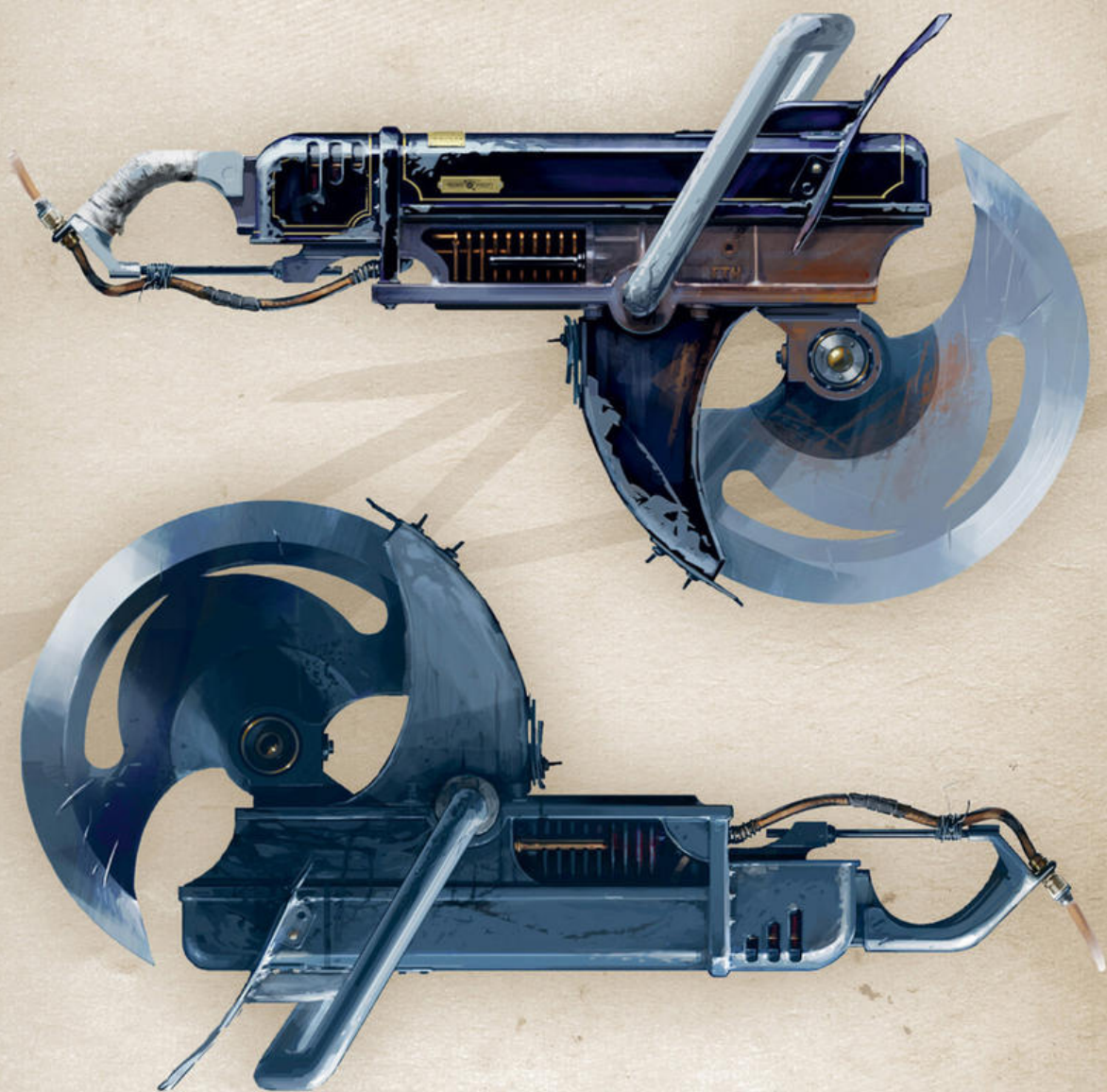


OPERATING A BUTCHER'S SAW

Excerpt from a company pamphlet

First, a reminder: All equipment within the Rothwild Slaughterhouse is the sole property of Mister Bundry Rothwild himself, leased to an individual worker on a per-shift basis. A Butcher's Saw is not to be equipped and used without proper training and authorization. Misuse of the equipment could result in disfigurement or death.

The saw itself is composed of three systems: power supply, cutting blade, and chip ejector. The reciprocating blade is cast of hardened steel and, when properly maintained, provides severe sharpness. It is crafted to slice flesh, but will cut bones with ease. The mechanism for powering the blade is a harness supporting custom-sized tanks for whale oil, capable of driving the saw for an entire shift before refueling is required. Care must be taken not to strike, heat, or electrify these tanks. The ejector is a new modification, casting out a stream of flat blade fragments. Since the girth of a whale often exceeds a Butcher's reach, the ejector allows for blasting away unwanted offal or breaking down dense bone at a distance.



MEETING DAUD

Excerpt from a journal

Another stinking mouth, that's what my mother said. A mouth that'd need feeding for years on, then would sass her every time it opened. First words I can remember, her saying that. When she'd drunk for so long that her eyes stopped working for good—drunk an ocean, it seemed to me—I left the patched-up shack we called home. But before heading out, I reminded her of all the times she'd put her hands on me or thrown something at my head. The night she'd rushed me like an ox and sent me down the back stair. All the times she'd told me I was just another stinking mouth. Last thing I heard was her cursing me from her bed, cursing the blind dark.

Running with my pals, we had to stay sharp to make enough coin to keep from starving. Same story, across the Isles. Not the biggest kids, but sometimes the smartest and the meanest when we needed to be. The only way to stay off the back-alley mattresses. Not desperate enough to go out on the drain-flats with the mudlarks. So it was the knife for us, trying to catch the eye of the Hatters or the boys from Bottle Street so they'd take us on.

But when a dandy from Serkonos stepped down from his polished coach and cracked my dear Deirdre's pretty head and left her twitching and dying in the muck, I snapped off one of the wooden gazelles on top of the coach and drove the splintered end into his eye as deep as it would go. Last I saw of Deirdre she was still, eyes wide to the gray sky. But now I like to remember her with a smile, laughing from the Void at the one-eyed dandy with the gazelle coming out of his head.

No one would take me after that. The City Watch made a full sweep once a week for months, trying to catch me. Even the Grand Guard came in from Karnaca, down in Serkonos. It seems the dandy's daddy was the Duke of Serkonos. I was too much trouble for my friends from the old neighborhood. Anyone who saw me tried to drive me away. Threw rocks to get me to leave, or tried to get a bag over my head, hungry for the reward. Even the gangs cursed me on sight. Billie's bad luck, they'd say. Hexed. She'll make it bad for all of us.

You may think you know what loneliness is, but I can tell you, you don't. By late in the Month of Harvest I had a hate inside me that would've choked most.

