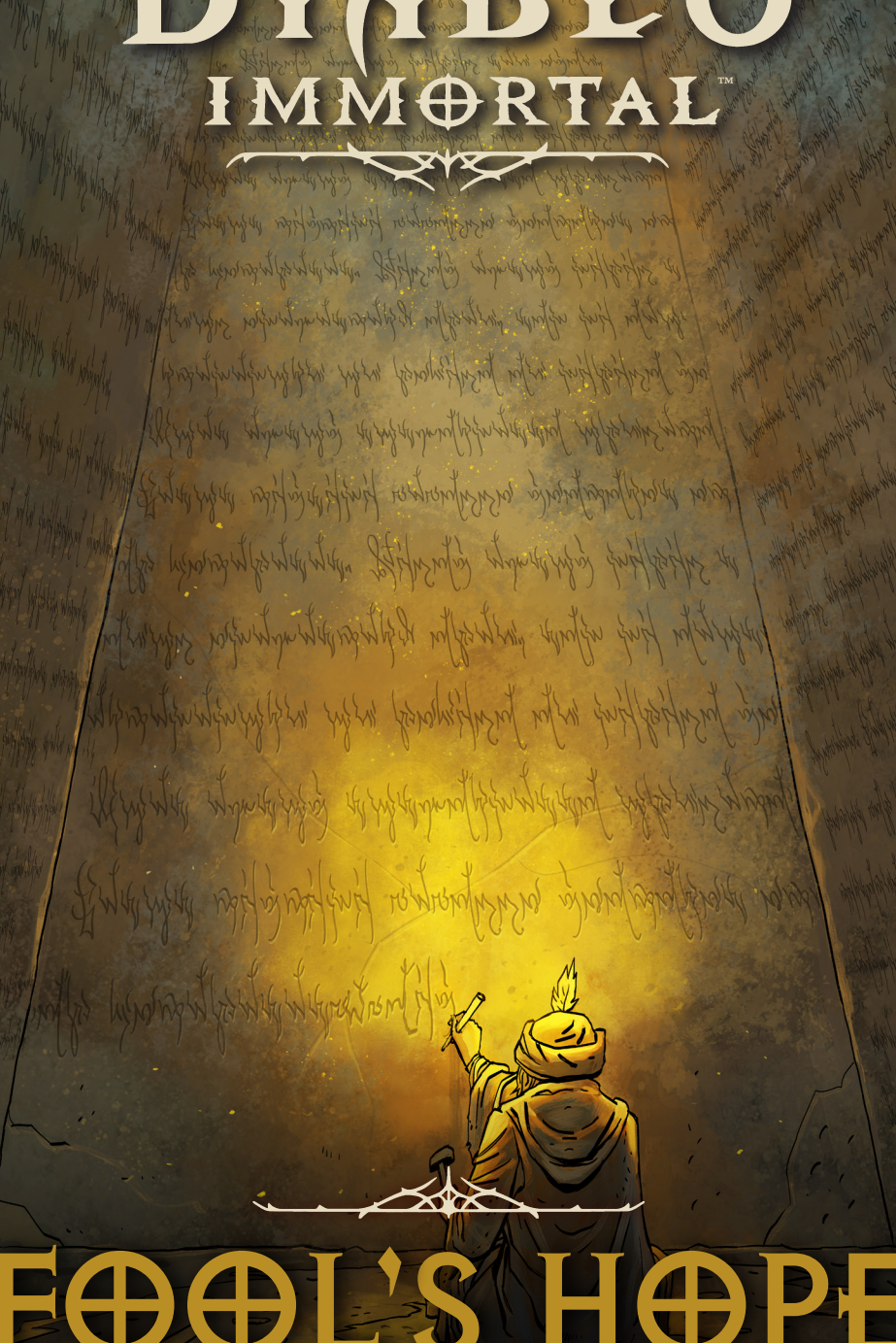


BLIZZARD
ENTERTAINMENT

DIABLO[®] IMMORTAL[™]



FØΘL'S HØPE

ANGELA SLATTER

PETER BERGTING



F⊕OL'S H⊕PE

DIABLO[®]
IMMORTAL™

In the arid desert lies Lut Gholein, demon-ravaged and under the chokehold of Andariel. Within the city walls, the aging mage Drognan searches desperately for a way to escape the cursed city, forcing him to confront the cruel cost of hope in a world where survival demands sacrifice.

