

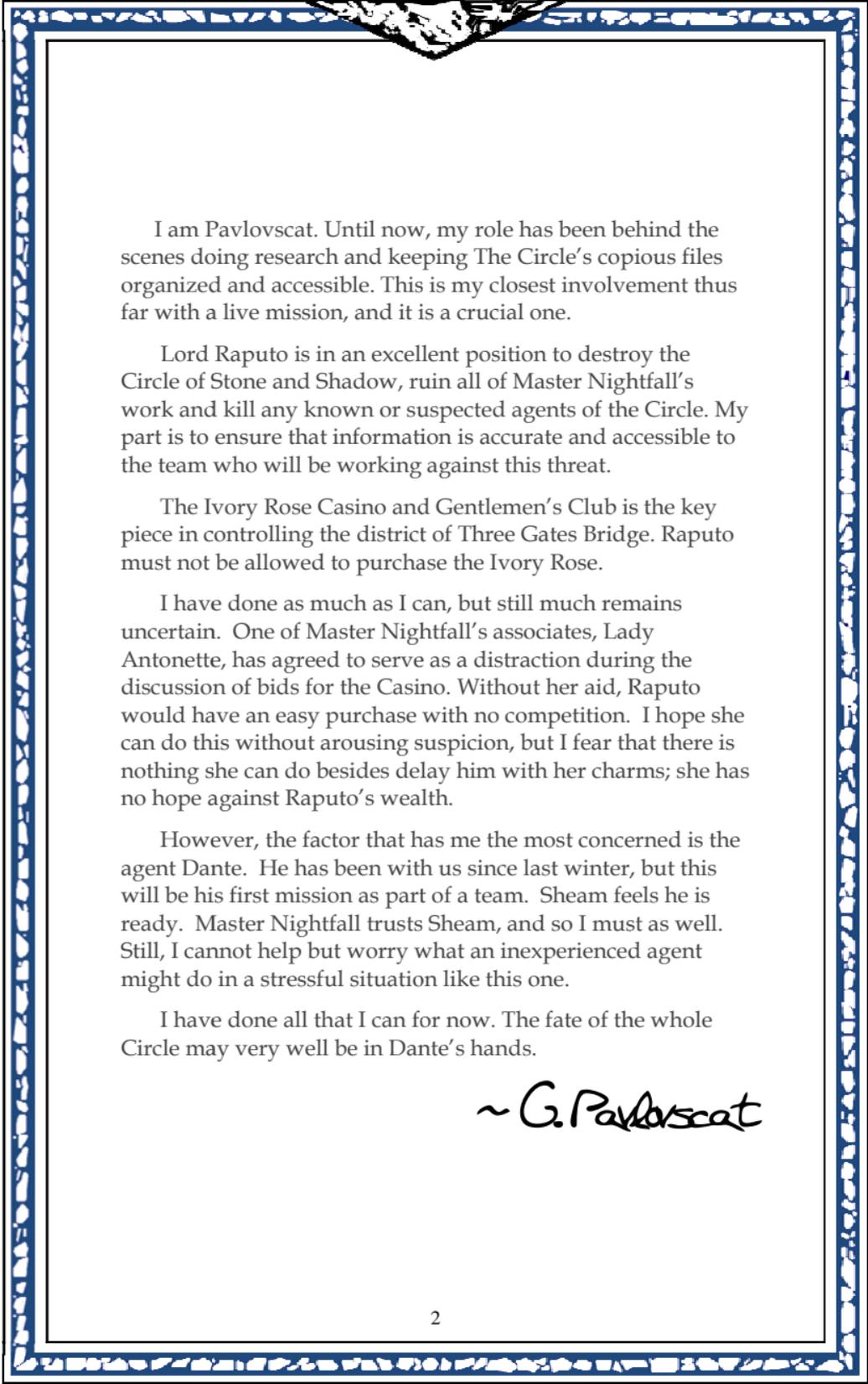
THE CIRCLE  
of  
STONE AND SHADOW  
CHAPTER 1 • MISSION 2

MISSION X

· ANARCHIC FOX · DIGITAL NIGHTFALL · FINIAL · YAMETHA ·

with

· PAVLOVSCAT · R SOUL · SOGAX ·



I am Pavlovscat. Until now, my role has been behind the scenes doing research and keeping The Circle's copious files organized and accessible. This is my closest involvement thus far with a live mission, and it is a crucial one.

Lord Raputo is in an excellent position to destroy the Circle of Stone and Shadow, ruin all of Master Nightfall's work and kill any known or suspected agents of the Circle. My part is to ensure that information is accurate and accessible to the team who will be working against this threat.

The Ivory Rose Casino and Gentlemen's Club is the key piece in controlling the district of Three Gates Bridge. Raputo must not be allowed to purchase the Ivory Rose.

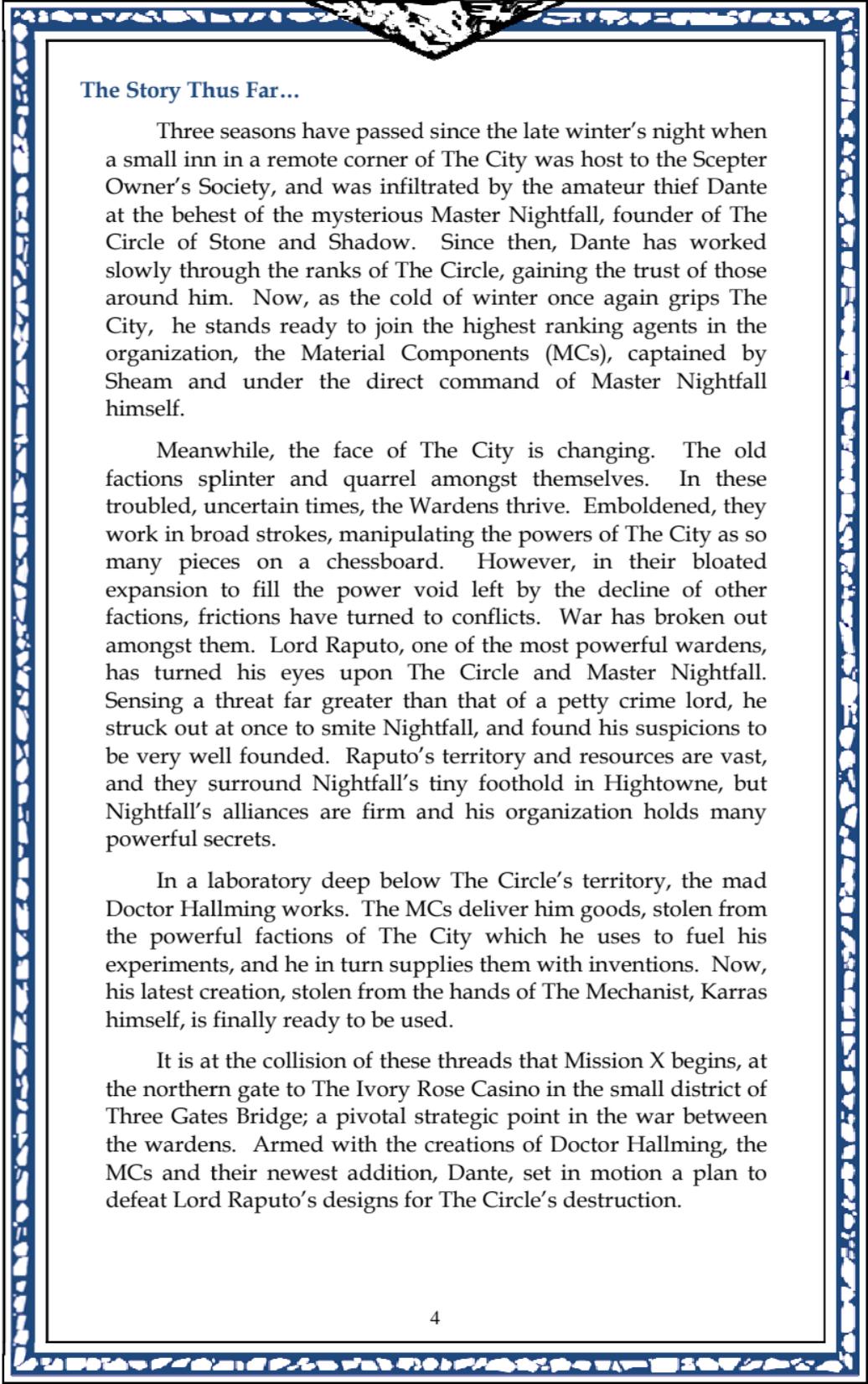
I have done as much as I can, but still much remains uncertain. One of Master Nightfall's associates, Lady Antonette, has agreed to serve as a distraction during the discussion of bids for the Casino. Without her aid, Raputo would have an easy purchase with no competition. I hope she can do this without arousing suspicion, but I fear that there is nothing she can do besides delay him with her charms; she has no hope against Raputo's wealth.

However, the factor that has me the most concerned is the agent Dante. He has been with us since last winter, but this will be his first mission as part of a team. Sheam feels he is ready. Master Nightfall trusts Sheam, and so I must as well. Still, I cannot help but worry what an inexperienced agent might do in a stressful situation like this one.

I have done all that I can for now. The fate of the whole Circle may very well be in Dante's hands.

