

The Righteous Hammer

Established 2586
Voice of the Protectorate

◆ ad serviendum ac protegendum ◆

January 2598
5 rd



front line Report Victory is Near!

This week, The Righteous Hammer received an exclusive report penned directly by the legendary War Council operating in Siege, on the front lines of the conflict against the barbaric Clans from the untamed southern realms. We have reproduced it below, as a testament to the brave men and women fighting for our freedom against the savages!

"To the Senates of Justitiam, and the people of the Protectorate. The battle against the callous hordes pestering our peace and dignity continues apace. Truly, these vile monstrosities must have significantly regressed during their generations hiding in the wilderness between vermin and filth, as they show little signs of intelligence at all. Month after month they lead futile assaults on the gates of the glorious stronghold where the Supreme Judge once took his stand against the entire might of the Krawe Clan - do they expect to be able to overcome it now, after Archot cunningly reinforced it many times over? Only a wretched people that mate with beasts could come to such a conclusion.

However, we must not exhaust ourselves prematurely. The war effort requires support from every citizen of mighty Justitiam, be it through donations of livestock, Drafts, resources, or manpower. If we bleed together, we will win together, and thus victory can soon be ours. Punctum!"

Archot's Inauguration The Event of the Year

It's a story that all of Justitiam's citizens know. One that began in 2558, with the heroic defense of Siege against the onslaught of the Krawe invaders, a success against impossible odds that catapulted one man to the highest office in the land. It continued for decades with triumph after triumph, expanding the borders of the Protectorate like no other leader before, incorporating more and more territory into his sphere of influence. And now, it is facing one of the most difficult trials in recorded history. As we approach the 40th anniversary of his inauguration, it is time to celebrate the reign of the legendary man himself. Supreme Judge Archot.

Such is the plan being laid down ahead of the fateful day next month, February 9th, marking the date where Archot was first elevated to the highest office after the end of the great assault on Siege. Based on the flurry of craftsmen, artists, and musicians observed entering the West Wing of Judgement Hall, along with the increase in luxury edicts passed by Archot in order to elevate Uptown's visual grandeur to even greater heights, we can expect the event to be even more impressive and awe-inspiring than last year's showcase of his reign. While some of the degenerates and nay-sayers in Downtown might clamor and complain at what they will inevitably claim is an "exuberant over-expenditure", we must understand the purpose of such events - allowing the citizens of this great city to remember the leadership that brought us to this point.

And what a point it is. Archot began his tenure leading the charge, hammer in hand, but over the four decades since he has become an admirably adept political figure, navigating the bizarre and ethereal world of interactions

required to rule such a sprawling and complex city as Justitiam, leaving lesser analysts puzzled at what they naively claim to be random movements, but which time reveals to be expert stratagems planned far into the future. At first glance, some might suggest that the pose he so often is said to strike in Senate meetings, leaning over with his eyes closed, is a mark of the burden of leadership leaving him tired - only to be proved wrong moments later when he completes his train of thought and utters a proclamation which strikes right to the heart of the issue.

Despite his mind remaining obviously as sharp as ever, we must ask ourselves the question - what would happen to our society if old-age struck him down? We mustn't fool ourselves and settle into complacency, allowing the Supreme Judge to solve all of our issues with his steadfast determination and cunning intellect, or we will be left more helpless than children when eventually it is time for his spirit to pass on. We spoke to prominent Senate member, Laakon, about his thoughts on who the Supreme Judge will be succeeded by. "The day that Archot sheds his mortal coil will be a terrible one, and the Judiciary will surely spend months mourning the great loss, but we must always remember our origin. The ideals of the First Judge live on through us all, and in times of great need, I am confident that his spirit will imbue a righteous successor to follow in Archot's exalted footsteps."

The celebration of Archot's inauguration will be open to all citizens, and we invite every last one to join us in Calendar Square to praise the greatest Supreme Judge the Protectorate has seen in its entire lifespan.



Voice of the People: Darco Jungbau Is the Office of Locality too tough?

