

Inspection text

The Baker bakes. At least when flour is available. Resources don't come by easily in the ravaged cityscape that was once London.

A baker by profession and a gunslinger by necessity, he and his three brothers now reside in London's barricaded stations. Their mother has been declared MIA by the Hunters' guild. Psych Mon. has concluded that the brothers are all psychologically stable, despite the apparent violence that they experienced in their youth. Under loose Templar supervision, the Baker mostly spends his days in the confines of Holborn station. And bakes. At least when flour is available.

Base quest

Another one, eh? A penny for each of you that's come by over the years and I'd be swimmin' in it, I tell ya.

Would've some'n to bake in this blasted hellhole, at least.

...where does this Murmur leatherpants keep sniffin' you greenhorns out of anyway?

Whatever. Hell's looser than Maxim's lordly brains, but rubble's turning no stoves off. You're alive, and so are we. Let's work to keep it that way, eh stranger?

Cause this "survivor" shtick ain't easy, is it. Easy enough to stab 'em with the pointy end or some such, but nobody explains what comes after. Random tips on the road ain't much either.

So let me lay down some basics. All survivors pick up a set of skills in their careers, yeah? Skills that make 'em nightmares.

...Liam, you bloody treasure. I'll miss ya.

But stuff of magic exists too. Items that'll make you "know" a skill, somehow, as long as you hold 'em tight enough. Take 'em off and the skill's gone, off your brain.

Careful now! Sharpen the skill enough by yourself and they're useless too. There's a "cap" on these things, sort of. So you might wanna plan ahead with that in mind.

Less confusing than it sounds, honest. Take a look around, I'm sure you'll find such items in Oarf's inventory or on the field.

When you do, there's a pesky one in the Shafts, if you need a dummy. Name's [MONSTER]. Snuff it out and let me know, if you survive.

Complete

Done and done, eh? Good to know you won't be dyin' so easily. If you make it to Covent Garden, do say hi to the Smith for me.

Stay alive, aye? Here, I got a parting gift for ya so you don't forget.

Incomplete

The bugger is still alive.

You should have the skills to kill it, stranger. Can't survive in London if you don't.