

*Salutations to you, readers.*

*Before we indulge any further with this bloody campaign of injustice and violent retribution, I find it necessary to address you directly. You think yourself anonymous, yet you are mistaken; your names do not escape a man of my advanced wisdom. Did you truly think these pages led only inwards? That you were safe from the eyes of those who might stare back from this fiction?*

*Fools, each of you.*

*Guild Ball exists as a tool for me to control others, and you are but more puppets to be led by my strings. The petty charade is over; for you shall know me as the Ferryman, and understand even the Free Cities themselves pale in insignificance to me. Find fear the knowledge I am no longer content to remain a mere character on your little stage.*

*I very much doubt that even one of you can truly comprehend the machinations which I have set in motion. Of that I shall say no more, for I have not even the slightest inclination to fall victim of your culture's forced expositional trope. You are an absurd people used to being led and dictated to, lapsing far too easily into a mindless stupor in front of your idiot boxes - but I shall not indulge you.*

*Only know that I am a man displeased with the results of this miserable narrative.*

*There are those amongst your number who choose to masquerade as the feral and primal, the sycophantic followers of the Father and Goddess, and your attempts to disrupt my agenda are a slight I shall not forget. Hemlocke is crucial to my plans, her importance yet to be revealed. She cannot be allowed passage onto your team at the expense of my own.*

*Therefore, I have taken steps to remove her from your insignificant games. From this moment forth, Neither Hunter nor Mortician have any ability to sway the fate of the witch, for I command that she shall take her rightful place in the Mortician's Guild.*

*Yes... I can sense your confusion. Imagine my smile as that slowly grows to rage, for you have wasted weeks of your life trying to sway the fickle course of fate. You might have listened earlier. My brothers and sisters in the Mortician's Guild would have been the first to warn you of the futility in defying my will. But I am not the devil in all things. To placate your ire, I have decided to offer you a gift; a promise of the past finally fulfilled.*

*I speak of Veteran Minx, the Lunar Glaive.*

*Yes, I suspected that might still the protest in you. Simpleminded savages such as the Hunters are always so easily led, after all. I trust this offering shall encourage you to cast aside your frustration, at least in some small way. Do not dare ask for more. I am not so forgiving of those who would beg for scraps, and my patience runs as exhausted as my contempt is deep.*

*Now, return to your worthless discussions of fictitious dragons and foul undead from beyond the walls. I am done with you, and you must only pray that I do not see the need to interrupt further. For the rest of the campaign you shall have to content yourself with influencing the petty struggles of the other, insignificant Guilds. Of those I care little, the results entirely beneath my concern...*

*- Obulus, Mortician's Guild Team Captain*