Then I met Daud.



Daud

It was early in the dark morning, the only time I could go out. Walking the streets of the Legal District, I saw them up ahead, three who looked like boys from the City Watch, but dressed out of uniform. They were out for blood and coin, running some kind of murder racket, waiting on a drunk barrister to stagger out of a bar at just the right time.

I didn't see him at first, but in the flicker of an eyelid he was on them, out of the cold night air. He used a single blade, nothing else, and it only touched each of them once, at the left side of the throat. Their blood splattered and steamed on the cobbles. Quick movements, an occasional grunt. Dark hair and the glimpse of a long scar down his face.

When it was over, he made for the rooftops. I'd never seen the like of it, so I followed. I could've stayed and looted the poor bastards he left bleeding. Could have eaten for a month, most likely. But this seemed bigger. So I tried to stay up with him. Tried to stay hidden, without losing sight of him.

All across Dunwall, into the wrecked and ruined parts. He crossed into what I could tell was his territory. Hidden sentries in odd masks. I thought I'd seen everything in the city, all the gangs, but this was something else. Clinging to roof tiles and watching from behind chimneys, I followed him into an old building.

Inside was all gloom. Rotted carpets and desks full of rat-eaten papers. Paintings ruined by the wet. There were weapons and practice dummies. Men lived here in secret, training with knives and crossbows.

I lost track of him and continued to explore, but I was a fool. He'd known I was following and came up from behind. When I saw him, I froze, waiting for him to speak.

"You followed me, found this place, and now you're not begging or running for your life."

"There's nowhere to run," I said. "And I'm not very attached to it, to tell the truth."

He came close and looked me right in the eyes, trying to see some light inside that would tell him my story. "You think you're already dead inside, but I'll give you something to live for. You'll fight for me and kill people like the ones who've hurt you."

I just nodded, feeling relief for the first time in months.



SLAUGHTERHOUSE ROW

Excerpt from a book on Dunwall city districts

For more than two decades, a small number of slaughterhouses sat along the Wrenhaven, out away from the finer quarters of Dunwall due to the blood, rats, and stench associated with processing meat. Independent whaling ships brought in the occasional leviathan and barges delivered herds of blood oxen. An individual slaughterhouse might fold due to mismanagement, but the number stayed roughly the same, producing the meat, leather, and grease by-products needed across the capital city.

Only when the Roseburrow processing treatment was discovered did the whaling trade begin to rise in prominence, driven by the many new uses for the much more volatile refined whale oil, including military and security application. Early into Empress Jesamine Kaldwin's brief reign, the well-known inventor and natural philosopher Anton Sokolov introduced a series of devices that would see deployment across Dunwall, directed by the Royal Spymaster, Hiram Burrows.

With this lucrative turn of events, the number of slaughterhouses quadrupled, and the demand for fresh whales increased proportionately. Many districts immediately adjacent to what was suddenly known as Slaughterhouse Row began to change as families moved away to avoid the industrial fumes and offal runoff produced by the processing plants. Crime grew overnight, forcing the City Watch to redouble its efforts against Dunwall's gangs.





☞ WHALE SLAUGHTERHOUSE ☞

THE CITY BARRISTER

Excerpt from a series of profiles about Dunwall's key figures

While the keen-minded barristers of the Legal District have always played a vital role in the health of the capital city of Dunwall and the Empire of the Isles at large, the dreaded Rat Plague has elevated the desperate need for their services. With so many disputes related to abandoned estates, or entire industrial companies left leaderless after the deaths of everyone in the controlling family, shareholders and investors, and even workers themselves, are often in need of the postmortem legal advice and guidance than can only come from scholarly men such as Arnold Timsh. We are all in their debt.

Thus there is no surprise in the Lord Regent's recent appointment of Timsh to the newly created position of City Barrister. Among Timsh's responsibilities is serving as liaison to the Dead Counters of the City Watch. Once the plague has been found in a home or once it has devastated a business, it falls on Timsh to divvy the assets left behind, awarding them to the state if no one survives with legal claim to the funds or property. This is, of course, not a light matter. Therefore it falls to one above moral question, and that man is Barrister Arnold Timsh.

With regard to more personal matters, it is true that Timsh is not a great socialite, as some have noted. However, in recent seasons his niece Thalia has made headway toward correcting this, throwing lavish parties and earning the favor of some of Dunwall's great families, including the Boyles. To date, young lady Thalia is unwed, and though several times there have been rumors of impending marriage, all of these thus far have been proven to be mere social gossip.

Also unsubstantiated are the absolutely false whispers of conflict between uncle and niece, no doubt spread by those ill-tempered and ill-bred louts who are jealous of the rising Timsh name.



Arnold Timsh

THE DEEP WATCHERS

Excerpt from a natural philosopher's journal

Before the cable snapped, there was nothing to see. Nothing to report. My lantern revealed only an endless depth below, and my mission felt like a bitter failure. I would have returned to the surface empty-handed, but now, at the cost of my life, I have made a profound discovery. So I write these words in the hope that someday my companions will recover this diving bell (which has become my tomb) and find this journal. I want others to know what I have seen here; what extraordinary events have transpired.

Frost is gathering on the inside of the thick portals and my breath is misty. It has been six hours since this ill-fated adventure began and my calculations make it clear that there is no more than an hour of good air remaining within the sphere.

What brought me here? Curiosity? A desire for glory? Financial gain? In all the months I spent designing this submersible, my mind had been fixated on the minute details. Tempering the glass portals. The air flow from the surface to this sphere. The ingenious switch that would allow communication via bells with the ship above. I pored over every element in the design and construction of this apparatus. Why had I never considered that the creatures here might resent my intrusion? That they would lash out at the iron monstrosity plunging deep into the unfathomable darkness?

It happened in an instant. Out of the inky depths, the great fluke of a whale slid past my lantern, casting wide shadows into nothing. A second later, what had been a steady, controlled descent became a gut-churning tumble. The metal around me groaned and I felt certain that the sphere would soon implode from the pressure. The spinning dizzied me, such that I could scarcely keep my feet. Then the savage collision whereupon my skull struck the deck and I blacked out.

A precious hour of my time was spent in that fitful sleep and when I awoke, the sickening realization came upon me. Cut off, untethered, and completely removed from the world above, with no chance of returning.

I extinguished my lantern some time ago in order to conserve air, and only then did the ghostly radiance of the sea floor reach my eyes. Not the sea floor itself, but the tiny, tentacled creatures that swarm over it. They create a carpet of soft colors, twisting and moving in waves, as if they are singing with light.

It is in this dim luminosity that I can see them. The leviathans. The great whales. Here, in their domain, they move with grace and elegance. With purpose. They have approached the sphere repeatedly now, one almost touching the portal with her great eye. As I stare into the orb, it is clear to me that the thing is not mindlessly searching for prey, it is . . . observing me. It is curious. One by one they approach and peer in my window. There is an unnerving sense of intelligence in that gaze, devoid of malevolence. For a time they examine me, my predicament, and allow themselves to drift off to trace the broken cables along the sea floor.