~ G. Pavlovscat





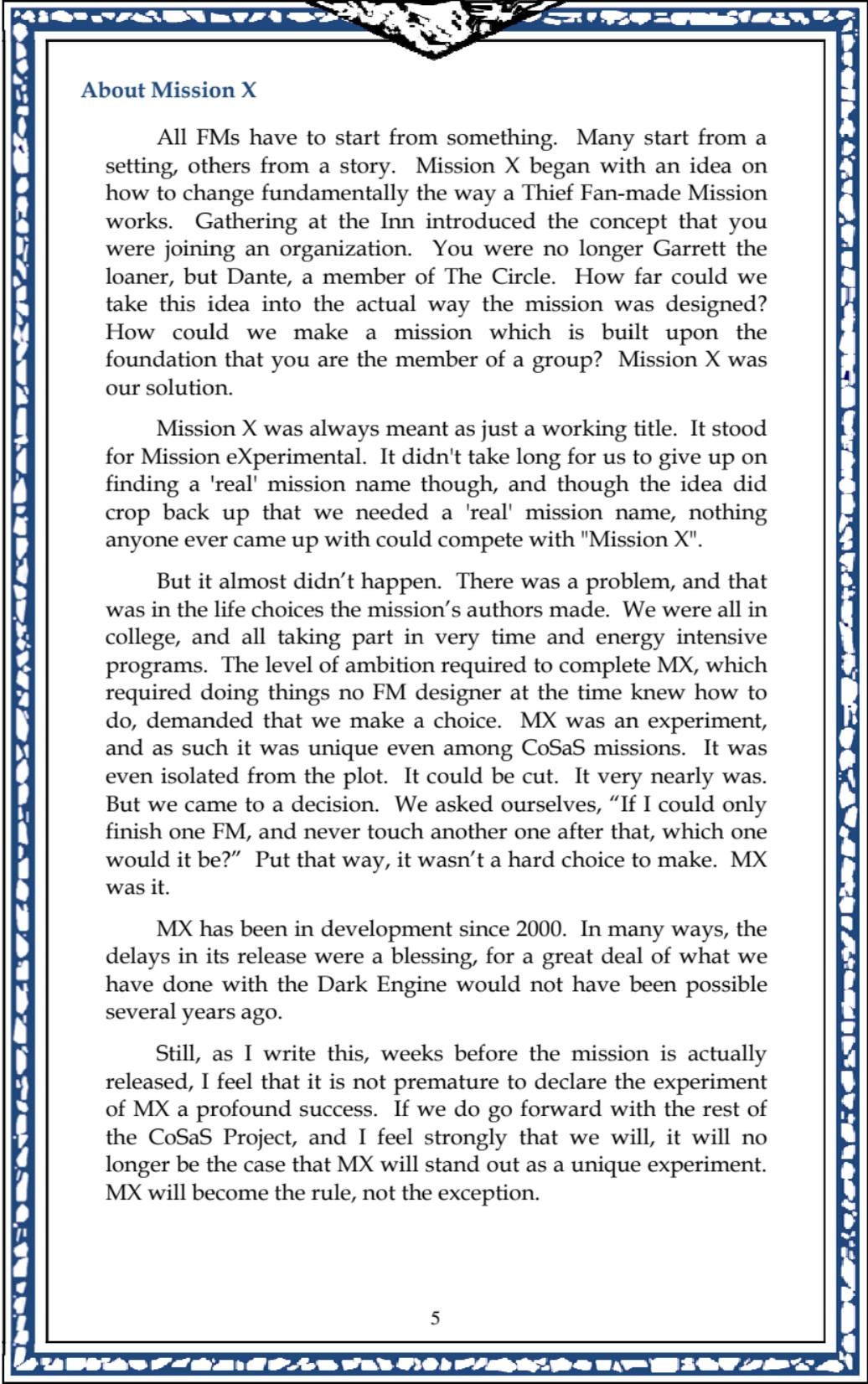
## The Story Thus Far...

Three seasons have passed since the late winter's night when a small inn in a remote corner of The City was host to the Scepter Owner's Society, and was infiltrated by the amateur thief Dante at the behest of the mysterious Master Nightfall, founder of The Circle of Stone and Shadow. Since then, Dante has worked slowly through the ranks of The Circle, gaining the trust of those around him. Now, as the cold of winter once again grips The City, he stands ready to join the highest ranking agents in the organization, the Material Components (MCs), captained by Sheam and under the direct command of Master Nightfall himself.

Meanwhile, the face of The City is changing. The old factions splinter and quarrel amongst themselves. In these troubled, uncertain times, the Wardens thrive. Emboldened, they work in broad strokes, manipulating the powers of The City as so many pieces on a chessboard. However, in their bloated expansion to fill the power void left by the decline of other factions, frictions have turned to conflicts. War has broken out amongst them. Lord Raputo, one of the most powerful wardens, has turned his eyes upon The Circle and Master Nightfall. Sensing a threat far greater than that of a petty crime lord, he struck out at once to smite Nightfall, and found his suspicions to be very well founded. Raputo's territory and resources are vast, and they surround Nightfall's tiny foothold in Hightowne, but Nightfall's alliances are firm and his organization holds many powerful secrets.

In a laboratory deep below The Circle's territory, the mad Doctor Hallming works. The MCs deliver him goods, stolen from the powerful factions of The City which he uses to fuel his experiments, and he in turn supplies them with inventions. Now, his latest creation, stolen from the hands of The Mechanist, Karras himself, is finally ready to be used.

It is at the collision of these threads that Mission X begins, at the northern gate to The Ivory Rose Casino in the small district of Three Gates Bridge; a pivotal strategic point in the war between the wardens. Armed with the creations of Doctor Hallming, the MCs and their newest addition, Dante, set in motion a plan to defeat Lord Raputo's designs for The Circle's destruction.



## About Mission X

All FMs have to start from something. Many start from a setting, others from a story. Mission X began with an idea on how to change fundamentally the way a Thief Fan-made Mission works. Gathering at the Inn introduced the concept that you were joining an organization. You were no longer Garrett the loaner, but Dante, a member of The Circle. How far could we take this idea into the actual way the mission was designed? How could we make a mission which is built upon the foundation that you are the member of a group? Mission X was our solution.

Mission X was always meant as just a working title. It stood for Mission eXperimental. It didn't take long for us to give up on finding a 'real' mission name though, and though the idea did crop back up that we needed a 'real' mission name, nothing anyone ever came up with could compete with "Mission X".

But it almost didn't happen. There was a problem, and that was in the life choices the mission's authors made. We were all in college, and all taking part in very time and energy intensive programs. The level of ambition required to complete MX, which required doing things no FM designer at the time knew how to do, demanded that we make a choice. MX was an experiment, and as such it was unique even among CoSaS missions. It was even isolated from the plot. It could be cut. It very nearly was. But we came to a decision. We asked ourselves, "If I could only finish one FM, and never touch another one after that, which one would it be?" Put that way, it wasn't a hard choice to make. MX was it.

MX has been in development since 2000. In many ways, the delays in its release were a blessing, for a great deal of what we have done with the Dark Engine would not have been possible several years ago.

Still, as I write this, weeks before the mission is actually released, I feel that it is not premature to declare the experiment of MX a profound success. If we do go forward with the rest of the CoSaS Project, and I feel strongly that we will, it will no longer be the case that MX will stand out as a unique experiment. MX will become the rule, not the exception.

## Individuals of Note

(About the Designers)



wardens, a loose union of aristocrats who govern The City's underworld. The MCs are an elite group of operatives under his direct command.

### Master Nightfall - Director

Though this crime lord has only been a citizen of The City for several years, few associate the word 'stranger' with him. 'Mystery' is the word of choice. In just that short time, he has risen to considerable power and placed himself among the



detail of the MCs' Mission X operation. His identity and location are closely guarded secrets, known only to Nightfall and a trusted few.

### Anarchic Fox - Writer

A scribe of the old tongue, this secretive sage came under Master Nightfall's employ around the same time as Dante. His ability to look at the surface of any situation and quickly ascertain all meaning has made him a valuable addition to the intelligence division. He was invaluable in plotting every



### **Finial - Lead Designer**

An enigmatic artist who has faded in and out of obscurity over the years, appearing when he has a role to fill and vanishing just as quickly thereafter. Due to his presence during the original construction of the Ivory Rose, a time which predates The Circle by many decades, planning of the mission was able to proceed without lengthy and dangerous reconnaissance missions.



### **Pavlovscat - Quality Assurance**

Master Nightfall's personal assistant, who replaced Sheam in that role when Sheam became the captain of the MCs. With an operation this important, her skills were greatly needed. Organization, an acute attention to detail, and an obsession with thoroughness ensures that nothing will be overlooked that could endanger the MCs' plan.

Her wild and reckless past has been put behind her, but is still very evident in her sly demeanor.



### **R Soul - Technical Consultant**

A newcomer to the organization, who has quickly proved his invaluable worth. An influential businessman in his own right, he carries with him a secret vendetta against Lord Raputo which forced his goals to collide with those of The Circle. The intelligence and resources he provided

concerning the details of Lord Raputo's plans filled in critical holes. As an equal and collaborator with Nightfall, he stands with as much to lose and as much to gain with his ally.



### **Sogax - Audio Designer**

A swashbuckling bard who has enough scars to indicate that his ability to make enemies is only matched by his ability to survive them. He is maybe operating at some other level than the rest of us, maybe not quite sane, but all of this only feeds his ego. He'd be a megalomaniac if he had the ambition to rule over others. Instead, he wishes only to entertain them - which is almost as dangerous.



### **Yametha - Co-Director**

A young assistant to Doctor Hallming who oversaw the development of the communications mask from an experiment of the eccentric doctor's into a valuable tool for agents in the field. Her brilliance and ingenuity was second only to Hallming himself, and her experience with the work of the agents augmented Hallming's own rather focused knowledge base. Each of MCs' unique masks used in Mission X was hand crafted by her from Hallming's initial prototype.





## Factions

(Includes groups introduced in Gathering at the Inn)

The City tolerates only those who are strong enough to be completely independent, or those who flock together. For whatever purpose, be it religion, knowledge, money, or simply power for power's sake, the bonds of faction can bring the greatest comfort and the harshest conflict.

Most visitors to this place know very well of the Hammerites, Pagans, and Keepers. These are some of the lesser known but extremely pertinent groups.

