

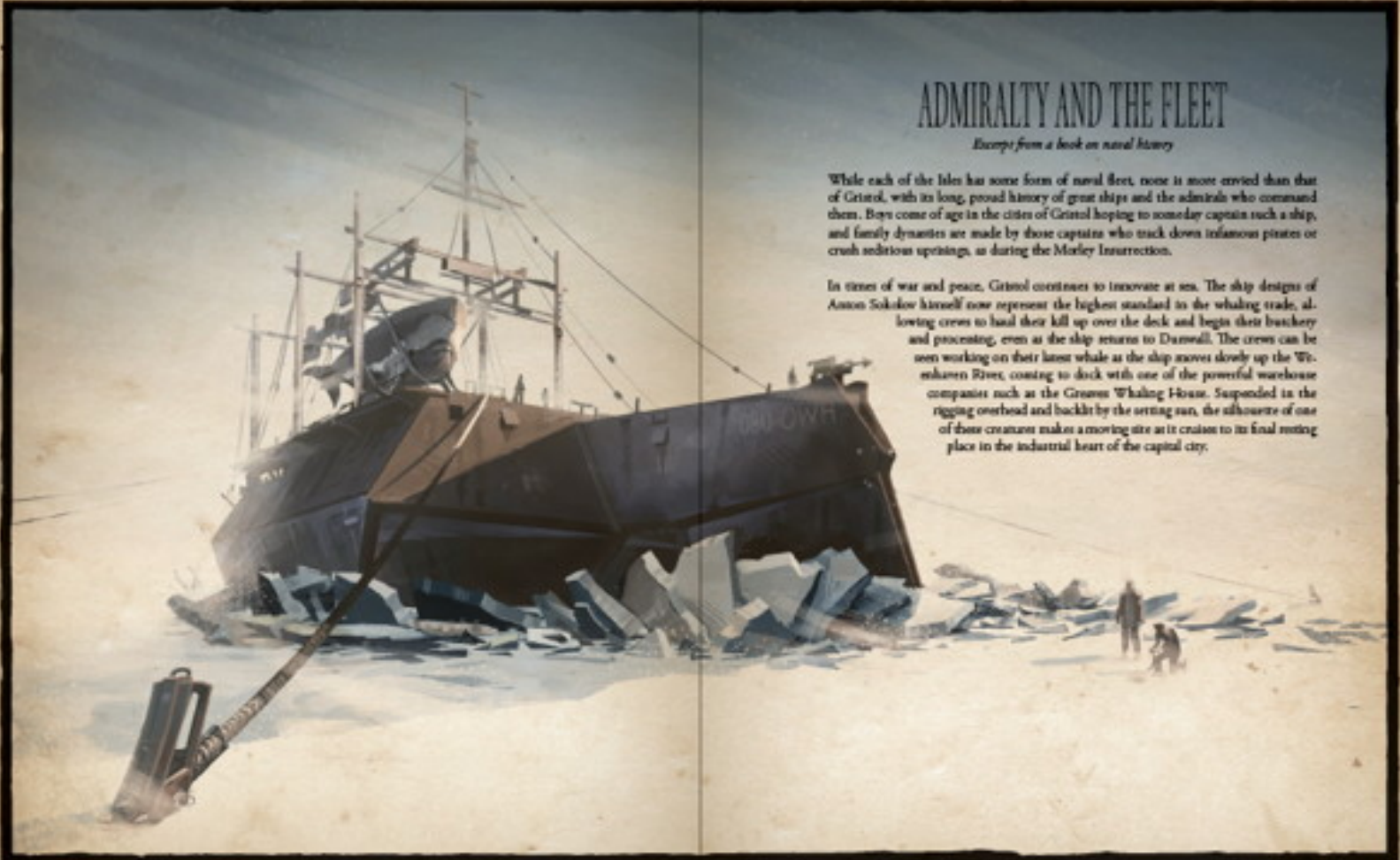


DISHONORED[®]



THE DUNWALL ARCHIVES

COMPILED BY MERRIT'S PRINTING FIRM
FOR THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY



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 revered 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 Darnell. The crews can be seen working on their latest whale as the ship moves slowly up the Whalen River, coming to dock with one of the powerful warehouse companies such as the Grouse 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.

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.





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 Brigmores 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.

