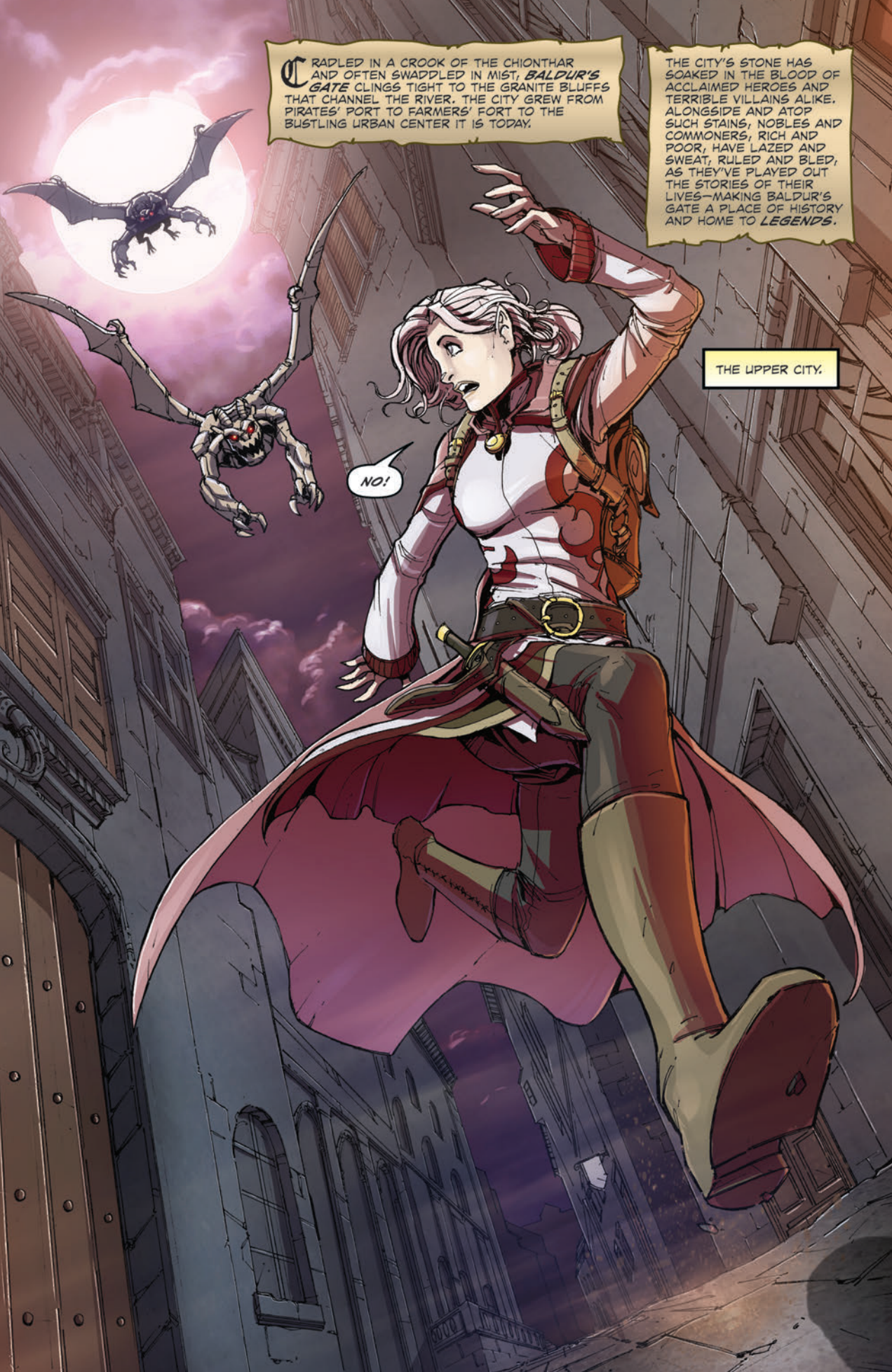


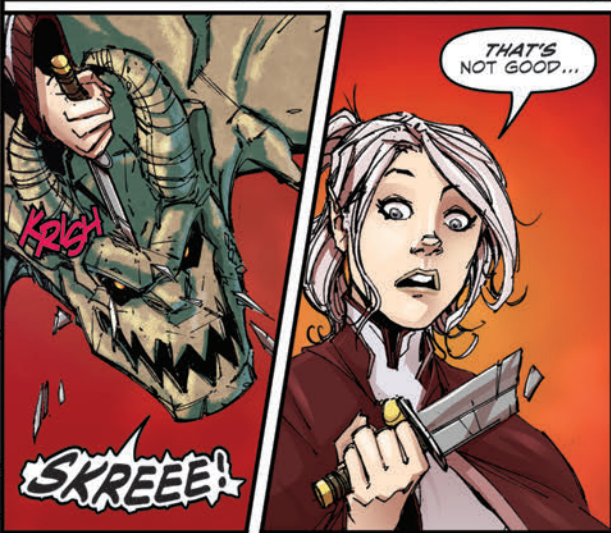
CRADLED IN A CROOK OF THE CHIONTHAR AND OFTEN SWADDLED IN MIST, **BALDUR'S GATE** CLINGS TIGHT TO THE GRANITE BLUFFS THAT CHANNEL THE RIVER. THE CITY GREW FROM PIRATES' PORT TO FARMERS' FORT TO THE BUSTLING URBAN CENTER IT IS TODAY.

THE CITY'S STONE HAS SOAKED IN THE BLOOD OF ACCLAIMED HEROES AND TERRIBLE VILLAINS ALIKE. ALONGSIDE AND ATOP SUCH STAINS, NOBLES AND COMMONERS, RICH AND POOR, HAVE LAZED AND SWEAT, RULED AND BLED, AS THEY'VE PLAYED OUT