## The Circle of Stone and Shadow

A society founded by pre-warden Master Nightfall, being a seemingly loose contingent of smaller factions, such as the Material Component Agents, each tied tenuously through the ranks to a central seat of power. Few within know all of the faces that The Circle fronts, but most understand that this is to become appealing to as many allies as possible while being respectable to as many enemies as manageable, while hiding away the more undesirable elements; thus simultaneous alliances with conflicting groups becomes possible. It is by these tactics that Nightfall and his Circle grew in power over such a short time, though some suspect that much was already in place long before the leader ever set foot on The City's shores.

The organization takes its name from an ancient building in southern Hightowne, occupancy of which had remained taboo until claimed by Nightfall. It was converted into a library-museum of sorts as a front, with the criminal enterprises taking place behind the scenes. As the society grew in power and reach, the building itself was used less as a criminal headquarters and more as a showpiece, though its importance to Nightfall has not waned, and in fact seems to border on obsession.



### Ward Raputo

Lord Raputo's territory is vast, spanning the heart of The City and the entirety of the districts North Quarter, Shalebridge, Newmarket, and New Quarter. His legacy goes back countless generations; royalty, noblemen, fiends and villains. His cunning was awakened to the subtle threat posed by Nightfall and his Circle, seeing through the guise of simple diplomacy to the plot of domination within. At first, his response was to nurture and groom this ambition into a subordinate peer, but as this grew too dangerous, his recourse was one of swift rebukes. It was then clear that Nightfall had no intention of remaining a pawn, and direct conflict was inevitable.



### Ward Antonette

A warden of modest ambitions and limited territory, content to watch the rise and fall of those more reckless than she with an air of detached amusement. Siding so strongly with any other warden, especially a controversial figure such as Nightfall, is considerably out of her character - and even more out of character to stand beside him as he faces such a considerable threat as Lord Raputo. Either she shares a unified vision with this newcomer, or she has sensed a change in the wind, and wishes to be on the correct side of the new order of things.



### The Ivory Rose

It is the pearl of its district, Three Gates Bridge, and among the most luxurious casino hotels in The City - if not the greatest by far. Owned by Cloud the Third, the grandson of its founder, and managed by an extensive team of accountants and businessmen, the Ivory Rose has been a symbol of opulence within The City for several generations. It is no stranger to the greed of others to possess it, but now for the first time it seems its ownership may fall outside the family, for rumor has it that Cloud is willing to throw away his life and family's work for the sake of his covert mistress.





### The City Watch

Under the command of the newly elected - though some would say appointed - sheriff, the City Watch is being transformed from a powerless symbol of implied authority into a genuine occupation force, taking The City one street at a time under its control not by liberating it from the forces that rule the streets, but by absorbing them into its bloated bureaucracy. It is only by virtue of his wardenship that Nightfall's Circle remains untouched by their tendrils, as the city wardens seem mysteriously absent from the watch's designs.



### The Hand Brotherhood

All factions within The City are linked to one another, with one exception. The elemental mage of the Hand Brotherhood remain excluded from all, neither friend nor foe, with intentions and business that neither coincide nor conflict with any other group. What their intentions and business entail is shrouded.



### Doctor Hallming

Not a faction, but a man: the last of a long departed academy of science. Who the others were, and how he alone managed to use their discoveries to defeat both time and death, remain unknown. What is known is that he is able to disassemble and stitch together pieces of technology as if they were but cloth. His debt to The Circle must be great, for there is no other reason why he has dedicated himself completely to serving it.



### The Mechanists

When the church of the Hammer splintered into a dozen fragments, one quickly rose to dominance in the aftermath. The Mechanists honor the machine, embodied by the gear, over the simple built form, and have brought forth many mechanical creations, many of dubious origin and design; especially The Servants, neither living nor dead, human nor machine. It is The Circle's goal to maintain a light touch with this dangerous faction, and steal as much technology from them as possible. All direct contact is to be avoided - all information is to be hoarded.

## The Material Component Agents



### Agent Air (Sheam)

Sheam was the first outsider to be brought within. Her original position was merely secretarial, but through trial and crisis she proved herself to be far more valuable in other areas. When the Material Components were formed, she was the natural choice for the cool headed organizer of the group, the one

who keeps all of the pieces moving as one unit. She avoids direct action in the field, as her safety is paramount to any mission.



### Agent Steel

Once a simple thuggish hireling, but one whose cleverness and judgment befitted more refined work, Steel is boastful, presumptuous, and rarely fails. His appointment to the Material Components is a recent one, and strictly a trial. He will be doing his best to prove that his new position is a good fit.



### Agent Stone

She is one of the few agents that The Circle pursued and who, once hired, was immediately placed among the Material Components. Stone is as precise as she is secretive; her unparalleled skills along with her complete lack of infamy are telltale signs of a perfect thief who has never been caught.



### **Agent Rubber**

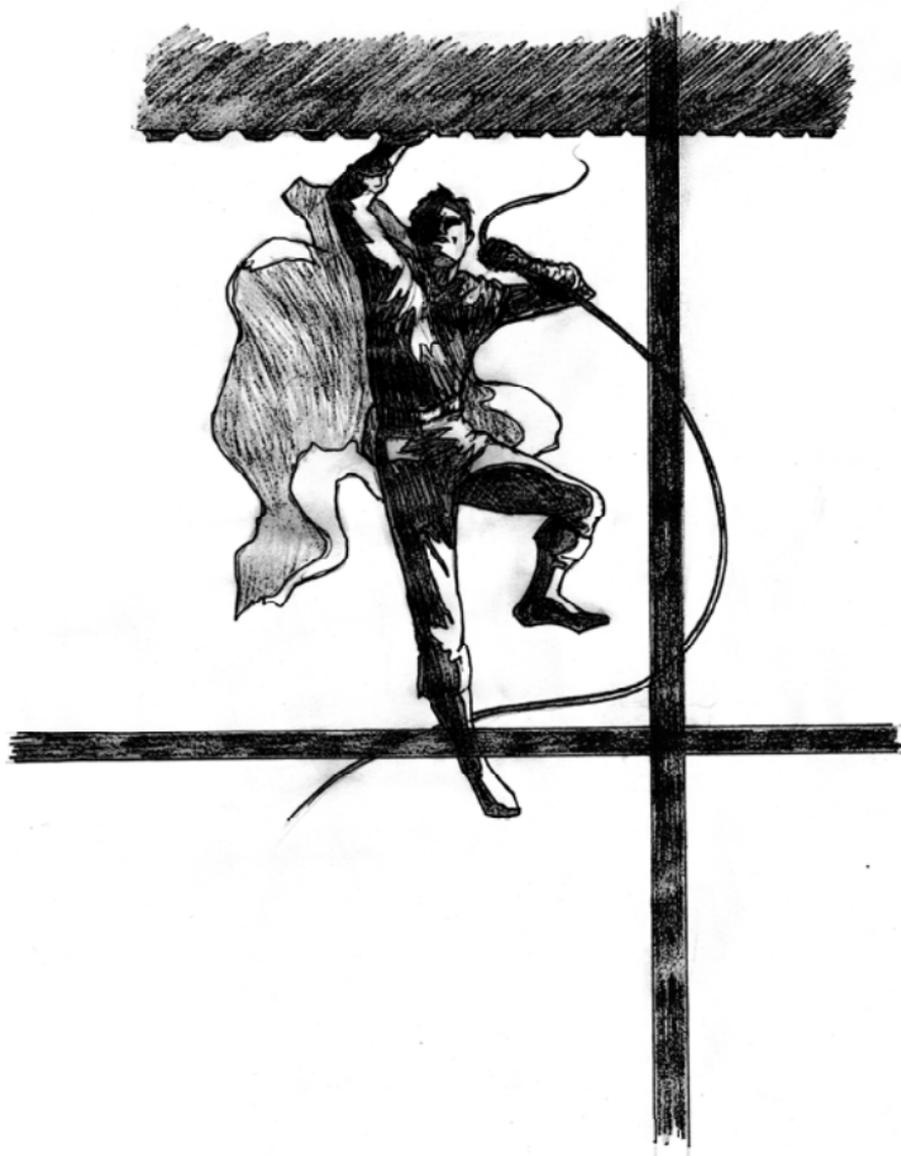
Rubber is the only Material Component agent who is not a member of The Circle at all, but rather an agent of Lady Antonette. He was placed in a position of access within The Ivory Rose some time ago, as she anticipated that the building may one day be contested in a power struggle. He makes his living there day in and out as Simon, a front desk clerk whose

menial chores do not befit one so well dressed and cultured.



### **Agent Glass (Dante)**

Dante is the newest agent in the group, so new that he does not yet even have a codename. Once his first assignment, Mission X, is complete, and assuming it is a success, he shall henceforth be known as Agent Glass.



## Difficulty Levels

### Expert

Mission X is a very challenging mission, so it seemed only natural to name the lowest setting 'expert'. If you're used to always playing missions at expert, you should consider starting here. On this setting the other agents will usually supply you with most of the information you need in order to solve your various objectives and puzzles. It's rarely as simple as they make it sound, however. Though your starting gear is (mostly) the same across the board, tools found in the mission are more abundant at this setting.

### Professional

Here the information your fellows give you is more vague and has more holes in it. You will have to figure out a lot on your own, but they will point you in the right direction. A medium amount of in-mission gear is present.

### Impossible

Be warned; your fellow agents won't be very helpful, and may in fact become annoyed if you ask them for advice. You will need to rely on your own wits in order to get anything done. A minimum of in-mission gear exists, so be careful with what you have. Oh yes, and there's no lightswitch key.

### Additional Notes:

Because the difficulty levels determine how much help you are given to solve the puzzles, their importance to replayability is diminished. This is why there is a variance in player gear. There is no loot goal, no objectives concerning how you may or may not behave towards your enemies (with one exception), and no artificially imposed restrictions on play style.