Citizens of Justitiam. Many of you have undergone the process of applying to become a functioning member of this glorious city, if you were not given the post by birthright or some other method which avoided the correct path. Similarly, many of you have found yourselves in my office, trembling under the watchful eyes of an arbiter of true justice as he determines whether you are worthy of being integrated into the most powerful, civilized, and cultured society that exists on this Earth. From experience, most applicants fall terribly short of such a benchmark, but that is no error in the system, no fault of the process, and those who run from that interview in tears are just evidence of the infallibility of the review.

It is true that the audit is harsh, and it is true that the requirements for citizenship are strict. This is so by precise design - the rigidity is appreciated by all true citizens, even if the experience was mildly unpleasant, for it ensures that only the most suitable candidates, the best of the best, those who can hold fast to their morals and virtues, are allowed to rise above the rest of the rabble infesting the streets below us in Downtown, wallowing in filth, moral weakness, and depravity. I, nor anyone else working in my office, deny this fact.

What I refuse to tolerate, though, are the baseless accusations laced with petulant whining that are printed by this paper month after month. In December I recall seeing multiple articles declaring that it was "too difficult to become a citizen." One such piece was written by an "Argo Fullerbeck" and contained unsubstantiated, insulting rumors suggesting that I personally slandered him during a citizenship interview.

Indeed, inspecting my records I found the applicant in question - rejected for multiple instances of criminal fraternization with the Carrion Birds, along with an abysmal score on his historical and cultural knowledge examinations. This is not the kind of person suitable for being admitted into Uptown, mingling with righteous society, and spreading his intellectually crippled ramblings about so-called "guest rights". The Office of Locality is rigorous in its screenings because it must be, in order to ensure the sanctity of our federation is maintained. Those who are rejected should refrain from their infantile attempts to lash out and instead reflect on the reasons they have failed to gain access - and work to improve themselves. I trust you all will appreciate that in future.



The Refugee Crisis Clean up the Bottomlands!



As citizens we understand the grace of charity, and that a society can only prosper if it provides for even its weakest. The Defiler Streets are an example of Justitiam's mercy, a place where even the worst felons can find salvation and contribute to the well-being of our city. But the ongoing refugee crisis threatens to disturb the fine balance between patience and altruism. No longer can a citizen pass through the Guest Quarter to conduct their business without being swarmed by a wave of beggars and havenots who clamor for bread in broken Borcan dialect. The Bottomlands have become infested by uprooted people, migrants and runaways who neither belong here, nor bring anything useful to our culture. In fact, they derail our community and erode the principles upon which this great city was built.

If the numbers are to be believed: 70,000 refugees and counting, in just the last three months alone! How is Justitiam and the Protectorate supposed to assimilate these foreign masses and integrate them into the fold? What are these people going to do for work, what are they going to eat? And worse, if we don't take care of them, aren't we just risking a whole slew of new converts for the Anabaptists who lie in wait to prey on lost souls?

Do we need to be reminded of the perils such an impossibly large mass of unknown, undocumented, and unskilled individuals swarming our streets brings to the integrity of our territory? Do we want robbers, charlatans, and drifters as our neighbors? Don't we have enough of those in Tech-Central already? Yes, the Scrappers have, and always will be, a nuisance,

but at least they speak our language and do not schlep the Frankan Sepsis into the heart of our realm.

Indeed, as we have just discovered, the Office of Hygienics recently released a report of 31 documented cases of Sepsis infestations among unregistered refugees in the month of December alone! This unprecedented spike is outright harmful and cannot be swept under the rug.

We demand that Judgement Hall summons Dr. Elliot Heilkamp for an urgent hearing on the matter, and develops a strategy to quarantine the refugees or deport them right back to where they came from. The warning signs cannot be clearer; another tide of newcomers, and Justitiam will be torn apart at its foundation.

The Jehammedan Problem: a Perpetual Debate

Time and again we have written about the issues facing the diplomacy of the Jehammedan Quarter and the obstacles in its way to becoming a fully integrated and accepted part of the city. All of us remember the abhorrent misdeeds of the Jehammedan terrorist who destroyed the shining beacon of our culture and civilization, the Colossus, just before it was completed 12 years ago, and we are more than understanding of the difficulty of the task of forgiving those associated with the responsible party. Even so, the people of Justitian have shown immense kindness to the Jehammedans - a less compassionate or wise Supreme Judge would have had the entire district executed or expelled, but instead Archot chose to attempt to educate the wayward goat-herders in the proper etiquette and societal norms expected of them as city dwellers, instead of roaming

nomads, using the Special Lockdown Decrees to enforce the rules like a strict parent educating their child.