I dream that one will take the cables in its great jaws and haul me back to the surface, but it is only a rapturous fantasy of the thinning atmosphere. I find myself gasping now, while the creatures move away and watch from a distance. Their song is different here. I've heard it for years on the surface, but here it is soulful and moving. The natural philosopher in me is beginning to suspect that the song has notes that we cannot even detect. But here in the depths they can be felt. I believe they are trying to comfort me while I die.

First Researcher Douglas Church
ESS *Keeper*, Forward Exploratory Vessel
Academy of Natural Philosophy

THE HATTERS

Excerpt from The Hatters, Well-Dressed Kings of the Low Streets

The following is reconstructed from a discourse with a street person I encountered in a disreputable whiskey house while incognito:

The Hatters used to run all the rackets 'round Dunwall. Whiskey, weapons, hound fights. Whatever the game, the Hatters had a big stake in it. Then the plague came and tore the whole damn city apart. All that chaos led to new bosses cropping up.

Most were shitheels that didn't last a week. But there were some hard cases like Lizzy Stride, Jim Dundermoore, and Black Sally. And Slackjaw. His Bottle Street Boys took the whiskey distillery from the Hatters and started pumping out bootleg elixir. That kicked off a gang war that made all the alleys red with blood.

Problem was we—I mean the Hatters—were gettin' it from all sides.

The Dead Eels were pinching all the river smuggling deals. The Butchers were driving us out of Slaughterhouse Row. We were bleeding from a dozen different cuts, losing some of our best guys. So we pulled back. Just for a while. As always, anyone who counts the Hatters out is two trumps short of a full deck of Nancy. The boss is a real devious son of a bitch. Been around since before the Kaldwins.

But I ain't talkin' about him. Hatters don't talk about the Geezer. Even ex-Hatters.

Note: Despite my lavish bribery the man refused to speak further on the subject. In fact, it became obvious I had aroused his suspicions by that point, so I was forced to make my escape from the establishment.

Scholar Joella Burgess
Academy of Natural Philosophy,
Historical Annex





The Geezer

BUNDRY ROTHWILD, THE OPPORTUNIST

Excerpt from an investigator's report

Young Rothwild was never convicted for any of the killings. In all cases the courts ruled that he had acted in self-defense or in the defense of his property.

Not that his property was substantial. The Rothwilds were not a family of means and depended heavily on the charity of the Abbey of the Everyman. The senior Rothwild went down with the whaling ship *Huntress* when Bundry was only ten years old. His mother, Ruth, was lost the following year to an industrial accident in the bottle-making factory where she worked.

Rothwild became the sole guardian for his younger brother and managed to support them both by hanging around the harbor, doing odd jobs for whalers who had known his father or others on the *Huntress*. By then, Bundry Rothwild was already familiar with the club and the knife, and was no stranger to odd occurrences.

Things went from bad to worse for Rothwild when, on his thirteenth birthday, his younger sibling was taken by the Overseers. Allegedly, the boy failed the successive trials and did not return home. Rothwild lacked the funds to pay an investigator and no subsequent hint of his brother's fate has ever been learned.

This latest tragedy to befall Bundry Rothwild instilled in him a view that the world itself was malevolent and hungry for life, especially innocent life. After a time of black mourning, he approached the whaling ship *Cutter* and began learning the trade from the crew.

Rothwild took to whaling with great success. At sea, he hunted the beasts with a single-minded purpose, and would take extraordinary risks in locating and harpooning his prey. Among the crew, those men he could not beat senseless, he outwitted. In short order, he petitioned the maritime barrister Arnold Timsh to grant young Rothwild a whaling license, paying the significant fees himself rather than relying on a sponsor for the funds.

The rapid ascent of Bundry Rothwild had begun.



Bundry Rothwild

THE BLIGHT OF THE COBBLESTONE

Excerpt from a street pamphlet drafted by anonymous intellectuals

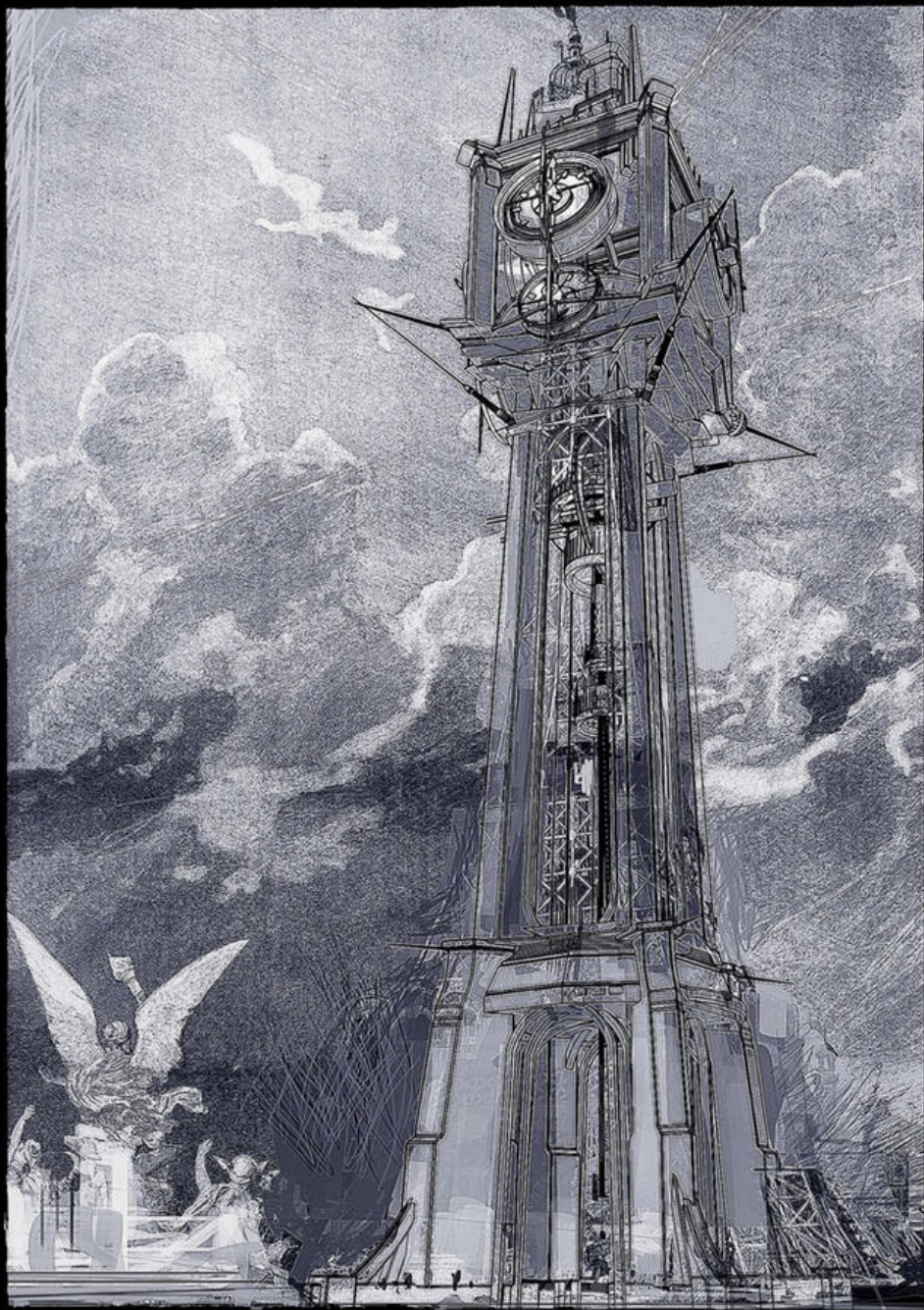
Action is necessary if the Empire is to stand against the juggernaut of what is commonly called industrial progress. The momentum of this hungry beast requires equal vigor simply to halt its destructive advance. No action against the industrialization of our nation-states can be deemed too extreme when we understand what is at stake.

