Lucio Pegenor stared up at the decrepit ancient mansion. It had a commanding view of the city, set back as it was on Bald’s Knoll, away from the rest of the town. Duke Sercio, his uncle, certainly did like his privacy. A small wood bridge was the only way across the shift flowing icy Channel Run which separated the hill and the town, and it was across this bridge that the band of young men now traveled.