However, the problems have only grown over this period of development. Who can forget the continuous insolence displayed by the so-called "Arianoi", Baruch, the most common representative of the district seen in Uptown. On numerous occasions he has entered Senate meetings with brazen demands and petty complaints instead of following the proper protocol. In addition, many City Judges have been warning of the issues caused by the district's ever-expanding population, one even saying that "It has become impossible to properly manage the flow of people in and out through the Southern Gate, there's just too many of 'em. The Supreme Judge ought to get the Architect's Office on the case, get a new break-

through point, before it becomes impossible to properly search everyone passing through."

Luckily, it seems that during the current season the situation has begun to shift for the better - perhaps indicating that the Jehammedans are finally responding to the opportunity they have been offered to be reintegrated into society. The insolent Baruch has, according to initial reports, been replaced as the leader of the district by a newcomer, an "Arianoi" by the title of Carmel, the Immaculate, alleged to be a close relative of the Shepherd of Osman. Based on her first hearings in Uptown in December, she appears to be a far more moderate and modest ambassador. It remains to be seen if Osman is truly interested in a change of policy, or if the Shepherd is just dispatching heralds to calm the waters while fostering his hostile agenda towards Justitian in secret.

Justitian's Museum Open for all Citizens

The Museum of Uptown stands as a place for Justitian's citizens to reflect on the history that has led to our grand city's superiority over the savages beyond our borders by laying eyes on countless relics and works from deep in our past. In order to expand and ensure that it possesses the most complete possible collection, Senator Jelinek of the Office of Culture has issued a call for any artifacts or culturally significant items to be presented for potential inclusion in the Museum.

On January 16th, a team of Judges and expert restorers recruited directly from the Office of Culture will be in attendance at the Central Exchange, in the Forecourt Alcove, in order to inspect any goods provided and, if they are deemed worthy of being added to the Museum's collection, determine a suitable value for which to purchase them from the individual or group which supplied them. The set price of the item will be provided in Drafts, however the true reward for anyone who is able to procure a relic worthy of being elevated to the exclusive displays of the Museum should be the knowledge that, through their work, the citizenry of Justitian will be able to grasp in more detail the storied past their great society has gone through, and maintain their perspective on the ruin awaiting those who reject the wonders of civilization.

Should any items presented be of technological value, the Chroniclers maintain the right of first refusal for artifacts or scrap which could be of use to the Cluster.



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Best recycled steel on the forecourt, Best prices far and wide!

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"An Abyss of Depravity and Sin" What's really going on in Liqua?

Despite nominally being part of Justitian's Protectorate, Liqua stands alone as the one place which refuses to accept the full responsibilities and obligations of that position, due to its privilege of having exuberant access to water; they deny entry to the Chroniclers and obfuscate the efforts of the Judges to eradicate illegal activities like arena fights and gambling. However, few of us have seen inside its walls for ourselves, content to avoid such a hive of degeneracy while remaining in our bastion of civil society. However, today we have received a correspondence from one of our loyal readers who dared to venture into this unknown land and sent us his experiences.

"I was immediately struck by the irreverence the people of this place have for anything approaching civilization. Just moments from

entering the gate, I was able to observe a gaggle of ruffians, surely no more than ten winters old, accosting passersby, harassing adults, and causing trouble, but unlike our glorious Justitian there were no lawmakers there to lend aid! Later, after navigating through the incomprehensible layout of the streets and being propositioned in public by no less than five - five! - whores in my half-hour journey, I attended one of their events in the so-called arena, and the savagery I saw should never be printed. Suffice to say, I am now familiar with the extent a man can be gored by a beast. I left shaken, and resolved to never return - this is a despicable place, an abyss of depravity and sin. It has truly made me appreciate the efforts the Judiciary goes through to maintain law and order!"