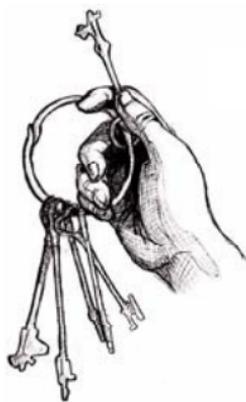
## Tools of the Material Component Agent



### The Communications Mask

This is the tool that allows the Material Component Agents to function as one. Stolen from the heads of Karras' Servants, the mechanical and arcane devices to receive transmissions were already present in many of the various forms of Mechanist creation. Doctor Hallming had only to create a receptor which would allow the wearer to reply. It is heavy, uncomfortable, must be over-fastened with straps and buckles to keep it in place, and gives the wearer the appearance of a mechanical monstrosity.

*(The Comm-Mask will appear in the inventory with the name of whatever statement you are able to make. Selecting it will make Dante say this to his team mates. Often multiple statements are possible in reply to a query, at which point the names will be marked with a (1 of 2) and (2 of 2). When multiple masks are present in the inventory without this designation, choosing one will not override the others. Sometimes there is a time limit for your reply, after which those waiting for your input will either assume you've been compromised, or a default option will be chosen for you. Reporting in with the mask is often necessary in order to complete an objective, even if the task itself has been completed – it won't be marked off until you report in. Pay close attention to what the other agents are saying, as they may be offering valuable information. You sometimes have the option of asking them to repeat their last statement, but not always.)*



### The Keychain

Having more keys should give you more freedom, not encumber you. Your trusty keychain will keep your keys organized and your inventory free of clutter.

*(All keys stack into the keychain object. This can be used to unlock any door you have the key to, without having to find that specific key. Additionally, when you pick a key up the name of that key will appear on-screen, and you will be given a permanent note listing all the keys you have. You can view this list at any time on the last page of your automap and notes.)*



### The Circle Dagger

Though it doesn't deal nearly as much damage, the dagger is a much quicker weapon than the sword, meaning you'll be able to get three or more hits off before your enemy's sword arm comes down. An overhead thrust can take down the strongest unaware enemy in one blow. Its true power comes in concert with the Knockout Drops, however.

*(Tap the attack button for a quick jab, or hold down to ready an overhead, underhand stab.)*



### Knockout Drops

A single application of the green vial is good for three attacks. The knockout poison works instantaneously upon entering the target's bloodstream, sending them to blissful dreamland. Just be careful not to hit them too hard - the dagger is no less sharp just because it's poisoned.

*(Use the Dagger Knockout Drops and then select the dagger. Its next three attacks will now knock your enemies out rather than hurting them. There is no time limit, and poison uses stack, so unused attacks will last as long as you need them to.)*



### **The Sap**

The shape and arrangement of studs on this small, specialized blackjack were designed by Doctor Hallming to produce an amnesic effect in those struck, as well as a minimum of swelling to further obscure the source of the assault. On the other hand, it's more delicate nature renders it useless against any form of head protection. If you spot a guard with a helmet, use the knockout drops or a gas arrow instead.

*(Works exactly the same as the blackjack, but any form of helmet will make the target resist the knockout.)*



### **Scouting Orb**

You may have noticed that the Comm-Mask has an eyepiece. Hallming has modified this eyepiece to work with scouting orbs, as well as the standard zoom function. Intelligence reports that the Ivory Rose has a network of crawlspace systems which often have narrow openings with poor vantage points. Tossing the scouting orb out ahead of you could give you an advantage in timing your exit.

*(Although the model has changed, the scouting orb functions exactly like it did in Thief 2.)*



### **Dust Bombs**

The most difficult problems sometimes have the simplest solutions. The fine powder contained in the dust bomb is perfect for revealing greasy fingerprints, betraying the pressed numbers on a combination keypad, but not the order. Also, our agents have taken to marking doorways which need to be indicated to other agents whom we cannot contact directly, as the dust is easy to notice but apparently innocuous. Plus, I don't know about you, but I sure wouldn't want a bag of dust thrown in my face.

*(To use, right-click to throw or R, or whatever you have drop bound to, in order to drop.)*



### Vine Arrows

The Mechanists aren't the only ones who have 'lent' us tools. These vine arrows work just like rope arrows, but can attach to many more things. In addition to wood, plaster, and earth, anything the vines can wrap around is fair game, including

gratings, railings, or even sculpted relief moldings.

*(Their use has not changed, but what they can be used on has been expanded.)*



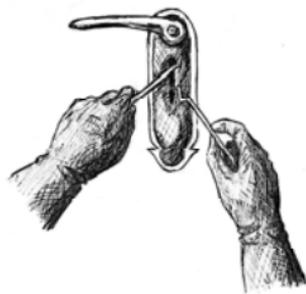
### Copy Kit

You may have an excellent memory, but we'd rather you have a quick writing hand. This kit contains everything you need in order to make a copy of any important documents you may come across.

Be careful never actually to move the document you are copying. If it's

sensitive information, we don't want to tip anyone off that it's been compromised. We don't know how many important documents you may find, but if there's more than the quantity of copy kits we've given you, you may be able to find some in the field.

*(Simply use the copy kit on the document to copy it. A copy of the document will go into your inventory, where it can be re-read. They stack, so you can only re-read the last document you copied.)*



### **Torque Wrench and Lock Pick**

We've simplified the lockpicking process so you can focus on not getting caught instead of fumbling around with your lockpicks. First apply pressure with the torque wrench, and then insert the lockpick to push the pins into place.

*(It works just like the old lockpick system, except that you always use the torque wrench first, and then the lockpick one, two, or three times after that.)*

### **Mission Map, Notes & Hints**

As an agent, you always go into a situation with the best information to prepare yourself for what's ahead. In addition to the standard map (though ours are always more detailed, and come annotated with information from fellow agents who have scouted ahead beforehand) you'll find information on important persons in the area, profiles of your teammates, and descriptions and directions for any new or unique gear at your disposal.

*(You can view all of your notes by going to your map. Hints are first, given on the fly during the mission depending on your difficulty level. A quill in your inventory will take you to your most recent note. Maps are second, information third, and your key list last.)*



### **Noble Clothes**

Normally this would never work, but Dante didn't grow up on the streets, and so putting on a set of fancy clothes allows him to completely blend in with high society.

*(As long as the suit is in your inventory, you're wearing it. Once you gear up however it will be useless, so you may as well change into something more fitting for an agent.)*



## COT: A Matter of Economy

The following is an excerpt from the revised edition of [Correspondence of Thieves](#), Chapter 3: Hammers and Crime. These events take place some time prior to Gathering at the Inn, before Nightfall became Warden of Hightowne.

I turned the artifact over in my hand as I studied it through the monocle. There were several imperfections which, while invisible to the average ignorant observer, were glaring to anyone who had knowledge about such things. I did not have this knowledge; I just knew where to look, because the person who made the fake was sitting before me, and I had the original in my other hand. The fake was simply designed to impress those who wished to be impressed. "Well done," I said, looking up from it to the craftsman who had made it.

I held the Chalice of Turama in one hand, and in the other a well made but obvious fake, which had been put together personally for me by a skilled craftsman named Knowles. It broke his heart to be forced into crafting such blatant imperfections into the replicas, but I wanted to be sure that anyone who had in mind a caper would understand that these were fakes they would be dealing with, and know not to bother. Yes, every artifact in The Circle was a replica, with the exception of the original artwork which would be considered worthless to any save the most open minded art lover. No one would want to steal a painting that cost two gold coins on the street.

I had purchased the Chalice of Turama for a modest price about a week and a half ago from Lord Ursula, who had recently been hit by one or more burglars. They managed to steal just about everything he owned - except for the chalice. Ursula was in great need of liquid assets, so it did not take much bargaining for me to convince him to part with the artifact, in spite of its spectacular nature. The burglars also were given payment for being so generous as to not steal the chalice. If I wanted to display the item in the museum, it had to have been bought legitimately, rather than stolen.

I smiled to Knowles, who was looking at me expectantly, and nodded, saying, "Very good work, and good speed too." I placed both the copy and the original chalice in my travel bag, and dropped a pouch of coins, twenty gold, onto his table. It was the standard fee.

Knowles gave me a half smile as he scooped the payment up. "One of these days, Milord," he said, "you're going to have to ask me to make



something real. I am sick of working with lead, glass, and paint. Give me some gold and gems, and I will make anything you wish, something beautiful, something real for your museum!"

I smiled more and shook my head. "Only to have it stolen? But you are right, one of these days, I will have you create something beautiful for me, but if that were to happen, it would be as a gift to an enchanting lady, one so devious as to have stolen my heart, and not for my museum."

Now his half smile turned into a smirk, and he pointed at me, "and one of these days, Master Nightfall, one of these aristocrats who your thieves are robbing are going to catch on to your little game, and you'll wake up to find your throat slit."

"Is that a threat, Mister Knowles?"