THE STORIES OF THEIR LIVES—MAKING BALDUR'S GATE A PLACE OF HISTORY AND HOME TO **LEGENDS**.

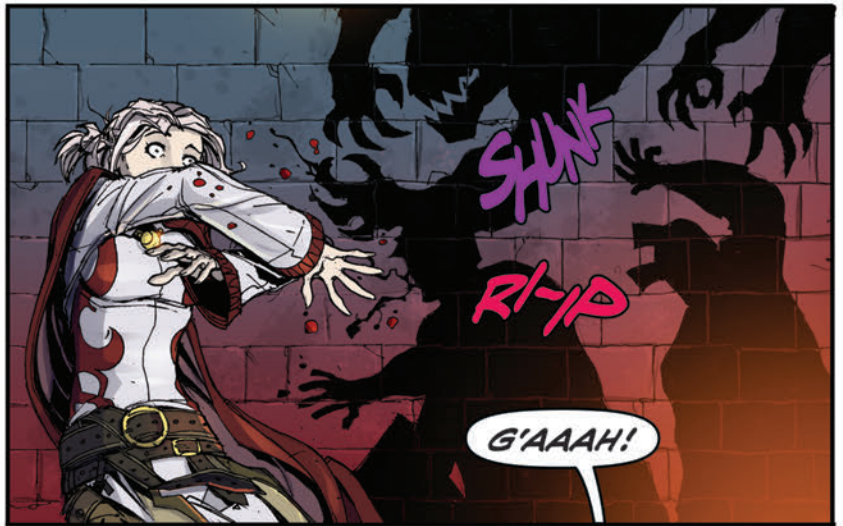
THE UPPER CITY.

NO!









THE WIDE, FAMOUS MARKET
IN THE UPPER CITY.



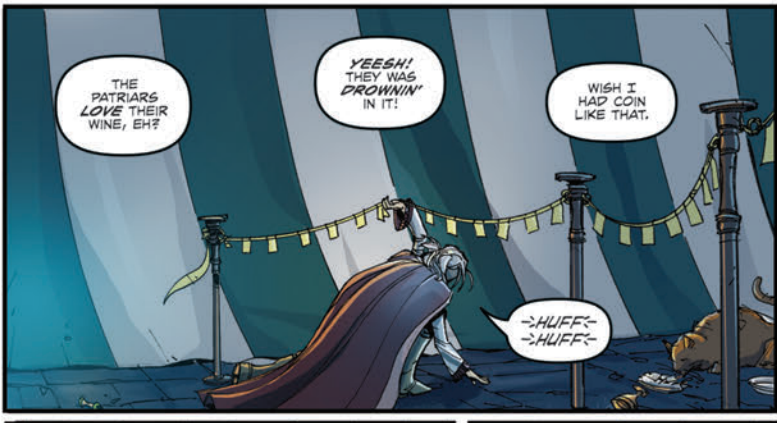
->HUFF->
->HUFF->



OKAY BOYS,
LET'S GET THIS
PARTY ALL
PACKED UP.

GOTTA MAKE
WAY FOR THE
MARKET FOLK
COMIN' AT
DAWN.

->HUFF->
->HUFF->



THE
PATRIARS
LOVE THEIR
WINE, EH?

YEEESH!
THEY WAS
DROWNIN'
IN IT!

WISH I
HAD COIN
LIKE THAT.

->HUFF->
->HUFF->



->HUFF->
->HUFF->



OH?