Cluster Dispatch Observer Grant: Damage Report

Citizens of Justitian. Exactly one week ago on 28.12.2587 an incident occurred involving the Uptown Elevator Platforms which led to a significant loss of productivity for the duration of 7 hours and 24 minutes. This was due to a stoppage in traffic forced by the accidental entry of a Roper, later identified as "Hinge", into the cogwheels used to move the heavy duty platforms. This, presumably unintended, ingress into the operating mechanisms led to both the expiration of the Scrapper in question, and a halt to the machinery itself. In future, individuals working on the platforms will be instructed to avoid such accidents at all costs, which the Cluster predicts will reduce the likelihood of similar instances of this event taking place. No further remedial action has been deemed necessary at this time.

The Rise of Nassius! Showing in the Odeon

Returning this week, the Odeon will be opening its gates for citizens and their guests who wish to recapture the majesty of the rise of Judgement! Nassius and his 50 Judges against the world, a story relevant today as it was yesterday - a blazing tale of triumph, justice, and survival in the face of adversity! Pre-Sale tickets at the Forecourt Alcove: 25 CD/Child, 50 CD/Adult, 10 CD/Concessions

17.09.2538 - 29.12.2597

Arbiter

Julius Manteufel



25.11.2573 - 02.01.2598

Executioner

Angara Perot

Necessaria Morte Mori. Last week, after an illustrious career in service to the Judiciary and the creation of 128 Codex revisions across his life, Arbiter Julius Manteufel passed away in his sleep in the Sanatorium. The Spitalian doctors in attendance confirmed that the cause was simply old age, following a life well spent contributing to the great city he loved. A funeral service, along with the unveiling of his official portrait carving, will be held outside of the Manteufel mausoleum on 05.01.2598, open to only family members and colleagues.

Mortem Occumbere Pro Patria. Executioner Perot died in service to the Protectorate, leading her squad in a charge against a savage Clan horde to the south of Siege. The cowardly savages used the unfailing valor of the Judge against her by springing a trap, leading to a loss of all squad members. A memorial service for relatives and fellow Judges will be held on 07.01.2598 in the Cemetery of the Judges, however her body has been declared as unrecoverable.

Gathering at the Garamond

A message for the honorable Advocates of Justitian. On January 14th, from 6pm onwards, there will be a gathering taking place at the renowned Garamond open to all Judges who can present a Codex passage written in their name to celebrate the birthday of Patriarch Emiel Salvano, along with an afterparty for the three marriages recently conducted by the Salvano house. Generously, the Patriarch himself has chosen to absorb the cost of food and drinks for all attendees. Dress Code: Non-decorative Judgement Hall Attire.



Dark from Farm Straight from the farm



Annual Absurdity Carnival of the Scrapppers

We have warned about the perils of the Carnival of the Scrapppers in tireless continuity, yet it appears that the powers-that-be refuse to listen to the warnings issued by their most faithful servants. Year after year, this charade of foolishness escalates more and more, and always leaves enormous complications in its wake. Drunkards are locked up in the Cleft for weeks on end while their families are condemned to starve at home without income and protection, and let us not forget the boundless property damage, as well as droves of injured Judges and Jurymen! For what? A celebration of the grotesque, initiated by the lowlives of Tech-Central, with sanction from Judgement Hall itself. A full day ruined by the painfully loud scrap contraptions spewing smoke as they lumber through the streets of Downtown, visible even from the Uptown wall. I repeat: For what? Are we to allow every dreg to ruin our well kept city, just to appease them? Is it not enough that we still tolerate them as guests, when by now they have clearly overstepped every boundary of our patience?

A civil society must be tutored to not unleash its most belligerent and primitive urges in public, in the same manner as one wouldn't allow their children to cover themselves with their own feces and run around mocking their parents. The unsightly creations of the Scrapppers are already tantamount to spitting in the face of their hosts, without even considering the insulting caricatures attached to the constructions. Therefore, it is of utmost importance that the venerable citizens of Justitia take a unified stand and protest this exhibitionist abomination of a festival.