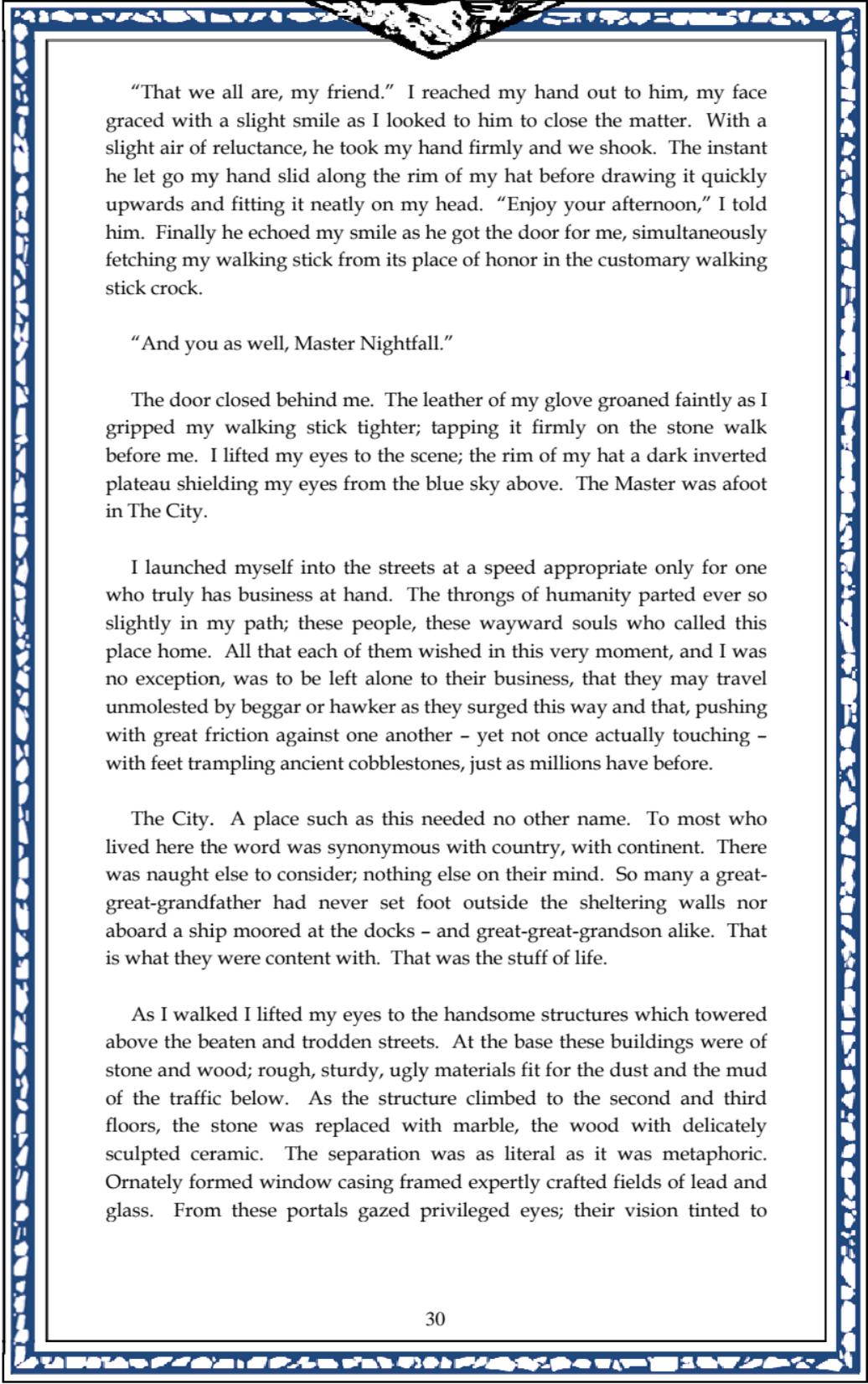
His eyes went wide and he threw his hands up. "What the taff? No it's not a threat! It's just good advice! You're a good man, Milord, you've kept me in business far longer than I would have, had you not come along, and I don't want to see you get your blood spilt because you're playing foolish games with villains! Your museum is not worth your life!"

"The chalice was purchased legitimately, Knowles. You have nothing to fear. As for the necklace last week, its owner was Duke Egress, who can't even keep his own staff under control, let alone inspire any form of police action against me. If I felt otherwise, I would have had it disassembled, the gems re-cut, the gold melted down, and each part sold separately for their basic commodity value."

He frowned and shook his head. "I just don't see why you have to be caught up in that villainy in the first place. I try to make an honest living. Sure, it's hard, but at least I sleep at night. At least, I did, up until I started working for you."

"I can appreciate that, and I am sorry. Maybe I should find a new artisan?"

He held up his hands, "I... now that's not fair. Blast, caught me being a hypocrite. Alright, I see your point. No, I need the business, I really do." He let out a long sigh and placed his hands back on the table. "We're all touched by sin here in The City, builder help us," he uttered.



"That we all are, my friend." I reached my hand out to him, my face graced with a slight smile as I looked to him to close the matter. With a slight air of reluctance, he took my hand firmly and we shook. The instant he let go my hand slid along the rim of my hat before drawing it quickly upwards and fitting it neatly on my head. "Enjoy your afternoon," I told him. Finally he echoed my smile as he got the door for me, simultaneously fetching my walking stick from its place of honor in the customary walking stick crock.

"And you as well, Master Nightfall."

The door closed behind me. The leather of my glove groaned faintly as I gripped my walking stick tighter; tapping it firmly on the stone walk before me. I lifted my eyes to the scene; the rim of my hat a dark inverted plateau shielding my eyes from the blue sky above. The Master was afoot in The City.

I launched myself into the streets at a speed appropriate only for one who truly has business at hand. The throngs of humanity parted ever so slightly in my path; these people, these wayward souls who called this place home. All that each of them wished in this very moment, and I was no exception, was to be left alone to their business, that they may travel unmolested by beggar or hawker as they surged this way and that, pushing with great friction against one another - yet not once actually touching - with feet trampling ancient cobblestones, just as millions have before.

The City. A place such as this needed no other name. To most who lived here the word was synonymous with country, with continent. There was naught else to consider; nothing else on their mind. So many a great-great-grandfather had never set foot outside the sheltering walls nor aboard a ship moored at the docks - and great-great-grandson alike. That is what they were content with. That was the stuff of life.

As I walked I lifted my eyes to the handsome structures which towered above the beaten and trodden streets. At the base these buildings were of stone and wood; rough, sturdy, ugly materials fit for the dust and the mud of the traffic below. As the structure climbed to the second and third floors, the stone was replaced with marble, the wood with delicately sculpted ceramic. The separation was as literal as it was metaphoric. Ornately formed window casing framed expertly crafted fields of lead and glass. From these portals gazed privileged eyes; their vision tinted to



whichever hue pleased them; arcing above the streets, never a glance below, seeing only one another.

But that was a world pressed between two others. Though down below sprawled the streets and paths of the commoners, above lay another highway – the realm of the thief.

How would life be then, for ones such as these, who hoard and covet, to be visited from one who traveled on the highway above, and then cast into the highway below? How cruel was this? And how evil was I for supporting this? For encouraging this activity to thrive? What hatred did I hide deep within my heart which fueled the flame of joy I felt at the sight of these plump gentle beasts reduced to swine in the streets? What allied me to the wretched scum, the vile bundles of filth who preyed on the comfortable and the happy, that their victim's misery may be their prosperity? What madness was this?

Ah yes, but it could be said either way; who here is the victim? Who holds the greatest misery? Who the greatest prosperity?

Yes, The City. My feet stepped firmly on stone and brick in my path as I worked my way ever closer to my place of business; The Circle of Stone and Shadow. I was a part of this game now; no longer above it, no longer below it. I was in The City and The City was within me. I would go there and sit in my office, and they would come one by one. Look here, one would say; I stole this. Dangerous it was, this thing I did, but I did it knowing of you. Some coin I could have taken; or some naughty gems, but no, this heirloom is what I took. So valuable it is, and so dangerous for me to have done this, but in you I trust. I know you will buy this from me, give me gold and riches, and keep me hidden from wrath.

And it would be so. A wealthy child would lose their bauble; a thing of priceless value, only because they would have never sold it. A thief so paid for his work now has meat on his table; and a butcher now has coin for grain to feed his livestock. And I? I had more work for Mister Knowles, thus he too is paid, and another item of interest for my museum. My coffers filled as curious observers passed through; a gold to see the painted gallery; a silver to see the long lost crown of some dead lord; a copper to nose through the pages of some old manuscript – perhaps poetry will be of interest today. All of this, because a crook, a wretched example of the worst humanity has to offer, slid into the porcelain domain of the wealthy;



one possibly as reviled as he; and stole a bit of metal and stone, valued only for its beauty.

And did I care so little for the bits of glinting treasure which I gathered and displayed? Was there not some shred of appreciation for the beauty, the craftsmanship, which went into each piece? It would be a lie to deny this. However, the goal was not in the gathered, but in the act of gathering. The City held treasures far beyond the value of stone and metal, and I was of mind to gain these treasures. Every day, as they came to trade their spoils for a bit of coin, brought the chance that one of these true treasures would find its way into my hands. For that, all of this was worthwhile.

And then the sanctity of the ebb and flow of the streets was shattered. In an instant, a torrent of violence erupted dead ahead of me. A man, screaming obscenities, was thrust to the ground by an armed soldier; a Gryphon. Beside him, moaning in his pain, was another Gryphon, clutching his bleeding side with one hand, sword still firmly grasped in the other. Lord Canard's men were at work. Two more were then upon the screaming man, beating him with the hilts of their swords and kicking him with their sharp boots. As quickly as it began it had ended. Only for an instant did I see him being dragged away, now silent, before the crowd in the streets closed back in, obscuring their path of withdrawal.

It was only when it was all over did I realize that I had not slowed my pace a step; nor gave an instant's pause. A scene such as this was only barely less common than the usual friction. Soon even I will have forgotten it.

Now the walls of The Circle's court loomed above me, and my journey drew to a close. I passed through the iron gate, held wide for all to pass through, into the brief yard which separated the building itself from its perimeter fortification. Crossing the threshold was like traveling a thousand miles. It was as if the air itself had a different makeup.

It was quiet. I could hear the sound of my footfalls and see the shadow cast at my feet by the midday sun. I passed by a bench, occupied by a young couple who cared nothing for what was outside the perimeter wall nor what was within the structure the courtyard surrounded. Yes, children; their primary interest was indeed one another.



The doors creaked open as I firmly pushed against the latch with the top of my walking stick. Light poured inside, stealing the silence of its closest ally. I let myself in.