The advancement of industry infects every aspect of our lives, and hazardous conditions assault the citizens of Dunwall daily. Workers are treated as disposable cogs in the machine, sacrificing their lives in the name of faster construction, mass assembly, and greater profits. Should those of us in opposition to these trends not sacrifice ourselves in the fight against our unfeeling oppressor?

Will we be satisfied when our children ask what a pasture is, and the best we can do is to point to a cobblestone street, black with the filth of mechanical production? Will we struggle in the coming years to recall a time when we actually made our pies by hand, or baked bread in the ways of our grandmothers?

What is at stake today are our very cultures, from the cold north of Tyvia down through Morley and Gristol, all the way to the warm south of Serkonos. All men and women with a love for our ways must stand against these changes.





COBBLED BITS OF BONE

Excerpt from a journal covering various occult artifacts

They say my mother was a witch, but the truth—as is so often the case—depends on perspective and your place in the world. She relied on poisons made from exotic herbs and the blowfish that live in the reef waters near Pandyssia. Her power originated in hallucinogenics delivered through guile or by force to those who crossed her. There was an unusual intensity in her gaze for certain, but it came from within, not from the Outsider. It's what happens to anyone pushed to the absolute edge of sanity and survival, who stays there for years then returns to walk among the sheep in so-called civilized society. My mother was crafty, but if it was anything more than powders, hidden knives, and guile, I never saw it.

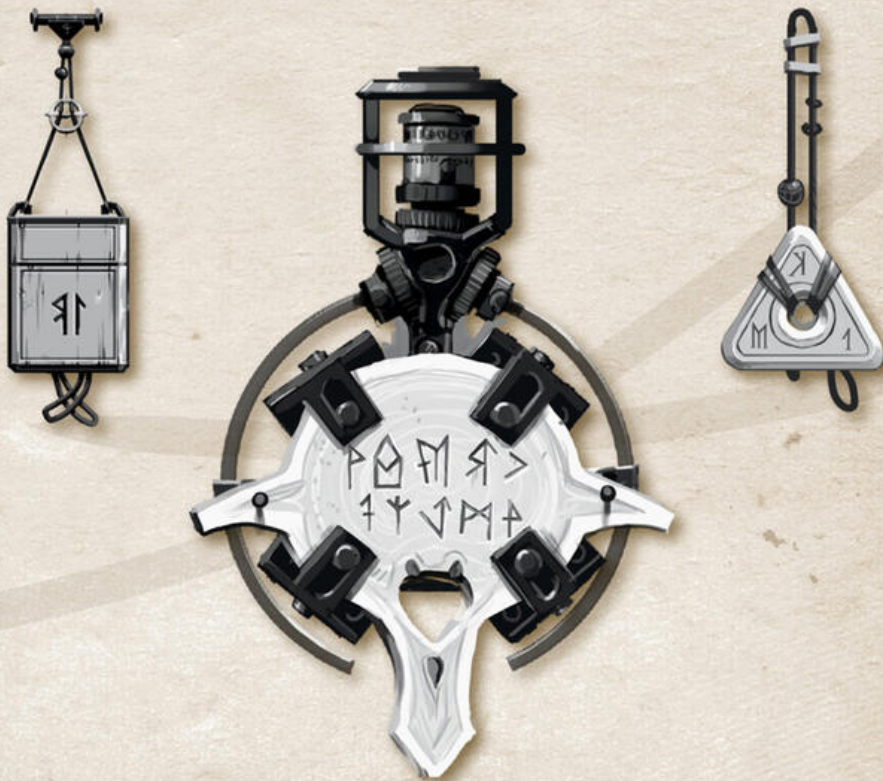
Like they tell children, some of those truly touched by the Black-Eyed Bastard can move through the space between rooftops like a sparrow. Others command armies of rats or poisonous flies as easily as they wriggle their fingers and toes. The Overseers are right to fear us, to warn the common folk to stay near their homes at night and keep their families close.

But there are other ways His influence manifests itself. Those who serve me share in some of what I can do, and I suspect it's the same for Delilah Copperspoon's coven. Then there are those who can craft runes and charms. The old woman across town—they call her Granny Rags—she carves and polishes the bones of whales, stringing them together and opening them to the Void until they moan like the fever-sick on a cold night. I've found a few of her talismans, and with each one I touched, a tiny piece of me departed and settled in with her. What does she gain? A longer life? Some other kind of power I don't understand? The making of such things is beyond me.

I've known four people in my time who carried the Mark of the Outsider, but I've known dozens more who wanted it, who stood at night in stagnant ponds or begged in the dust blowing through graveyards. People who gutted farm animals or burned the flesh of men, thinking it would call forth the Void. I met a dying man once who had collected runes and charms for years. He crushed them all into powder, made a paste, and ate them, thinking he could gain whatever magic was in the things. His death was long and painful. I also knew a woman from Karnaca who would trade for charms

and other bits of whalebone. She cracked them apart and fused them back together, then sold them. I bought one of these corrupted charms that she swore would cause sharp metal to break on my skin, and it worked. But each time it did, one of my teeth turned black and fell out. After the third time, I gave it to one of my men. Now when he smiles, it's all bleeding gums, and I wonder what parts inside him are turning black.

Sometimes I ask myself, without these gifts, would I be a man to fear? Would I be called the Knife of Dunwall, with my name whispered through the markets and the alleyways, the high towers and drawing rooms? I'd like to think so, but it really doesn't matter. As long as I bear this mark, I'll use whatever craft I have to force my will on the world. The harder trick is undoing what I've done.





