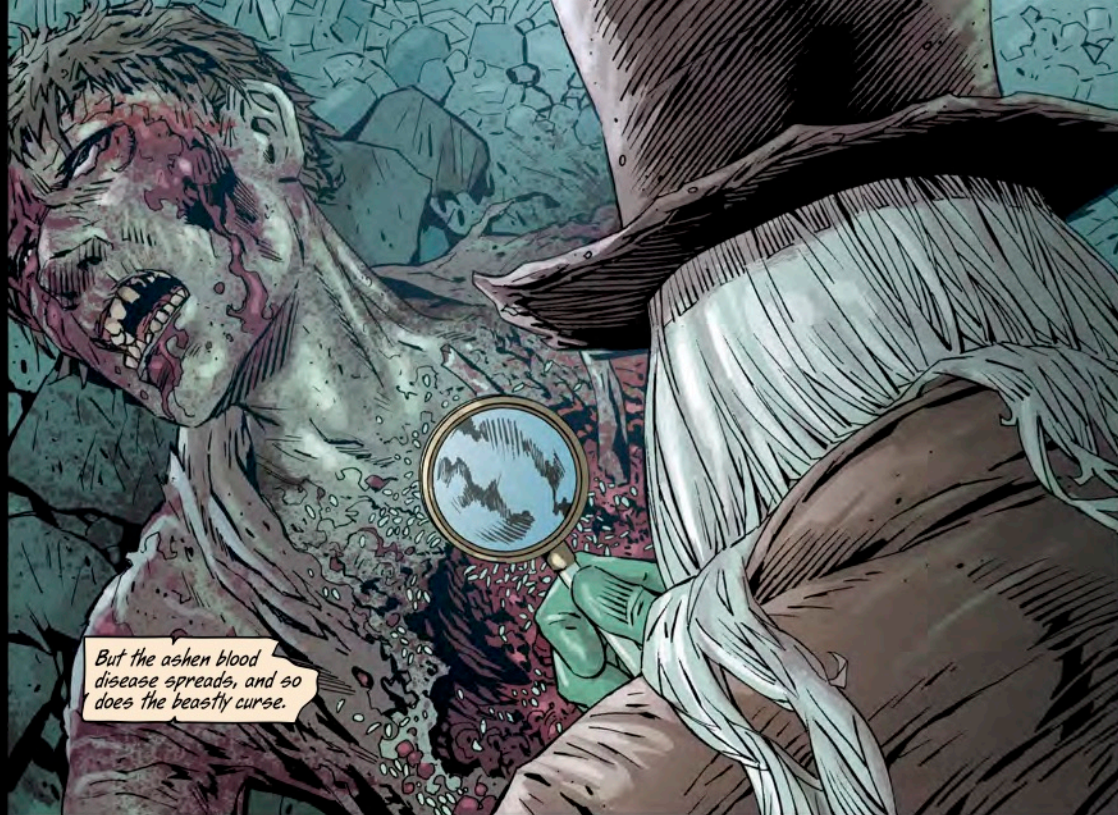


Once upon a time, we  
believed we could stop  
hell from descending  
on our land.







*But the ashen blood disease spreads, and so does the beastly curse.*



*Disposing of the ever-increasing amount of beasts, the brave hunters do their duty, ceaselessly tearing the night apart.*

*And while they follow what fate made their call...*



*...the ashen blood drowns Yharnam in yet another kind of death.*





Once upon a time,  
we believed hell could  
be stopped...



CITIZEN.  
YOU MAY DO  
WELL TO STEP  
ASIDE.

...not seeing it was  
already here.

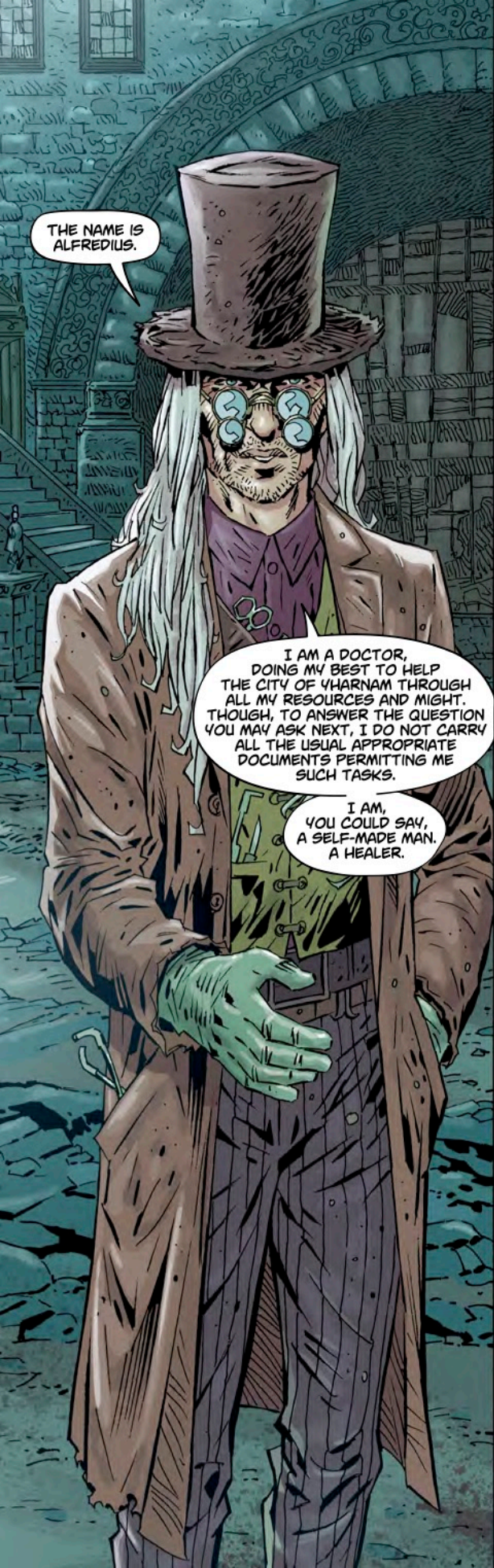


THOSE AFFLICTED  
BY THE BEASTLY CURSE  
TEND TO REANIMATE AT MOST  
INOPPORTUNE MOMENTS. SURELY  
YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO BE AFFECTED  
BY SUCH AN OCCURRENCE? AND  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE  
AFTER THE CURFEW?



I AM  
INVESTIGATING,  
SEARCHING FOR  
TRUTHS SMALL  
AND LARGE.





THE NAME IS ALFREDIUS.

I AM A DOCTOR, DOING MY BEST TO HELP THE CITY OF VHARNAM THROUGH ALL MY RESOURCES AND MIGHT. THOUGH, TO ANSWER THE QUESTION YOU MAY ASK NEXT, I DO NOT CARRY ALL THE USUAL APPROPRIATE DOCUMENTS PERMITTING ME SUCH TASKS.

I AM, YOU COULD SAY, A SELF-MADE MAN. A HEALER.



THE CITY IS HEALING ITSELF... HEALER. AND WE, HUNTERS, ARE ITS FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE.

GO TAKE REST NOW, AND RESUME YOUR HONORABLE ACTIONS LATER...

...ONCE THEY ARE OFFICIALLY PERMITTED BY THE HEALING CHURCH.