Briefly, before going to my office and to business, I passed through one of the library wings. Old books; mostly volumes I rescued from junk heaps and bon fires, were being devoured slowly by an ever growing army of old men; most of whom looked too poor ever to purchase one for themselves, and others too frail to write one. Still, they kept the donation jar in the room filled and the benches warm. Soon, I trusted, every page would be graced by their fingerprints. I hid a smile as I chanced to see one peering up from his page, eyes possibly lost in thought, gnarled old hand stroking his beard slowly.

I excused myself without a sound, and crossed the inner chamber on my way to meet with Sheam.

And then came a sound which caused my heart to leap in dismay far more than any brawl in the streets could. "Oh Lord Todulem! Can I call you Daneel? Oh you look simply debonair today Daneel! How good it is to see you! I just thought I'd pop by early and maybe could get you to give me a tour of your museum? You know I just love the sound of your voice Daneel! So charming! And so handsome! Oh, why don't you tell me, how did you come across such a grand collection of books! Oh you must have so many stories to tell!"

I stared in disbelief at Lady Dimewell, who had slithered out from a side chamber like viper who had just caught sight of a rodent. Hadn't Sheam canceled my lunch with her? I refrained with only great willpower from allowing my icy composure to collapse into a string of expletives as she sauntered well within my personal space. She was quite a woman, to be justifiably frank. Her appearance would have very exciting had she not ruined it by painting her face in such an unsophisticated fashion, and adorned her head with the most preposterous of ornaments. Her personality, which resembled a leech combined with a hyena, did not help things either. Though one of my general social standing would ordinarily find the attention and proximity of such a creature to be a mark of achievement, I could not help but find it quite embarrassing.

I went to open my mouth, but she was still talking, saying something about how she loved the sound of my voice. Did she? I would never have



guessed that, considering how she would never let me get a word in. "Hello, Lady Dimewell, I"

"Oh please Daneel, no need to be so formal. My name is--"

I had no problem cutting her off. "This is a very bad time, I am sorry, In fact, didn't you get my message?"

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Sheam at the entrance to her office, peeking at me through her fingers, as he hands were clutching her face in dismay.

"Oh? Message? What message? Oh dear, is there a problem Daneel? I simply don't understand." She gave off a nervous laugh.

I turned to Sheam and gave her a 'rescue me' look. She heeded it, and walked over quickly. "Lady Dimewell, if you please madam, I had sent a notice early this morning to your servants to say that Milord Todulem would be unfortunately indisposed this afternoon, For the Hammerites suddenly informed us last night that they would be doing inspections of The Circle today, and they demanded the master be there for interview."

I smiled confidently and turned back to Dimewell, saying, "That message, Lady Dimewell."

"Oh, well, my goodness, I never got such a message! Gracious me! How awful, an interview! They probably mean interrogation... but oh... My dear Daneel, what sort of sinful things have *you* been up to?" She gave another nervous laugh and attempted to walk up to me, hand outstretched, like she wanted to touch me or something. I just backed away a few steps.

"Lady Dimewell please do not be so ridiculous!"

At that she retracted her hand and blinked a few times. "Me? Ridiculous? Why, why, don't be absurd! Why, I never! Ridiculous! Hrumph!" Thankfully, that seemed to upset her, and she turned on her heel and walked off sternly. One of the nearby peasants who was loitering in the hall, a young man, scurried after her, and she began to scold him as they went.



I let out a sigh. "Sheam," I said while rubbing my temples. "Write that word down. Ridiculous. I don't want to forget it so I can use it on her again."

Sheam gave out a chuckle, and it wasn't a discreet feminine one either. I looked at her with a curious expression, and she quickly explained, "That was the first time you have ever turned down giving someone a tour."

We both had a laugh, and after that it was back to my office and back to work. Sheam accompanied me after scooping up some papers from her desk. Before she sat down, I got right to the point. "Did you get my message this morning?"

She nodded and suddenly turned serious. "Yes, and I am very glad you're alright."

"I'm having Rembrandt look into what became of the assassin. He should be able to get to the bottom of it. I informed my tower guard last night, and sent a dispatch to the Gryphons as well as to you this morning. Hopefully that will do some good."

"I was worried about you all this morning," she admitted. "I know you've been in tough spots before, but, a group of assassins? That's too much, Daneel."

I tried to give her a reassuring smile. "Dealt with far worse," I just said, though I doubted it would set her mind at ease. To be honest, I was rather proud of the way I had handled it. It had been a long time since I had gotten into a fight, and did remarkably well considering the odds.

"But you were unhurt? No close calls?"

"Ah, well, they did land a few blows... but I was able to get some good medical attention."

Sheam nodded. "Mrs. Simon."

I smiled, "Yes, she is very experienced with that sort of thing. Big family of guards and all..."

She nodded, and was silent for a time. How is it that a woman can always tell when you're lying? Finally, she spoke up, changing the subject,



“Have you heard anything about the one who was captured? Do you know who they were working for?”

I shook my head. “I won’t know anything until I talk with Rembrandt tonight.”

She fell against the back of her chair, not trying in the slightest to hide her disappointment. “That guy gives me the creeps,” she said without a moment’s hesitation.

“I know Sheam, and that is why I am meeting with him and not you. He may look like an old scarecrow, but he gets it done. We’re going to have to rely on him until James is off holiday. You were so supportive of him when he announced that he was taking one!”

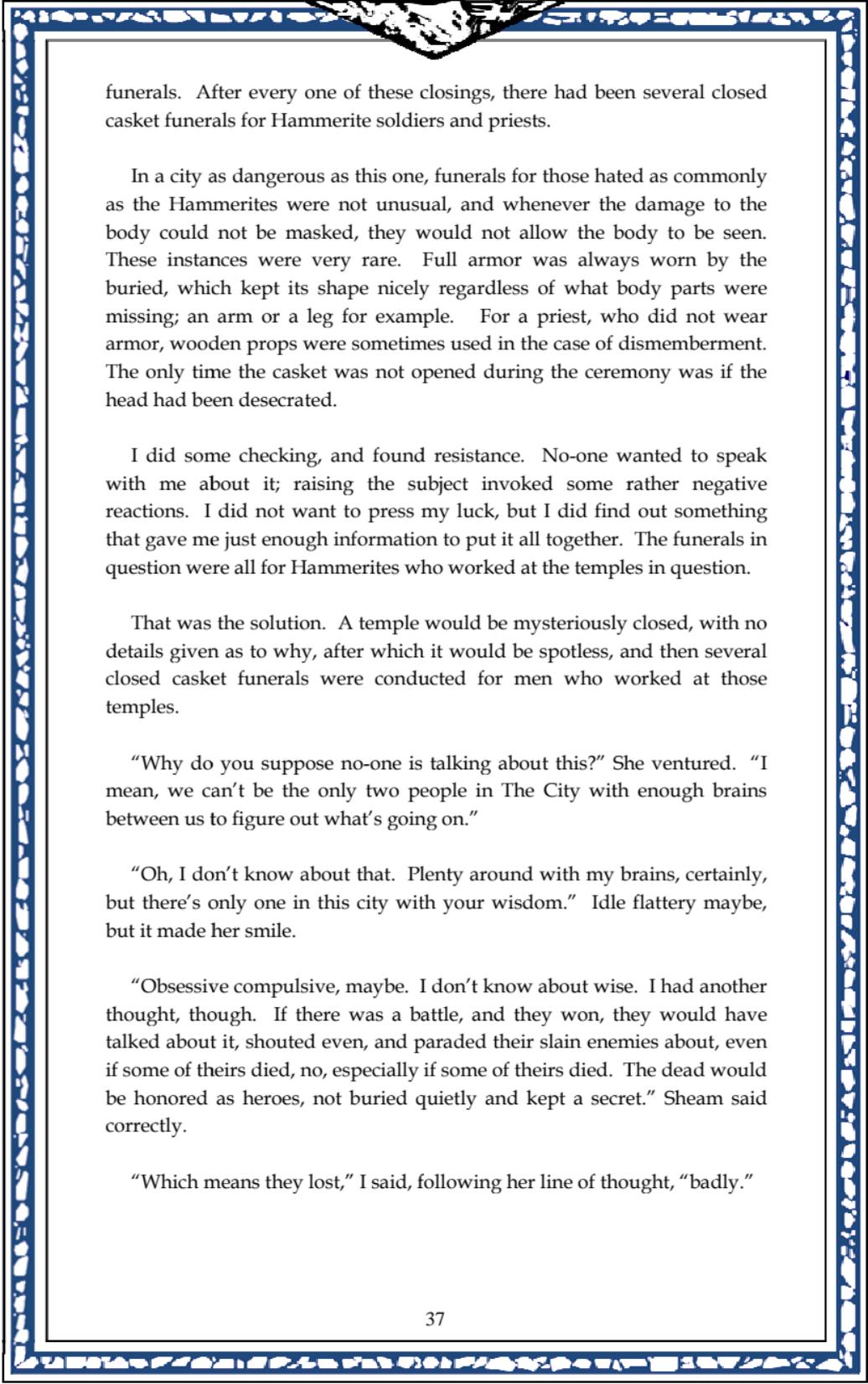
She seemed to perk up a little, and simply said “scarecrow” with a little snort. Then she looked back down at the stack of pages she was sorting through. “I’m afraid I have two notices from the Hammerites this morning. One was the usual noise, but the other, well; see for yourself.”

She handed me the handsomely crafted Hammerite document, and took a glance over it. It was very brief, and simply noted that another one of their temples was being briefly closed for renovations. This would be trivial, if not for the recent pattern she and I had noticed.

This was the third time it had happened this month. Hammerite building projects were common, as were renovations, and it was in their style to present lengthy documentaries detailing with fervor every nuance of their plans and designs for the structure. It was something they were vividly proud of, and wished to ram down everyone’s throats. But as in today’s notice, there had been several instances where no real information was disclosed. It simply stated that a temple or a post would be closed for renovations for a period of one or two days.