The Carnival of the Scrapppers must be banned, fireworks distributed by the Powder Mill must be prohibited, and the sale of alcoholic beverages along Scavenger Street must be forbidden. We cannot allow this blemish to sully our home any longer. Vote with your voice and join us at the Masek Forum this Sunday, for a public debate around Codex Amendment §288-2598, which will ensure that such a shameful festival is never allowed to occur again. Bring your citizenship papers for verification and entry. Provisions will be offered by our honorable hosts.

Outrage as the fire Watch demands Additional Supplies

As we reported in our November edition last year, the Senates, under guidance of Supreme Judge Archot himself, voted to further increase the supply of salt made available to the members of the Fire Watch after their day-long protest over what they claim is a targeted restriction of water available for firefighting. At the time, we wrote that we expected the complaints and qualms from the Officers to cease after having their demands appeased with additional resources diverted to them. We have unfortunately been proven wrong, as last week the Fire Watch submitted yet another formal protest to the Senates demanding that their access to water be restored to the level it was in 2596.

While all of us at the Righteous Hammer, and indeed all of us across the city, deeply appreciate the service they do to keep Uptown safe from the risk of fire, their childish whining has been allowed to continue for too long! Are they so arrogant as to think that the water supply being reduced is simply to spite them? Would they have us roll over and do whatever

the despicable Water Lords of Liqua tell us, so that they'll give us the water the Fire Watch claim to need? Do they simply not care for the work and effort from those undergoing reform in the Cleft which is put into mining the salt from the Stukov Desert they have been provided with, which has been tested by the Judges and confirmed to be equally as effective at halting the spread of fire? Indeed, since the Supreme Judge made the wise decision to mandate the switch to salt, there has been no significant increase in the number of deaths due to burning, proving the prophecies of the Fire Watch of a "catastrophic wildfire destroying much of the city" clearly false.

The members of this organization are already granted many privileges: citizenship papers, a wage which rivals that of some Judges, and preferential access to housing within the city limits, and still they complain. Perhaps this is the consequence of giving brutes from Downtown who can pass the simple endurance test required to join the Fire Watch such easy access to our society?

Freak Show or Playground - The Mystery in the Outskirts

As we look back on a tumultuous year, we can now finally examine the trends that dictated the flow of Justitia's civilization in 2597. One of the most curious demographic shifts that we observed amidst the swamp of Downtown was a steady, significant migration of citizens packing up and moving away from the din of the Forecourt with its constant, insufferable bustle, or the sedate, tradition-obsessed landscape of the Stukov Quarter and choosing a new destination - the Outskirts. While many of our readers will scoff at the implication of good, law-abiding citizens setting down roots in a district so close to the grime of Tech-Central, we believe that this is simply the district developing into a more civic neighborhood, as we discussed in our November article on the matter. With the rabble being expelled by the influx of upstanding people along with a significant increase in real-estate value, the overall demeanor of this formerly haunted suburban area is surely improving for the better.

Following the recent population shift, however, there has been at least one curious development in the area. Many will recall the

grotesquely large plot of land on the corner of Wilbur and Dobrindt, which was purchased by an anonymous individual late last year, with a large enough surface to house an entire village. As of late, we have received reports about an ongoing construction project in this no-longer-empty patch. A veritable horde of Scavengers directed by a Manufacturer has descended onto the plot to erect what can only be described as some sort of mechanical town, with a massive mechatronic wheel at its center - currently on its side, but reportedly soon to be lifted to tower almost twenty meters above its base - and several other so-called "attractions" we can only guess the purpose of. Who could be funding such an extravagant project?

Rumor has it that several parties appear to be involved, including Downtown's most industrious figureheads such as the African, but also powerful patrons like Bosch himself. Reports issued by the Office of Certification and Civil Economics suggest that the ongoing project is already registered as an "amusement park" in the city books, with a public opening scheduled for the third quarter of '98.



Restoration of the Crack delayed again What Is Taking So Long?

This month marks the beginning of the third year after the terrible events of February 2595, when hundreds died and thousands more were severely injured during the collapse of several city blocks in the eastern area of the city. Three years on, we can still look down from the Uptown wall and see the unsightly eyesore splitting the lower districts open. As far as one can tell, there has been barely any improvement, and as the Chroniclers reported in the latest meeting of the Senates, the schedule for reconstruction has slipped to a tentative completion in 2600. Officially, no reason has been filed for the delay, but the true problem is easy to untangle: incompetency and mismanagement from the supervising staff. Chief among the Hellvetics assigned to the reconstruction is a Genie by the name of Paul Glauser, reportedly a paranoid drunkard. With the project now postponed for the second time, it is quite obvious that the man is incapable of completing the task assigned to him, and we must demand that a new overseer is chosen in due time!