THE HISTORY OF DRAPERS WARD

Excerpt from The Districts of Dunwall, a recent book

This chapter will focus on the once-lavish Drapers Ward. Before the reign of the Kaldwin dynasty, the locale held none of the prestige that it has so recently enjoyed. Drapers Ward was once a simple manufacturing hub for fabrics and textiles, exporting raw wovens to all corners of the Empire. Water-driven mills turned day and night to meet the needs of the rapidly expanding cloth industries. For decades, Drapers Ward supported a modest trade, until key manufacturers began relocating factories to Serkonos and Morley. The price of labor in these places was much lower, and the limited availability of Dunwall riverfront property, which was required to turn the mills, made expansion of operations impossible.

At the end of this period, declining production and abandoned factories created an opportunity for a new generation of skilled and ambitious industrialists. A loose confederation of clothing merchants, including such luminaries as Percy Oliver, Agatha Chesney, and Mortimer Hat, established a new model of business: high-end clothing that was designed to appeal to Dunwall's elite, sold at a substantial markup.

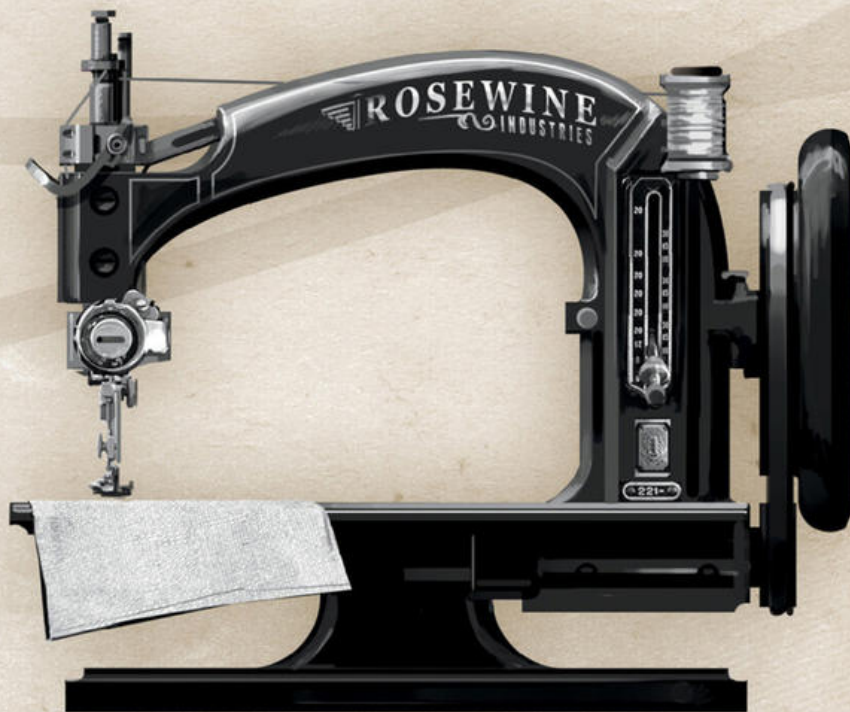
The best sartorial designers from across the Empire were lured to the boutiques of Drapers Ward, where they found themselves freed from the need to solicit patrons.



In fact, they were elevated to high society, courted, and pampered: The powerful and influential began to frequent the new Drapers Ward, paying any cost to be seen in the latest styles. The district was wildly successful; extravagant wealth and luxury among the proprietors and designers became the norm.

But not all was glamour and fun. Reinventing Drapers Ward was an expensive project, and investigations into the sources of the capital funding this revitalization often led to dead ends. It was commonly whispered that Mortimer Hat had been a ruthless gang leader in his early years, and it was a very poor secret among the City Watch that he still commanded a private army of hardened men that would protect his interests.

A terrible truth emerged over time. While the designers and merchants held court in exclusive boutiques, the mills and factories that produced the clothing were houses of suffering and abuse. Despite the coin generated by their business, the workers who stitched the garments never took part in the flow of wealth. Instead, Hat's men enforced brutal working conditions on them. As this corruption intensified, with violence occasionally spilling out into the open streets, the well-to-do declined further invitations to shop at the boutiques. Business fell precipitously and now, with rumors of a plague looming on the horizon, the golden age of Drapers Ward may soon be at an end.



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THE RHYME OF THE ROSEWATER HAG

Excerpt from an almanac on folktales and superstitions of Gristol

So far in this almanac we have cataloged many trite and ignorant, if somewhat harmless, tales, but we must now turn to that special class of folk customs that can only be called wicked and pernicious. The worst of these is perhaps "The Rhyme of the Rosewater Hag." Variants of this accursed poem seem to predate even the founding of Dunwall, though its ultimate origins are lost to us. As to its meaning, some consider it a tale of revenge by a mother against her own daughter. Others see it as a supplication meant to solicit the attention of some ancient spirit from the Void. In any case, the ritual surrounding the poem is profusely morbid, and in many regions is used as a primitive means of settling the matter between two parties where one has accused the other of falsehood. It is performed as follows:

When you are to be tested, first you must find a fountain of standing water and cover the surface with fallen rose petals. Once there are sufficient petals as to completely obscure the water, you must close your eyes firmly, and place both hands within the fountain so that they are submerged beneath the blanket of rose petals. Then you are to recite the following verses:

THE RHYME OF THE ROSEWATER HAG

Petals, petals, on the water
Tell me, tell me, where's your daughter?

Has she drowned beneath the Mark?
Has she vanished in the dark?

Petals, petals, on the water
Tell me, tell me, where's your daughter?

Has she trysted by the well?
Has she secrets left to tell?

Petals, petals, on the water
Tell me, tell me, am I your daughter?

After this, you must lean into the fountain, lowering your head fully into the water and under the rose petals, face first with both eyes still squeezed tight. Count to three and then open your eyes. At that moment, it is said that the Rosewater Hag will arrive. If you are without fault you will see nothing, except that you will feel her gentle caress on the back of your neck. But if there is falsehood or wickedness in your heart, you will see the horrible face of the Rosewater Hag, a creature of indescribable horror. The hag will drown you in the fountain with a cord made of thorny vines.

Obviously, while the Abbey takes things very seriously, most authorities classify this tale as superstitious nonsense. However, it must be noted that every year there are at least half a dozen reports from the countryside, of young women found dead and blue-faced, with their necks nicked and scratched as if by a collar of thorns.



THE KNIFE OF DUNWALL, A SURVIVOR'S TALE

From a street pamphlet containing a sensationalized report of a sighting of the assassin Daud



Gentle reader, be assured that your coin is well spent today. What you read here may one day preserve your life, and your sanity. No one has seen the Knife of Dunwall and lived to tell of it. Until now.