At first Sheam and I suspected that it was simply for cleaning. This was cemented by the fact that, upon visiting one of the temples in question, I noticed that it was indeed spotless. On the other hand, I had never known Hammerites to actually close a temple for any period of time, cleaning, maintenance, or no.

That was my only indication that something was amiss until Sheam, bless her, connected it to something which could be seen as coincidental;



funerals. After every one of these closings, there had been several closed casket funerals for Hammerite soldiers and priests.

In a city as dangerous as this one, funerals for those hated as commonly as the Hammerites were not unusual, and whenever the damage to the body could not be masked, they would not allow the body to be seen. These instances were very rare. Full armor was always worn by the buried, which kept its shape nicely regardless of what body parts were missing; an arm or a leg for example. For a priest, who did not wear armor, wooden props were sometimes used in the case of dismemberment. The only time the casket was not opened during the ceremony was if the head had been desecrated.

I did some checking, and found resistance. No-one wanted to speak with me about it; raising the subject invoked some rather negative reactions. I did not want to press my luck, but I did find out something that gave me just enough information to put it all together. The funerals in question were all for Hammerites who worked at the temples in question.

That was the solution. A temple would be mysteriously closed, with no details given as to why, after which it would be spotless, and then several closed casket funerals were conducted for men who worked at those temples.

“Why do you suppose no-one is talking about this?” She ventured. “I mean, we can’t be the only two people in The City with enough brains between us to figure out what’s going on.”

“Oh, I don’t know about that. Plenty around with my brains, certainly, but there’s only one in this city with your wisdom.” Idle flattery maybe, but it made her smile.

“Obsessive compulsive, maybe. I don’t know about wise. I had another thought, though. If there was a battle, and they won, they would have talked about it, shouted even, and paraded their slain enemies about, even if some of theirs died, no, especially if some of theirs died. The dead would be honored as heroes, not buried quietly and kept a secret.” Sheam said correctly.

“Which means they lost,” I said, following her line of thought, “badly.”



“Well, the last funeral included three soldiers. Could you win in a fight against three Hammerite soldiers?” she asked bluntly.

“I don’t know if I could take on one. I know I wouldn’t want to.”

“There’s more, hang on, let me find it.” Sheam then fished around in her stack of papers, and produced another note.

“Same topic or new?” I asked, wishing to get Hammerites off the table.

“New. While you were out another thief dropped by who wanted to sell you something. He was rather impatient and annoyed that you were not here. He tried to sell his loot to me instead. I told him that he would have to do business with you, of course. I managed to calm him down and convince him to just leave a message for you. I wrote down what he told me, here.” She handed me a sheet of paper.

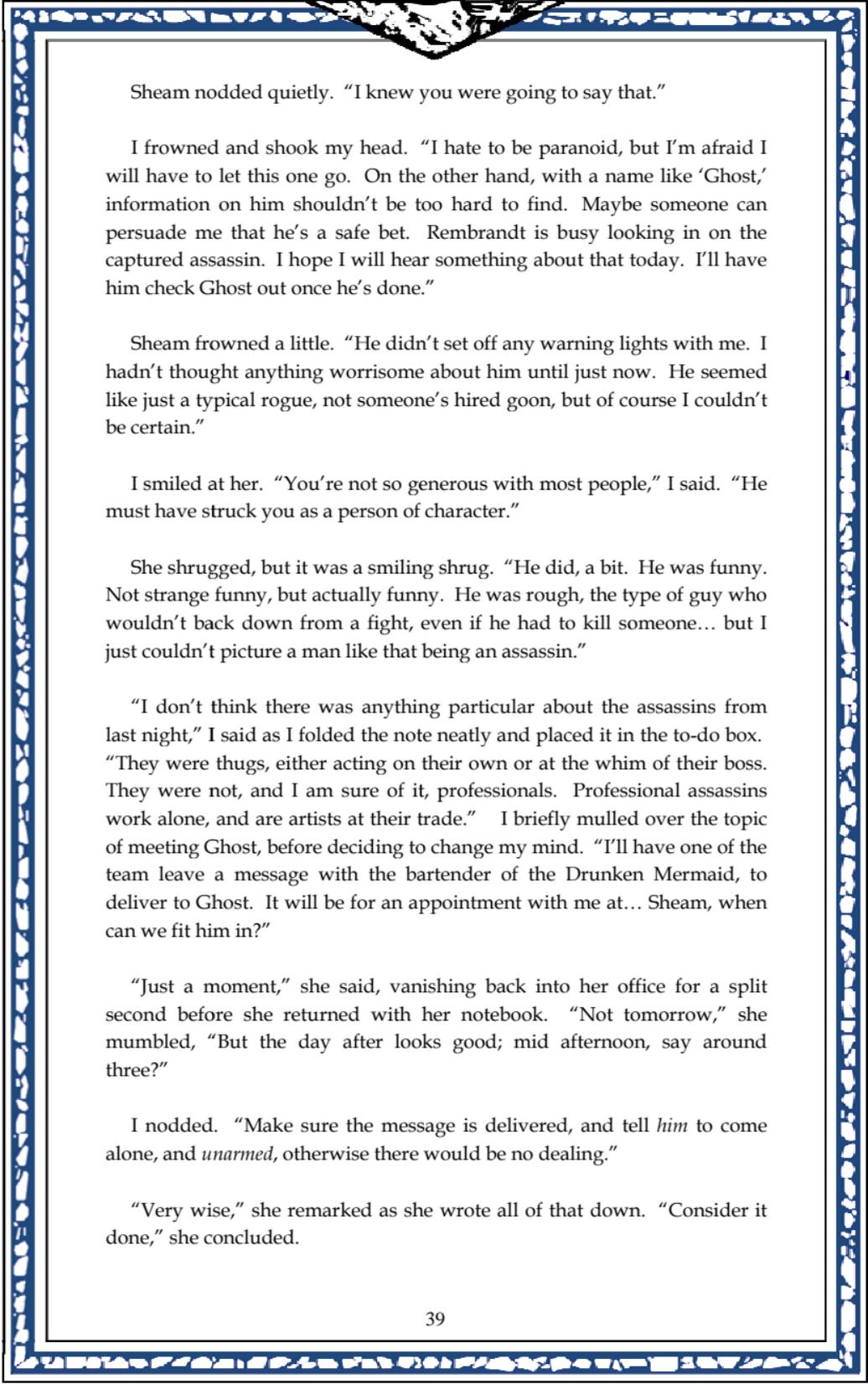
“I smell coffee,” I said suddenly, finally placing the odor which had been nagging at the back of my mind,

Sheam seemed to blush a little. “Sorry, I had a spill this morning. I guess I just got used to the smell.”

I nodded, and took the note from her, which was written neatly and clearly, one of many talents of Sheam’s.

His name is Ghost, and he considers himself to be a very talented grave robber. He broke into the Alarus chamber of the “Bonehoard” and stole an artifact known as the Alarus Star. He needs a new buyer for the artifact after the last one backed out. He tried coming to your mansion that night, but your guards and butler turned him away. Finally today he came to The Circle, but again you were not here. He wants you to meet with him at the Drunken Mermaid, a bar in the South Quarter Docks at nine in the morning tomorrow, and to come alone. He said that it was extremely urgent.

I clicked my teeth together. “I don’t like meeting with shady crooks at strange bars in the slums,” I went on, “though I do have many allies around those docks. Even if I did go alone, the chances of someone there knowing me are generous,” I added with a confident smile.



Sheam nodded quietly. "I knew you were going to say that."

I frowned and shook my head. "I hate to be paranoid, but I'm afraid I will have to let this one go. On the other hand, with a name like 'Ghost,' information on him shouldn't be too hard to find. Maybe someone can persuade me that he's a safe bet. Rembrandt is busy looking in on the captured assassin. I hope I will hear something about that today. I'll have him check Ghost out once he's done."

Sheam frowned a little. "He didn't set off any warning lights with me. I hadn't thought anything worrisome about him until just now. He seemed like just a typical rogue, not someone's hired goon, but of course I couldn't be certain."

I smiled at her. "You're not so generous with most people," I said. "He must have struck you as a person of character."

She shrugged, but it was a smiling shrug. "He did, a bit. He was funny. Not strange funny, but actually funny. He was rough, the type of guy who wouldn't back down from a fight, even if he had to kill someone... but I just couldn't picture a man like that being an assassin."

"I don't think there was anything particular about the assassins from last night," I said as I folded the note neatly and placed it in the to-do box. "They were thugs, either acting on their own or at the whim of their boss. They were not, and I am sure of it, professionals. Professional assassins work alone, and are artists at their trade." I briefly mulled over the topic of meeting Ghost, before deciding to change my mind. "I'll have one of the team leave a message with the bartender of the Drunken Mermaid, to deliver to Ghost. It will be for an appointment with me at... Sheam, when can we fit him in?"

"Just a moment," she said, vanishing back into her office for a split second before she returned with her notebook. "Not tomorrow," she mumbled, "But the day after looks good; mid afternoon, say around three?"

I nodded. "Make sure the message is delivered, and tell *him* to come alone, and *unarmed*, otherwise there would be no dealing."

"Very wise," she remarked as she wrote all of that down. "Consider it done," she concluded.



Then something occurred to me. "This morning, why didn't Jossimer or the guards tell me that someone came last night asking for me?"

She frowned sharply at this, but said nothing.

"Damn that man, sometimes he's a wizard, but other times, an incompetent sloth. I expected better from the guards though. On the other hand, Jyre slipped by them too..."

"Oh! Jyre!" Sheam said unexpectedly. "She was here to see you a little earlier... just before... just before you ran into Lady Dimewell. Oh no, I forgot all about her! Maybe she's still waiting outside?"