The Driftwood

Whether you're new in town or just want to get away from the bustle of the Forecourt for a few days, come on down to the Guest Quarter and look out for our splendid guesthouse, tavern and cookery. For just 30 Drafts a night you can take up residence in the heart of one of the most energetic and diverse districts of Justitia!

The Diorama

Gain an aerial view of Justitia that you won't find anywhere else, courtesy of the legendary Cartographer's greatest work, while our well trained guides walk you through the history and geography of this great city. Find us on the corner of Fulminate and Checker!

Tech-Central's fighting Pits Underground Savagery or Baseless Rumor?

Bloodsports have been outlawed in Justitia for decades. As part of their efforts to aid our society in its development, elevating it above the savagery of the Clans outside our borders who revel in physical violence and brutality, the Judiciary barred the practice, encouraging more appropriate pastimes. However, despite the valiant efforts of our Protectors, we at the Righteous Hammer believe that this eradication has not been entirely successful.

Anonymous sources speaking in confidence to our writers have brought to our attention a recent string of rumors of an underground fighting tournament, happening

right under our noses. These brawls are held in special "fighting pits" located in Downtown, where two participants go head to head in, what we are told, is a competition of unmatched brutality, with blood almost guaranteed to be drawn.

While normally we wouldn't publish something as uncorroborated as mere hearsay over some new form of gambling, one of our contributors was able to find direct evidence of these events: a series of palm-sized copper tablets, appearing to feature various champions of this sport. While we were only able to obtain three such examples, it is obvious that

there are more, suggesting that this practice has been taking place for several years at least. Each of these "cards" details the record of the fighter it represents along with a crude portrait, with barbaric names such as "The Red Bull", "Ferduk the Cockroach", and "Anbula the Ripper of Gods" on display alongside a breakdown of their "combat statistics".

It is evident that there is more to discover here, and as such we at the Righteous Hammer are offering a reward of 100 Drafts to any law-abiding individuals who can uncover more about these so-called "fighting pits."

Looking for Steady
Employment?

We need Miners



Sorrow the Courier Entrepreneur or Traitor?

As long as anyone can remember, the Stallion Streets have served a critical purpose in Justitia: allowing the Judges to move from place to place fast enough to respond to emergencies, along with providing a way for those of us deserving of such benefits to avoid the sea of Downtowners clogging the pavements. However, an intolerably loud, smog-spewing, rattling intruder has been speeding along these vital arteries for quite some time now - Sorrow the courier and her so-called buggy. While this "invention" has spurred many debates amongst city officials on the legality of its use of the Stallion Streets, there are far more sinister forces at work. Where is this woman getting her gasoline from?

Anonymous sources report that they spotted the entourage of the Neolibyan ambassador entering her workshop on multiple occasions, which begs the question: is her crude business in fact sponsored by the African delegate? And if so, why is Tripol's Chancery meddling with the affairs of postal deliveries across the city?

Our reporter at the Forecourt has tried to reach Sorrow for a statement, but was refused entry to her compound. Such behaviour can only be labeled as self-incriminatory: if she had nothing to hide, Sorrow could just repudiate the ongoing suspicions. Instead, we're left to piece the story together on our own, based on the evidence already collected. From what it looks like, the industrious Scrapper has fallen under the spell of an exotic lover from Uptown, who uses his riches to keep her unsustainable business afloat.

This is what one would call nepotistic, non-egalitarian, and outright criminal, considering that all competing couriers are struck with a heinous disadvantage. Citizens, can we truly trust a courier who so openly fraternizes with those from across the Mediterranean to keep our confidential information secure? The Senates must immediately place sanctions on her vile vehicle, and restrict her movements at once!



