

Act I
Scene 1

Additions

Author: Sean Gardiner



Castle Erennor loomed over the port like a stone guardian, sheltering our vessels from the dusty inland winds. It was the most impressive structure I had ever seen (though that distinction would not outlive the week).

The *Sunglean*'s captain bade me farewell, and my feet had barely touched the pier before she gave the order to cast off.

"You're a brave man, wandering Yorovash on your own," she had said to me the night before, after I had told her of my mission. "How much is the Empress paying you?"

"More than enough," I said, smiling and taking a generous sip of her finest rum. "She has taken great interest in learning the true affairs of Yorovash, and has chosen an envoy with the skills to match."

She laughed. "And the ego. But be warned. Yorovash is poisoned, corrupt to the core, and riddled with peril. All of the tales you may have heard are true. The rulers fight over territory like ravenous wolves, and conceal themselves like spiders in the shadows, but their bite is worse than either."

Her warnings swam around in my head as I gazed up at the fortress before me. I barely heard the voice of the innkeeper's boy in front of me.

"Erm...mister? Can I take your bag?" he repeated, clearly intimidated by my stature and exotic garments.

I glanced down at him. "No, that's fine, boy. What's your name?"

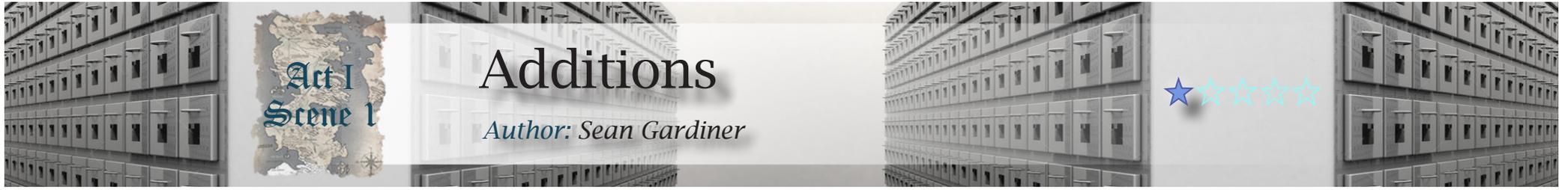
"Jones, mister. Just Jones."

"Well, 'Just Jones,' I'll follow you back to your inn," I said warmly. "While we walk, perhaps you could tell me a tale of the lord of Castle Erennor - or is that lady?"

Jones guffawed as he skipped along in front of me. "Sorry mister, don't know nothin' 'bout it. They keep their secrets...well, secret, mister." He came to a stop in the middle of the crowded, muddy walkway and glanced behind us with a secretive look of his own. "But I did see somethin'." He looked about to burst from excitement. "Last night. Dead on midnight. Someone named Lady Lorgen came into the castle. Told the guard she was from Nightail."

Another smile crossed my lips. Things were seeming intriguing already. "Interesting. Thank you, Jones. Your secret's safe."

You lower the old, yellowed page, and look around - but you're still stuck in the archives. As you move to pick up the sheet underneath it, you notice the page you're holding has some markings on the back. In fact, looking through the pile of handwritten tales, you realise that the same is true for all of them...



SCRAPBOOK

PICK

LAIR

TOILET

SICKNESS

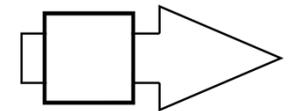
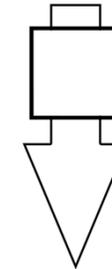
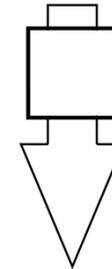
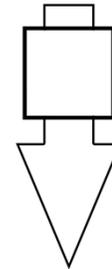
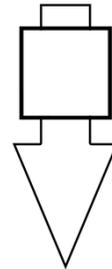
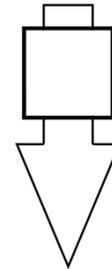
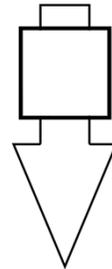
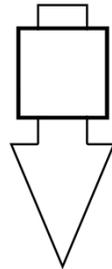
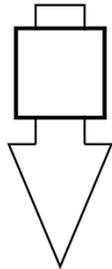
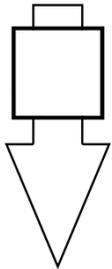
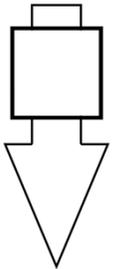
FREE

FIRE

PARTNER

TRIG
FUNCTION

DISTRESS



?

EGG PART

DAIRY
FOOD

MATERIAL

FOOL

FLOW

SCRAPES

COVERING

ZEST

NUMBER

SINS

