Laurent awoke.

The sun was barely risen, and yet his body had commanded him awake. He was fine with this turn of events. Although as Secretary to the Supreme Commander, he held an incredible amount of power, it was interesting how all that always seemed to turn to responsibility. As Durand once complained, it you are the one that gets to make the decision, you have to make the decision.

Responsibility, and today was no exception. Something dangerous today.

He sighed and shook his head. Light entered his room from half shuttered windows. It was fall and the smell of autumn, that crisp air… He threw open the shutters.

The walls of Illithar met his gaze. His window faced north, and the building in which he lived lay coincident to the massive constructions. Even in his three story house, he had to look up to see the dark grey blue walls. He crawled onto his simple bed and stuck his head out the window.

Above him he could make out the morning guard. The smartly uniformed men were interspersed along its width all the way to the Illith.

He heard a cry and directed his attention downwards. The building he was in was a small military barracks in the very bottom left corner of the city. Right in front of it, and around it were several large barracks, and between them and the wall was a small mustering area.

There was a formation of men down there, attending to some task. Raising an eyebrow he tried to hear what was going on. The Sargent shouted.

He chuckled and withdrew from the window. Some of his men had been caught drinking on patrol. The last thing he heard was “laps around the city”. He winced and half remembered his own military training.

Stretching, he scooted himself off his bed and looked quickly around the room for something presentable to wear. Theoretically he could afford accommodations much nicer than this. Theoretically he could have his own footman and a top floor place in the Parallels… well perhaps not the top floor, but at least second floor!

But it seemed such a waste of resources. He had never wanted for money once he acquired his position, and he had held it for almost a decade now. His apartment was plain and reasonable sized. It was also empty except for him, a fact he had been trying to rectify for years, but never seemed to catch anyone's eye.

It was just as well. His work was infinitely more important, especially on a day such as today. Approaching his wardrobe, he settled for a mundane blue uniform. For shoes, he almost had finished lacing up his normal dress boots when he recalled what day it was.

He laced up his traveling boots and was pleased to see that they still held dirt from his last excursion. It was far too long since he had been able to do field work. Desk work had its merits, and by all accounts he was good at it, but field work was what he had been advanced for, and he hated to think about his skills atrophying. As it late mother used to say when disappointed about his lack of wife: he certainly wasn't getting any younger.

Therefore, it was with a certain measure of excitement girded with knowing anticipation that he slipped on his brace of daggers below his travel cloak and attached his thin sword by his side. A pack finished off the equipment.

He backed out of his room and locked the door behind him, hearing the tumblers of the intriguing lock click into place behind him. Durand had made the thing himself, and Laurent dreaded the inevitable day when he lost his key, and no one but the Supreme commander himself could hope to open the door.

Satisfied, he made his way down the wooden, well trodden steps, past the other officer quarters. Laurent wasn't by his nature a very sociable man, but by his trade he had to be. He knew every man and woman who lived in the building, and even knew most of their ranks, if not their names. Some of them thought him a scribe in the Illith, and he did not attempt to dissuade them from that notion.

The main lobby, with its worn red carpet, fireplace and unfinished chairs was empty. He smiled sadly at the lack of people. Then, Laurrent Carver, associate spymaster of the North walked out of the building.

The pale morning light fell on him as he exited, causing him to blind for a moment. Although ti was early, and the officers had not yet woken, from the buildings to his right he could hear stirrings, and from further in that direction the city already was rising to action.

He walked down the cobbled street for a ways, watching the Sargent order the misbehaving men towards the nearest access to the walls. He almost felt sorry for them.

He did not take a straight path to the Illith, and instead walked down a narrow passage between two barracks and emerged on the far side.

“Master Carver!” A familiar voice called to him.

He turned to see an old woman sweeping a small store front. She waved to him and motioned him closer.

“Going somewhere?” She asked, looking at his travel cloak.

“Oh these?” he said holding out the cloak as if surprised to see it, and looked back at his pack. “I wish. Just more paperwork for me I'm afraid. I sullied my last good jacket last night.” he lied.

Ms Menchel looked disapprovingly at the worn coat. “Laurent, you're never going to find anyone wearing things like that. You should let me make you something nice.”

Laurent smiled. “Thank you for the concern, but you needn't burden yourself.” He sighed. “I don't think clothes are the problem anyway.”

“Of course not. Its the fact that you do nothing but work yourself to death every day.” She said wagging a finger. “I suppose you work even longer than I do! At least for a shopkeep you can close down when it gets late, no one honest is out buying things then. But you always work by candlelight. You know you'll lose your eyesight doing that. Happened to one of my brothers. Now he can't read a damn thing.”

“So you keep saying Ms. Menchel. By the way, do you have any of those apples left from the other day?” he asked, fumbling around for this coinpurse.

“Sure do. Good thing to. They're good for the teeth and taste good too. How many do you want?”

“Just two, but Ill be sure to direct more officers your way.”

The old woman, nodded and laid the broom down at the stoop and went back into the very small and crowded shop, passing her finger over barrels and boxes scatter about, on on top of one another.

“It would be easier to find things if you cleaned out old inventory.” He suggested.

“Hush.” She replied, peering at the lettering on a dark barrel. “I have a system.”

He shrugged, a small grin emerging onto his face. After a moment of letting the old woman search for the fruit, he pointed at a medium size box next to him.

“Hey, wasn't this the one?” He asked.

Ms. Menchel turned and looked.

“Of course, right under my nose. Its funny you know, sometimes the things closest to you are the hardest to find.” She said cackling, walking over to the box. She hoisted off the lid and revealed an assortment of golden and red apples. They looked delicious.

“Here you go Ms Menchel.” he said, holding out the appropriate payment.

“Thank you dear.” She said, nodding as he turned to leave. She picked up the broom again and began to sweep the step.

“Oh, Laurent.” She said as he was leaving. He stopped and turned around.

“I do appreciate you sending those officers my way. Even if its only pity, the business helps.”

“Pity, my dear? Never. With apples like these, you should have a line all the way out to the walls. I’m glad I can help.”

She smiled as he left.

He took a massive bite out of one of the apples and put the other one in his pack.