

The night before the festival starts you dream fitfully. You dream but more than that, you remember. A scene unwinds in front of you.

You are stood outside a theatre in Tassarto. The boards outside announce the last showing of "The Opera of the Virtuous Beggar".

You hear a voice that you have not heard for years, a voice now gone from the world,

Julia Barossa, Dead in Skarsind,

Julia Barossa, gone to walk the Labyrinth three years ago.

"You really should see it some time" she says as you pass by. "The lead playing Mendicante was excellent. It's such an interesting role. It would be great to play it one day." she says as she strikes a pose similar to the the protagonist in the brightly coloured poster.

"That said" she adds, her voice turning nasty "I reckon they should have taken the tenor playing Alfonso and thrown him in the canals. He was terrible."

"say" she asks, a smirk on her lips "do you think we can get him up before the magistrates? There is only so much you can do to art before it's murder!"

She laughs, like she always did.

The Laugh echoes cold in your ears.

The Thule have taken so many from the Empire.

Now she is just another name in a ledger, another debt yet to be paid.