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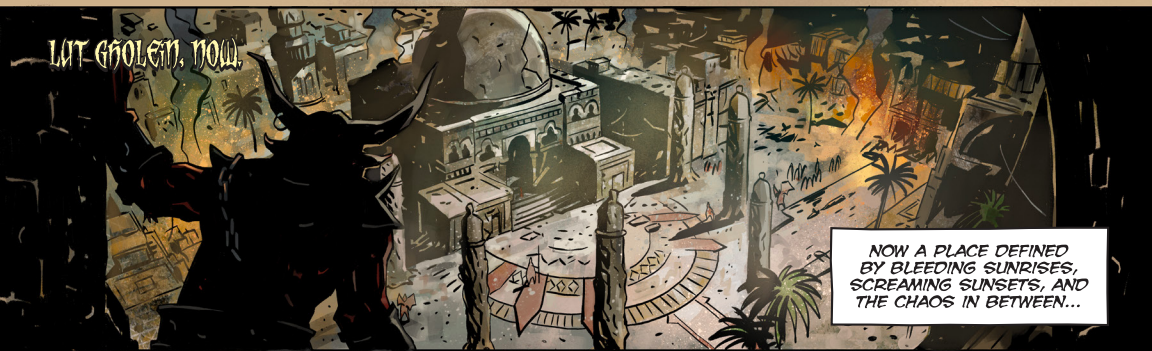
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LUT GHOLEN, THEN.

THIS CITY WAS ONCE A GEM,
THE JEWEL OF THE DESERT.
AN OASIS IN ARANOCH'S
UNFORGIVING LANDSCAPE.



LUT GHOLEN, NOW.

NOW A PLACE DEFINED
BY BLEEDING SUNRISES,
SCREAMING SUNSETS,
AND THE CHAOS IN BETWEEN...



...A PLACE
BOUNDED BY
ANGUISH.

AND WE, ANDARIEL'S
LAMBS, ARE CAGED
FOR THE SLAUGHTER.





THERE IS NO HOPE
OF ESCAPE... BUT I
MUST KEEP TRYING,
WE ALL MUST.



The shriekers screamed again
last night, at the same time
as the five nights before.

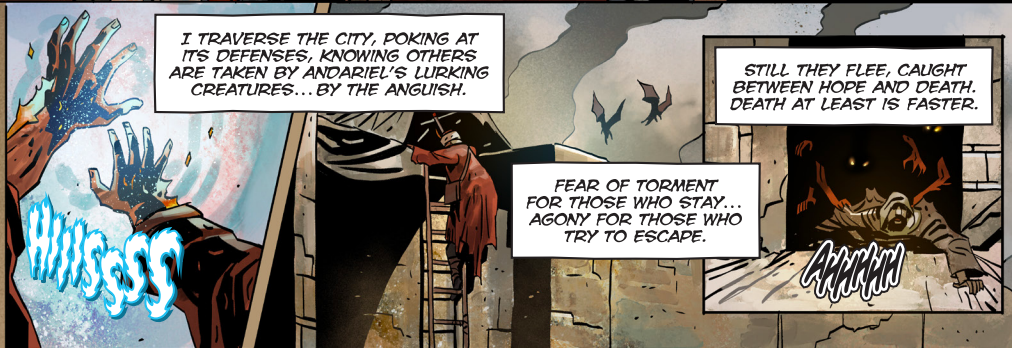


MY FORCED RELOCATION
HAS FOUND ME IN THIS HOVEL.
BUT IT IS SAFER THAN MY OLD
HOME. FOR NOW.



THE SECRET WAYS
ARE ALL SEALED SHUT BY
ANDARIEL'S VILE POWER.
THE GATES CLOSED FOR
MONTHS NOW.

BUT I WON'T BOW.
THERE MUST BE
A WAY OUT.





ANGUISH BINDS THIS CITY.
THE THOUGHT OF ESCAPE
BINDS US EQUALLY.



AND STILL, I SEEK A
WAY OUT. A WEAKNESS
IN ANDARIEL'S CURSE.



DEMONS TO THE LEFT. DEMONS
TO THE RIGHT. BUT THE SPACE
IN BETWEEN? FREE OF THEM?
OR AM I DECEIVED?



AM I A FOOL
TO HOPE?