The sun was setting, a bloody stain against the sky, silhouetting the charred rib cage of the slaughterhouse. The stench of burned meat—the flesh of men and whales—soured the air. Daud erupted from the ashes and timbers, his body wreathed in flame and rent with injuries that no mortal man could have survived. His shadow stretched out before him on the ground, and it revealed his true nature—a horned thing warped by heresy. A shape too terrible to put into words, my gentle readers. A sorcerer from the Void, without question. I could hear the moans of the dying workers beneath him in the rubble of the slaughterhouse, but he did not even pause to acknowledge their plight, for his heart is colder than Tyvian ice.



Instead, he let out a guttural howl of victory, the shock of which snuffed out the life of those poor dying workers, and then he bounded away, moving from roof to roof back toward the streets. And this was where I thought this chapter would end, until I heard the music. The grinding metal music of the Overseers echoed from the nearby alleyways, and I knew there would soon be a fight. With only my sense of duty to the fallen citizens of Dunwall to keep my fear from overtaking me, I inched closer to the mouth of the alley for a better vantage.

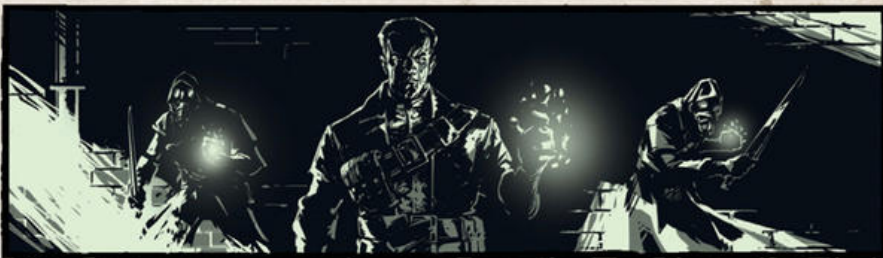
A brave contingent of Overseers had captured one of Daud's lieutenants lurking in the alley. He or she—for I could not tell beneath the thick leather of the industrial whaler suit—was prone and tied with sturdy ropes, surrounded by Overseers. But their fixation was ultimately their undoing.



Daud fell from above, moving through the air as easily as a falcon; I swear it upon my spirit. Without sound, he glided down among them, and the music maker was the first to die as Daud tore the man's head from his shoulders. The wretched song faded in a discordant wail. Then I watched as the most notorious assassin of our time became a flurry of leather, metal, and blood, deflecting bullets and sword blades with ease. The last Overseer, no doubt consumed with terror at seeing his brothers fall so easily, sank to his knees and begged for mercy. Daud spoke a single word that made my entrails squirm in my belly upon hearing it. The Overseer shrieked like a madman until his mask split in two, as though struck by some hammer and chisel, and a stream of blood gushed forth from the crack, bathing Daud's boots.

I closed my eyes at that point, too overwhelmed to witness any further atrocity. I could only hope that if that foul heretic discovered me next, my life would end swiftly. But when I opened my eyes, Daud was nowhere to be seen. That was the last I ever saw of the Knife of Dunwall.

So, heed my warning, gentle reader. Should you or anyone you love witness some misshapen shadow fall across your path, or should you hear the slightest rumor of dark words whispered from the rooftops, then flee. Flee with all haste.



TRIMBLE'S COIN

Excerpt from a book on noteworthy intellectual figures



The Halls of the Academy of Natural Philosophy are said to be spaces where thoughtful discourse and enlightened tolerance set the tone for debate and learning. It is believed that reason applies above all, and the passions of the greatest minds of the Empire are tempered by wisdom and custom. This is the commonly accepted vision of the place, and it is almost always accurate. Almost.

Sometimes a protracted debate or disagreement can explode into conflict. And very rarely, violence.

Such was the case years ago in the Month of Wind. A young apprentice named Piero Joplin ventured in strange new directions of research related to the preservation of mortifying tissue, a field that brought him into frequent conflict with a student called Trimble. Joplin and Trimble often debated loudly long into the night, and the content of these arguments was well beyond the understanding of most people of the Empire, the author included.

The rivalry between the two natural philosophers raged for months, but it is the climax of those events that prompts this writing. The two had quarreled deep into the night, the debate sliding into bitter personal attack. At last they reached a terrible accord: their mutual hatred culminated in a duel to the death with pistols.

Under the gray sky of dawn, the greatest minds of the Empire of the Isles gathered in the courtyard in a fashion resembling schoolboys gathering to watch to bullies fight. A quiet fell as Joplin and Trimble accepted the ceremonial pistols, marked off the paces, turned and fired.

Each combatant fired round after round, shattering windows, chipping masonry and splitting plaster. The closest shot to the mark was Joplin's, whose bullet ripped through the hem of Trimble's overcoat. It was clear that the dedicated study of the learned men had made for poor marksmanship. When all their ammunition was expended, both parties stood quivering with fear and rage, but unharmed. It was then agreed that the duel would be settled with a coin flip. A newly minted coin of the Empire was produced, bearing the face of Empress Jessamine Kaldwin. As it was sent spinning into the air, Trimble called heads. The coin landed tails.

Joplin was declared winner, and the feuding between the men ceased. By the terms of the dispute, Trimble was forced to leave, his studies incomplete, where upon a dignified silence returned to the halls of the Academy of Natural Philosophy.



Piero Joplin

MEMOIRS

Excerpt from a captain's deathbed memoirs

I tell you, the very sight of the animal is uplifting. Its size rivals the largest boats, and its songs resound across the ocean. The great fins are as long as two men. A single fin is as black as the rocks at the bottom of the darkest waters, but the remainder of the animal is as white as Tyvian snow. Even the tentacles hanging beneath its face are the palest white, twisting and dragging in the cold depths. When the great whale breaks, everything else is lost from focus, distant and diminished, as if you were transported to a lost, lonely place that does not—cannot—exist.

My entire life, I ran after this dream, burned into my mind when I was but ten years old. Since my first year at sea, the apparition has never left me. I have hunted its trace, following half-told rumors or the thinnest of clues: Part of a song, played by musicians in a Morley pub, at the edge of a town north of Caulkenny; once from a sketch, found among the belongings of a dead sailor. On rare occasion, I was guided by more substantial evidence: an evening's meal and conversation with a Captain who had sighted the great whale a season past.

At thirteen, I was already well familiar with whaler foam, and by sixteen years, I was Second Captain, sailing uncharted stretches of sea. When I got my own rickety boat at twenty, I was already known as the bloodiest whale hunter in all the Isles, the most consumed; the maddest with frustration.

Hunting and killing hundreds of whales, I never saw it again. I drove my ship and my men like hounds in the worst winter. Over a lifetime, I carried my hope of seeing it, touching the cool dead flesh once it was hoisted over the deck. I needed to hear its song again, to understand the effect it had over me, to immerse myself in its final moments of life.

