A decade before the fall, the tone of these streets were merry. Children were playing and reciting nursery rhymes, mothers gossiping in the streets while they grab the best ingredients, the smell of various baked goods perusing the street. Noise, People, Life.

Now, it’s a hive of iniquity on the worst days, and desolate during the rest. Walking these treacherous streets of villainy and plague remind any unfortunate travelers the reality of this world. The loud piercing shriek of a young woman attempting to repel unwanted advances along with the smell of death ever persistent. There is no space to walk due to the numerous bodies plagued with dark pus filled boils while rats eat away at the bloated decaying corpses. Children curled like a fetus hoping that the deep wretching pain in their stomach will be taken away by a miracle of the Salvation. Salvation banners adorned with a deep regal purple color promise an end to all misery, so long as you repent through a disturbing selection of sacrifices. No matter how long you’ve lived in this hellscape, the sight still turns your stomach.

 The torn and heavily weathered letter in your clutches instructs you towards the tavern, once named with a welcoming attitude and even warmer atmosphere, now just referred to by the local ruffian as “The Tavern”. Aptly named, due to the place being the only tavern within several fortnights of the area. The road leading to The Tavern starts to become less and less packed with starving stomachs and decaying corpses. As you get closer, you nod to The Tavern workers in their long aprons, masks, and long gloves. After your greeting they return to the daunting task of cleaning bodies and ejecting the needy from the area. You can faintly hear the sound of drunkards using mediocre ale in the futile hopes to shun the outside world. As the noise grows louder and louder, so does the pungent smell of hops and human excrement. As you approach the blood-covered and heavily worn wooden door, you make the hasty decision to reconsider the job and re-read the letter sent to you

“Dear Adventurer,

 I've heard of your exploits at (x town) and I'm mighty impressed with your work. My boss has me looking for someone who knows how to handle themselves, doesn't mind getting a little dirty, and hates the bloody Ganavans as much as you must. The work you did at (x town) really shows that last part. Anywho, I have a vial of something very very important to deliver to my boss, and needs to be protected at all costs, including giving your life if it comes down to that. Your payment will be 50 shillings up front, as well as a week’s worth of bread. If you actually manage to deliver the package, you'll be paid 800 stirling and a permanent home, away from all the brutes you're used to as well as the dead. If this sounds good, which it does, then meet me at The Tavern so we can discuss terms, and don't keep me waiting. I'm not a very patient man.

Vetorkag”

You take a moderately deep breath to recompose yourself, knowing that this is a once in a lifetime deal. You roll the letter and grasp onto it, ensuring that no other vagrant can take it from you. You rearrange your hat, ensure your pistol is ready to fire, and deftly walk into The Tavern.