

# OVERHEARD IN DUSKWALL

"Lyssa did it with her own hands, they say. Eye to eye, cold as can be."

"If she stuck her own boss she's a dirty scuttler, (spits)"... but not one I'll cross any time soon."

"I heard that new Inspector used to be a captain in the Imperial Cavalry..."

"I guess snoopin' crooks in the Dusk beats riding down devils in the deathlands, eh?"

"Red milk, I call it. Y'take scarlet toad venom, distill it pure—a method whispered to me by a demon, hahaha!—cut it with a vesch of fractionated spirit essence, the best memories of former life—dam't hard to get—but if y'got some, even a dram..."

"Yes, yes... as I said, Lord Scurlock has..."

"Highest high silver can buy—lord, lad, or lady."

"Ya see, there are two types in this world. Me, an' doffing idiots. That's why I bet on Marlane."

"You punched a guy out of his pants!"

"They were kinda loose, I guess. Boots came off, too. Then his pregnant wife came at me. What are you supposed to do about that?"

"There goes another crow. How dreadful!"

"Whassat? Seven inna last half hour? Naw, mate, this is Crow's Foot. Like, where they perch, get it? Night's just getting started."

"... seen her in the mirror."

"Like, behind him?"

"No, just her reflection, in the mirror."

"Inky hell."

"Looks like a regular tattoo to me."

"Naaaaw, see how the crab's claw wriggles? Ink's laced with demon blood."

"Sure, and I'm the weepin' lady."

"Oh, you'll see. Once it sets in..."

"He threatened you? What, with a blade?"

"Oh, no, warden sir, nothin' plain like that, or I wouldn't have summoned yeh. He, well... it was awful strange. He spoke in my Rickard's voice, sir." "He threatened you with a stage trick?"

"Not a trick sir! Rickard's own voice! Such awful things he said, too."

(sigh) "Hardly a crime, madame."

"But Rickard's dead these seven years, sir! Never made it over from Skovlan. How could this Lampblack scuttler have his voice?"

"That wretch, Rowley. That... thing is twisted. I was walking late the other night and can swear I saw him surrounded by a damn horde of dregs like him. And they were pleading allegiance like he was the dammed king of the alleys. It was the mockery of a court, with a throne and everything. He... it's gathering an army, I tell you."

"Do you know why they dispose of bodies in the canals after midnight? The spirits of the drowned live there. Well, 'live', right? They claim everything that touches the water after the clock strikes twelve. Well, everything except those gondoliers."

"Yeah, and I suppose you have just the charm to sell me to keep me safe and sound..."

"What fortune! It just so happens I do..."

"Tally's missing from the orphanage. I asked the headmistress if he was taken already, but she shunned me out! I'm desperate, I can't leave my little brother like this!"

(sung as an out-of-tune sea shanty)

"... pawned my farm for a 'viathan hunter lost me ship to the ink

paddled back home on a dead god's shell "

(louder, as if expecting others to join in)

"I'd sell me soul for a drink!"

## RUMORS ON THE STREET

*Weekly, or whenever you need one*

1	Someone is trying to organize a union for Canal Dockers.	OR	The ministry of transport is taking control of the gondoliers.
2	The Path of Echoes will buy inhabited spirit bottles, no questions asked.	OR	A leviathan hunter ship returned to port, no crew living, carrying a demon.
3	There's a Bluecoat constable that takes bribes to frame targets for crimes.	OR	A corrupt magistrate is seeking secret passage out of the city ahead of charges.
4	The streetwalkers and pleasure houses are infiltrated by rogue spirits.	OR	The Church of the Ecstasy of the Flesh is seeking a new Apex.
5	The new drug, Lure, is made from leviathan blood and turns people into demons.	OR	The Spirit Wardens are stockpiling electroplasm, expecting a shortage soon.
6	All the well-to-dos are buying Turner's new locks—said to be impossible to crack.	OR	The vault at Charterhall Bank was ransacked, but they're covering it up.

## CITY EVENTS IN THE NEWSPAPERS

*Weekly, or whenever you need one*

	1	2	3	4	5	6
1	Plague	Festival	Raids	Revolution	Accident	Disaster
2	Refugees	Strike	Prohibition	Construction	Siege	Charity
3	Demolition	Election	Scandal	Martial Law	Conscription	Exodus
4	Shortage	Excess	Discovery	Paranoia	Assassination	Witch Hunt
5	Parade	Celebrity	Holiday	Riots	Gang War	Hysteria
6	Crime Spree	Political Upheaval	Prison Break	Diplomacy	Supernatural Weather	Cult Gatherings

## REMARKABLE OCCURRENCES

*Weekly, or whenever you need one*

1	Strange plasmic fog fills the streets—deathseeker crows shun the district.	OR	Spirit wardens set up a watch post and deathseeker crow roost in the old temple ruins.
2	Bluecoats suspend street patrols, citing 'budget cuts'. It's free rein for crime!	OR	Bluecoats set up checkpoints for contraband or whatever they feel like confiscating.
3	Citizens rally against extortion, bringing in hired bravos from other districts.	OR	Local talent (band, chef, tumblers) becomes popular, swelling crowds at market and shops.
4	Canals become choked w/ debris, overflowing with foul effluvia.	OR	Canals throughout district are drained for maintenance (or some strange purpose).
5	The ramshackle shanties of The Drop are marked for demolition.	OR	A raging fire sweeps across Crow's Foot, threatening to destroy the district.
6	A group of scoundrels, recently escaped from Ironhook, go to ground nearby, attracting bounty hunters.	OR	An ancient crypt beneath the district, covered in strange markings, is exposed and attracts wailing hollows.