

*During the season, you travel to Meade to spend a little while there, entertained by the alderman who met you during the summit and a number of other townsfolk who are her associates. At first they are abuzz with questions for you. Some are cynical, some are eager and open-minded, but none of these merchants, traders and herbalists are fools. It can be painstaking at times – they question everything, every step of construction, every reason why you have been doing what you're doing, everything you say will be the benefit of your progress. They're thorough.*

*Being practical folk, though, it eventually moves from questions. You give demonstrations, in a manner of speaking – showing them what they need to do to build something like you've been using. Showing them the little knacks and tricks you've learned along the way, and how to avoid falling foul of the same mistakes. Despite their reservedness and the apparent cynicism of some, you soon realise these aldermen are enthusiastic about the possibilities. The Marches have been hit so hard of late that something like this, anything like this, is a ray of hope – a step forwards, a way to improve things. You learn, as the days progress, that this is precisely the reason Meade has been so keen to build the granaries and storehouses, the roads and routes for the supplies, that will help all the Marches survive future plagues and blights and failed harvests. They want to show they're as much a part of the Marches as any farmer. What you've been doing, with glass and foreign ways and research, is another little part of the same thing to them. It's a way to make things better.*

*By the end of your time in Meade, you find that your little band of temporary acolytes in the art of herbalism are ready and willing to take your lessons forwards to their own gardens. It's hard to say what the outcome will be, whether this will spread further or how much of a difference it may make to the herbalists and cultivators of the Marches beyond this circle of interested parties – and anything that does come of it will take time.*

*The seeds have been sown, though. Perhaps, in time, they will sprout and grow.*