

The room's too quiet. Everyone is looking over their shoulder. You can't trust anyone in this town. A man in tails is wondering if he is overdressed. A woman in a dress with a diamond motif glances to her right with piercing dark eyes. Her face is framed by orange ringlets the color of her dress. I suppose that was how they used to wear them in [_____]. I do like her necklace though, *sancta simplicitas*. White on black, pearls alternating with carved jet lozenges. There's Hoke, staring daggers at you-know-who as usual. He doesn't seem too put out for once. In fact, he looks miles away.

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