Now, racing against my age and infirmity, my growing madness is killing this vision, this childhood dream, so that I wonder if it was ever real to begin with. My life seems already written and I have failed. I realize now that it was crazy, this dream. Did it really exist in this world? In mine, yes.

PORTS OF CALL

Excerpt from a guide to port cities across the Empire of the Isles

Potterstead, Gristol: A small town, but the locals are charming and the ale is unmatched. Be certain to visit during the Month of Wind for their Pennant Festival.

Dunwall, Gristol: Notes on the capital city could fill a dozen such volumes. All delights exist in Dunwall if you've got the coin, and all miseries if you're broke. Unless you're well connected through someone in Dunwall Tower, one of the key families, the City Watch, or River Patrol, make sure your permits are in order. Otherwise, you're likely to have your cargo seized by the port authorities for any reason they care to concoct.

Caulkenny, Morley: While the Harbormaster here is particular about the kinds of goods you're carrying, the rest of the town is more lax. Be sure to visit the Inn on the Rock for the best mutton stew in all the Isles.

Yaro, Tyvia: The cold here will snatch the breath from your lungs, but it is met in equal strength by the civility of its well-mannered citizens. The cozy taverns are kept warm by their famously crafted iron stoves, though the northern food takes some adjustment. Bejeweled aristocrats laugh and drink side by side with weathered, leathery-skinned farmers, clapping one another on the back until the dim hours. It is hard to make a friend here, or to truly understand the world view of the native born, but once you do, you'll have a friend for life.

Cullero, Serkonos: This city is crowded in the warmer months, and for good reason. You'll find yourself shoulder to shoulder with scantily clad locals and foreigners on holiday, pale skin burned pink by the sun, which somehow seems larger and brighter in Serkonos. The food in Cullero is a shining example of Serkonan cuisine, and there is always music, always dancing. Hand rolled on the steps of tobacco shops, the cigars are of course fresher than the ones you've had shipped to other parts of the Empire.

Karnaca, Serkonos: The Jewel of the South at the Edge of the World. The city is bustling with industry, after a wave of settlers from Morley, and an influx of wealthy trading companies from Dunwall. Everywhere you go in Karnaca, there are new ideas: hybrid forms of music, groundbreaking theories of natural philosophy, and even extravagant delicacies made by mixing ingredients from all the known cultures. The locals work tirelessly for their coin, welcoming the elite from across the Isles.



DRAPERS WARD

CLOCK

THE BO

WREHAVEN RIVER

KALDW

GOLDEN CAT DISTILLERY

HIGH OVERSEER'S OFFICE



a b c d e f



Area 19.65 sq mi
Elevation 125 ft

Population

- Total 202,900
- Density 10,260/sq mi
- County 682,500



KINGSPARROW ISLAND (4 Mi)

PRISONS OF THE ISLES

Excerpt from a report commissioned by the Royal Spymaster

The most striking characteristic one will notice when comparing incarceration facilities across the Isles is the outer walls themselves, or in some cases the lack thereof.

A well-known (and well-feared) prison such as Coldridge, with its long history as the principal prison for the capital city of Dunwall, has a number of physical barriers to keep prisoners from escaping or even attempting escape. Coldridge is housed in a single formidable structure, many stories tall, with tightly guarded gates and tiny individual cells that keep the prisoners separate, minimizing collusion. The prison is dominated by its high, gray walls, and as of late new technologies have been tested for deployment there, further adding to security and making it the height of modern incarceration. It's virtually unthinkable that one could escape from such a place.

Contrast this with the prisons of Tyvia, located in the tundra at the center of that nation-state. At some of the labor camps in Tyvia, there are literally no walls. A prisoner exhausted from hard labor and without tools is unlikely to survive the harsh climate or the hungry packs of hounds that rove the frozen wastes. In fact, Tyvian prison authorities make it known that any prisoner is free to leave at any time. In all of recorded history, no one has made the remote walk across the snow and ice to the nearest city. Interestingly, those who leave are not pursued; they are considered free people, having effectively served their sentences.

Later installments in this series will cover the mines of Serkonos, where prisoners must work in order to survive, and the coastal island jails of Morley, surrounded by bitterly cold waters that are filled with ravenous hagfish.



THE RECLAMATION OF DUNWALL

Excerpt from a pamphlet published in response to the plague

Dunwall, the seat of power in the known civilized world, the Empire of the Isles. It is our great capital. And it has been brought low by vermin. The very thought galls.

We are faced with the reality that our once great city is in a state of shambles, and the few remaining domiciles in any habitable condition are the estates of those wealthy enough to ward themselves against that reality. A city cannot continue to thrive if populated by only the upper classes and their cloistered sycophants.

Even if the plague were gone tomorrow, in its present state Dunwall doesn't have enough hardy people of working age to return the city to everyday function. We



must find a way to attract more residents, which requires removing the cloud of fear brought about by the current regime. The Lord Regent and his lackeys are bad for business, my friends.

So it falls on us—a plague and a tyrant must be overcome. And after that we must undertake a third miracle, turning the screws on the obscenely wealthy, forcing them to pay back into the place that has given them their privileged lives; it is the powerful and fortunate who must pay for the rebuilding of Dunwall, even if the poorest will bear the stones and timbers of reconstruction on their backs.

All this must happen for the dormant machine of commerce to restart. Without that, we are all forfeit, and the greatest city of our age will be lost.





REGENCY AND EMERGENCY POWERS

In a time of political upheaval, there are provisions in place for a staged transfer of power, designed with three goals in mind.

The first is the minimization of incentive for a coup. There is no predetermined person or position within the government that is scheduled to take on the mantle of regency during a time of crisis. Instead, a regent is chosen by Parliamentary accord. This serves to avoid promoting a path of derelict ascendancy, and to discourage those who would scheme for such a turn of events. It is the assumption of our governing documents that such a legislative body will always have the wisdom to see through would-be usurpers.

The second is the assurance of stability for the commons during and after the transitional phase. During an interregnum while a Regent rules the land, there are categories of laws and decrees that cannot be altered without a majority vote from Parliament. Thus daily life for the people will not change dramatically when during the time of Regency, or shift drastically once a proper heir takes up the throne.

Third, and perhaps most important, is that a worthy successor is found. In order to rule out hasty action and to maximize stability, there will be no term limit or duration applied to the period of Regency. Historically, rash decisions have been greatly contested, resulting in extended political turmoil or outright conflict. When the proper heir is found and the position is filled by someone worthy of the role, all others will fall in and provide their support.