Rags to Paper

Are you in possession of old linen, worn out cloth, torn rope, or useless rags cluttering up your repository? Worry no more! Drop off your goods at the Knacker's Office and turn useless fibres into solid cash. We pay 5 Drafts per kilogram of waste material!

Citizen Missing Alia Stukov

The Judiciary is seeking any information concerning a missing citizen last seen entering Eastside via the Defiler Street Bridge, on Monday, the 3rd of January. The individual in question is a 1.65m tall female, described as having "long brown hair, fair skin, blue eyes, and a birthmark on her left cheek." A reward of 200 Drafts has been offered by her family for information that will lead to her location.

Malefactor



Mauvertuis
Premium: 10.000



Raid on the Ambassador Quarter!

As the official report of the Office of Internal Affairs confirmed this morning, a raid was conducted in the Ambassador Quarter on the first night of the new year. Details were not disclosed, but as several witnesses confirmed, the 18th Squad of Uptown was deployed to storm the Nullpellian embassy in the early morning hours. Neighboring ambassadors had alerted the Judiciary to a massive brawl taking place in the garden of the Nullpellian delegate, Luren, the Pneumancer. Evidence suggests that this


was the climax of an unrated New Year's celebration, illegally conducted by the resident diplomat. Several dozen guests, including whores, Scrapplers, and other riff-raff, were evicted from the Ambassador Quarter and escorted back to Downtown. We've issued a demand to the Office of Locality to uncover who it was that vouched for this asocial chaff to be permitted to access Uptown and revoke their privilege of citizenship at once. We expect to receive more intelligence imminently.

Not Again! Unhinged Violence in the Defiler Streets

The 27th of December marked the latest in a long line of Judges assaulted and seriously injured in altercations with Defilers, internal records indicating that a Protector was in critical condition after a series of thrown rocks hit and fractured several bones, including their cranium. Our thoughts go out to the injured Judge, who was simply carrying out their duty, and we wish them a quick recovery.

However, this has simply brought to light a deeper problem which we have been predicting for some time - the population of Justitian

is growing, and with it the number of deplorable squatters in the Defiler Streets. While we understand that the Defilers are necessary, and that some of them are good, reformed individuals who understand the role they play in our society, it is becoming increasingly unsettling that many of them refuse to accept the generosity provided by Justitia and lash out against it. They spit on passing citizens, mocking and insulting them before rushing away like the cowards they are when a Judge or Jurymen appears. They scrounge through the streets,



Criminal to Citizen: Nizzeth Argent

It was just a decade ago that Nizzeth Argent was tracked down by a team of Protectors, captured, and brought to the Cleft on charges of aggravated and armed assault and public intoxication. He was a renowned miscreant in his neighborhood in the Stukov Quarter, and after one too many fights he was sentenced to five years, which he swiftly increased to seven following several incidents revolting against the rules of his new home. While we have all heard stories of those who spend time in the labor camp and emerge just as defiant as before, Nizzeth responded well to Protector Kant's education and reform program, although he showed signs of resistance at first. Finally, after a stretch of hard labor at the Ice Barrier, he returned as a rehabilitated man, and completed the rest of his term as an enthusiastic participant in Kant's scheme.

Today, after being released from the Cleft, Nizzeth Argent has established his own business, a small bakery in the Stukov Quarter near the base of the Old Fortress, and is proud to state that he hasn't touched a drop of distillate in six years. Nizzeth represents the fact that even those who fall out of society can still work their way back into its good graces.

CodeX Amendment 286-2598 Movement Restriction

Due to repeated incidents of traffic jams and harmful accidents along Ulmin Alley, trotters will no longer be permitted to access this path on their journeys, and must instead divert around Grendel Street. Infractions are punishable by a fine of 20 Drafts, and Judicial marking. Signage will be put in place indicating the restrictions within 2 to 3 months.

many of them engaging in yet more crime in the process, stealing from law-abiding individuals. When will we crack down on the filth infesting our city, and remind the Defilers of the incredible chance they have been granted?

Without the benevolence of the Judiciary, the Defilers would have nothing, not even a home in their Streets, and yet they spurn even this gift with their actions. As such, perhaps it is time that they are reminded of the alternative - and time for the Defiler Streets to be flushed out with more than just water.