

The night before the festival starts you dream fitfully. You dream but more than that, you remember. The memory pulls itself to the fore and lays out a tableau before you.

You are stood upon a bridge. Around you mist rises from the canals and paints the Scene in stark contrast of white against the black of your shadow. A figure strides through the mist towards you, sword drawn.

"Ah, Alfonso" It laughs "what a pretty collection you have there." motioning to the collection of ribbons that hang from your belt. "It almost seems a shame to break up the collection".

"Cut it out Julia! You know my name is not Alfonso" you say to the figure.

she considers this "True. but tonight," she says as she touches her hand to her mask "You may call me Mendicante, not Julia"

Her blade comes up quickly but you parry it with ease.

"Shall we dance?" she asks as the duel on the bridge begins