A HISTORY OF LIZZY STRIDE

Excerpt from a listing of known underworld elements

Little is known of Elizabeth Stride's origins, except that she hailed from Morley and was rumored to be the daughter of a seamstress and a traveling cloth merchant. Stride was forced to flee Morley in her early years after strangling an abusive schoolmaster. She smuggled herself out of the city disguised as a boy and became a powder monkey on a navy ship. The ruse worked for a time, allowing her to see wonders and horrors that women in her society had always been denied. Her high spirit, charisma, and fierceness propelled her to the top of the pecking order in the small shipbound community of children, and they grew loyal to her.

Inevitably her deception was discovered by the ship's surgeon when she was injured during a storm. Before the doctor could report her, she rallied her powder monkeys to toss the man overboard. A bloody fight ensued, but their brief mutiny was crushed and many of her followers were put down. In the chaos, Lizzy and a handful of loyal boys managed to abandon ship in a skiff.

Afterward, they found employment for a few seasons with a cartographer working along the coasts of the Pandysian Continent to map estuaries. There the crew of children grew into experienced and savage fighters. With the conclusion of the mapping expedition, the crew sailed back to Gristol.

Once in Dunwall, Lizzy and her hardened friends carved a space for themselves in the street culture of the city. Their nautical experience had them at home on the Wrenhaven River, a territory previously unclaimed by any gang. They recruited former sailors, pirates, and defectors from other gangs. She took an unlikely lover, a naval aristocrat that arranged for her to carry merchant marine papers, giving them legitimacy in the eyes of the government and allowing her to sail through territory normally restricted to merchants.

Some of those same powder monkeys from the early years still follow her, helping pilot their cargo boat, the *Undine*, up and down the Wrenhaven on smuggling missions.

As the leader of the Dead Eels, Lizzy has an almost mythic reputation for ferocity. She files her teeth to points and is even rumored to have webbed toes. Her enemies fear her unpredictable violence as much as they despise her.



THOMAS'S JOURNAL

A recent journal entry, written in a careful hand

Our troubles began with a name. Delilah. A mystery given to Daud by the face he sees in his dreams and whose voice he hears when kneeling at the shrines hidden in the lost parts of the city. None of us have ever heard this voice, but we know its power. It spoke to our master, telling him of his coming doom and saying that solving this riddle was the only way to escape.

We knew nothing of Delilah, except that we found a whaling ship by that name. A tenuous connection, but where the Outsider's word is concerned there are no coincidences. We discovered the ship was named after a woman who once walked the halls of Dunwall Tower with Jessamine Kaldwin. Later she became a painter—an apprentice of Sokolov himself—until she snared an aristocratic patron named Arnold Timsh.

We met with Timsh's niece, who offered us information on Delilah in exchange for eliminating her uncle. Removing aristocrats was our specialty, so our master agreed. With Barrister Arnold Timsh gone, his niece divulged everything she knew. Delilah was much more than a painter and she was hiding in the old Brigmore Manor outside the city.

But by then we were too late. Delilah anticipated our threat. For some time she had been working her corruptive influence on the best of us: the assassin Billie Lurk. Delilah turned Lurk against us and together they sold us out to the Overseers. When we returned to our hideout in the Flooded District we were swarmed by gold masks and hounds. But Daud is quick and wise in our trade. In the end, he kept us alive, though there were losses.





Now our resources are strained. Some of the men are grumbling. I see the strain on Daud's face. Killing the Empress, handing over her daughter—those are not easy burdens to bear. And Lurk's betrayal weighs on him heavily. His sleep is troubled by curses and shouts.

Now we make preparations to strike back at Delilah. She is planning something in Brigmore, something that affects everyone in the Isles. And she will be expecting us. Like our master, she shares her gifts from the Outsider with those who follow her. How many are they, I wonder?

I have no secrets from my master. My loyalty is without question. But I fear these may be the last days of the Whalers. Perhaps the last days of Daud.



Delilah Copperspoon



WARNING ON CORRUPTED CHARMS

Excerpt from an Overseer's report on black-market occult artifacts



Vice Overseer Mellios,

While traveling in Serkonos, which is of course within your purview, I came across a matter that demands your attention. My brothers and I were using the overland route from Cullero to Karnaca, escorting two of our sisters from the Oracular Order as you requested months ago. (My apologies for the delay. High Overseer Campbell is a busy man, as I'm sure you understand, and sometimes such deployments fall to the wayside as his mind is devoted to some immediate concern, of higher import in our struggle against the Outsider.)

Halfway to Karnaca, our caravan stopped in a lakeside town where we learned that a man had recently been murdered. Initially, this was no cause for our involvement, until we heard about some of the things found in his keeping: red-wax candles that we suspect were mixed with ox blood, clippings of hair, and a painting that hung over his kitchen table, depicting a small girl-child carrying two dried leaves. I need not tell a man of your wisdom that these things were of concern, but other clues confiscated at the site were far more serious.

The victim's finely appointed rooms were located on the top floor, looking down over the lake. He was a merchant of some means and, from what we found, it's clear that he was trafficking in heresy, attempting to buy an occult charm constructed of whalebone. What makes this case different is that the man was not attempting to purchase some superstitious sailor's carving from bygone days; here we have a situation in which a private citizen—and a functioning member of society—actually commissioned the creation of a new artifact aimed at a specific purpose.

Those offering this service, from what we can tell, were attempting to craft a new charm from shards of older whalebone talismans. Vice Overseer, we believe that this new artifact was damaged in some way, creating the rift between buyer and seller which resulted in murder. From what we've gathered, the item possessed some occult power. It also seemed to come at a cost, however, afflicting the bearer in several unwanted ways as well. Whether the individual or cult responsible for the creation of the corrupted bone

charm made it that way deliberately, or whether their capabilities proved somehow inferior, is not something we know at this time.

However, this occurrence matches other such stories from across the Isles. As a coddled generation has grown more accepting of heresy, even taking delight in the tales of witchcraft found in lurid adventure stories, this is the result: now even those with no real connection to the Void are attempting to devise their own disgusting rituals and talismans. Such corrupted bone charms and fractured runes could be even more dangerous than the original artifacts, as impossible as that might seem.

As I must now journey to Dunwall to take up my next assignment, I leave any further investigation in your capable hands. However, I've left copies of this letter with several outposts along the way to Karnaca, and I've asked that any loyal to the Abbey who come across these words—if they have the time and means—copy them for our brethren and for those over whom they watch. The merchant is dead, but those who crafted this corrupted charm still walk the land (Roving Feet!). Our worries are not overzealous imaginings, as some would claim, but represent a very real danger. As you will agree, these matters should be of grave concern to any who wish to keep our lands free from the curses of the Void.

Overseer Angus Duncan
Fraeport Outpost, Morley





THE EMPRESS

The opulent and engrossing world of *Dishonored* is revealed in this collection of documents, notes, and manuscripts from the game, accompanied by artwork—some never seen before—created during its development.

Delving into the characters, locations, and history of Dunwall, this volume is essential reading for both *Dishonored* fans and anyone curious to learn more about this unique game.



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