I had forgotten about her too until the talk of Ghost jogged my memory. Well, it was good that she had come to The Circle to speak with me. It was the proper way to go about it, after all. Sheam had gone out the door to go look for Jyre, and as I waited, I considered what I was going to have to say to my guards. They used to be eagle eyes, but lately they had gotten lazy. I fretted, grumbled, and thought about replacing them, but I didn't like the idea of replacing Mrs. Simon as well. How could I fire her husband and his brothers without letting her go too? No, with a little more coaching, I think I could get them back on their game.

"That's funny," Sheam said, sitting back down. "She's gone. Maybe she'll come back later," she said as she began shuffling the pages she had left on my desk.

"Oh? That's too bad. I had actually hoped she would come here and talk with me," I said, earnestly. I quickly wrote out a note that the buyer who claimed one of Jyre's stolen paintings was to be warned that the previous owner was a bit of a witch. I slid it over to Sheam, saying, "Jyre needs help, and I am of the capacity to give it, though maybe not in the way she wants."

"Yes," Sheam said with a melancholy look on her face. "She does need help." She scanned the note I just wrote her and then said, "Someone was actually asking about her paintings this morning."

"A guest?" I asked, a bit taken aback by the coincidence.



"No," she said, looking like she was trying desperately to remember something. "A letter, an anonymous one. It asked about the first painting Jyre sold us – among others. Do you remember what happened to it?"

"I am not certain I remember it at all. Isn't the answer in the journals?"

"That's the oddest thing. I wrote down that we received it, but not what became of it. Is it downstairs in the archives?"

I took a deep breath and considered for a moment what this could mean. The previous owner was taking a shot in the dark, I told myself. She was contacting any potential art buyers to see to whom the painting was sold. "I suppose that since someone is asking about it, we ought to check. I am afraid that there is only one person who would be interested in that painting. Was the letter totally anonymous? No names?"

"No, actually it said that someone named Ranson was the one who was looking for the paintings. Here it is." She then read it aloud to me. "I heard that one Ranson, esquire, is in the market for a few particular paintings. Since I know you deal in all sorts of artwork, not just the valuable sort, I thought I'd pass this on to you in case you could do business with the gentleman."

Something tugged at the corner of my mind. "Where have I heard that name before ... oh, yes, of course. Well it seems that Jyre was right to warn me that a very angry original owner may be trying to track it down. She very well may have saved us a good deal of trouble." I paused, and then began thinking out loud. "That note is written almost like a warning – it was not from Ranson, but about him. It could be a ruse; the pretense of a concerned third party with whom we are supposed to confide honestly in, in the case that we should have some hesitation with being directly honest with Ranson. Take permanent note of that address and send a reply saying that we have never seen any of the paintings in question. We'll have to get to the bottom of what became of that mysterious art piece and make sure that it can't be used to get anyone in any more trouble."

"Why? What's going on?" she said, becoming increasingly alarmed at my tone.

I filled her in on the correspondence I had been having with Jyre.

## Credits

### Lead Design *(alphabetical unless otherwise stated)*

- *Anarchic Fox*: event & puzzle design, writing; dialogue & books, enemy patrols
- *Finial*: ivory rose design & layout, primary mission architecture
- *R Soul*: event & puzzle setup, conversations setup
- *Yametha, co-director*: event & puzzle design, interactive dialogue systems, quest design & setup
- *Digital Nightfall, director*: original mission concept, additional ivory rose design, writing; dialogue & books, enemy patrols & behavior, loot, gear, & keys placement, additional automap setup, roombrushing, ambient music/sound setup, quest design & setup, game interface design

### Additional Design

- *dOom*: rubber's chores
- *Mortal Monkey*: important documents objective
- *Ottoj55*: mistress clues & hints
- *Shadowspawn*: craps players, dagger arm & animations
- *Sliptip*: surrounding scenery
- *Starselah*: automap setup
- *Vigil*: front desk conversation
- *Yandros*: the never-ending conversation

### Dark Engine Script Modules:

*Mortal Monkey; NamelessVoice, Telliamed, Totality & VKGaylesaver*

### Visual Design

- Objects & Textures: *Eshaktaar, Gron, Nameless Voice, pkaa, redleaf, R Soul, Schwaa, Vigil, Yametha, Wille & Digital Nightfall*
- Character Meshes: *Nameless Voice, Schwaa & Yametha*
- Communications Mask Design: *The Immortal Thief, redleaf, Yametha & Digital Nightfall*
- Additional Objects, Meshes & Textures: *caffeinatedzombeh, Christine, Daemonite, Saturnine, Targa & tdbonko*
- Concept, In-Game & Interface Art: *Dominus, Gumdrop, Ireth Kalt, Kin, Lady Taffer, Tazio, The Immortal Thief & Digital Nightfall*

### Audio Design

- Lead Audio Design: *Sogax*
- Music: *Deliciound*
- Additional Media
  - CRC: main menu music
  - Loanstar*: suites harp
  - redleaf*: vocalist, menu sounds
- Additional Music
  - Pine Lounge: *Sampled from "Diabolus" by Buddy Rich*
  - Orchid Hall: *Based on "Minuet in D Minor" by Henry Purcell (1659-1695)*

## Mission Briefing

- Design, Script & Storyboard: *Digital Nightfall*
- Artwork: *Faudau, Gumdrop, Ireth Kalt, Julia, LadyTaffer, Zacharias & Digital Nightfall*
- Proof-of-Concept Animation: *DarkOwl & DrK*
- Final Animation: *Trimfect & Digital Nightfall*
- Music, SFX & Audio Work: *Sogax/Deliciound*

## Meeting with Sheam Cutscene

- Design, Script & Storyboard: *Digital Nightfall*
- Artwork: *Tazio*
- Animation: *Lazarus*
- Music, SFX & Audio: *Sogax/Deliciound*

## Failure & Credits Movies

- Artwork: *Lady Taffer, Vigil & Digital Nightfall*
- Animation: *Digital Nightfall*
- Music: *Sogax/Deliciound*

## Voice Cast (in order of appearance)

- Wynne - Sheam (Agent Air)
- David "Saturnine" Tonkinson - Dante (Agent Glass)
- Shadow Creepr - Julie
- Scott "Slyfoxx" Murchison - Mister Cloud
- Scott "Slyfoxx" Murchison - Lord Raputo
- Mara "Msledd" Love - Lady Antonette
- Liz "Lizanneh" Muirhead - Agent Stone
- Scott "Slyfoxx" Murchison - Agent Steel
- Steve "Ibsen's Ghost" Boyes - Agent Rubber
- Paul "Loanstar" Billo - Pomok
- Jeanne "redleaf" French - Liselle
- Quincy Jones Wannabe - Sergeant Dendrington
- Himself - Lord Stouch

## Beta Testers

*Brethren, BrokenArts, clearing, d0om, Ermana, jtr7, Moghedian, Mortal Monkey, Nightwalker, pavlovscat, Pavlovcats Mom, Otto Dydactic, R Soul, redleaf, Shadow Creepr, Sliptip, Slyfoxx, Telliamed, The Phantom, valatarsis & Yandros*

## Version 1.13 Testers

*bob\_doe\_nz, CaptSyn, D Okamoto, EmperorSteele, Kyle Kellahshehskée, nightshifter & SneakyJack*

## Created for *Thief II: The Metal Age*

Inspired by *Mission Impossible* (1996) & *Deus Ex*

Based on characters and events from the fan fiction novel

### Correspondence of Thieves, by:

*Alex Thomson, James Sterrett, Lytha, Steve Tremblay & Daniel Todd*

## Special Thanks

*Alphonse Mucha, Arkane Studio's Arx Fatalis, Becky, CGTextures.com, Digital Thought, David Gurra, Google 3D Warehouse, Harrison Fisher, Heirloom European Tapestries, ION Storm Austin, Jason Tibbitts, Julia, Legend Entertainment's Wheel of Time, Looking Glass Studio's & Irrational Game's Deep Cover, Mokkis, Nivardus & USF-SACD*

## Extra Special Thanks

*pavlovsat & R Soul*

## Manual Credits

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Illustrations by **Mary "Ireth Kalt" Todd:**

*Finial, Pavlovsat, R Soul, Sogax, Yametha, The Circle, Doctor Hallming, Hanging Thief (background by Tim), The Communications Mask, The Keychain, The Circle Dagger, Knockout Drops, Vine Arrows, Copy Kit, Torque Wrench and Lockpick, Noble Clothes*

Illustrations by **Kin:**

*Master Nightfall, Ward Raputo, Ward Antonette, The Ivory Rose, Bow Thief, The City Watch, The Hand Brotherhood, The Mechanists, Agent Air (Sheam), Agent Steel, Agent Stone, Agent Rubber, Agent Glass (Dante)*

Illustrations by **Digital Nightfall:**

*The Sap, Dust Bombs, Scouting Orb, An Agent's Gear*

Illustrations by **Lady Taffer:**

*Anarchic Fox*

Illustrations by **Zacharias:**

*City Map*

## Loading Information

This is an extremely complex mission, and many issues that have arisen during playtesting have resolved themselves with a fresh reinstall of Thief 2.

All custom scripts are included. If you begin the mission with a black screen (health and light gem visible) then there was a problem loading the scripts. Try manually moving all osm, dll, and dlx files from the zip into the Thief 2 folder. If the problem persists, seek help on <http://www.ttlg.com/forums>

Run with Darkloader 3.4 or GarrettLoader 1.42. Does not work with Garrettloader 1.41 and earlier.

Works great with DDFix and the widescreen custom resolution patch, though at widescreen crashes in the courtyard will result from scene complexity visible with the larger field of view.

All of NV's Enhancement Pack objects which MX uses are already included, however in some cases alternate models or skins are used.

Not tested with any other hacks or patches.

If you wish to remove the captioning for the agent dialog, once the mission is installed, open your Thief 2 folder and open the books folder within it. Delete all .str files that begin with either CMS or VOTS.



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